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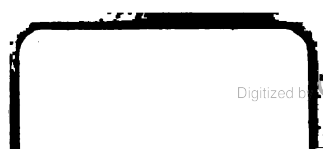
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BENTLEY'S
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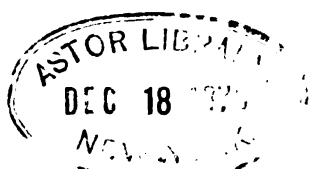
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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The wars are all over,
Our swords are all idle,
The steed bites the bridle.
The casque's on the wall,
There's rest for the rover;—

—So sings *Cæsar*, Byron's second-hand *Mephistopheles*, and (as we open our FORTIETH Volume) so sing we, though—let us hope—not in the same impatient spirit.

The month of June has witnessed the laurelled evacuation of the enemy's territory by the Allied armies, and even as we are writing, the mighty population of London stand "like greyhounds in the slips, straining up on the start" to welcome back the Brigade of Guards, their own especial soldiers. A little more than two years since, the streets were filled before daylight to cheer them on their departure; the events that have since occurred, in which they took so prominent a part, have filled an imperishable page in history, and once more we have them again amongst us. Not the same men, alas! for death in every shape has decimated their original ranks, but a remnant of the gallant band, with comrades as brave as themselves, who shared in all their late perils, if they had not the good fortune to breast the heights of the *Alma*, or stem the torrent of the bloody fight of *Inkerman*. Greet them well, citizens of London, for the Guards are the noble representatives of England's warriors; and ever foremost to sympathise with her victorious troops, the Queen goes forth to meet them!

It is but a few days since her hand conferred knighthood on "*Williams of Kars*," the best soldier the war has produced: *Lake*, too—and *Teesdale*—and *Churchill*—were sharers in his well-won honours, as they shared in the deeds which have immortalised his name. That ceremony of investiture must have been a proud moment for them all, though saddened by the reflection that not the least conspicuous among the heroic defenders of the beleaguered city—poor *Langhorne Thompson*—was not also there. He lived long enough, however, to know in what esteem his country held him, and if aught can assuage a mother's grief for his loss, it will be the consciousness that his high desert was recognised by all, from his sovereign to her poorest subject.

But rejoiced as we are at the termination of one war, and solicitous as we may be not to begin another; with every desire, moreover, not to draw the sword against those who speak the same tongue as ourselves, who claim the closest kindred with us, and whose external interests are identical with our own; with all these motives for preferring peace to a contest, in which the only certain result must be the heaviest losses on

both sides, there are limits to the concessions which we are willing to make to the people of the United States. "The people," did we say? Their rulers, rather: the men who, to acquire a temporary popularity, are willing to set everything on the hazard of the die and commence a struggle of which no man living can predict the issue. The Enlistment dispute is at an end, and the Central American question, if not settled by mutual agreement, is to be referred to arbitration: but the expedients resorted to in both these cases are only stop-gaps against the spirit of encroachment which animates the statesmen of the Union, unless they are told by the British Government, in language the most decided and unmistakable, "Thus far shall you go—and no farther!" Let us never forget the memorable words uttered by General Williams when he landed at Dover, the other day: "Woe to that nation who heaps up riches, but who does not take the precaution to defend them!" Prepared for war, no matter who may be our foe. The Americans, if they force a quarrel upon us, will find to their cost that the British navy is well able to sustain the fame of the heroes—some, happily, still surviving—who fought on board the *Shannon* and the *Endymion*. Meanwhile, they have troubles of their own to think about of no easy adjustment, for the settlement of Kansas is no mere casual feud between "Free Settlers" and "Border Ruffians" (a happy nomenclature!), but a struggle in which principles are at stake affecting the vitality of the whole Union.

Intimately associated as we are with France in an alliance which, we trust, will never be broken, that which concerns her claims nearly as much place in our consideration as our own affairs. That these are not words of course has just been shown by the spontaneous movement of the English people, in aid of the sufferers by the fearful inundations which have desolated the valleys of the Rhône, the Garonne, the Sarthe, and the Loire. Much as we have always admired the genius and sagacity of the great man who guides the destinies of the French nation, he has now a still greater claim to our admiration in the devotedness with which—setting personal risk entirely aside—he obeyed only the promptings of humanity, and hastened to encourage by his presence and cheer by his gifts the houseless thousands whom the late fearful calamity had overtaken. Change may again come over the form of government in France, and, perhaps, affect the succession to the throne of Louis Napoleon; but change, as the poet says, must be only "too changeable" to find favour in France, if it seeks to displace the only man whom the present generation has seen of capacity fit to occupy the highest place in her affairs.

But to turn from foreign matters to our own domestic concerns.

Are we keeping pace with the march of events—or not? We have expectorated over ill-humour at Crimean mismanagement, and rejoiced, amid flights of rockets, at the consequences of Crimean success; everybody has resolved to behave better for the future, and a political millenium is anticipated. Mr. Roebuck, at the head of his renovated band of Reformers, thinks it will be a long while first,—and, without endorsing the opinions of "the man with the crotchet," we are very much inclined to think so too. Is the House of Commons to accelerate that event, with its accidental legislation, its postponements, and its chaotic indecision? Or the House of Lords, with its hereditary, dignified obstinacy? Has Sir George Grey been "informed" on any subject that has been made a

question, or Mr. Frederick Peel been "prepared to state" anything that anybody wishes to know? What has become of Lord Wensleydale, and is he ever or never to take his seat? Our friends the Jews, too, where are they? Still longing for the New Jerusalem, into which they will certainly enter before they take their seats in Parliament. "Prescribe," they say, "any form of oath you please; we are ready to take it; but, at least be consistent. The chief magistrate of the first city in the world is of our persuasion, but the commonest huckster—if he be a Christian and have money enough to corrupt Christian voters—may help to make the laws,—a privilege which you deny to him who superintends their execution." And *à propos* of the election of the present Lord Mayor, a royal *mot* is current which is worth preserving. "Thank goodness, your Royal Highness," exclaimed the most clerical and casuistical of churchmen—"thank goodness, we have got a gentleman in the civic chair at last!"—"Yes, my lord," returned the Prince, "but you had to go beyond the pale of Christianity to find him!"

Enough of politics; it is not there we must look for progress. The rolling-stone of Sisyphus was but a type of a session of Parliament, where nothing is advanced, and lumbering bills are urged upwards, simply to recoil on the heads of those who first set them in motion. For something pleasant we must look beyond the walls of St. Stephen's.

A page of the Arabian Nights has been opened at Sydenham, where the magic of the Eastern enchanter is outdone in the construction of the marvellous fountains which now scatter their waters over the Crystal Palace Gardens. Never before did science achieve a result of such surpassing beauty! The attractions within the silvered dome continue, moreover, to increase, a gallery of pictures being in the course of formation. We believe that the English are a great picture-loving people, though as yet but imperfectly able to distinguish between the extremes of art. Nor are those who should be their teachers in a much happier condition: witness the warfare now waging with connoisseurs arrayed against "directors,"—and critics opposed to "keepers,"—in which pictures denounced as execrable by the first, are declared gems of the purest water by the second. "A magnificent Paul Veronese!" cries one. "A hateful daub, by the worst pupils of his school!" shouts another. "Look at the glowing colours!" exclaims Batseyes. "I can count the threads of the canvas," retorts the sarcastic Lynx. One set of "judges" pledge their reputation to the genuineness of a Raffaele, while another set of "judges" swear it an Andrea Mantegna. If they quarrel so fiercely about the pictures themselves, they are not very likely to agree about the place where they may be seen to the greatest advantage, and accordingly some prefer a site in a swamp, others a locality where the medium for examination is smoke. It is a contest between mildew and soot, and the *Deus ex machina* may peradventure be a fire!

A more intelligible ground for want of harmony amongst artists exists in the complaint preferred by the sculptors of this country against the employment of foreign talent to their utter exclusion. A paper has recently been in circulation—(not circulated widely enough)—which shows to how great an extent this vicious system of patronage prevails, while with the greatest modesty it advances the just pretensions of British sculptors.

It is a national, and even more than a national question, and ought to be supported by all who advocate the real interests of art.

But if Painting and Sculpture are under a cloud, the same cannot be said for their sister Music. The happy auspices under which "the old house in the Haymarket" was reopened in May, have been maintained by unequivocal—we had almost said—unprecedented success. Although Mr. Lumley played a winning game at the very outset, he did not at once produce all his best cards. We knew that he had novelty and talent in store, but we were not prepared to find in that novelty talent of so rare a kind. The *début* of Mademoiselle Piccolomini was, however, an event such as is not often recorded in operatic annals. We make no exception when we say that her *Violetta*, in "La Traviata," is the most touching piece of acting that we have seen on any stage; such grace it is endowed with, such delicacy, such finish, such wondrous truth! Her gaiety, her tenderness, her sorrow, her shame, the agony of her despair, and the final effort to live for her lover when all hope is over, are phases of mind that must be closely watched to be understood in the way in which Mademoiselle Piccolomini gives them expression. If we speak more of the dramatic than of the vocal powers of this gifted creature, it is not to depreciate her merits as a singer,—for the beauty of her voice is great, and the skill with which it is managed exquisite;—but it so seldom happens that dramatic genius of the first order is married to song that we yield to the influence of the rarer quality. In Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner also, a trained and accomplished actress has appeared, but here we never lose sight of the fact that her voice,—by nature a superb *contralto* compassing by art the purest *soprano*,—is her *cheval de bataille*. The beauty of her face, the symmetry of her figure, her commanding stature, her picturesqueness of attitude and costume, the fervour and intelligence of her actions, make her the best *Romeo* on the stage, but these advantages are only adjuncts where an organ so perfect exists as the voice of Mademoiselle Wagner. Nor has the *ballet* at Her Majesty's Theatre been without increased attractions: Marie Taglioni has returned with her unrivalled execution, and Monsieur Charles with a graceful agility that, amongst male dancers, defies competition.

The advent of Italian tragedy in the person of Madame Ristori is another event by which to mark the season of 1856. Her *Medea*,—her *Maria Stuarda*,—and her *Pia dei Tolomei* exhibit powers that establish her in the front rank of tragic actresses, though it may be not as the foremost amongst them. Her merits claim a high meed of applause, even if it fall short of the tribute we pay to a Rachel. It is singular that all the "highest reaches" of dramatic art for many years past have been attained by women only! What new actor, save Robson, has appeared on the legitimate boards? *En revanche* we have had dozens of non-professionals who, if they had systematically cultivated the talent that in them lies, might have really done something to illustrate the stage; but as these shooting-stars have only gleamed for a moment, the fate of all meteors has been theirs: they have been wondered at and then forgotten.

Here ends our proem, and whether we treat of love or war, poetry or politics, amongst the current events of the day the publication of the FORTIETH VOLUME of BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY will not be the least notable.

THE JOINT-STOCK BANKER.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XL.

MADAME RODECK.

DURING the period of Herbert Vaughan's absence in France, his father's desire to make the most of the opportunities for speculation which were offered him by the Chairman of the "Central African," had not in the least abated, and amongst the letters which Herbert found at his club was one from the elder Mr. Vaughan, urging him to lose no time, after his arrival, in calling at Wessex House.

"I have every reason, my dear boy," so ran the letter, "for hoping—indeed, for feeling certain—that an enormous fortune is almost within my grasp. Powell Jones, in whom, happily, I am able to place unbounded confidence—you know, Herbert, that he is your own uncle, by the mother's side)—assures me that from the Bryn-Mawr mine alone I may calculate on a clear return of seven thousand a year; and the prospects of the 'Central African'—a new Company of which Jones is the Chairman—are finer than any in the market. It was a lucky thing for me having a brother-in-law at the head of a concern that promises to pay so magnificently. I got all my shares—and I hold a good many—at *par*, and I see by the latest transactions that they are already at eighteen premium. I had an idea of realising at once, but Jones says he feels confident they will touch twenty-five within a month, and by his advice I have waited. Forty thousand pounds, my dear Herbert, is worth waiting for, and Jones pledges his reputation on the absolute certainty of my making that amount, if I am only patient. It will be a famous windfall, for what with my late heavy outlays and other matters, I am in want of a good round sum to set me straight. Now, you see, my dear boy, that, quite independently of ties of consanguinity—which *we* ought to be the last persons to lose sight of—I have the strongest motives for keeping on the best terms with Powell Jones, and therefore I beg you will see as much of him as you can. I know your Glamorganshire spirit does not like 'patronage'—in the common acceptance of the term—but when a relation wants to be of service and possesses the power, it would be sheer folly to neglect the opportunity."

"My father is right in one respect," said Herbert, when he had ended; "I am *not* fond of patronage; neither does the relationship, which he very plainly swallows with difficulty, greatly delight me. There is something about my newly-discovered uncle that fails to impress me with the very highest idea of his moral character. I may be wrong,—most likely I am,—but still when a man suddenly leaps into the lap of Fortune, my old-fashioned prejudices whisper that he must have cleared a great many scruples in the jump. I am not so illiberal as to suppose him necessarily dishonest because he was once an attorney, but I cannot help thinking I should have liked Mr. Powell Jones—or my uncle, if I must call him so—a great deal better if he had not been bred to the law. The truth is,

I detest what the world calls 'rich men,' and that, perhaps, is one of the reasons why I fall into the opposite extreme, and take the strongest fancies for those who are the poorest. I certainly hit upon one who is *passé-maitre* in the art of not making money, when I made the acquaintance of the ingenious Monsieur Lepage,—though he, too, would seem as if he were about to falsify a proverb, if the luck he told me of holds good. A poor man! Do I call him poor, with such a treasure of a daughter? No, there could be no poverty—nothing that a man might not be glad to endure—were she the companion of his life! This is dangerous ground, I know, for me to tread: and yet—and yet—how can my feet refrain? What would my father say if I were to marry below my 'station?' What *could* he say—except that once he did the same thing! But then, my high-born mother reclaimed him, as I have too often heard her say, from the slough into which he had fallen; and her will, her pride, her passions, would all be arrayed against such a step, supposing I were to meditate it. But I am a fool, after all, to let my thoughts wander in this direction, for how do I know that Léonie has ever given a single sigh to the memory of that happy evening? Indeed, I may never arrive at that knowledge, unless accident once more befriend me, or her father recollect that he promised to pay me a visit. I dare say he is too much absorbed in the success of his invention to have remembered anything about the card I gave him."

The meditative, philosophical Herbert was wrong, and the proof of his being so was brought home to him before the last sentence had well-nigh passed his lips; for at that moment the club page made his appearance to say that a foreign gentleman wished to speak to Mr. Vaughan. It was Monsieur Lepage, to whom—if he had ever lost it—all his gaiety now returned.

He had more good news to tell.

"I come," he said, "of see once more, Monsieur Poljone. Already it is begun to make a companie of my project. Monsieur Rigby Nick, a gentleman of great talent, has wrote de prospectus. When he is printed, and well circulate, dere is no more to do: all de world will run to take shares. I shall be de Manage Director, and make myself a fortune enormous—yes—but colossal."

"I am sure," returned Herbert, "no one will make a better use of it than yourself. I am quite rejoiced at hearing of your success."

"Yes—dat I know—I was sure of. But Monsieur Von, you must permit me to offer you som share before dey go into de *coulisse*—what you call dat in Engleesh?"

"Behind the scenes," suggested Herbert, who knew more about theatres than 'Change-alley.

"No, it is not dat—where de brokerres go to arrange affairs; sometimes dat also is behind de scenes—ha, ha, ha!"

"I see what you mean: the share-market. I am very much obliged to you for the offer, but I never do anything in that way."

"Ah, you have fortune already, so I suppose. But in England I understand everybody try to make his money two, three times greater. Monsieur Poljone, for example, he go on getting more and more rich for ever!"

"*Apropos*," said Herbert, smiling, "who is this Mr. Poljone? I never heard of him till you mentioned his name."

"*Mon Dieu! vat, nevare! Stay! You must know his house. He live at de great bank in de squarr of Saint Jacob.*"

"You don't mean Wesssex House?" asked Herbert, upon whom a faint glimmering of light began to dawn.

"*Yas—yas—dat is de name—I was not able to pronounce him. Dere is Monsieur Poljone.*"

"I see now whom you mean; Mr. Powell Jones. Why, he is a relation of mine. I was going to call upon him to-day."

"Doubtless he will tell you of my invention. He say to me he tink of noting beside. Ah, he is a brave man! And de lady, too, she so kind, so amiable."

"Lady! I did not know my uncle was married. It must have happened while I was abroad."

"No—no: he is no marry; she is not his wife, but his parent."

"A very old lady, I fancy."

"Du tout: not at all. She is not more older than forty years, if she has so many. And charming."

"But Mr. Powell Jones is himself a good deal on the wrong side of forty," said Herbert, somewhat bewildered; "his mother must be seventy if she is an hour."

"Ah, I did not say she was his moderre: I say his parent;—also his *cousine*."

"Oh, that explains it," returned Herbert, laughing; "it was my mistake. And what is the lady's name? for I must tell you I know very little of my relations on Mr. Powell Jones's side."

"She call herself Madame Rodeck," replied Monsieur Lepage. "She find also much pleasure in my *système*, which I tell her. She propose to do me de honour of call upon my sisterre and daughter, to make acquaintance vith dem. I need not to say how happy it make us all if Monsieur Van come see us too."

"I should be delighted," returned Herbert, "if I knew where to pay my respects."

"Did I not tell dat? Ah, sometime my head is distract. It is Grikstreet, Numero Dirtsyick, on de *second*. In de evening we are *always* to us."

Monsieur Lepage now made his *adieux*, being, he said, *en route* for "city" to meet Mr. "Rigby Nick;" and Herbert Vaughan took his way to St. Jacob's-square, his curiosity a little raised about his uncle's "parent."

It was somewhat increased when he saw her. A slight sketch of her general appearance has already been given: here is her portrait, at full-length.

Madame Rodeck would have been tall for a man, and her height was increased by the ample development of her figure. Her hair and eyebrows were raven-black, the latter very strongly marked and nearly meeting, and more than a *soupeçon* of moustache shaded her upper lip. Her eyes were dark, bright, and bold, and seemed ready to second anything that fell from her lips. The high colour on her cheeks was not altogether of nature's tinting, but her very white teeth—those, at least, which were in sight, and she took no pains to conceal them—were her own. For her dress,—you have seen something like it in the show-window of Messrs. Oriole and Peacock's establishment: a brocaded violet,

silk of the richest description, with flounces sweeping from the waist like waves; pendant sleeves, and collar of that "work" which ladies dream of; a scarlet *burnous* lined with purest white, the square hood heavily tasselled and embroidered; and, surmounting all, a bonnet which I can only describe by saying it was of the kind invariably called "a love."

From this array, and the long-fringed, white-silk parasol in her hand, it was evident that Madame Rodeck had completed her morning toilette, and was just going out; indeed, a very handsome brougham at the street-door indicated the same thing; but she paused on the landing-place, where Herbert met her, as he ascended the staircase at Wessex House, as if she were not quite certain about fulfilling her intention. Herbert bowed, and waited till her indecision was over: she turned her large eyes full upon him, scrutinised him with no indecisive glance, a very winning smile—or one that was intended to be so—followed, and Madame Rodeck held out her hand.

"Strange," she said, "that I should know you at first sight. You are my cousin Powell's nephew—Herbert Vaughan!"

Herbert bowed again.

"I have the honour, I presume, of speaking to Madame Rodeck?"

She laughed.

"What! you know me too! That is stranger still. But you are right. I am what we used to call in my country—and in yours too—your Welsh aunt."

Herbert winced at the freedom of this speech: the bold, handsome, over-dressed woman was not the person he would willingly have acknowledged relationship with, and he coldly replied that family connexions were sometimes rather widely diffused.

"Very true," said Madame Rodeck, not in the least abashed; "we never met before. But this is not exactly the place to improve our acquaintance. You have called to see my cousin; he shall present me formally"—and she laughed again—"to a young gentleman who seems to stand on ceremony. He is there.—Powell," she continued, opening a door and sailing in, with Herbert in her wake,—“Powell, here is your nephew Vaughan, whom you were telling me you expected for this week past. I am dying to be regularly introduced to him.”

"I am very glad indeed to see you, Herbert," said Mr. Powell Jones, rising as he spoke. "I had a letter from your father this morning. You are looking remarkably well—an additional reason for making you known to my cousin, Madame Rodeck, who, being a beauty herself, knows how to appreciate good looks in others."

"I am afraid my face—such as it is," said the lady, again fixing her eyes on Herbert, after the manner called "staggering"—"I am afraid my face has frightened your nephew. But he need not be afraid, for if its owner isn't handsome, she is very good-natured."

And once more she held out her hand, which Herbert, of course, could not refuse to take, though he was the first to relinquish the clasp.

"Now that this ceremony has been accomplished," said Madame Rodeck, "I shall leave you two together and go about my business, for I dare say you have a good deal to say to each other. Ask him to dine to-day," she whispered to Powell Jones as he held the door for her; and then, after again bestowing "large eyes" on Herbert, she swept out of the room.

"An excellent creature, Herbert," said Mr. Powell Jones, as she disappeared; "as honest as the skin between her brows"—(this was an unlucky simile)—"all frankness. You will like her amazingly when you come to know her better. She has a sister, named Rosina, her very counterpart."

"Heaven defend me!" said Herbert to himself, "from ever meeting her! This one is quite enough." He, however, muttered something civil about Madame Rodeck—"Fine woman," and so forth—and then turned the conversation to his father's affairs.

Mr. Powell Jones gave a very flourishing account of them: it was the duplicate in substance, if not in words, of what he was in the habit of writing to Mr. Vaughan, of Glâs-Llyn; and if he did not convince Herbert as completely as he had satisfied his father, it was certainly not from any deficiency of rhetoric. There was a largeness in his schemes which had a great attraction for the generality of Mr. Powell Jones's listeners, and he very seldom finished his statements without having made a good many converts.

The mines in Wales, the Central African Company, and half a dozen other projects having been rapidly discussed, the honourable member for Aber-Pandy asked Herbert what his particular views were at that moment.

"To say the truth," replied Vaughan, "I have hardly given myself time to think about my own concerns. I am not speculative, like my father, nor politically-inclined, like my mother—though in one instance I am interested both in speculation and in politics, but it is on another's account, not mine. You are acquainted, I think, with a Frenchman, named Lepage?"

"What, a crazy-headed balloon-projector, exiled for his red opinions! Yes, I know him. Do you?"

"I do, and believe him to be a man of great ingenuity, but neither 'crazy-headed,' nor what you call 'red.'"

"Well, what I mean is, adventurous in his ideas—not the less likely, though, to make them answer—if well handled. As to his politics, they may be red or white—but I fancied him a republican."

"He is perfectly harmless, take my word for it, whatever complexion they assume. And that is one of the reasons why I mentioned his name. What I know about Lepage is this: In the course of last autumn I fell in with him by chance; his character interested me, and so did his projects. He was almost the first person I met on my return to town, and in the course of a brief conversation I learnt that his great scheme had been taken up by some influential personage, and was in a fair way of succeeding. I did not at the moment know *who* it was that had become his patron, but this morning I saw him again, and finding that it was yourself, I resolved at once to ask you what you really think of his invention, and whether, in the event of its turning out as good a thing as he says, you will use your influence to get him permission to return to France, for I feel perfectly certain that his politics have in them nothing dangerous."

There are "three courses" generally open to those to whom requests such as that preferred by Herbert Vaughan are made. The reply may be "frank"—and mean nothing; it may be "dubious"—and convey nothing; or it may be a mixture of frankness and doubt—neutralising

each other, and ending in worse than nothing. Each of these courses was familiar to Mr. Powell Jones. He paused, as if he were weighing the merits of the case, but in reality, for the purpose of deciding which of the three he should take. He finally adopted the last: it held out encouragement and avoided compromise.

"As to Lepage's invention, my dear Herbert, I have no hesitation in saying that, as far as I am able to judge, no reasonable ground exists for anticipating failure; that, you know, is the first thing one ought to look at whenever a novel idea is struck out. Well, then, failure not being likely, the chances of success are twofold: first, on account of the novelty itself; next, because of the actual merits of the scheme. You captivate the public mind by boldness and originality of thought, you convince it by scientific demonstration. Lepage's plan—as I suppose you are aware—is to direct the flight of balloons by the action of the screw-propeller. His model is perfect, and has only to be executed on a large scale and exhibited in public, to satisfy the most incredulous. This only concerns the practical working of the invention, for the principle is not affected by matters of detail. Now, I have given my assent to the principle—and I never do these things lightly—therefore, in a commercial point of view—by which I mean Lepage's pecuniary advantage—I think his expectations are justified. I have put the matter into the hands of a sound, thorough-going man of business—Rigby Nicks, in fact—our Vice-Chairman. As to the second branch of your inquiry, I must be quite candid with you. It is always a very delicate matter to interfere between government and government; and though I might unquestionably bring my parliamentary, and, I may add, my social influence to bear upon the subject—and did it concern *our own family*, of course I should not hesitate a single instant—still one must proceed cautiously—indirectly, as it were—in a case like this. I can't promise you that the French government will publish a decree of restoration in favour of Lepage—indeed, I could not ask such a thing, for there are hundreds here under a similar ban; but you may tell him this, if you like, and I will confirm it to him, that *I will do my best*. There is such a thing as a tacit permission to reside, on the private understanding of good behaviour—*quamdiu se bene gesserit*—and that, perhaps, he need not despair of obtaining. There, my dear Herbert; I hope I have answered to your satisfaction."

Herbert would have been more content with fewer words, but there was, at all events, nothing to be dissatisfied with in Mr. Powell Jones's reply, and he expressed his thanks, accepted his invitation to dine, and then took leave, with the intention of calling in Greek-street in the course of the morning,—only for the purpose of leaving a message for Monsieur Lepage, in case he did not happen to find him, nothing more—unless, perchance, Madame Brochart, or her niece, should happen to be at home.

CHAPTER XII.

SUDDEN FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is some little difference in the appearance of the apartment in Greek-street since first we saw it. It is winter still—midwinter, indeed—but the season, in-doors, has lost its dreary aspect. A bright fire is blazing; Madame Brochart, with nothing to do, sits comfortably before it, in an arm-chair; Azor lies asleep in a basket warmly lined; and

Léonie, though occupied with her needle, as of yore, is no longer tasked by Messrs. Oriole and Peacock, but fashions something feminine of which her aunt is to be the wearer.

Madame Brochart is in a better humour than she has been for a long time past, and talks agreeably, if not sensibly. It was, perhaps, impatience of her position that made her doubt the soundness of her brother's last invention; now that there is an earnest of success in the shape of ready money, she is as sanguine as he, and builds as many castles. Léonie, too, has forgotten, or thinks no more of the circumstance that affected her for a time, and all her cheerfulness has returned.

"I have always heard, Léonie," says Madame Brochart, "that to make a fortune, it was necessary, after all, to be in England. I now see that what people told me long ago is true. My brother Gustave had only to name his project, and immediately it was seized upon by these men, who, themselves, know not how to invent. That is a disposition of affairs for which we ought to thank *le bon Dieu*: to one country it is allowed to have genius, to another money; each supplies the other with what is wanting: so it is ordered. I clearly foresee that very shortly—in a month—less—perhaps in a week—we shall be richer than ever we were before. One must then put oneself on a proper footing. For me, I shall wear these things not a moment longer than I can help; it would be wrong, with our fortune, to do so. And then we shall remove to a larger and finer apartment, with plenty of attendants; and if there are amusements to be found in this city, those we shall enjoy. So we shall pass the winter. After that, when it is no longer disagreeable to travel, we shall go back to Bordeaux, for by the time the spring comes my brother will be reconciled to his government, or, if not, he will continue here, making a still larger fortune."

"Ah, but my dear aunt, you do not think it possible for us to separate from my father!"

"I do not say that must be the case. I only suppose the worst: if his government should be inexorable."

"In that case we also must remain. I, at least."

"One would almost imagine, Léonie, you had a liking for this stupid England."

"I cannot say it is not so. See, dear aunt. We came here poor and friendless. At present, we are at our ease, and my father has gained friends; more—he will, perhaps, as you say, make a fortune. In France, nothing was possible to us. We have everywhere met with kindness here: so gay a country, or so agreeable as our own, this is not, but still I should be sorry to forget that it has helped us at our need. You have acknowledged, dear aunt, that it is the only place where money can be made, and under our circumstances that is almost everything."

"You do not wish, then, again, to return home—to Bordeaux!"

"Oh, that is a different thing altogether. I love no place like Bordeaux; but my father to me is Bordeaux while we are absent from it."

The day-dream of Madame Brochart was beginning to melt away before the reality of Léonie's words, and her temper, which very uneasily bore with opposition, might have broken out in set phrase, but a tap at the door prevented her reply.

"If you please, miss," said the maid of the house—a "party" with a smudged face, very red arms, and an exceedingly dirty apron—"if you

please, miss, there's a carriage-lady below as wants to know if she can come up."

"A lady, to see me!" said Léonie. "And I knowing no-body. That is singular. But pray admit her."

"What, miss?"

"Say I shall be very happy to see her."

"Oh, I forgot; she said I was to give you this." And the damsel pushed into Léonie's hand a visiting-card, which now bore the vivid impression in black lead of a good-sized thumb.

Léonie had scarcely time to prepare her aunt for the arrival of a visitor, when the rustling of silk was heard, and the doorway was filled with the ample presence of Madame Rodeck, who, as soon as she entered, began to speak.

"If you were English people," she said, "I should apologise for coming in this way; but living in France so long as I have done, I know it's not necessary. You have my card, but after all that does not tell you who I am, for I don't think Monsieur Lepage knows my name yet, as I only had the pleasure of seeing him once—this very morning—and that for so short a time. I can't tell you how much I like him, and my cousin, Mr. Powell Jones, is equally delighted."

"Ah, madame!" replied Léonie, "you are then the relation of my father's kind friend who takes so much interest in his invention. Pray do me the honour to take a seat. This, madame, is my aunt, my father's sister."

"What a good, excellent person she seems," said Madame Rodeck—"and how like Monsieur Lepage—and so are you, too, my dear, only fifty times handsomer. I may shake hands with her, I hope! What a charming little dog, too! A Loulou, is it not? Your *ménage* is really quite complete—that is to say, it would be if Monsieur Lepage were here. I never in my life met with a person of so much talent. To be sure, I was in some degree prepared, for my cousin had written to me about him in such very high terms: nothing at all, however, to come up to what he actually is."

Léonie was too well pleased to hear her father praised to object to the manner of it, and timidly expressed her assent.

"If, indeed, madame, you knew also how good he is a man, your pleasure would not be the less."

"I am sure of it. Most amiable—most charming. Now, my dear, I will tell you the cause of this impromptu visit. You must know, if there is one set of people on earth I am fonder of than another, it is the French. They were so excessively kind to me when I lived in Paris—after I lost my poor husband—a richly embroidered handkerchief was raised here, but did not reach Madame Rodeck's eyes—"that really, I make it a point, whenever I have the opportunity, of endeavouring to repay their hospitality. I have a sweet place in the country, and the most delightful acquaintance—you would so like them; and when we know each other a little better, I hope I shall be able to persuade you to come and stay with me ever so long. In the mean time, my cousin, Mr. Powell Jones, has been good enough to place his large house in town—close by here, in St. Jacob's-square—quite at my disposal. You must come and see me there—and your aunt too, of course—and we won't leave the pretty little dog behind—quite a family party. Loulou! Loulou! What a long coat—what a

curly tail! What's his name? Azor! How romantic! I had a little dog once named Rosa, the same name almost, quite a coincidence."

And she took Azor in her arms and kissed him several times, while Madame Brochart looked on and smiled.

"Now, my dear," she continued, setting the dog down again, and turning to Léonie, "what do you say—when will you come and see me? I have some dreadful law-business concerning my poor husband's affairs"—here the handkerchief made another twirl—"which will keep me a week or two in town. It isn't the season, and nobody just now is in London, so it will be quite a charity of you; besides, I must tell you a secret, though you would very soon have found it out. I have taken *such* a fancy to you! My passion is beauty. English girls are all very well, but they have so little soul in them! For one pretty French girl I could show you, perhaps, ten pretty English ones—but when you *do* meet beauty in France it *is* beauty. You see I speak my mind—I'm all above-board—I never flatter. Now you are just my style of beauty. Ah, that blush only makes you more becoming."

Léonie was too much confused by this sudden attack to reply immediately. The daub was coarse, and she felt uncomfortable at hearing a stranger address her in such terms; but still, these might be English manners, of which she knew nothing, and the intention at all events seemed friendly. So she answered that Madame was too good, and that she would name her kindness to her father.

"Then I am sure I have gained my point," said the visitor, "for Monsieur Lepage is much too polite to refuse to give a lady pleasure, especially when, as I hope, it will not diminish that of his family. What charming work that is! Really, for taste and ingenuity, I always say there's nothing comes near the French. I must ask you to teach me how to do it; you will, won't you? That's a dear girl. Let me call you by your Christian name—Léonie! How pretty! Now tell me, when can you come, always supposing papa gives his consent? What do you say to your all dining with us to-morrow? I have *carte blanche* for the invitation. We'll try and amuse you. Music, and a little *écarté*. Madame joue à l'*écarté*? Très-bien. My cousin is an excellent player: he delights, too, in the society of French ladies—and knows how to make himself very agreeable, so you must take care of your heart. Ah, if I were to tell you how good *he* is, you would think I was praising your own father. During my deepest affliction"—twirl went the handkerchief—"but I won't speak of anything sad. I shall consider it a settled thing that you come to-morrow. Adieu, Madame. Bonjour, Azor! Farewell, my sweet young friend. We cannot part like strangers. I must embrace you."

And saluting Léonie's fair cheeks without offering her own, Madame Rodeck disappeared as she came, like a hurricane.

"Handsome, indeed!" she said, when she got into her brougham again. "I don't wonder at Powell. Everybody has some sudden fancy. Mine, for instance, just now is young—As I live, there he is! Herbert—Herbert Vaughan! Confound the noise—(fie, Madame Rodeck!)—he doesn't hear me. Stop!" She pulled the check-string and the coachman drew up for orders, but she was leaning out of the carriage and looking the other way. Herbert Vaughan moved on, unconscious that he was observed. Madame Rodeck kept him in view for half the length

of the street. He stopped, looked up, as if to make sure that he was at the right house. The lower part was a goldbeater's shop, and a gilded arm and hammer projected above the door. It was No. 36; the very house Madame Rodeck had just quitted. She watched till she saw him enter. "Drive on!" she cried to the coachman, and threw herself back in the brougham. "What on earth can have taken him there!" she muttered. "But I dare say it's only chance. Very likely there are other lodgers in the house besides those French people. Still, if he should happen to know the girl! Well; so much the more reason for my helping Powell."

That which Herbert Vaughan supposed might just be possible, came to pass: Monsieur Lepage, as we know, was not at home; but the ladies were, and he was admitted. Madame Brochart received him with great cordiality, Léonie with some embarrassment, and, singularly enough, he preferred the young lady's reception of him to a warmer welcome. By degrees, however, Léonie's embarrassment wore off. Madame Brochart talked away with all her might. Herbert was able to tell them a good deal about their native city—how he had often walked in the Cours d'Aquitaine, and had seen the vineyards which once belonged to Monsieur Lepage, of whom, all, he said, that he had met at Bordeaux spoke in the strongest terms of regard; so that the old friendship of a day was more than renewed.

In the exuberance of her recovered spirits, Madame Brochart dwelt with great animation on the change which a few days had made in the prospects of Monsieur Lepage. Amongst other things that had happened, "*une très grande dame, une dame bien distinguée*," she said, had just been to see them—to invite them to dinner, "*chez un milord*," whose name, of course, she could not remember—but Léonie did, no doubt. And then came Léonie's explanation, which Herbert heard with more surprise than pleasure. Although five minutes comprised the whole period of his acquaintance with Madame Rodeck, he had seen enough of her during that time to inspire him with a strong feeling of dislike to that lady. She was the very last woman of all he had ever met with, whom he would have selected to form a friendship with Léonie. Her coarseness, her boldness, the indefinable something from which delicacy shrank, combined to produce a sense of distrust and aversion, and, though he said nothing of his own sentiments, he was extremely anxious to know what effect Madame Rodeck had created in the mind of Mademoiselle Lepage.

And this "*grande dame*," he asked, whom Madame Brochart appeared so greatly to admire, was she indeed a very attractive person?

"What shall I tell you?" replied Léonie, speaking English. "My aunt is pleased, no doubt, because the lady fondled Azor: any kindness to him she accepts at once for herself. To both of us, also, she was very obliging. Still, I cannot say that altogether her manners pleased me. Her dress is fine, but not quite in the best taste; her voice is more loud than agreeable, her eyes have in them an expression I do not like. Only it is wrong to say this, for everything she said was meant, without doubt, for kindness, and I am very ungrateful."

Herbert did not agree with Léonie's last observation. He was of opinion that a person's first impressions were always the most correct: in his own case it had invariably been so. Léonie admitted that this might

be true in *some* instances, and from the discussion of this question they gradually dropped into the recollections of the evening of their first meeting. I need scarcely say that when young people revive reminiscences of this kind, there can be but one result : the scene returns, with all its illusions heightened ; the awakened feeling "grows by what it feeds on."

Our experience is filled with the strangest contrasts. The partition-wall between the extremes of daily life is so slight that a moment suffices to pass from one to the other. A few hours later, and Herbert, with no thought in his mind for any but Léonie, was himself the object of a flame as ardent, certainly, if not so pure as his own, and so completely its object that he might fairly be called in a state of siege.

"I will do all I can for you," repeated Madame Rodeck to her cousin, after her visit, "and you must give me every chance with Herbert Vaughan."

It was easy for a man of so much importance in the world as Powell Jones to have excuses at any moment for the disposal of his time, and when he said after dinner that day, "I am called away on urgent business, but I leave you, Herbert, to entertain Madame Rodeck till my return," it was not for his nephew to suspect a *guet-apens*, though such might really be the case. The *tête-à-tête* to which he was thus suddenly committed, was a very different one from that of the morning, with its low, whispered conversation (while Madame Brochart, before the fire, was nearly asleep); but there was no help for it, and Herbert accordingly submitted with the best grace in his power. Madame Rodeck opened fire the moment they were alone.

"You are a pretty sort of person, Mr. Herbert, to cut your friends on the very day you make their acquaintance. A lady has no great reason to be vain when she is forgotten in half an hour!"

Herbert professed his entire ignorance of Madame Rodeck's meaning : to what circumstance could she possibly allude?

"You mean to say, then, I suppose, that you did not see me to-day in the street?"

"Certainly. I never had that honour, from the time I left this house until I returned to it."

"Really!"

"Upon my word."

"And yet you passed very close."

"Where was it?"

"Not very far from Soho-square."

Herbert Vaughan was an unlucky young man in one respect : he was not gifted with his uncle's command of countenance ; and the blood crimsoned his forehead, the more so because he was fully conscious that Madame Rodeck's glance was steadily fixed on him. He tried, however, to reply indifferently.

"Yes," he said, "I was in that neighbourhood ; but it was new to me ; and the—the shop I wanted was—I did not quite know where."

"A gold-beater's *shop*," observed Madame Rodeck, with an emphasis on the last word, "is easily found by the sign."

Herbert's face became even redder than before.

"Curse this woman !" he said to himself ; then speaking aloud : "Oh, ah,—a gold-beater's—yes, I recollect now, it *was* a gold-beater's I was

looking for. I accidentally cut myself this morning, and wanted some gold-beater's skin."

"Which is always sold by the chemists," returned Madame Rodeck, quickly; "come, Mr. Herbert, that won't do. You must make a better excuse the next time you go on a voyage of discovery and happen to be caught in the fact. However," she added, after a short pause, during which she seemed greatly to enjoy his confusion, "I have no right to inquire where you go or for what purpose. Only I thought it rather hard to be cut so very decidedly."

"I assure you, upon my honour, Madame Rodeck," said Herbert, earnestly, "that I had not the slightest intention to do so."

"Well, well," she replied, "you need not look so serious. If you do, I shall begin to think I have really put my foot in it."

This remark was not calculated to make Herbert easier.

"I was right," thought Madame Rodeck; "he *does* know that girl, and wants to keep it secret."

"Now, tell me," she continued, addressing her victim: "you, who have travelled so much—which country, after all, do you prefer?"

"My own, of course," was the reply.

"Yes. But I don't mean exactly that. Which people do you like best? Greek women, Italians, Spanish, German, or—*French!*"

"It is not easy to say: they all have some special quality to admire."

"As to their beauty?"

"That is decidedly a matter of taste."

"And yours?"

"Oh, mine? I have met with beauty everywhere."

"Abroad?"

"And at home, too."

"Never in Wales, I suppose."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I thought, from your habits, and—and—" here the lady simulated a deep-drawn sigh,—"I really don't know why, but I fancied, somehow, you could not admire one of your own countrywomen. People never do."

It was absolutely necessary that Herbert should say something gallant in reply to this direct challenge.

"I believe my own countrywomen," he said, "to be as handsome as any in the world. If I never thought so before, the time has arrived to make me change my opinion."

"You are a flatterer," replied Madame Rodeck, smiling. "I am sure you don't mean what you say."

She did, however, look very well by candlelight, and knew it. Herbert protested that he was sincere: he could do no less. The admission once made, Madame Rodeck would not let him escape, but accepted the compliment for a *tendresse*; and, once fairly embarked in the game of flirtation, a far more skilful player than Herbert Vaughan would have found the odds too great against him. Amongst her boarding-house accomplishments, Madame Rodeck had a good voice: she soon found out that Herbert was fond of singing; the piano was fortunately in good order—having been tuned that morning for such an occasion; and, leading him on from patriotic airs to sentimental ones,—from "The Men of

Harleech" to "Something more exquisite still," she kept him prisoner until nearly midnight; and when Mr. Powell Jones asked her, after Herbert's departure, whether she had "fixed him," she answered with a look of triumph that was far more eloquent than words.

CHAPTER XIII.

A STEP IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

ALTHOUGH accustomed to meet difficulties, and endowed with extraordinary nerve, it was not without a feeling of misgiving that Mr. Powell Jones prepared for the small dinner-party to which the French family were invited.

A hint from his cousin had prevented him from asking Herbert to join them, but as he wanted some one to occupy the attention of Madame Brochart, his faithful ally, Mr. Rigby Nicks, was summoned.

He was engaged in a low but earnest conversation with that worthy,—so low that Madame Rodeck, who sat but at a short distance from them, could only now and then catch a stray word, though her ears were sharp, and she listened attentively,—when a full-liveried servant threw open the drawing-room door and announced "Munseer and Miss Lepadge and Madam Brusher," that being the nearest approach to their names which he was able to accomplish. To prevent an immediate recognition by Léonie, which might have been awkward, Mr. Powell Jones had taken care that there should not be too much light in the apartment, and, the more effectually to conceal his identity, he assumed a strong Welsh accent in welcoming his guests. By this means his formal presentation to Mademoiselle Lepage took place without her being aware that she had ever seen him before. "If her memory should serve her by-and-by," he said to himself, "it is but boldly denying the fact of my unlucky *escapade*: I have face enough for that, I think."

In the dining-room there was the same device of shaded light, the lamps being all placed on *guéridons* and sideboards; and, seated between Léonie and her aunt, a few minutes' conversation quite sufficed to restore his *aplomb* and dissipate all fear of discovery. Mr. Powell Jones was a man who could be very agreeable when he chose, and on this occasion he exerted himself to the utmost. The little French he had he made the most of with Madame Brochart; but there was not much necessity for taking pains in that quarter, as Rigby Nicks—who knew Paris almost as well as London—kept her in full play with a thousand sprightly anecdotes of his experiences abroad, and so charmed the old lady, that she was quite in the seventh heaven of delight at having met with such an agreeable person. On the other hand, Madame Rodeck attached herself especially to Monsieur Lepage, and thus the field was kept quite clear for the operations of Mr. Powell Jones. His manner towards Léonie was extremely deferential, and the interest which he expressed in her father's affairs had all the appearance of sincerity, and completely won upon her guileless nature. Once only, when, for an instant, he dropped his assumed accent and spoke in his natural tone, a vague idea that his voice was not altogether strange to her ear, and that it recalled some displeasing association, threw a shadow over her fair, ingenuous countenance, but the thought could not fix itself, and

the cloud passed away; not unnoticed, however, by Mr. Powell Jones, who speedily returned to his Cambrian style of speech, and soon obliterated the casual impression.

Although he full well remembered the scorn and indignation with which Léonie had repelled his insolent advances, he still, in his secret heart, believed that she, like all other women—such was his creed—was accessible: the only question with him was, on which side? Young, beautiful, and a Frenchwoman, she must, he thought, be fond of pleasure, and her recent privations would naturally excite in her a keener desire for its enjoyment. But the pleasures which Léonie admitted she delighted in, were not the ordinary ones of her age and country. She liked society, liked *fêtes*, and theatres, and public amusements, all well enough, but her passion was “the country:” she never tired, she said, of the charms of nature, and her chief personal regret since she came to England had been occasioned by being pent up within the narrow streets of a city.

Mr. Powell Jones would more willingly have heard a different story, for his own tastes were anything but rural, and he had, moreover, great faith in the seductions of a town life; but his bow was furnished with another string. Was he not a mountaineer by birth, a native of the most picturesque part of the island, the owner, in fact, of property in the most beautiful part of Wales? On this theme he expatiated with as much earnestness as if to return to the country, never to quit it again, were the sole object of his existence. But, he added, how could a man like himself, bound to the world by occupations which it was impossible to shake off, ever hope to realise that dream! There was but one thing—and now it was that the alteration in his manner already adverted to took place—there was but one thing which could make him rend asunder the fetters imposed by his duty towards the public: if another person could be found, lovely, accomplished, such as he might perhaps hope some day to meet with, who for his sake would relinquish the world and share his fortunes, then, indeed—— But here, the sudden thought that disturbed Léonie caught his attention,—he found he was beginning to make love too soon; and turning the subject, he said, with a laugh, that she must not set him down for an enthusiast. It was true, he did enjoy the country, but he liked also to have people about him: they were no hinderance to the indulgence of a man’s inclinations: it was his custom to fill his house with visitors,—ladies often honoured him by being amongst them; and he trusted, when the summer came, that he might have the satisfaction of including Monsieur Lepage, his amiable sister, and Mademoiselle amongst them. But he feared that he had a dangerous rival in this respect, for Madame Rodeck had told him that she was bent on carrying Léonie out of town with her, and “when once she takes possession,” added Mr. Powell Jones, “such is her affectionate disposition, she never can bear to part with her friends.” He then launched out into an extravagant eulogy on his interesting cousin, which lasted till it was time for the ladies to withdraw, and Léonie rose from the table, a little in doubt as to the justice of her first opinion of Madame Rodeck, and very favourably impressed with her host.

The interval since he last saw Monsieur Lepage had not been thrown away by Mr. Powell Jones. Herbert’s suggestion, that he should use his influence in high quarters to obtain from the French government permis-

sion for the Inventor to return to his native country, harmonised only too well with a plan of his own to allow him to neglect it. He never seriously intended to take any steps in the matter, but he resolved to act as if such had been the case, not only for the sake of appearing kind-hearted in the eyes of Herbert Vaughan and the Inventor's family, but for a special private reason. Amongst the words uttered by Léonie, when he accosted her so rudely in the street, she had intimated that her father was a man of honour, and would know how to avenge an insult offered to his child. Powell Jones, with more effrontery than most men, and daring enough in the ordinary circumstances of life, had not the courage to meet the issue of the wrong he meditated, and if he could get Monsieur Lepage entirely out of the way, he imagined his success certain. He accordingly took into his counsels Mr. Rigby Nicks, the confederate in all his schemes, and between them they devised the means of deceiving Monsieur Lepage into the belief that his pardon had been procured. The subject was broached as soon as they found themselves alone with the unsuspecting Inventor.

"Well, Monsieur Lepage, I am glad to tell you," said Mr. Powell Jones, "that the 'Air Transport Company' is getting on famously. Lord Leatherhead, to whom I named it to-day, has consented to be the President, and his weight and importance are immense. Our friend, Rigby Nicks, as you know, has been exerting himself greatly, and the latest news from the City represents the moneyed men to be full of eagerness to take shares."

"Yes," said Mr. Rigby Nicks, asseverating his principal's statement, according to his custom, with an oath,—“yes—so help me! it's a fact. I was talking to a broker about them this very afternoon, after business-hours, and he said he was ready to go in for five hundred himself, and hoped we would let him have 'em. I told him we couldn't do anything of the kind: fifty was the outside, and even that number I couldn't be certain of, for my private list was quite full. What amount, sir, did you finally resolve upon issuing?”

"Why," replied Mr. Powell Jones, who was the person appealed to, "I thought of twenty thousand at ten pounds for the English market, and half that quantity for the French, with a reserve to meet any excessive demand."

"For de French!" exclaimed Monsieur Lepage. "Ah, you tink of go to France wiz dem."

"Certainly: I anticipate that they will stand as well on the *Bourse* as in 'Change-alley, if not better. In the first place, you know your countrymen have always been dabblers in balloons; and in the next, your name as the Inventor would go a long way."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" said Monsieur Lepage, "if I could but be in Paris to explain my *projet*, den I should be ve-ry sure!"

"Who can tell," observed Mr. Powell Jones, smiling, "what may not come to pass?"

"Vat you mean, sare?" asked the Frenchman.

"I mean that I have got a little surprise in store for you."

"Comment! you vill surprise me?"

"Now, tell me candidly, Monsieur Lepage, should you really like to go to Paris?"

"Si je désire y aller! Mais——"

"Suppose you were no longer proscribed!"

"What you say? I no longer *am proscribit*! Ah, no fortune so good is mine."

"But it is, though. The fact is, you are free to return whenever you please. Is not that the case, Rigby?"

"So help me!" affirmed the Vice-Chairman.

"Surely, sare, you have too much good-ness to laugh at my nose! I ~~can~~ not believe in dat!"

"Just listen for a moment, and when your ears are satisfied I will give you ocular demonstration."

"Listen," repeated Rigby Nicks; "it's worth your while, so help me!"

"The truth is, my dear Monsieur Lepage," pursued Mr. Powell Jones, preparing himself for a virtuous confession,—"the truth is, your character has inspired me with the highest esteem, and I said to myself, the very first time I saw you, if I can do that man good I will. I knew it was easy to put money in your way; but that, I felt, was not enough to make you a happy home. There were others, as I became aware, whom you thought of more than yourself——"

"Ah, dat is true!" interrupted Monsieur Lepage, his eyes glistening with tears.

"Why should they also be condemned to exile? was the question you asked yourself, and I did the same. With Monsieur Lepage's talents, I reflected, he will soon establish himself well—I can help him there, too; but all the talent in the world, unless he has political interest, cannot reverse the decree which sent him out of France a banished man. So I came to the resolution to leave no stone unturned till I had done for you what you could not accomplish for yourself. Hear me out—you shall then say what you please. Yesterday morning, after you left me, I went to our Foreign Secretary and told him all—a great deal more than I need now repeat. He was to have an interview with the French Ambassador within a couple of hours, and promised to lay your case before him. I observed to him, 'My lord, if you kindly undertake my friend's case, allow me to remind you that he gives twice who gives quickly.' His lordship understood me, and before I laid my head on my pillow last night I had the satisfaction of reflecting that, unlike the Roman Emperor, I had *not* lost a day. A private note from the noble Secretary—here it is, but I may as well read it—informed me that the Ambassador had telegraphed to the Tuileries, and the electric wire sent back a favourable answer."

Monsieur Lepage buried his face in his hands, overcome with emotion, while Powell Jones and Rigby Nicks exchanged glances. The former continued:

"There was no use in doing things by halves. That you might not be kept in suspense until the formal pardon was made out, I myself procured a provisional order from the Ambassador for you to proceed to Paris; and our friend here, who is as warm in the matter as I am, got it stamped at the French Consulate, and paid the necessary fees."

"Ah, Monsieur Poljone! ah, Monsieur Rigby Nick!" This was all the Inventor was able to articulate.

"One thing, however, is necessary," said Mr. Powell Jones.

"Vat is dat? If an honourable man can do it, it is done."

"It is simply, that you should lose no time in taking up your pardon."

"I will go at once!"

"I thought so,—and at the same time, while your own affairs are being arranged, you can introduce the 'Air Transport Company' on the Paris Bourse. Any funds you may want I will advance, and we can settle by-and-by."

"Monsieur Poljone," said the Inventor, "you are for me *le bon Dieu*! I nevere know how good is de Englishman. *Vous me comblez de bienfaits*. Ah, sare, I shoke myself when I try to speak my *reconnaissance*."

"Come, come; you overrate the little service I have rendered you. Why, we shall profit by your going to France as much as yourself. Shan't we, Rigby?"

"So help me!" ejaculated Mr. Nicks; and indeed, this time, he spoke truth.

"But," pursued Mr. Powell Jones, "in talking about this matter we have forgotten the most material thing. Give Monsieur Lepage the passport, that he may be sure it's all right."

From a side-pocket Mr. Rigby Nicks drew forth a paper, which he carefully unfolded, and then handed to the Inventor. The Imperial Arms,—the French Ambassador's style and titles,—his signature,—the *salons* of the Embassy and the Consulate,—the designation of Monsieur Gustave Lepage,—all were there, everything was *en règle*, or seemed to be so.

The Inventor hastily read the document through.

"It say noting," he remarked, "about my sisterre and Léonie."

"Of course not," returned Mr. Powell Jones,—“they have committed no political offence. Their names could hardly appear with yours. You must consider this more in the light of an order for you to appear than a travelling passport for yourself and family. The form must be gone through just as it is written here. In a week or two hence,—it is no very long time—you can return and make arrangements for removing altogether. Meanwhile my cousin, Madame Rodeck, will take care of your ladies: they will be perfectly safe with her.”

"Madame est trop bonne pour moi. Quelle bonté! I nevere shall pay you."

Perceiving that Monsieur Lepage was all impatience to communicate the good news to Madame Brochart and Léonie, Mr. Powell Jones broke up the *sedesant*, and they went up-stairs.

To dwell upon the joy it caused them both is needless, for with the best inclinations in the world towards the good city of London, the moment of departure from it is, perhaps, the pleasantest that most French visitors experience. This, however, was not exactly the case with Léonie, for her heart was warm with gratitude to her supposed benefactor, and another feeling pleaded in her bosom in favour of her place of refuge; so that she was easily reconciled to the prolongation of her stay—apart from her father—during the brief interval that was necessary for him to be absent.

"They may do what they please with Monsieur Lepage," said Mr. Powell Jones to his pillow *that* night, "provided they keep him fast. If Léonie is not mine, now,—and on my own terms,—I have schemed to little purpose."

THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

THE Government of President Pierce appears to be resolved, as long as its brief tenure of office remains, to carry out, no matter at what cost, the Monroe doctrine of America for the Americans—that is, for the United States people, the Americans, we suppose, *par éminence*, and no interference to be allowed on the part of the rest of the world. The new American minister, Mr. Dallas, commenced his communications with her Majesty's Government by saying that he thought it right to announce that the President had adopted the Monroe doctrine as the foundation of his system of government. The question of the dismissal of Mr. Crampton and the three consuls may be considered as at an end. It is superseded by an accomplished fact. The American Government, absolving her Majesty's ministers from guilt or complicity in proceedings which they regarded as an infringement of the laws and sovereign rights of the States, still insisted upon the removal of the ambassador and consuls, from their being personally unacceptable. Her Majesty's ministers, who rather than be exposed to so undignified an infliction, should have withdrawn their officers and agents when that withdrawal was first asked for, have accepted the compromise tendered, sacrificed their representatives, and, more happily for the peace of the world than creditable to either their policy or dignity, have declared that there shall be no retort courteous, no dismissal of Mr. Dallas, and no suspension of diplomatic relations with the United States. This is the conclusion which all well-wishers to mankind were anxious should be arrived at, and which all parties, save those who have nothing to lose by a general war, have desiderated. But it is impossible, at the same time, to blind ourselves to the fact that the dismissal of the British ambassador and consuls has its origin in other facts and feelings than the mere enlistment question. It had its origin in the development of the Monroe policy—a system of isolation totally unsuited not only to the age in which we live, but also to the close and intimate intercourse in which we live with the people of the United States, and yet which they are not the less bent upon carrying out. As Mr. Disraeli stated in the House of Commons, it is the belief on the part of the United States that the British Government is animated by sentiments hostile to the legitimate (?) development of their power, which has excited the feeling that has seized upon the enlistment question as a means of expressing their dissatisfaction and distrust.

This being the case, we may fairly turn away from this part of the question to that which concerns the aggressive policy of the United States. There cannot be the slightest doubt entertained that sooner or later, slowly or rapidly, decently or brutally, on one pretext or another, with or without disguise, the United States will seek to extend their sway, by process of absorption and annexation, over the whole of Mexico and Central America, and stretch their Republican Empire from Maine to the Isthmus of Panama, and thence to the Andes. Mr. Marcy's so-called conciliatory despatches, happily received and esteemed as such, clearly and distinctly avow a system of aggression. In the first place, referring to the proposed arbitration of a third party, Mr. Marcy states that he

cannot see how an adverse construction of the interpretation of the convention of April 19th, if it were adopted by an arbiter, could terminate the difference. The Earl of Clarendon assumed that, at the date of the treaty, Great Britain had possessions in Central America. But Mr. Marcy intimates that the American Government does not understand that, at the date of the treaty, Great Britain had any possessions, or occupied any territory in Central America. And besides, if it did, the treaty was to be retrospective; and in consideration of the Americans declining to invade and occupy the territories now belonging to the Central American Republics, Great Britain must also withdraw from any possessions she may hold, or territories she may have occupied, no matter how long time back! This may be a conciliatory adjudication of the Central American difference, but it is most assuredly a very egotistical and a very imperious one—one to admit which would be in every sense deeply humiliating to Great Britain. The American Government consents to arbitration on the geographical part of the question, as to what are the rightful limits of establishment at Belize on the side of the State of Honduras, the question whether the Bay Islands do or do not belong to that republic, and the question as to what extent of country is embraced in the term "Mosquito coast," or is in actual occupancy of the Mosquito Indians—considered as Indians—to one or more of those eminent men of science who do honour to the intellect of Europe and America; but the treaty or convention of the 19th of April, as viewed by the American Government, and as applying retrospectively, is to remain in force. Upon that question there is to be no arbitration; upon the sense of that treaty we are told the Americans have made up their mind, and they will not change it for any arbiter in the world. If the English can establish by arbitration a right to the protectorate of the Mosquitos, or to the occupancy of the Bay Islands as far as title goes, even then the treaty is against it, and to that view of the treaty we are bound to submit!

The Clayton-Bulwer treaty supposed, according to the American version, an equality of non-occupancy attaching on both sides—the United States and Great Britain—as regards Central America. But England did not understand it in that light; its Government understood Mr. Clayton's assertion, made in his letter of July 4, 1850, to Sir H. L. Bulwer—"that the British settlement in Honduras (commonly called British Honduras, as distinct from the State of Honduras), nor the small islands in the neighbourhood of that settlement, which may be known as its dependencies; and that to this settlement and these islands *the treaty we negotiated was not intended by either of us to apply*"—to be a *bonâ fide* and honourable statement; and they continued in their occupation of British Honduras and its dependent islands. We are now told that there is no such a thing as British Honduras; there is only Belize, which, says Mr. Marcy, "is not, and never was any part of Honduras;" and what is more, that, as the English have gone on occupying portions of Central America, the Americans will set about to occupy the other portions, soon, no doubt, to expel by force of arms the intruding Britishers; and the treaty, by the violation of it by both sides, is practically dissolved, and has ceased to exist.

In the presence of such a grievous state of things, emanating from doctrines which no pretender to political or any other morality could support for a moment, it is deeply interesting and instructive to find that

British statesmen and British people are still united and determined to avert the calamities of war as long as it is possible to do so. It is true that the earnest and eloquent appeal of Mr. Disraeli, in the presence of such a state of things, falls flat and unheeded, but it is not the less full of grave import: "It is my opinion that all that America has fairly a right to expect she may obtain, without injury either to Europe in general or to England in particular, and that it is the business of a statesman to recognise the necessity of an increase in her power, and at the same time to make her understand that she will most surely accomplish all the objects she proposes to herself by recognising those principles of international law which in civilised communities have always been upheld, and to impress upon her that, instead of vaunting that she will build her greatness on the Monroe doctrine, which is the doctrine of isolation, she should seek to attain it by deferring to the public law of Europe, and by allowing her destiny to be regulated by the same high principles of policy which all nations which have great destinies to accomplish have invariably recognised."

The States of South America, Lord John Russell justly remarked, so far from realising the expectations of Mr. Canning, that we had created a new world to restore the balance of the old, have hardly been able to maintain order within their own limits. Still less have they been able to attempt any great conquests; nor has the stronger among them been able so completely to vanquish the weaker as to form any great and powerful state in Central America. The State of Nicaragua, great as her pretensions were to the dominion of the Mosquito coast, and little as she regarded the obligations with us which had descended to her in consequence of our former treaties with Spain, has not been able either to fix herself upon the Mosquito coast, or to overcome that colony of various Europeans—Englishmen and others—and citizens of the United States, which has been established at Greytown. In the mean time, a military adventurer, General Walker, by taking the part of one faction against another, has obtained very considerable power in Nicaragua, and it is more than probable that President Rivas will be induced by him, and with his assistance, or rather through his means, to invade the Mosquito coast and make an attack upon the inhabitants of Greytown. It will not only be very difficult in such a case to prevent collision between the ships and forces of Great Britain and America, but it is almost certain that no British ministry will permit so old a protectorate as the Mosquito kingdom to be invaded with impunity. When first General Walker invaded Nicaragua and, overthrowing the existing government, elected his creature, Don Patricio Rivas, to the nominal head of affairs, a minister was sent to Washington; but at that time President Pierce had not the effrontery to recognise the government so established. But events progressed: the Costa Ricans and Guatemalans took up arms, the small band of filibusters was threatened with extermination, and the Monroe policy with being nipped in the bud; so it was necessary that some decisive steps should be taken to ensure reinforcements, and the President resolved upon recognising the Nicaraguan Walker-Rivas Government as that accepted by the people of the country. From that time the Government, who have expelled the minister of a friendly nation because he was even supposed to connive at enlistment in the

States, have actually permitted their own ships to convey men and military stores to Nicaragua to swell the forces of the filibusters, and support civil war in a neighbouring state!

The fact is, that no act of courtesy on the part of the British ministry would affect the policy of the United States as at this moment being carried out in Central America. The existing democratic Government, avowedly resolved to carry out the Monroe principles, will do so, whether at the risk of war with Great Britain or not, at the same time that the Government and the people of the United States place such confidence in the peaceful dispositions of Great Britain, as to lead them to believe that they would rather permit the United States to have their way in their aggressive designs—as they did in California, in Texas, and in Oregon—than go to war. They may have reasoned correctly; but they will have to go on cautiously to avoid collisions in carrying out their intentions, and it will be as well that they do not begin by invading territories in the possession of, or under the protectorate of, Great Britain.

It is believed, also, that before committing themselves so far, the Washington cabinet ascertained the dispositions of the French Emperor in regard to the Central American question. They are said to have satisfied themselves that France would not, in the event of war breaking out between Great Britain and the United States, draw the sword so long as the honour of France remains untouched. But even were it not so, the Washington cabinet has expressed itself satisfied that even were France disposed to do otherwise, she cannot do so. The eagerness with which she accepted peace with Russia is well known and appreciated at Washington, and the explanation of that desire is in her comparative exhaustion from offensive warfare. The terrible catastrophe of the inundations, which have laid waste more than thirteen departments; the probability of scarcity occurring for the third year consecutively; the mania of speculation, which is so enormously developed in the country; and the gigantic but unsafe projects of the *Crédit Mobilier*, which must inevitably lead to a fearful commercial crisis; even the fact of the great outlay necessary to keep down the price of bread in Paris, at the cost of the rest of France; the possible exigencies of other great towns, should the apprehended scarcity and consequent dearness of food be realised, and the general discontent produced by these concurrent circumstances, there is not a doubt were duly weighed by the cabinet of Washington in the conclusions drawn as to the impossibility of France taking an active part with England in rescuing Central America from invasion.

The interests of Great Britain are quite as much concerned in Central America as they were in Turkey. The protectorate of the Mosquito king may, it is true, be called a political sentimentality; but why abandon a long-standing protection merely because that king is weak? The interests of justice, honour, and humanity forbid that even a sable monarch should be given over to the tender mercies of Nicaraguan filibusters, merely because the United States choose to give a retrospective reading to a treaty! The Bay Islands, it may be said, are barely worth a war; but is the day come when Great Britain is to give up the possession even of a bare rock in the ocean at the bidding of a political rival? Let the United States Government prove by arbitration their claim to a retro-

spective reading of the treaty, and Great Britain might peacefully evacuate the islands in dispute; but this they refuse to do: they say, bully-like, that their minds are made up upon that point, and they will have their own version of the treaty. Belize and British Honduras are, moreover, truly valuable possessions; and the Americans may be certain that whatever cessions may be made by the English to reason and fairness, none will be made to force, whether brought into operation against a defenceless monarch, an isolated rock in the ocean, or a rising British settlement and community. The honour of Great Britain is concerned in upholding her just rights, and her sun is not yet so far set that she is prepared to abandon them at once at Mr. Marcy's haughty declaration that the Americans have made up their mind as to the sense to be given to the treaty, and they will admit of no arbiter in the world!

Still, so long as actual invasion of British territories, or of territories under the protection of Great Britain is avoided, although it is no doubt painful to all just and generous minds to stand by and witness wrong and oppression inflicted by the strong upon the weak, to be spectators of high-handed iniquity, to permit, and in a manner to connive at, spoliation and injustice, by not interposing to forbid them, nations must not be guided simply by instinctive feelings. We are not charged with the general police of the universe. All Europe is equally aggrieved with ourselves. Let the Powers say so. We cannot undertake knight-errantry throughout the world, and fight the battles of France, Germany, Russia, and Turkey, at the Isthmus of Panama. On the contrary, our interests in the latter great thoroughfare are not greater than those of other countries. The projected opening of a new and direct route to the Levant, Persia, India, Central Asia, and China, by some thousands of miles shorter than that by the Isthmus of Panama or Darien, takes away immensely from the importance of that line, and acts as a safety-valve to peace.

We could not hinder the ultimate absorption by the Anglo-Saxon race of the Central American States, if we did our utmost. All experience has shown that the weak cannot permanently be protected against the strong. The semi-civilised, semi-Spanish, degenerate Mexicans and Nicaraguans, with their incurable indolence and their eternal petty squabbles, with their effeminate habits and their enfeebled powers, cannot long strive against the unresting, inexhaustible energies of the Anglo-Saxon Americans. Criminal, coarse, violent as they often are, it cannot be denied that they rule and conquer by virtue of what remains to them of the manhood of their progenitors.

Therefore, though we see clearly whither the aggressive and avaricious passions of the United States are leading them; though we hold their absorbing and annexing policy to be criminal; though we are convinced that, like all other crimes, it will entail its own certain and bitter penalty, yet there can be no hesitation in saying that it is not for England to take upon herself either to award or to inflict that penalty. On the head of the guilty nation be the condemnation and the consequences of guilt.

The anticipated election of Mr. Buchanan to the Presidency, in the place of Mr. Pierce, promises some respite to the propagandism of the Monroe doctrine. It is pretty generally believed, although Mr. Bu-

chanan is a democrat, that his election will be a guarantee for domestic quiet, and for friendly relations with foreign Powers. Such an election is not, however, favourably viewed by the whole of the United States people, for we are told by the *New York Herald*, in far different language than we should have thought proper or becoming to use in these discussions, that—

“We have no doubt of the fact that a vast majority of the American people in the present distracted condition of the country are opposed to the Democratic party, as debauched and demoralised under the malign influences of this Pierce administration, and to believe that there would still exist a majority of the American people opposed to the ratification of the debaucheries of this corrupted party, even if they should nominate as their representative an angel from Heaven.”

It is truly, deeply to be desired, for the sake of our brethren beyond the Atlantic, and for the sake of humanity at large, that the hopes founded upon the election of Mr. Buchanan will not be disappointed. But whether this be the case or not, we feel equally certain that the extension of the federal territories to the south must ultimately bring about the severance of the Slave States from those in which slavery is not upheld. There is no doubt, also, that that which would most contribute to postpone that severance, and to bind the Northern States to the guilty and suicidal policy of Mr. Pierce's pro-slavery government, would be armed interference on our part.

The New England States, and the Free States generally, are well aware that these seizures and annexations towards the tropics are done mainly in the interest of slavery, and on that account they are vehemently hostile to all such proceedings. If left to themselves, and un-irritated by foreign intervention, they will take up the matter as one vitally affecting the great internal question of the Union; for they feel that their success or failure, their position, their preponderance, are the points really and immediately at issue. The absorption of Mexico and Central America renders the indefinite augmentation of the Slave States not only possible but certain; and in the severance of the Union with the Free States they would be compelled to seek emancipation from the degrading connexion and the indelible blot.

Everything tends to show that even apart from such extensions and annexations the slavery question is drawing to a crisis within the territory of the United States itself. Take, for example, the abuses that have been going on in Kansas, part of what was lately known as the Nebraska territory, on the western tributaries to the river Missouri.

By the Nebraska Act, which received the signature of the President in 1854, it was enacted that each new state or territory should, through its Legislature, decide whether it should be free soil or slave soil, instead of leaving that question to the decision of Congress, as had been the case formerly. Under this act the election of the Kansas Legislature was appointed to take place in March, 1855; and, if the decision had been left to the *bonâ fide* inhabitants of the territory, there can be no doubt they would have established freedom by a large majority. But this was what the slaveholders were determined to prevent at all hazards. Accordingly, when the day of election arrived, large bands of slavery-men from Missouri, armed with bowie-knives and Colt's revolvers, passed over into

Kansas, drove the free settlers from the polls by force and intimidation, and elected a slave legislature. This illegal parliament assembled shortly afterwards, and passed a number of laws for the maintenance of slavery.

The people of Kansas protested against this outrage, and when the "border ruffians" had withdrawn, elected a legislature representing their own opinions on slavery. They also elected a delegate to the House of Representatives; and the Missourians, having invaded the territory once more, elected a delegate also.

The free settlers applied for admission to Congress through their representative, but Congress was not able to make up its mind on the subject; all it could do was to appoint a committee of investigation, which commenced its sittings in the town of Laurence last April. The evidence given before the committee left no doubt as to the systematic invasion of the Missourians, as also that several members of the sham legislature, which President Pierce recognises as "the regularly constituted authority" in Kansas, have all along been residents of Missouri.

The pro-slavery party having ascertained that Government, in its anxiety to propitiate its party, was ready to back them to any extent, and seeing that the evidence brought before the committee was conclusive against them, they determined to put down its judicial functions by force. They began by sending bands of armed men into the territory, and who, under the pretence of enforcing the laws passed by the sham legislature, committed the most serious outrages in the hopes of driving the free settlers out of the territory. As, however, the latter stood firm to their rights and principles, the pro-slavery party had to have recourse to still more violent proceedings. They assembled in large numbers, and, backed by several pieces of artillery, they advanced on the 21st of May against the town of Laurence, the capital of the state, and, though no resistance was offered, they destroyed the governor's house, the Free State Hotel, and two printing-offices, shot some unoffending free-men, and finally set fire to the whole town.

Look, again, to a more domestic illustration of the state of society, and of the overt antagonism of the slavery and abolitionist parties, to the brutal assault of Brooks upon another senator of the name of Sumner, and which, it is said, has aroused a deeper feeling in the public heart of the North than any other event of the past ten years.

The great body of the people (we are told by the *New York Times*), without distinction of party, feel that their rights have been assailed in a vital point—that the blow struck at Sumner takes effect upon freedom of speech in that spot, where, without freedom of speech, there can be no freedom of any kind—and that the liberties of the Republic may well be regarded as in peril when such an act can be perpetrated with impunity. Nor is the act itself half so startling as the manner in which it is received. Half a dozen senators stand by and see one of their number beaten to the earth without lifting a finger or raising a voice on his behalf. Senator Toombs, always open and frank in the avowal of his opinions, stands up boldly and shamelessly in the Senate Chamber and declares his approval of the deed. Senator Douglas, with a craven malignity which dare not vent itself in an open endorsement of the act, offers to the Senate and the country the sneaking apology for his refusing to interfere between an unarmed, defenceless, pinioned senator and his ruffianly assailant, that he "feared his motives might be misconstrued." Sixty-eight members of the House of Representatives record their names against any inquiry into this murderous assault, committed by one of their number upon a member of the co-

ordinate branch of the national Legislature. Office-holders under the President of the United States take pains to express tacit approval of the act: the Executive organ fails to answer it: a Senate committee disclaims all jurisdiction in the case; the Governor of South Carolina heads a subscription for a testimonial of marked approbation to the perpetrator of the assault; and the whole proslavery press of Virginia, South Carolina, and other Southern States, bursts into a chorus of savage exultation, and calls loudly for a repetition of the assault upon other representatives of northern principle and Northern States. These things take this instance of brutality out of the ordinary category. They make it impossible to regard it as one of those outbreaks of passion for which no one is responsible but the individual, and which all unite to reprobate and deplore. They show that a large, powerful, and politically dominant portion of the American people approve and adopt it, and avow their determination to use force as a means of compelling assent to their political views and acquiescence in their political demands. Brute force is thus distinctly and openly adopted by the advocates and champions of slavery as a weapon of political warfare—as a means of Congressional influence—as a mode of silencing opposition and compelling assent, quite as legitimate as argument or eloquence, or any of the more common-place resorts of Parliamentary debate. It is not at all surprising that such a demonstration should have startled the public sense of the North, and led to an outburst of eloquent and indignant protest. It is by far the most alarming of the many portents that have darkened our political sky within the past few years. It points directly to civil war as the only issue of pending political controversies.

In further illustration of the social condition of the United States, more particularly in reference to the questions now under consideration, we will make a few extracts from the last new book of travel that has appeared, Mr. William Ferguson's "*America by River and Rail*.* And first, for an example in domestic life of the principle which guides the people and government alike in their diplomatic and political proceedings. The scene is at Baltimore:

A negro was driving a cart across the line of railway, and our conductor thought he had been insolent in getting upon it when he saw us coming up. "Give it him! give it him!" he roared to the driver, who immediately drove up very quickly, so as almost to come in contact with his cart, though fortunately it was just beyond reach. At this the conductor was very wroth; and turning to where I was standing, on the platform in front of the car, he remarked, "If the driver of the car before us had been here, he would have taken two wheels off that ——'s cart." I asked if the railway had the prior right of passing? He replied, "Well, the city gives us the right of way through the streets; and as to the right to pass first, I *take* it, and I guess that's just about how the law stands;" adding, "If we did not act so, we would not get along at all." I suppose he thought my sympathies were rather with Sambo than with him, for he further said, "I like to spare the chaps, and don't wish wantonly to harm them; but that fellow had no business to get on the line when he saw the car coming."

And then, again, as to the avowed reason for increasing the number of slave states:

It was not long ere I got involved with one of them in a deeply-interesting conversation upon the subject of slavery. My friend is so far a strong proslavery man, that he believes it will be abolished, but not now, and he does not think it should be meddled with. I said we had met with a friend of his in

* *America: by River and Rail*. By William Ferguson, F.L.S., &c. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1856.

Boston, and delivered a message he had sent by me about a bet. "Ah," said my friend, "D. is a fine fellow, but he holds extreme views. The constitution of the United States neither prohibits nor provides for the extension of slavery. D. and the Northerners hold that because it is silent about the extension of slavery, it must be construed as prohibiting it. We, on the other hand, maintain that it may and must be construed as permitting it. To us it is a vital question, as, unless we can hold our own in this respect, the free states will soon be a majority and swamp us. Therefore we *must* have slave states increased."

Mr. Ferguson's impressions of the members of local Houses of Representatives and Senates, were the same as those which were received by his predecessors. "The representatives in both houses," he says, "are a mixed-looking set, and some of them are 'queer' senators. We had no one to point out the notables to us, and so we did not stay long, content with our impression of the appearance of the Massachusetts' Legislature—an impression not very favourable, so far as respects the dignity and decorum one looks for in a country's legislators." There is, however, a very kindly notice of the man who has been hurrying two great nations to the very verge of war, possibly merely with the view to secure his re-election to the presidential chair.

General Franklin Pierce received us standing, shook us heartily by the hand, and requested us to be seated. He is tall and thin, has a fine open face, with large forehead, and greyish hair. His features do not denote great capacity for government. They want firmness and quick decision, but they convey the impression of honourable and kind-hearted dispositions. He entered into conversation very cordially and frankly. I said we were much struck with the extent of everything in America. He smiled, and said the scale, at least, of things was vaster than in England. I alluded to railways as a point of prominent notice, and one which had sprung up of late years—that there was a large interest in them in England; and that I had come over expressly to see them. He replied, he was aware that they were largely held in England; adding that though generally they might go to England to take lessons in railway-making, still there were some points, he thought, in which I might find that America was, so far as regards railways even, superior to England. I said, there were two points in which they seemed to have the advantage of us—one being in their getting their roads made at so much less cost, and the other their way of getting them into a position to earn income at the earliest possible date; a proceeding which seemed wise, if they followed it up by expending money to perfect them. He smiled again, and said that, notwithstanding the cheapness and early earning, I would find some of them were not worth much.

He talked of what we had seen, and what we should see, and desired us, when we went to the Capitol, to ask for Mr. Walter, the architect, who would show us over the building. As we rose to go, he mentioned the specimens of Japanese work below as interesting, and recommended us to see them. Altogether, he was very cordial.

Here is a specimen of Young America :

Thursday, March 8th.—Much amused this morning at the breakfast-table with a specimen of Young America. A little boy of six or seven came in alone, and sat gravely down, ordered, with the greatest self-possession, beef-steaks and potatoes, and awaited their coming with the utmost dignity. We saw this repeated often elsewhere. There are no children, in our sense of the term, in America—only little men and women. They seem born with all the responsibility of citizenship, and wear it with great gravity. The merest boy will give his opinion upon the subject of conversation among his seniors; and he expects to

be listened to, and is. The habit gives self-possession, and a fluency and ease of expression, but leads to an undue sense of self-importance among the young.

At the same house—the Clarendon—the tables are waited by girls: “Some of them who are good-looking seem to know it right well, and stand in attitudes often very graceful and pretty. One threw a corn-cake at another the other morning; so there is a good deal of the free-and-easy with them.”

At Charleston we have more experiences of the antagonism of the slavery and anti-slavery states:

In conversation to-day, I asked if it were the case that the law in this state prohibited the education of the negroes? It was replied, that it was so; but that the law was practically obsolete, as most of the negroes were taught to read and even write, and no jury would find a verdict were a prosecution attempted. I was also told that at one time there were free schools for the blacks, and that they had also perfect freedom to go and return to and from the other states. That negroes thus going to the northern states were laid hold of by the abolitionists (who, it was remarked by the way, think there is less evil in war, riot, and bloodshed, than in quiet slavery), and stirred up to rebellion. That the feeling of disaffection was fostered by papers circulated among the negroes, and that a conspiracy had been formed. The negroes have the keys of all houses here. They sleep in out-buildings, but have access to their masters' houses at all times. The arrangement was, that on a certain night at two o'clock they were to rise simultaneously, murder all the whites in their beds, and take possession of Charleston. A negro, who wished his own master to escape, revealed the plot to him, but got laughed at for his pains. The negro then revealed it to another white, who was somewhat sceptical too; but to make sure, he and a companion went one night, armed and disguised, to one of the negro meetings. Had they been discovered, they were determined to sell their lives as dearly as they could; but they were not found out, and overheard the arrangements of the whole plot. Considerable sagacity was exhibited in it. For instance, the negroes were to wear white masks and white gloves, so that the whites might not know friends from foes. Precautions were at once taken; and when the day of rising came, the negroes, to their utter discomfiture, instead of finding their masters unsuspecting, found them quite prepared. The ring-leaders were taken, and twenty-four of them hanged. To secure the whites as much as possible from such attempts in future, the law was passed prohibiting the instruction of slaves, so that the papers of the abolitionists, even if they did find circulation, might be powerless; and the same law provides, that if a slave once leave the state, even if it is along with his master, he may on no account re-enter it. The object of this very stringent regulation is, that should any coloured person going to the North be tampered with on the subject of slavery, he may not have it in his power to introduce his new ideas among those who remain slaves. I cannot hear that there is any relaxation of this part of the statute. It is very severe, but not more so than some of the laws on the subject of negroes which are in force in the free states; and both obnoxious provisions were forced upon the South as measures of self-preservation. So they claim it to be.

Negroes are not allowed to be out in the street after ten o'clock at night without a written permission. As soon as ten has struck, the bell of St. Michael's rings the curfew, and then a tattoo is beat at the head-quarters of police, after which all darkies disappear into their houses. One of the negroes at the hotel was sent out a message to-night after ten, and received from the clerk in the office the necessary pass.

Mr. Ferguson records of another slaveholder's opinions as follows:

Mr. L. says that he feels that slavery is slipping away from them. He regrets

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it, but he cannot deny that it is so. Emancipation, he admits, is gaining ground in public opinion, and will, he fears, become universal. He seems to think that it is helped by over-indulgence. The slaves in Carolina are allowed to go about from plantation to plantation when their work is done, and they meet, he says, and talk, and he thinks they are becoming independent and insolent, and, he added, he would not be surprised if it ended in revolt. In Cuba, he says, they act much more wisely. No slave is allowed to cross the border of the plantation without a white man being with him. And everything, he says, is regulated by law, while here there is none. All this showed a feeling intensely unfavourable to the slave.

Our traveller remarks, curiously enough, that the cowskins with which they beat the slaves come from the North. "Significant this!" he adds. "Is the North quite consistent on the subject of slavery? I think very much the reverse."

We heard of one planter who, for punishment, makes use of the system of solitary confinement. The cells are not so high as to permit the negro to stand upright. There is a bed in them *shaped like a coffin*. With the negro characteristic of superstitious sensibility, this is a refinement of torture. They implore "anything but dat, massa!" The fear of it is said to be so very effectual, that it is never required to be put in requisition.

We must not pass over a pen-and-ink sketch of General Cass—a man whose name is so intimately mixed up with the history of the United States during the present century:

The general himself I had seen before, and at once recognised. He is a fine-looking, portly man, of sixty-five or seventy summers; his countenance denoting strong good sense, and a good deal of determination. He was United States minister, he told me, for a considerable time at the court of Louis Philippe, and enjoyed the personal friendship of that monarch. In the course of a very lengthened and interesting conversation, we talked of the feeling of America towards England. He asserted that there is no Russian feeling really, and said that the entire sympathy of Americans had been with England, till they received the report of some speech of Lord Clarendon's, in which he had said that the combined fleets now in the Sea of Azof might, ere another summer, be in the Gulf of Mexico. They had also heard that Louis Napoleon had said that England and France combined could defy the world. These, and such-like expressions, he said, had annoyed the Americans, and stirred up a feeling hostile to England. He regretted it, he said, very much; and would deplore a rupture with the mother country. It is the alliance with France which they fear. They deprecate England lending herself to France on questions of world-wide policy.

He also referred to the absurd books written by Englishmen about America. They come over here, he said, run over the country for three months, and think they understand it. Few, he said, very few understood the fundamental principles of their government. Each state has the entire control of its own affairs, although amenable to the general government on matters affecting the Union. But with the internal government, or acts of the individual states, the general government takes nothing to do. Even this, he complained, was not understood; and when states, such as Pennsylvania and Missouri repudiated,—acts which the general government could no more control than I could,—Sydney Smith and others launched their invectives against the whole constitution, government, and character of the United States as such.

He referred also to what he called the gross fabrications of some writers; and, as an example, gave the story narrated by one, of being asked by the stage driver, "Are you the *man* that is going to so-and-so?" and on receiving an affirmative reply, adding, "Then I'm the *gentleman* as is going to drive you." This, he said, could not be true. He had travelled over all the states again and

again, and he felt convinced, he said, that if one was civil himself, he was sure he would meet with nothing but civility.

With all deference to General Cass, I cannot agree with this. The respective uses of the terms *man* and *gentleman* here are very ludicrous; and the "lady" of one "gentleman" certainly said to a friend of ours, in reference to our party, "Tell the *men* to come in."—a very gracious way of extending an invitation to walk up and see her husband's museum.

Most erroneous ideas of English manners obtain too. Thus, they think we never shake hands, because it is not usual to do so on a casual introduction. Now, here, when you are introduced to ever so many tag-rag and bob-tail, you have to shake hands with them all, and are probably expected to profess yourself highly gratified at making their acquaintance. But, on the other hand, if you have been talking very intimately to your host, or hostess, or their daughter, for half an evening, it is a woful breach of etiquette to venture to shake hands on leaving. I was unfortunate enough to do this on one occasion, and was made aware of the solecism I had committed, by the remark having been overheard, "What an infiction to shake hands all round that way!"

With this previous experience, it amused me to hear Mr. Cass say, as he held out his hand on my rising to leave, "You Englishmen must learn to shake hands when you come to this country!" "Why, general," I replied, "that is particularly an English custom, only you reverse our way of it; when you see a man for the first time you shake hands with him, and profess friendship, whether you know him or not; and when you part, you do so as if you were utter strangers. Now, we wait till we have learned something of how we like each other, and if we do, we shake hands in token that we hope to meet again." He said the proudest moment of his life was on the occasion of his leaving Paris, when, going to make his *congé* to Louis Philippe, the monarch stepped forward and shook him heartily by the hand. He was present at the coronation of Queen Victoria, and he said that when he saw that girl (as she was then) stand there, the head of England, he could not help feeling how strong a hold our institutions had upon us as a people. He saw, and was immensely pleased with, a little incident which occurred at the coronation. When the aged peer, Lord Rollo, a man upwards of seventy, stepped forward to pay homage, he stumbled and fell. The Queen started forward, as if her impulse was to run and raise the old man. Other help did that; but the desire to have done it was evinced, and made a great impression.

General Cass anticipates a great future for America. So do I, if she will only seek it in the spirit of that righteousness which exalteth a nation. It is a grave question whether or not she is doing so.

Mr. Ferguson concludes by saying :

I believe in my heart, from what I have seen since I came to America, that *ours* is a freer country than this. It is so *de facto*. Whether it arises from the abuses of republicanism, or the errors of its principle, is another question. But if we are to judge a tree by its fruits, then long may it be before Britain follows the example of her restless sons. America and Britain seem to me to occupy the position of a lad of nineteen with his father of forty. The youth, of course, thinks his father an old foggy, and that *he* knows better. But when he gets to thirty, he is glad to receive with deference his father's counsel, and learn from paternal experience. The danger is, that in the mean time he learns bitterly and dearly from his own, gathered in a course of wayward and self-reliant rashness.

The question with regard to Central America revolving itself as it does into two parts—first, the encroachments of the United States people, and secondly, the rights we have to defend and the national honour to uphold there—it is evident that the first concerns others as well as ourselves, and we have no reason sufficient to induce us to go to war upon them alone; with regard to the second, it is a most difficult problem to say how the dispute

can be settled. To abrogate the treaty of 1850, as some have advocated, would not diminish, it would only increase our difficulties; for, previous to the treaty, we had pretensions more extensive and more vehemently disputed by the United States than those which the treaty left us. One of the most feasible projects we have seen is to propose, first, to make the town, now called Greytown, a free and independent town; secondly, to assign a legitimate extent of territory to the Mosquito Indians, and place them equally under our protection and that of the United States; or, if the manner in which the United States persist in viewing Indians is not compatible with our own, let the United States point out any other mode of duly protecting these Indians which does not grant any exclusive rights or privileges to Great Britain; thirdly, let us leave the real condition and position of the Bay Islands to arbitrators; fourthly, let us declare that we do not extend our possessions in British Honduras beyond their limits in 1850, and claim from the United States a recognition of those possessions as they existed in 1850. If such a proposal and such concessions would not reopen negotiations, in the face of Mr. Marcy's unpracticable ultimatum, that the United States are resolved upon one version of the treaty and that version only—the abandonment at once by Great Britain of all rights, possessions, and protectorates in Central America—it will be obvious that the United States are resolved to force upon us that which cannot be resigned without degradation—a degradation which it would be equally ignominious and useless to submit to, for it would only entail others; nor would the American people ever be satisfied till they saw Old England prostrate at their feet.

It is an old proverb, that no man is a hero to his valet; in other words, that familiarity begets contempt; and it is not a little amusing to see what the Canadians say of their neighbours the Yankees, at a moment when they are insisting upon terms which must necessarily involve them in war with Great Britain.

While the American Government is doing its best to provoke a war with England, a state of anarchy, sufficient to engage all its energies, exists in its own dominions. Congress men commit murders, senators are all but beaten to death in her Legislative Chambers, and bands of armed ruffians desolate the territory, assassinate the citizens, and fire the buildings in Kansas. The North sends men, money, and arms to the invaded territory, and the South accepts the challenge by similar demonstrations. One thing only prevents a war with England; one only stays a civil war in Kansas. The American eagle is a half-breed between a carrion vulture and a dunghill rooster. He lacks the courage necessary for fair combat, and he crows the loudest when furthest from his enemy. The men of the Revolution are dead; their inferior children of 1812 are in their dotage; the present generation, raised on hot cakes and sweet fixins, and stimulated with tobacco-juice, is all talk and no cider, as destitute of the stamina on which courage is founded as its mothers are of flesh. Look at the women—charming at sixteen, faded at twenty, toothless at twenty-five, hideous at thirty, dividing their time between their rocking-chairs and their beds, incapable of exertion, incompetent to exercise, ever ailing, listless, lazy, straight up and down, like an old-fashioned clothespin, making up the deficiency of their developments with whalebone, cotton, and bran—are these the things to suckle heroes? The race has deteriorated and is dwindling away, and, but for the constant introduction of new and healthy blood from immigration, would disappear in a century.

The moral deficiencies of the people are equal to the physical. The boys slang each other, but never fight; the men assassinate, but never come to blows; they talk terrible things in public meetings, and confine their terrible doings to a

concealed shot or a sudden stab at an unprepared enemy. Ministers of the Gospel advise bloodshed and take up subscriptions for rifles; everything necessary for a combat is sent to the scene of contention but pluck; the men are white-livered and afraid of each other, and if one party advances the other runs away; houses are plundered and burnt, and unarmed people butchered; if the assaulted pick up courage and advance again, the assailants run in their turn, and like scenes follow their footsteps. Indignation meetings are held in all the cities of all the States, money is subscribed for arms and ammunition, for food and clothing, patriotic orations thunder from the rostrum, and incendiary declamations from the pulpit; the North is about to vindicate its liberties, the East to fly to the assistance of its children; outraged liberty is to be appeased with the blood of the marauders, the freedom of the soil of Kansas to be relieved from the opprobrious despotism of its invaders. Now, surely there will be fighting. No, gentlemen, not a bit of it; it is still all talk, very tall and superlative talk, but still *vox et præterea nihil*.

For a year we have heard of civil war in Kansas, its territory invaded, its polls mobbed, its legislature overthrown and usurped by ruffians, records of monstrous outrages, of violations of property, and of civil and political rights before unheard of in a civilised country. We were told the day of retribution was coming—that the free-soil men were in arms, the whole territory was a huge camp, intrenchments were thrown up, and cannon bristled on them; rifles were there, and tons of powder and lead. Terrible things were these rifles; they fired twenty times in a minute, and killed their man at a mile.

Then came further wrongs. The President had conspired against the freedom of Kansas; United States troops were sent in to disarm the true citizens, and to leave them at the mercy of individual ruffians. Now then comes the tug of war; the law-abiding people have borne the last outrage; now Kansas will avenge herself. The women make cartridges, and practise with revolvers; the men flourish their weapons and talk of Bunker-hill. The invaders arrive, a sheriff with a dozen of men marches into the stronghold of the desperate free-men, and, lo! the war spirit is extinguished like a farthing rushlight in a tub of water; the bravest fly like sheep without striking a blow, or daring to fire their long-range rifles, even at a mile, and the rest surrender their arms, and herd, cowering with their women and children, while their dwellings are burned, their property plundered, and themselves threatened by heroes like themselves. Oh, shade of Washington! Oh, apple-sauce and punkin-pie! Oh, 'lasses sweetnin and chicken fixins! that the star-spangled banner should float over such a pack of coward braggarts!

And these are better than fair specimens of the people who talk of going to war with England in the same way as they do of conquering Nicaragua—who propose to make a week's excursion for the conquest of Canada, and would have been glad of the job of taking Sebastopol in a fortnight.

We do not think there is much occasion to be afraid of them, whether there be war or peace. A contest in which there are more hard knocks to be got than plunder is exactly the one in which our degenerate cousins have the least desire to engage. Let them hold Kansas meetings and summer meetings and Crampton indignation meetings if they please; talk is their peculiar vocation, a national institution, and one of the most innocent. With a population which, eager and ready to invade the rights and property of others, is without the courage to protect its own; with an army made up of the congregated scoundrels of all nations, and a fleet manned feebly, as it is, with such a set of riff-raff that while the one-half of the crews are in irons, guard-boats, while in harbour, have to watch day and night to prevent the desertion of the others, and the service so unpopular that a single steamer has taken months after it was commissioned to obtain a crew—there is no more to be dreaded from war-vapouring, or the reality of it from the United States, than from similar gasconade, or actual action, on the part of his serene Majesty the Emperor of Timbuctoo.

It is simply ridiculous, and should be treated like another burlesque.—(From the *Montreal Advertiser*, May 31.)

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.*

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

XXX.

A RASH PROMISE.

RUIN now stared our reckless hero in the face. Yet, surprising to relate, considering the dire extremities to which he was reduced, his spirit remained unbroken. Beset by a host of duns, who would take no more excuses; every present means of supply exhausted; without a hope for the future; deserted by his friends, and with the Fleet Prison only in prospect; it was certainly wonderful that he could preserve even a show of cheerfulness. His gaiety might be assumed, but at any rate it imposed upon his attendants, and excited their admiration. On the morning of the last day it seemed likely he would spend in his own house, he arose late, and made his toilet with his customary deliberation and care—chatting all the while gaily with Chasse-mouche and Bellairs, as they assisted him to dress, and brought him his chocolate. Both valets were so captivated by his pleasantry and good-humour, that they deferred to the last moment a disagreeable communication which they had to make to him. At length, however, their avocations ended, Bellairs felt compelled to broach the subject, which he did with considerable hesitation.

"I really am concerned, sir," he said, "to disturb your gaiety by any unpleasant observations, but it is only right you should be informed—ahem!— You know what I want to say, Chasse-mouche,—help me out with the sentence."

"Parbleu! I am almost too much embarrassed to speak," the French valet said; "but I trust monsieur will forgive me. He has been the best of masters, and I shall be quite *désolé* to lose him."

"Exactly my sentiments, sir," Bellairs subjoined. "I am grieved beyond measure that I can no longer have the honour of serving you."

"Why should you leave me?" Gage demanded, regarding them with well-feigned astonishment. "You both give me entire satisfaction."

"If I were to consult my own feelings, sir, I should never leave you," Bellairs replied; "but——"

*  The Author of this Tale reserves the right of translation.

"I see how it is," Gage cried, with a laugh. "You want your wages increased. Well, speak to Fairlie."

"You are very good, sir, and both Chassemouche and myself appreciate your generous intentions. You have always behaved to us like a gentleman——"

"Like a prince I should say," the Frenchman interposed.

"Exactly,—like a prince. We have never had the slightest cause of complaint—have we, Chassemouche?"

"Not the slightest," the French valet responded. "Our new master is very different."

"Your new master!" Gage cried. "'Sdeath! have you engaged yourselves without giving me notice?"

"We would not do anything unhandsome to you for the world, sir," said Bellairs; "but Mr. Fairlie made it a point that his arrangement with us should remain secret till he gave us permission to disclose it."

"So Mr. Fairlie takes you off my hands, eh?" Gage said.

"Not us alone, sir," Bellairs replied; "he has engaged the whole household."

"What! without saying a word to me?" Gage exclaimed.

"He did not appear to think that necessary, sir," Bellairs replied. "Pardon my freedom, sir—but, devoted as we are to you, we could not have remained so long in your service if Mr. Fairlie had not undertaken to pay our wages."

"Apparently, then, you had no confidence in my ability to pay you?"

"We had every confidence in your desire to do so; but we feared a day might arrive when you would lack the means. Forgive me for adding that that evil day *has* come."

A brief pause ensued, during which Gage, who was evidently much put out by what he had just heard, strove to regain his composure. At length Chassemouche ventured to offer an observation.

"If monsieur will condescend to take my advice," he said, "he will get out of the house as quietly and as speedily as possible, and keep out of the way of his creditors."

"What! fly, Chassemouche. No, I will stand my ground to the last. Fairlie will never allow me to be molested."

"Upon my faith, sir, I don't like to say it, but I almost believe he has planned your arrest," Mr. Bellairs observed.

"Oh! you calumniate him," Gage cried. "He is incapable of such treachery."

"Well, time will show, sir," the valet rejoined; "and I only hope you may prove correct in your estimate of our new master. But if you should be tempted to take an airing in the Park this morning, let me recommend you to go out by the back-door. You will find it the safest means of exit. Your creditors are

abroad by hundreds, sir. The street is full of them — tailors, coach-builders, wig-makers, shoe-makers, jewellers, hosiers, glovers, linendrapers, silk-mercers, lace-embroiderers, pastrycooks, poulterers, butchers, saddlers, watchmakers, wine-merchants—all your tradesmen are on the look-out for you."

"The devil! have none of them been paid?"

"Nobody has been paid, sir—since your arrival in town," Bellairs replied. "You have lived entirely on credit."

"'Sdeath! this is scandalous," Gage exclaimed. "How has my money gone? Fairlie would tell me at the gaming-table; but though I have lost large sums, all cannot have disappeared in this manner. I have been cheated most abominably—but by whom?—It is too late now to inquire—fool! fool that I have been." And loading himself with reproaches, which we can scarcely consider unmerited, he sank into a chair, while the two valets, thinking their presence no longer desirable, slipped out of the room.

Gage continued lost in deep and painful reflection, until aroused by a slight touch on the shoulder, when, looking up, he beheld Mrs. Jenyns standing beside him.

"You seem greatly disturbed," she said.

"And well I may be disturbed, Peg," he replied. "I have not a guinea left in the world—nor do I know which way to turn to obtain one. You smile as if you didn't believe me—but I swear to you it is the truth. House, servants, equipages, pictures, plate—all my possessions are gone. Fairlie has taken everything, or will take everything; and I am only waiting the moment when he will turn me out of doors, and consign me to the 'tender mercies' of the pack of creditors who are lurking without to seize me. But I may baulk them all yet. At least they shall not have an opportunity of deriding me in my misfortunes."

"I divine your desperate purpose," Mrs. Jenyns rejoined. "But you need not have recourse to pistol, sword, or poison for the present. Your case is not quite so hopeless as you imagine."

"You give me new life, Peg. Is there chance of escape from this frightful dilemma?"

"Tranquillise yourself, or I won't open my lips. I have just seen Fairlie. He appeared inexorable at first, but I found a way to move him. I managed to frighten him out of a thousand pounds."

"And you have got the money with you? It may save me from perdition."

"You shall have it, provided you promise to use it as I direct. Half the sum must be devoted to the repayment of Arthur Poyning's loan."

"It could not be better applied. And the other five hundred, what is to be done with it?"

"You must try your luck with the dice. I am sure you will

be successful. I dreamed last night that you won back all your fortune at hazard."

"May the dream be realised! I will play as if my life were on the stake; and so it will be, for if I lose——"

"Pshaw! you mustn't think of losing. You must resolve to win."

"I *will* win!" Gage exclaimed.

"Stop! half your gains are to be mine, whatever the amount. Is this a bargain?"

"It is."

"Then here's the money. Place the amount of your debt to Arthur Poynings within an envelope, and I will take care that the packet is safely delivered to him."

"I shall not readily forget the obligation you have conferred on me, Peg," Gage replied, as he wrote a brief note to Arthur, and folded the bank-notes within it. "You have taken a great weight from my breast in enabling me to make this payment," he added, giving the letter to her.

"The debt is only transferred," she replied. "And now, adieu, for a short time. Do not attempt to quit your room till I return. And then you must hasten to the groom-porter's! Your luck will have a turn. Mind! half your gains are to be mine."

"My hand upon it," he rejoined. "If I should be lucky enough to win a hundred thousand—as I hope I may be—fifty thousand will be yours!"

"And you will allow no one to dissuade you from playing?"

"No one is likely to make the attempt—but if made, it will fail."

"Enough," Mrs. Jenyns replied. "Au revoir!" And with a smile of triumph she withdrew.

The interview with the pretty actress dissipated all Gage's gloomy fancies, and aroused an entirely different train of thought. Giving the reins to his imagination, he beheld himself seated at the gaming-table, with piles of gold and rolls of bank-notes before him, the result of successful play.

XXXI.

THE ARREST.

WHILE Gage was indulging in these delusive dreams, Mr. Belairs hurriedly entered, showing by his countenance that something alarming had occurred.

"Come with me, sir—quick!—quick!—not a moment is to be lost," the valet cried. "The bailiffs are in the house, and are making their way up-stairs. You must hide in some out-of-the-

way corner till the danger be past. Ha! it is too late. They are at hand."

"Fasten the door, Bellairs. Don't let them in!" Gage shouted.

The valet endeavoured to obey the injunction, but before he could accomplish it, two sturdy, harsh-featured men, armed with bludgeons, burst into the room.

"Ha! ha! we're a little too quick for you, my friend," the foremost of the twain vociferated. "Here we have him, Martin," he added, with a coarse laugh, to his brother bailiff.

"Ay, ay, Ned Craggs," the other rejoined—"that be the gentleman, sure enough." And with these words he rushed up to Gage with his companion, and exhibiting a writ, cried, "You are our prisoner, Mr. Monthermer. We arrest you at the suit of Mr. Isaac Nibbs, of Billiter-lane, scrivener."

"Keep off, rascals, if you value your lives!" Gage exclaimed, springing back, and drawing his sword. "I know nothing whatever of Mr. Nibbs, and never had any dealings with him."

"There you are in error, sir," cried a civil-spoken little man, appearing at the door. This personage was plainly attired in a suit of rusty black, and wore a long cravat, grey stockings, and square-cut shoes. "You are in error, sir, I repeat," he continued, in very mild accents. "You borrowed five thousand pounds from me, for which you gave me your bond."

"I recollect nothing about it," Gage replied.

"Possibly so slight a circumstance may have escaped your recollection, sir," Isaac Nibbs replied. "But I happen to have the instrument by me. Here it is," he added, producing a parchment. "The money was paid on your behalf to Mr. Fairlie. You will not, I presume, attempt to deny your own signature?"

"I deny that I ever received the five thousand pounds. I have been cheated!" Gage cried.

"I shall not argue the point with you, sir," Mr. Nibbs rejoined, with undisturbed politeness. "It is sufficient for me that I have your bond. Officers, do your duty."

But Gage stood on his defence, and with his sword kept the bailiffs at bay.

"Come, come, sir," Craggs cried, "it's of no use. You must not resist the law."

At this moment the door was suddenly thrown open, and two more personages stepped into the room. These were Sir Hugh Poynings and his son Arthur. Gage was greatly disconcerted by their appearance, and taking advantage of his confusion, the bailiffs rushed upon him, and disarmed him.

"I am sorry to see you in this position, Gage," Sir Hugh said, advancing. "I heard you were in difficulties, and came to see if I could be of any use."

"Spare me your commiseration, Sir Hugh," the young man replied, proudly; "I do not desire it."

"Nay, you utterly mistake me, Gage," the old baronet replied, kindly. "Far be it from me to insult you in your distress. I would aid you if I can. What is the sum for which you are arrested?"

"Five thousand pounds," one of the bailiffs replied.

"Sdeath! that's not a trifle," Sir Hugh ejaculated—"and more than I like to throw away. Cannot this matter be arranged?"

"Only by payment of the debt, Sir Hugh," Mr. Nibbs rejoined.

"I would not interfere with your generous purpose, sir, if it could profit Gage," Arthur observed; "but this is merely a small part of his liabilities. As you have seen, the house is full of his creditors, and if he is liberated from this person, he will be seized by the others."

"That's true, Arthur," Gage replied. "I cannot accept Sir Hugh's assistance. And let me tell you that the money you so handsomely advanced me the other day at White's chocolate-house will be repaid you by a friend."

"Do not concern yourself about it," Arthur replied.

"We are losing time here," Mr. Nibbs said to the bailiffs. "Bring your prisoner along. Place him in a coach, and convey him to the spunging-house in Chancery-lane."

"And is it come to this!" Sir Hugh groaned. "Oh! Gage, it grieves me to the soul to see your father's son in such a disgraceful predicament. I would help you if I could—but, as Arthur rightly says, it is impossible."

"If another day had been allowed me, this would not have happened, Sir Hugh," the young man replied, as he quitted the room in custody of the bailiffs.

By this time, the rest of the creditors had obtained admittance to the house, and the large entrance-hall was crowded by them. On seeing Gage, as he descended the staircase, with a bailiff on either side, and closely followed by Nibbs, the whole party set up a furious cry, and held up their bills to him, demanding instant payment. It was no very pleasant thing, it must be owned, to run the gauntlet of a pack of infuriated and disappointed creditors, and Gage vainly endeavoured to mollify them by expressions of regret. His explanations and apologies were treated with derision. The tumult was at its highest, when all at once a diversion was made by the entrance of Clare Fairlie and her father into the hall, and the clamour partially ceased.

To meet Clare under circumstances so degrading to himself aggravated Gage's distress almost beyond endurance. He was covered with shame and confusion. His proud heart swelled almost to bursting, and averting his gaze from her, he be-

sought the bailiffs to move on, and pass through the crowd as quickly as possible. "Take me wherever you please," he cried. "Only don't—for Heaven's sake—detain me here." But though the officers were willing enough to comply with the request, it could not be accomplished, owing to the pressure from the crowd, who derived too much amusement from their victim's distress to let him easily escape. Driven to desperation, Gage then tried to shake off Craggs's grasp, and might have succeeded in getting free from one bailiff, if the other had not lent his powerful aid to restrain him. Pinioned by these two sturdy fellows, he was compelled to remain quiet.

At the head of the staircase stood Sir Hugh Poynings and his son, by no means uninterested spectators of the scene. It was long since Arthur had beheld Clare; for though, as we have already stated, his sister frequently visited her friend, he had never accompanied her. Lucy's description of the delicate state of Clare's health had prepared him for a great change in the appearance of the latter, but he was inexpressibly shocked on beholding her. The flush which had risen to her cheeks during her painful interview with her father had now given way to a deathlike paleness. She leaned on Lettice for support, and had evidently taxed her failing strength to the uttermost. Still her dark lustrous eye blazed with resolution, and as its glance fell for a moment upon Arthur, he thought he understood the motive that had brought her there. As to Fairlie, he seemed to be in a great state of perturbation, and, next to Gage, was perhaps the most uneasy person in the whole assemblage.

"Lead me on, Lettice," Clare said, in a low tone, "or I shall not be able to go through with it." And advancing a few steps with the aid of her attendant, she asked, "Who is the creditor by whom the arrest has been made?"

"I am the person," Mr. Isaac Nibbs replied.

"Then I must demand Mr. Monthermer's immediate release," Clare said.

"I shall have great pleasure in complying with your request, provided my debt be discharged in full," the scrivener returned. "Unless I am mistaken, I have the honour of addressing Miss Fairlie, and if it be so, your respected father will explain to you that I am obliged to act with a harshness repugnant to my feelings. But I really cannot afford to lose so large a sum of money as five thousand pounds."

"Neither can we," chorussed the other creditors—"we can none of us afford to lose our money. Hundreds are as much to some of us as thousands to a wealthy man like Mr. Nibbs."

"You will be satisfied, I presume," Clare continued, addressing the scrivener, "if you have my father's assurance that your debt shall be paid?"

"Oh! yes, I shall be perfectly satisfied with Mr. Fairlie's promise to that effect," Nibbs replied, in a tone and with a look that implied considerable doubt as to the likelihood of receiving any such assurance. "How am I to act, sir?" he added, appealing to the steward. "Must I set Mr. Monthermer free?"

Fairlie was so agitated by conflicting emotions that he was utterly unable to answer. Mr. Nibbs regarded him with surprise. He expected a decided negative.

"My father will take care that your debt is paid—you may rely upon it," Clare said.

"I cannot for a moment doubt your word, Miss Fairlie—especially as your respected father offers no contradiction—still I should like to have his consent."

Clare then turned to her father.

"Remember what has just passed between us," she whispered. "I claim this act of justice from you."

"Mr. Nibbs, the debt shall be paid, I promise it," Fairlie said, with a great effort.

"Enough, sir. I am perfectly content," the scrivener replied. And he signed to the bailiffs to release the prisoner.

Every one seemed taken by surprise, and for a moment there was silence amongst the other creditors, but as soon as they recovered from their astonishment they turned with one accord upon Fairlie, calling out that exceptions ought not to be made, that favour must not to be shown to any one in particular, and that, in common justice, all their debts ought likewise to be paid.

"All who have just claims upon Mr. Monthermer shall be paid in full," Clare said.

"Do you know what you are promising, girl?" Fairlie exclaimed, half distracted. "Why, twenty thousand pounds will not satisfy all these people."

"Were twice that sum required," Clare rejoined, with an air of authority which overwhelmed him, "it must be forthcoming."

"But these are debts incurred for the veriest follies——"

"It cannot be helped. Mr. Monthermer must be set clear."

"Do not urge me to it—my fortune will be swept away. For your own sake, be advised."

"I care not—I want nothing," she rejoined, in a low tone. "Do as I would have you, if you would make my last moments easy."

At this juncture Gage forced his way to her through the crowd.

"I cannot consent that your father should suffer from my folly, Clare," he said. "I must bear the consequences of my own imprudence."

"You need have no scruple in accepting aid from my father, Mr. Monthermer," Clare replied. "He is only discharging a long debt of gratitude to one whom he owed his prosperity—I

mean your father. Besides, I am certain that when he makes up his accounts with you, he will be no loser."

"Most undoubtedly he shall be no loser by me," Gage cried. "Under these circumstances, Fairlie, I suppose I may assure Messieurs my creditors that all their bills will be paid by you without delay."

"Let us hear what Mr. Fairlie has to say to this proposition?" observed a coach-builder, who acted as spokesman for the others.

"Bring in your bills to-morrow, and rid us of your presence now," Fairlie cried furiously.

"Come along, friends," said the coach-builder; "we will no longer intrude upon Mr. Monthermer, or the rest of the company. We are infinitely indebted to Miss Fairlie, and rejoice that a business which promised to be unpleasant, should have terminated so satisfactorily."

And bowing respectfully to Clare, he took his departure, followed by the rest of the creditors; Mr. Isaac Nibbs and the bailiffs bringing up the rear.

As soon as the entrance-hall was free from them, Gage turned to Clare, and said,

"What can I do to prove my gratitude for the service you have rendered me? My life is at your disposal."

"Abjure play. That is all I ask."

"Promise like a man, Gage," Sir Hugh cried, coming up with his son. "Register a vow before Heaven to leave off cards and dice, and there will be hopes of you."

"He may make the vow, but he will not keep it," Fairlie remarked, scornfully.

"I will not think so badly of him," Clare said. "Give me your word, Gage, as a man of honour, that you will henceforth abandon play, and never again enter a gaming-house."

"As a man of honour I give you my word," Gage repeated. And a secret tremor passed through his frame as he spoke, for he remembered his rash promise to Mrs. Jenyns.

"We are witnesses to the pledge," said Sir Hugh Poynings and Arthur.

"And so are we," subjoined Beau Freke, who stood with Sir Randal at the outlet of the passage opening into the hall. "We shall see whether he will keep his word."

"Trust me, I will find some means of luring him to the gaming-table, despite all his vows to the contrary," Sir Randal replied. "Qui a joué jouera, is an infallible axiom."

"I have something more to say to you, Gage," Clare cried. "For my sake, I implore you to——"

The young man looked anxiously at her. But the entreaty could not be preferred. A sudden faintness seized her, and she fell senseless into his arms.

LORD COCKBURN'S MEMORIALS.*

NOWHERE perhaps did society undergo such a remarkable change as it did in Edinburgh between the early and the last days of Henry Lord Cockburn's forensic life; between the days when Henry Cockburn sided at the Speculative Society, the fame of which still attaches itself to the Alma Mater Edinensis, with Horner, Jeffrey, and Brougham; and the palmy days of the *Edinburgh Review*, and of Whiggery triumphant at the bench—the very fastness of Toryism. But, to a certain extent, Edinburgh may still be said to have retained some of its old leading characteristics of exclusiveness, formality, and originality. The Scotch families are still held together, although the lives of the male representatives may in great part have been spent in the service of the public at home or abroad, by the old spirit of clanship; a true Scot speaks to his last hour of a Dick of Prestonfield, a Murray of Henderland, or a Trotter of Mortonhall, with a gusto and a reverence utterly unknown in England. The Scots are proud of their descent and connexions, and they are also proud of their philosophers. "Though living in all the succeeding splendours," says Lord Cockburn, "it has been a constant gratification to me to remember that I saw the last remains of a school so illustrious and so national, and that I was privileged to obtain a glimpse of the 'skirts of glory' of the first, or at least of the second, great philosophical age of Scotland."

Hence it is that a chronicle of local manners and usages, including descriptions of the persons, sayings, and doings of distinguished men, with a record of important events such as are presented to us by Lord Cockburn, and which extend from the days of Dugald Stewart, Dr. A. Ferguson, Dr. Black, and Professor Robison—of Dr. Gregory, Lord Monboddo, Lord Braxfield, and Lord Meadowbank—to those of Sir Walter Scott, John Wilson, Dr. Chalmers, and of Jeffrey, Moncreiff, and Abercromby, present features of interest such as are rarely to be met with.

Henry Cockburn was born in 1779. His father was then sheriff of the county of Midlothian; so that Harry had that which was indispensable in the northern metropolis—a birthright to good society. Nor was he blind to the advantages of connexion. His mother's sister, he places on record, was married to Henry Dundas, the first Viscount Melville, and "our family and that of the once powerful house of Arniston were connected by blood." In October, 1787, Henry was sent to the High School, at a time when the boys dressed in scarlet waistcoats and bright-green coats, with brown corduroy breeches. Like many another youth destined to shine in after life, Henry did not at first take kindly to scholastic discipline. "I was driven stupid," he says. "Oh! the bodily and mental wearisomeness of sitting six hours a day, staring idly at a page, without motion and without thought, and trembling at the gradual approach of the merciless giant. I never got a single prize, and once sat *boobie* at the annual public examination." He got on better under Dr. Adam, the

* Memorials of His Time. By Henry Cockburn. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1856.

author of the work on "Roman Antiquities," of whose goodness, as well as learning, he speaks in the highest terms.

They had the barbarity to make us be in school during summer at seven in the morning. I once started out of bed, thinking I was too late, and got out of the house unquestioned. On reaching the High School gate, I found it locked, and saw the yards, through the bars, silent and motionless. I withdrew alarmed, and went near the Tron Church to see the clock. It was only about two or three. Not a creature was on the street; not even watchmen, who were of much later introduction. I came home awed, as if I had seen a dead city, and the impression of that hour has never been effaced.

Only two boys besides Henry Cockburn, who were at the High School at the same time as himself, have since reached any great eminence. These two were Francis Horner and Henry Brougham. Horner was then exactly what he continued afterwards to be—grave, studious, honourable, kind; steadily pursuing his own cultivation; everything he did marked by thoughtfulness and greatness.

Before leaving the school we subscribed for a book which we presented to the rector; a proceeding then unprecedented. It fell to Horner as the dux to give it, and he never acquitted himself better. It was on the day of the public examination; and after the prizes were distributed, and the spectators thought that the business was over, he stood forth with one volume of the book in his hand, and in a distinct though tremulous voice, and a firm but modest manner, addressed Adam in a Latin speech of his own composition not exceeding three or four sentences, expressive of the gratitude and affection with which we all took leave of our master. The effect was complete, on Adam, on the audience, and on the boys. I was far down in the class, and can still recollect the feeling of enthusiastic but despairing admiration with which I witnessed the scene. I thought Horner a god, and wondered what it was that made such a hopeless difference between him and me.

Brougham was not in the class with me. Before getting to the rector's class, he had been under Luke Fraser, who, in his two immediately preceding courses of four years each, had the good fortune to have Francis Jeffrey and Walter Scott as his pupils. Brougham made his first public explosion while at Fraser's class. He dared to differ from Fraser, a hot but good-natured old fellow, on some small bit of latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge that he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school. I remember, as well as if it had been yesterday, having had him pointed out to me as "the fellow who had beat the master." It was then that I first saw him.

The valley of the Gala is associated with Cockburn's earliest recollections. There was fishing, bathing, and an old ale-house at Heriot to riot in. "What delight! a house to ourselves, on a moor; a burn; nobody to interfere with us; the power of ringing the bell as we chose; the ordering of our own dinner; blowing the peat-fire; laughing as often and as loud as we liked. What a day!"

Nor was it merely youngsters who frequented lone hostleries on the moors at that time. People sometimes say that there is no probability in Scott's making the party in Waverley retire from the Castle to the Howf; but young Harry describes the Duke of Buccleuch, then living at Dalkeith; Henry Dundas at Melville; Robert Dundas, the lord advocate,

at Arniston; Hepburn, of Clerkington, at Middleton; and several of the rest of the aristocracy of Midlothian, 'as leaving their families and luxurious houses to congregate in a wretched ale-house for a day of freedom and jollity:

We found them, roaring and singing and laughing, in a low-roofed room scarcely large enough to hold them, with wooden chairs and a sanded floor. When their own lacqueys, who were carrying on high life in the kitchen, did not choose to attend, the masters were served by two women. There was plenty of wine, particularly claret, in rapid circulation on the table; but my eye was chiefly attracted by a huge bowl of hot whisky punch, the steam of which was almost dropping from the roof, while the odour was enough to perfume the whole parish. We were called in, and made to partake, and were very kindly used, particularly by my uncle Harry Dundas. How they did joke and laugh! with songs, and toasts, and disputation, and no want of practical fun. I don't remember anything they said, and probably did not understand it. But the noise, and the heat, and the uproarious mirth—I think I hear and feel them yet. My father was in the chair; and he having gone out for a little, one of us boys was voted into his place, and the boy's health was drunk, with all the honours, as "the young convener. Hurra! hurra! may he be a better man than his father! hurra! hurra!" I need not mention that they were all in a state of elevation; though there was nothing like absolute intoxication, so far as I could judge.

In 1793 young Harry was sent to the college of Edinburgh, and after being kept nine years at two dead languages, "which we did not learn," the intellectual world was begun to be opened to him by Professor Finlayson's lectures on what was styled "Logic." After this he advanced to the "Moral Philosophy" of Dugald Stewart, which was the great era in the progress of young men's minds. "To me," Henry Cockburn places on record, "his lectures were like the opening of the heavens. I felt that I had a soul. His noble views, unfolded in glorious sentences, elevated me into a higher world. I was as much excited and charmed as any man of cultivated taste would be, who, after being ignorant of their existence, was admitted to all the glories of Milton and Cicero and Shakespeare. They changed my whole nature."

Study now began to be mixed up with the pleasures naturally sought after by youth. The assembly-rooms in those days were in George-square, and martinet dowagers and venerable beaux acted as masters and mistresses of the ceremonies. No couple could dance unless each party was provided with a ticket prescribing the precise place in the precise dance. Woe on the poor girl who with a ticket 2. 7, was found opposite a youth marked 5. 9! It was flirting without a license, and looked very ill, and would probably be reported by the ticket-director of that dance to the mother. Such a thing as a compact to dance, by a couple without official authority, would have been an outrage that could scarcely be contemplated.

The prevailing dinner-hour at that time was about three o'clock, or rather two, if there was no company. Swearing and drunkenness, which have been long banished from all respectable society, were very prevalent. Lord Braxfield apologised to a lady whom he cursed at whilst for bad play, by declaring that he had mistaken her for his wife. At dinner, healths and toasts were special torments—oppressions which cannot now be conceived. Wine was rarely on the table. It had to be called for, and

it was thought sottish and rude to take wine without dedicating it to the health of some one. Lord Cockburn was present, about 1803, when the late Duke of Buccleuch took a glass of sherry by himself at the table of Charles Hope, then lord advocate, and this was noticed afterwards as a piece of ducal contempt. This prandial nuisance was horrible. But it was nothing to what followed. For after dinner, and before the ladies retired, there generally began what were called "Rounds" of toasts followed by "Sentiments;" a faint conception of whose nauseousness can be easily formed from the practice still existing in some societies, who, having no ideas of their own, are compelled to found their claims to sociality upon the ready-made wit of others.

But a new generation gradually laughed the sentiments away; so that at last one could only be got as a curiosity, from some old-fashioned practitioner. They survived longer in male parties, especially of a wild character. Yet Scott, in presiding even at the grave annual dinners of the Bannatyne Club, always insisted on rounds of ladies and gentlemen, and of authors and printers, poets and kings, in regular pairs. Of course, in that toasting and loyal age, the king was never forgotten, even though the company consisted only of the host and his wife and children.

"There is no contrast," Lord Cockburn goes on to say, "between those old days and the present, that strike me so strongly as that suggested by the differences in religious observances; not so much by the world in general, as by deeply religious people. I knew the habits of the religious very well, partly through the piety of my mother and her friends, the strict religious education of her children, and our connexion with some of the most distinguished of our devout clergymen. I could mention many practices of our old pious which would horrify modern zealots." The learned old man then proceeds to show how erroneous it is to condemn the last age as infidel, because it was not given up to the modern fashions and extravagances committed under the guise of piety.

But in politics the old people were as illiberal as the moderns are in religious observances. Everything that was supposed to have a liberal tendency was at once and summarily denounced. The progress of the French revolution tended much to strengthen this spirit of opposition:

No doubt the intolerance was justified, or at least provoked, by fright at first; but this soon became a pretence; and the hourly violence that prevailed was kept up chiefly as a factious engine. I lived in the midst of it. My father's house was one of the places where the leaders, and the ardent followers, of the party in power were in the constant habit of assembling. I can sit yet, in imagination, at the small side-table, and overhear the conversation, a few feet off, at the established Wednesday dinner. How they raved! What sentiments! What principles! Not that I differed from them. I thought them quite right; and hated liberty and the people as much as they did. But this drove me into an opposite horror; for I was terrified out of such wits as they left me at the idea of bloodshed, and it never occurred to me that it could be avoided. My reason no sooner began to open, and to get some fair play, than the distressing wisdom of my ancestors began to fade, and the more attractive sense that I met with among the young men into whose company our debating societies threw me, gradually hardened me into what I became—whatever this was.

Some of Lord Cockburn's pleasantest reminiscences are connected with the men of the past generation, who did honour to Scotland by their literature and philosophy. His pictures of Principal Robertson, of Adam

Ferguson, the historian of Rome, of Dr. Joseph Black, of Dr. Henry, of Dr. Thomas Macknight, of Dr. John Erskine, of the Rev. Dr. Carlyle, of Professor John Rphison, are positive photographs. One excerpt will prove what we say :

Dr. Joseph Black had, at one time, a house near us, to the west. He was a striking and beautiful person; tall, very thin, and cadaverously pale; his hair carefully powdered, though there was little of it except what was collected into a long thin queue; his eyes dark, clear, and large, like deep pools of pure water. He wore black speckless clothes, silk stockings, silver buckles, and either a slim green silk umbrella, or a genteel brown cane. The general frame and air were feeble and slender. The wildest boy respected Black. No lad could be irreverent towards a man so pale, so gentle, so elegant, and so illustrious. So he glided, like a spirit, through our rather mischievous sportiveness, unharmed. He died seated, with a bowl of milk on his knee, of which his ceasing to live did not spill a drop; a departure which it seemed, after the event happened, might have been foretold of this attenuated philosophical gentleman.

I have known of some peaceful deaths not unlike this; but one that was even more than tranquil was that of Dr. Henry the historian—about 1790, I think. I had the account of it from Sir Harry Moncreiff, who I believe was his favourite younger friend. The Doctor was living at a place of his own in his native county of Stirling. He was about seventy-two, and had been for some time very feeble. He wrote to Sir Harry that he was dying, and thus invited him for the last time—"Come out here directly. I have got something to do this week, I have got to die." Sir Harry went; and found his friend plainly sinking, but resigned and cheerful. He had no children, and there was nobody with him except his wife. She and Sir Harry remained alone with him for about three days, being his last three; during a great part of which the reverend historian sat in his easy-chair, and conversed, and listened to reading, and dozed. While engaged in this way, the hoofs of a horse were heard clattering in the court below. Mrs. Henry looked out, and exclaimed that it was "that wearisome body," naming a neighbouring minister, who was famous for never leaving a house after he once got into it. "Keep him out," cried the Doctor, "don't let the cratur in here." But before they could secure his exclusion, the cratur's steps were heard on the stair, and he was at the door. The Doctor instantly winked significantly, and signed to them to sit down and be quiet, and he would pretend to be sleeping. The hint was taken; and when the intruder entered, he found the patient asleep in his cushioned chair. Sir Harry and Mrs. Henry put their fingers to their lips, and pointing to the supposed slumberer as one not to be disturbed, shook their heads. The man sat down near the door, like one inclined to wait till the ~~map~~ ^{man} should be over. Once or twice he tried to speak; but was instantly repressed by another finger on the lip, and another shake of the head. So he sat on, all in perfect silence, for above a quarter of an hour; during which Sir Harry occasionally detected the dying man peeping cautiously through the fringes of his eyelids, to see how his visitor was coming on. At last Sir Harry tired, and he and Mrs. Henry pointing to the poor Doctor, fairly waved the visitor out of the room; on which the Doctor opened his eyes wide, and had a tolerably hearty laugh; which was renewed when the sound of the horse's feet made them certain that their friend was actually off the premises. Dr. Henry died that night. A pious and learned man, with considerable merit in the execution, and complete originality in the plan, of his history.

There was also at that time, and, indeed, there is still to be met with—but at rare intervals—a singular race of excellent Scotch old ladies. They were a delightful set; strong-headed, warm-hearted, and high-spirited; the fire of their tempers not always latent; merry even in solitude; very resolute; indifferent about the modes and habits of the modern world;

and adhering to their own ways, so as to stand out like primitive rocks above ordinary society :

There sits a clergyman's widow, the mother of the first Sir David Dundas, the introducer of our German system of military manœuvres, and at one time commander-in-chief of the British army. We used to go to her house in Bunker's Hill, when boys, on Sundays between the morning and afternoon sermons, where we were cherished with Scotch broth, and cakes, and many a joke from the old lady. Age had made her incapable of walking even across the room; so, clad in a plain black silk gown, and a pure muslin cap, she sat half encircled by a high-backed black leather chair, reading; with silver spectacles stuck on her thin nose; and interspersing her studies, and her days, with much laughter, and not a little sarcasm. What a spirit! There was more fun and sense round that chair than in the theatre or the church. I remember one of her granddaughters stumbling, in the course of reading the newspapers to her, on a paragraph which stated that a lady's reputation had suffered from some indiscreet talk on the part of the Prince of Wales. Up she of fourscore sat, and said with an indignant shake of her shrivelled fist and a keen voice—"The dawmed villain! does he kiss and tell!"

And Lady Arniston, the mother of the first Lord Melville, a good representative, in her general air and bearing, of what the noble English ladies must have been in their youth, who were queens in their family castles, and stood sieges in defence of them :

She was in her son's house in George-square when it was attacked by the mob in 1793 or 1794, and though no windows could be smashed at that time by the populace without the inmates thinking of the bloody streets of Paris, she was perfectly firm, most contemptuous of the assailants, and with a heroic confidence in her son's doing his duty. She once wished us to go somewhere for her on an evening; and on one of us objecting that if we did, our lessons for next day could not be got ready—"Hoot man!" said she, "what o' that! as they used to say in my day—it's only het hips and awa' again."

And Sophia—or, as she was always called, Suphy—Johnston, of the Hilton family :

Her own proper den was in a flat on the ground-floor of a house in Windmill street, where her sole companion was a single female servant. When the servant went out, which she generally took the liberty of doing for the whole of Sunday, Suphy's orders were that she should lock the door, and take the key with her. This saved Suphy the torment of always rising; for people went away when they found the house, as they thought, shut up. But she had a hole through which she saw them perfectly well; and, if she was inclined, she conversed through this orifice; and when tired of them told them to go away.

Though enjoying life, neither she nor any of those stout-hearted women had any horror of death. When Suphy's day was visibly approaching, Dr. Gregory prescribed abstinence from animal food, and recommended "spoon meat," unless she wished to die. "Dee, Doctor! odd—I'm thinking they've forgotten an auld wife like me up yonder!" However, when he came back next day, the Doctor found her at the spoon meat—supping a haggis. She was remembered.

Miss Menie Trotter, of the Mortonhall family, was a not less amusing character. She was of the agrestic order. Her pleasures lay in the fields and long country walks. Ten miles at a stretch, within a few years of her death, was nothing to her. This liberal old lady generally sacrificed an ox to hospitality every autumn, which, according to a system of her own, she ate regularly from nose to tail; and as she indulged in him only on Sundays, and with a chosen few, he feasted her half through the winter.

On one of her friends asking her, not long before her death, how she was, she said, "Very weel—quite weel. But eh, I had a dismal dream last night! a fearfu' dream!" "Ay! I'm sorry for that—what was it?" "Ou! what d'ye think! Of a' places i' the world, I dreamed I was in heeven! And what d'ye think I saw there? Deil ha'et but thoosands upon thoosands, and ten thoosands upon ten thoosands, o' stark naked weans! That wad be a dreadfu' thing! for ye ken I ne'er could bide bairns a' my days!"

In December, 1800, Henry Cockburn entered the Faculty of Advocates, and from that time forth he speaks of Edinburgh as a witness, and indeed as an actor in most of its occurrences. Everything rang of the Revolution in France. Scotch Toryism was rampant. The real Whigs were few, but even then they began to claim that supremacy of talent which was destined in Cockburn's palmiest days to give them power over their opponents. The leading Whigs then were, Erskine, Gillies, Clerk, Cathcart, all judges; four leading advocates; and one well-known saturnine writer to the Signet, James Gibson, afterwards Sir James Gibson-Craig of Riccarton. The party had also, in the medical profession, John Allen and John Thomson; and at the university, Dugald Stewart, John Playfair, and Andrew Dalzel. They were all, in Henry Cockburn's estimation, men of talent, personal boldness, and purity, active and fearless. The teaching of the three last, and the personal example of the leading men of the bar, must have done much to pave the way to the future triumph of Whiggery in the very stronghold of Toryism.

Monboddo, Swinton, and Braxfield had left the scene shortly before Cockburn entered the faculty, but he has preserved some anecdotes of the "giant of the bench," as Braxfield was called, of a very striking character. Strong-built and dark, with rough eyebrows, powerful eyes, threatening lips, and a low growling voice, he was like a formidable blacksmith. His accent and dialect were exaggerated Scotch; his language, like his thoughts, short, strong, and conclusive. Thousands of his sayings have been preserved, but almost the only story of him Cockburn says he ever heard that had some fun in it without immodesty, was when a butler gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Lord!" he exclaimed, "ye've little to complain o': ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her."

It was at the bar that the man's eccentricities were most felt. His conduct as a criminal judge, Cockburn remarks, was a disgrace to the age. To a man who once eloquently undertook his own defence, he said: "Ye're a vera clever chiel, man, but ye wad be nane the waur o' a hanging."

Mr. Horner (the father of Francis), who was one of the jurors in Muir's case, told me that when he was passing, as was often done then, behind the bench to get into the box, Braxfield, who knew him, whispered—"Come awa, Maister Horner, come awa, and help us to hang ane o' thae daammed secon-drels." The reporter of Gerald's case could not venture to make the prisoner say more than that "Christianity was an innovation." But the full truth is, that in stating this view he added that all great men had been reformers, "even our Saviour himself." "Muckle he made o' that," chuckled Braxfield in an under voice, "he was hanget." Before Hume's Commentaries had made our criminal record intelligible, the forms and precedents were a mystery understood by the initiated alone, and by nobody so much as by Mr. Joseph Norris the

ancient clerk. Braxfield used to quash anticipated doubts by saying—"Heet ! just gie me Josie Norrie and a gude jury, an' I'll doo for the fallow." He died in 1799, in his seventy-eighth year.*

Lord Eskgrove was almost as great a character, only in another way :

Nothing disturbed him so much as the expense of the public dinner for which the judge on the circuit has a fixed allowance, and out of which the less he spends the more he gains. His devices for economy were often very diverting. His servant had strict orders to check the bottles of wine by laying aside the corks. His lordship once went behind a screen at Stirling, while the company was still at table, and seeing an alarming row of corks, got into a warm altercation, which everybody overheard, with John ; maintaining it to be "impossibill" that they could have drunk so much. On being assured that they had, and were still going on—"Well, then, John, I must just protect myself!" On which he put a handful of the corks into his pocket, and resumed his seat.

Brougham tormented him, and sat on his skirts wherever he went, for above a year. The Justice liked passive counsel who let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way ; and consequently he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the discomposing qualities of Brougham. At last it seemed as if a court day was to be blessed by his absence, and the poor Justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose ; when, lo ! his enemy appeared—tall, cool, and resolute. "I declare," said the Justice, "that man Broom, or Broug-ham, is the torment of my life !" His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at Brougham's eloquence by calling it or him *the Harangue*. "Well, gentle-men, what did the Harangue say next ? Why, it said this" (misstating it) ; "but here, gentle-men, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill."

As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, everything was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus : "And not only did you murder him, whereby he was berea-ved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-tal breeches, which were his Ma-jes-ty's !"

A key is afforded to a certain extent to the eccentricities of Scottish judges in olden time by the following statement :

At Edinburgh, the old judges had a practice at which even their barbaric age used to shake its head. They had always wine and biscuits *on the bench*, when the business was clearly to be protracted beyond the usual dinner-hour. The modern judges—those I mean who were made after 1800, never gave in to this ; but with those of the preceding generation, some of whom lasted several years after 1800, it was quite common. Black bottles of strong port were set down beside them on the bench, with glasses, caraffes of water, tumblers, and biscuits ; and this without the slightest attempt at concealment. The refreshment was generally allowed to stand untouched, and as if despised, for a short time,

* When Lord Kames, an indefatigable and speculative but coarse man, tried Matthew Hay, with whom he used to play at chess, for murder at Ayr, in September, 1780, he exclaimed, when the verdict of guilty was returned, "That's checkmate to you, Matthew !" Besides general and uncontradicted notoriety, I had this fact from Lord Hermand, who was one of the counsel at the trial, and never forgot a piece of judicial cruelty which excited his horror and anger.

Scott is said to have told this story to the Prince Regent. If he did so, he would certainly tell it accurately, because he knew the facts quite well. But in reporting what Sir Walter had said at the royal table, the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam confused the matter, and called the judge Braxfield, the crime forgery, and the circuit town Dumfries ; and this inaccurate account was given by Mr. Lockhart in his first edition of Scott's Life (chap. 34). Braxfield was one of the judges at Hay's trial, but he had nothing to do with the checkmate.

during which their lordships seemed to be intent only on their notes. But in a little, some water was poured into the tumbler, and sipped quietly as if merely to sustain nature. Then a few drops of wine were ventured upon, but only with the water: till at last patience could endure no longer, and a full bumper of the pure black element was tossed over; after which the thing went on regularly, and there was a comfortable munching and quaffing, to the great envy of the parched throats in the gallery. The strong-headed stood it tolerably well, but it told, plainly enough, upon the feeble. Not that the ermine was absolutely intoxicated, but it was certainly sometimes affected. This, however, was so ordinary with these sages, that it really made little apparent change upon them. It was not very perceptible at a distance; and they all acquired the habit of sitting and looking judicial enough, even when their bottles had reached the lowest ebb. This open court refectory did not prevail, so far as I ever saw, at Circuits. It took a different form there. The temptation of the inn frequently produced a total stoppage of business; during which all concerned—judges and counsel, clerks, jurymen, and provosts—had a jolly dinner; after which they returned again to the transportations and hangings. I have seen this done often. It was a common remark that the step of the evening procession was far less true to the music than that of the morning.

At the time when Henry Cockburn entered upon active life, the bar, upon which the condition of Scotland has always so much depended, was divided into Whigs and Tories, with an overwhelming numerical majority in favour of the latter. The Whigs, having started, could not be prevented going on with the race; but all hope of official preferment, and even of any professional countenance that power could show them, was sternly and ostentatiously closed against them. The talents were all with the Whigs. In their ranks were Brougham, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Moncreiff, Horner, Macfarlane, Fletcher, and many others; and at their head, Erskine, Clerk, and Gillies; on the government side, Blair, Hope, and Dundas; and in a subaltern position, Walter Scott.

In 1806, the Whigs were surprised to find themselves in power. A new future opened itself to the powerful community of young men of ability who had attached themselves to that party in Edinburgh. The first Scotch judge that the Whigs made does not appear, however, to have been a credit to the party. The sketch given by Charles Haig, "the Mighty" king of the *Ante Manum* Club, a man famous for law, punch, whist, claret, and worth, is an admirable specimen of clever and racy pen-and-ink description.

Jeffrey's young ambition did not at that time soar beyond reporting, but the opposition of the Bench, to whom fair reporting was as unknown as it was inconvenient, was one of the proximate causes of the appearance of the *Edinburgh Review*, of which the first number was published on the 10th of October, 1802. Archibald Constable inaugurated with its appearance a new era in Scottish literature, and confounded not merely his rivals in trade, but his very authors, by his unheard-of prices. "Ten, even twenty, guineas a sheet for a review, 2000*l.* or 3000*l.* for a single poem, and 1000*l.* each for two philosophical dissertations, drew authors from dens where they would otherwise have starved, and made Edinburgh a literary mart, famous with strangers, and the pride of its own citizens."

Society was at that time in a state of high animation, and continued so for many years. Cockburn justly attributes this to the survivance of several of the eminent men of the preceding age, and of curious old habits which the modern flood had not yet obliterated; the rise of a powerful community of young men of ability; the exclusion of the British

from the Continent, which made Edinburgh, both for education and for residence, a favourite resort for strangers; the war, which maintained a constant excitement of military preparation, and of military idleness; the blaze of that popular literature, which made it the second city in the empire for learning and science; and the extent and the ease with which literature and society embellished each other, without rivalry, and without pedantry.

After the war broke out again in 1803, Edinburgh, like every other place, became a camp, and continued so till the peace in 1814:

We were all soldiers, one way or other. Professors wheeled in the College area; the side arms and the uniform peeped from behind the gown at the bar, and even on the bench; and the parade and the review formed the staple of men's talk and thoughts. Hope, who had kept his lieutenant-colonelcy when he was lord-advocate, adhered to it, and did all its duties after he became lord justice-clerk. This was thought unconstitutional by some; but the spirit of the day applauded it. Brougham served the same gun in a company of artillery with Playfair. James Moncreiff, John Richardson, James Grahame (the Sabbath), Thomas Thomson, and Charles Bell, were all in one company of riflemen. Francis Horner walked about the streets with a musket, being a private in the Gentlemen Regiment. Dr. Gregory was a soldier, and Thomas Brown the moralist, Jeffrey, and many another since famous in more intellectual warfare. I, a gallant captain, commanded ninety-two of my fellow-creatures from 1804 to 1814—the whole course of that war. Eighty private soldiers, two officers, four sergeants, four corporals, and a trumpeter, all trembled (or at least were bound to tremble) when I spoke. Mine was the left flank company of the "Western Battalion of Midlothian Volunteers." John A. Murray's company was the right flank one; and as these two were both from the parish of St. Cuthberts, the rest being scattered over the county, we always drilled together. When we first began, being resolved that we townsmen should outshine the rustics, we actually drilled our two companies almost every night during the four winter months of 1804 and 1805, by torchlight, in the ground flat of the George-street Assembly Rooms, which was then all one earthen-floored apartment. This was over and above our day proceedings in Heriot's-green and Brunt-fields Links, or with the collected regiment.

Sir Walter Scott was also no ignoble volunteer:

Walter Scott's zeal in the cause was very curious. He was the soul of the Edinburgh troop of Midlothian Yeomanry Cavalry. It was not a duty with him, or a necessity, or a pastime, but an absolute passion, indulgence in which gratified his feudal taste for war, and his jovial sociableness. He drilled, and drank, and made songs, with a hearty conscientious earnestness which inspired or shamed everybody within the attraction. I do not know if it is usual, but his troop used to practise, individually, with the sabre at a turnip, which was stuck on the top of a staff, to represent a Frenchman, in front of the line. Every other trooper, when he set forward in his turn, was far less concerned about the success of his aim at the turnip, than about how he was to tumble. But Walter pricked forward gallantly, saying to himself, "Cut them down, the villains, cut them down!" and made his blow, which from his lameness was often an awkward one, cordially muttering curses all the while at the detested enemy.

When the Tories returned to power, Cockburn was, by the influence of Lord Melville and Robert Dundas, the lord chief baron, made one of the lord advocate's deputies, notwithstanding his difference of politics. In May, 1807, he pleaded his first case in the General Assembly, and from that time upwards he continued to be personally concerned in all its judicial proceedings.

The annual meeting of this convocation was one of the most curious spectacles in Scotland. It gave us the only local images of royalty we had, and carried the imagination far back. The old primitive raciness of the place had not been much destroyed when I first knew it. The civilised eloquence of Robertson had guided its councils, but had left the manners and appearance of the great majority of his brethren untouched; and the strictness with which Lord Leven and Lord Napier, as his Majesty's Commissioners, adhered, and made every one who came within the royal circle adhere, to court dress and etiquette, seemed like a hint to every fragment of the olden time to remain.

The year 1808 saw the commencement of the new gaol on the Calton Hill. "It was," Cockburn remarks, "a piece of undoubted bad taste to give so glorious an eminence to a prison. It was one of our noblest sites, and would have been given by Pericles to one of his finest edifices." A few years after this "the Heart of Midlothian" ceased to beat. It was a good riddance, for it was a most atrocious gaol. This period was also distinguished by the dawn of modern Scottish art in the persons of Raeburn, Nasmyth, John Thomson, and Carse. The first public exhibition of their works was in 1808. In 1810, two still-subsisting institutions arose—the Horticultural Society and the Commercial Bank. The first was founded by a well-known character, Patrick Neill, a printer. Cockburn says a pretty thing *à propos* of flowers. "In innocence, purity, and simplicity, the florist—not the scientific botanist, but the florist of his own little borders—is the only rival of the angler. I wish we had a good Flowery Walton." The rise of the Commercial Bank, and of several other public institutions, also marked the growth of the public mind. In July, 1810, Cockburn was dismissed by the lord advocate from being one of his deputies, on account of difference of politics. He was delighted at getting rid of the connexion, and out of a false position; he married the next year, and set up his rural household gods at Bonaly, close by the northern base of the Pentland Hills.

I began (he relates) by an annual lease of a few square yards and a scarcely habitable farm-house. But, realising the profanations of Auburn, I have destroyed a village, and erected a tower, and reached the dignity of a twenty-acred laird. Everything except the two burns, the few old trees, and the mountains, are my own work, and to a great extent the work of my own hands. Human nature is incapable of enjoying more happiness than has been my lot here; where the glories of the prospects, and the luxury of the wild retirement, have been all enhanced by the progress of my improvements, of my children, and of myself. I have been too happy, and often tremble in the anticipation that the cloud must come at last. Warburton says that there was not a bush in his garden on which he had not hung a speculation. There is not a recess in the valleys of the Pentlands, nor an eminence on their summits, that is not familiar to my solitude. One summer I read every word of Tacitus in the sheltered crevice of a rock (called "My Seat") about 800 feet above the level of the sea, with the most magnificent of scenes stretched out before me.

The year 1822 was distinguished by a painful history—the case of Mr. James Stuart of Dunearn and Sir Alexander Boswell. Cockburn was one of the counsel for Mr. Stuart, and the forensic eloquence and ability displayed on that occasion excited universal admiration. He still writes of the case somewhat in the spirit of counsel for the defence:

Soon after the *Beacon* was put down in Edinburgh, the *Sentinel*, another newspaper of the same kind, and encouraged by the general countenance of the same party, was set up in Glasgow. Mr. Stuart being defamed, as he

thought, in this new publication, instituted an action of damages against its editors, two persons called Alexander and Borthwick. Soon after this, Borthwick intimated that if this action was abandoned, he would make all the reparation he could, by disclosing the authors of all the attacks that had been made in this newspaper against Stuart, and by giving up the original articles. Stuart acceded to this, and went to Glasgow for the documents, which he never doubted, nor had any reason to doubt, Borthwick's right to surrender. He dealt with him as any alandered gentleman would with a penitent editor, who was only doing what is common with persons in his situation. It was afterwards pretended that Stuart had no right to receive the papers, because Borthwick had no right to give them; and that he had no right to give them, because he had stolen them. He had stolen the company property from his partner! This pretence was aided by the lord advocate indicting Borthwick for the theft. The mere fact of the partnership was an answer to this charge. No doubt, there had been a conditional separation between the partners: but Alexander having violated one of the conditions by not paying a sum of money, had been sued before the Burgh Court of Glasgow by Borthwick for restitution of his rights; and that court had pronounced an unchallenged interlocutor, authorising Borthwick to resume possession. He resumed it, and thus got legal access to the papers, in which his interest as a partner had never been extinguished even by the separation. He gave them—not in property but for his temporary purpose—to Mr. Stuart, who could not, without idiocy, have declined receiving them.

On examining them, he was astonished to find that the worst articles against him had been written by Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, a relation, with whom he had long been on good terms. Sir Alexander had been aware of their impropriety, for they were written in a disguised hand. Mr. Stuart having at last detected a respectable libeller, returned to Edinburgh, and waited the arrival of Sir Alexander, who was in London. As soon as Sir Alexander heard of the delivery of the papers, which contained insults on many other gentlemen, his conscience seems to have told him that he must be challenged by somebody; because, before any challenge was given, he wrote to a friend asking him to act as his second, and proposing a trip to the Rhine "in the event of my being the successful shot." He came to Edinburgh in a few days; when he was waited upon by the Earl of Rosslyn on behalf of Mr. Stuart. He avowed himself responsible for the article selected as the ground of the call—a song in which Stuart was called a coward; and declining to apologise, a meeting was arranged. The song was in his handwriting; and the idle doubt attempted to be cast on this by the prosecutor at the subsequent trial was never hinted at by Sir Alexander himself.

They met near Auchtertool, in Fife, on the 22nd of March, 1822. Stuart, an awkward lumbering rider, had never fired a pistol but once or twice from the back of a horse in a troop of yeomanry. He stopped at his beautiful Hillside near Aberdour, and arranged some papers, and subscribed a deed of settlement. Boswell, who was an expert shot, told his second, Mr. Douglas, that he meant to fire in the air. He fell himself, however, at the first fire. Stuart told me that he was never more thunderstruck than when, on the smoke clearing, he saw his adversary sinking gently down. Sir Alexander died at Balmuto in two days. Stuart came to Edinburgh, and immediately withdrew to France.

The death of so valuable a partisan as Sir Alexander Boswell, though in fair duel, by the hand of James Stuart, threw the Tory party into a flame, the heat of which, I fear, reached even the department of the public prosecutor. Nobody who knew Stuart's temperament could believe that he did not mean to stand his trial. But lest there should be any doubt of it, Mr. Gibson, on Stuart's behalf, gave distinct notice to the sheriff that he would appear. Nevertheless, after the original irritation had had months to cool, a statement that he had absconded from justice, under a consciousness of guilt, was put into his indictment. This was of no real importance, but it showed the feeling. It was from gaol that he fled, not from justice.

The proceedings taken against Borthwick, on the other hand, had the effect of giving to Stuart's possession of the papers a criminal character and appearance. Borthwick was accused of theft; and being apprehended in Dundee, was brought to Edinburgh and cast into prison, where for some time access was denied to his friends and legal advisers. He was placed at the bar of the Glasgow spring circuit 1822, but the trial was not then proceeded with; the diet was deserted *pro loco et tempore*, and thus the harshness of his treatment could not regularly be exposed. His partner Alexander also came forward as his private prosecutor on a nominal variation of the same charge. The result was, that he was kept under accusation until after Stuart's trial. And at that trial, the counsel for Alexander attended—though not engaged in the case; and by rising and announcing that this and that witness, as each retired from the witness-box, would be required for Borthwick's trial on the following Monday, gave Stuart's duel an appearance of being connected with Borthwick's theft. This was repeated till the court put him to silence.

The trial of Mr. Stuart took place on the 10th of June, 1822. No Scotch trial in my time excited such interest. If the prosecutors were really anxious for a conviction, their hopes vanished long before their own case was closed. Beyond the admitted fact that Boswell had fallen by his hand, there was not a single circumstance that did not redound to Stuart's credit. His injuries, his gentleness, his firmness, his sensibility, and the necessity that he was under, according to the existing law of society, of acting as he did, were all brought out by irresistible evidence; while the excellence of his general character was proved by many witnesses, several of whom were purposely selected from his political opponents. No verdict except the acquittal that was almost instantly given, could have followed. To try was quite right; and duelling was then, as now, an absurd and shocking remedy for private insult. But considering what the tyranny of society required, and what courts of justice had sanctioned, the earnestness with which this prosecution was pressed does appear strange. The justice-clerk, who presided at the trial, behaved admirably. Stuart was no sooner acquitted, than the pretence of accusing Borthwick of theft was dropped; and he was liberated without ever being brought to trial.

Mr. Stuart was singularly fortunate in both the seconds. Rosslyn, the model of an old military gentleman, combined the polite gallantry of that profession with activity and talent in the conduct of civil affairs, and was one of the most public-spirited and useful noblemen in Scotland. Mr. Douglas, though of moderate ability, was worthy and honest. His candour in this affair, and the scorn with which, after the fatal issue, he refused to join the cry of his party against Stuart, made all gentlemen think of the jeopardy in which the survivor and truth might have stood, if Boswell had been otherwise attended.

After a kindly and feeling notice of Sir Walter Scott as he appeared after the calamity that befel him in 1826, and an account of a visit to Abbotsford in 1828, there is a still more kindly notice of a man who has laboured for years under a "most unjust, and a very alarming, though not unnatural odium"—Dr. Knox. "Tried," Cockburn remarks, "in reference to the invariable, and the necessary practice of the profession, our anatomists were spotlessly correct, and Knox the most correct of them all." The "Memorials," which will remain a work of reference to Edinburgh history, a classic in the English language, and a monument to its author's talent and goodness, conclude with the return of the Whigs into power in 1830—events, their pleasant chronicler records, "which will perhaps affect all the future course of my life, and will certainly be deeply marked in the page of history."

THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF SLEEP.

BY FÊLE-MÊLE.

Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains.—*Laodamia*.

WHAT man, woman, or child has not met with,—what essayist on Sleep has not quoted,—what “nid nid nodding” drowsyhead has not complacently applauded,—honest Sancho Panza’s cordial benediction on the inventive genius to whom, by the sleek squire’s supposition, we owe the realised idea of slumber and sleep? “Blessed be the man that invented sleep,” quoth he; “it wraps one all round like a cloak.” Happy bit of graphic diction on Sancho’s part,—we seem to hear the comfortable yawn of lazy sensual satisfaction with which he draws it out, and to see him in the act of gathering the cloak carefully and completely around his portly person, and “tucking himself up” to a nicety in its cozy folds. Happy man be his dole; and pleasant dreams and slumbers light! though we fear such a gross feeder could know little of the last item, and that he snored portentously, through a wind instrument of three trombone power.

We had intended to launch out at once in high poetic mood on the subject of this paper, and in words worthy of its Wordsworthian motto. But that snore of Sancho’s has sent us all adrift. It has startled us from the lofty repose of reverie to a degrading consciousness of the prose aspects of our theme. Its discord has broken up our harmony of ideas in most admired disorder. Not more vexatiously could there come on the ear of the farmer’s daughter, in the act, at open window, of sweeping prelusive chords upon her harp, the *contra-basso* grunt of the farmer’s swine.

For, like most other things, Sleep has its unpoetical aspects. Indeed, few sleepers, caught in the act, are poetical objects. Most sleepers are quite the reverse. An Imogen, such as Shakspeare has painted her, dreaming of Posthumus and better days to come, is not an every-day vision. A Christabel, laid down in her loveliness, is not a type of common-place humanity asleep. Of course Imogen did not snore, nor utter inarticulate gurgling sounds at periodical intervals. Of course Christabel did not lie with her mouth wide open, and an expression of hopeless vacuity on “her face, oh call it fair not pale;” or twist her shape into quite nondescript postures, not to be told in rhyme or explained by reason. But this is what your ordinary sleepers do. They snore to the top of their bent, and that, in some temperaments, is *altissimò*. They utter broken murmurs, most absurdly compounded of hissing, moaning, and nasal constituents. They lie gaping to an extent utterly incompatible with the sublime and beautiful. They are to be seen, too, curled, or coiled, or collapsed, into positions really worthy of study, as showing the eccentricities of *poses plastiques* possible to the human form, not less diversified than illogical. Leigh Hunt has remarked that though a man in his waking moments may look as proud and as self-possessed as he pleases,—though he may walk proudly, sit proudly, eat his dinner proudly,—though he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority, and, in a word, may show himself grand on the most trifling occasions,—he is reduced to ridiculous

shifts when once floored by that great leveller, Sleep. "Sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ludicrous postures; so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with a string between its legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together; what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!" Few sleepers, in effect, show to advantage after they are come to years of discretion; it is only infancy and early childhood that will bear examination, as artistic studies of grace, when the senses are steeped in forgetfulness.

It is while sleep "steals gently o'er us,"—in the midway station, the half-way house between wide-awake activity and complete oblivion,—that one is most apt, in benignant stupidity, to echo Sancho's blessing. Hence we can feelingly sympathise with the Connaught man, who, with very intelligible irritation, complained that for *his* part he found no kind of pleasure in his bed; for, the moment he was in it, he was asleep; and the moment he awoke, it was time to get up. The poor fellow was cruelly mulcted, thanks to his robust health and unjarred nervous system, of the agreeable train of sensations incident to sleep's incipient stage. Again to quote the *Indicator*,—"a gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one:—the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child;—the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye;—'tis closing;—'tis more closing;—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds." The dream-pleasures or the dream-pains of sleep have begun, and for a while that prostrate form is independent of time, and space, and sense.

Much have the Poets had to say, as meet and right it was, of the pleasures and the blessings of Sleep:

Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names;
The very sweetest, Fancy culls or frames,
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!
Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost steep
In rich reward all suffering; Balm that tames
All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven.*

A volume might be composed of parallel passages to Young's familiar line and its expressive epithet, "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, *balmy* Sleep,"—an epithet with the original application of which he is not uncommonly accredited, as though it had not been applied over and over again before his time with much finer effect—as in the rich aggregate of images, wrought together in tumultuous agitation in the haunted mind of murderous Macbeth, in that hour and power of darkness when the

* Wordsworth's *Miscellaneous Sonnets*.

gracious Duncan slept his last sleep, and from whose date the murderer was to know innocent sleep never again:

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve* of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast, &c.

So again in a memorable sonnet by Sir Philip Sydney—

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The bating place of wit, the *balm* of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low, &c.

A wakeful night or two will give wonderful emphasis to the significance of all such poetical epithets and descriptions; while the finest morning, opening on summer splendours of nature, will fail to elicit delight from the worn-out watcher.† The necessity of this balm to recruit the wasted energies of our nature, as it is universal, so is it infinitely diversified, and open to illustrations ranging from the pathetic to the humorous. On the one hand we may quote such a passage as that in one of Lillo's tragedies, where a grief-stricken husband is soothingly counselled to seek oblivion of his woes in sleep:

Come, let's to rest. Impartial as the grave,
Sleep robs the cruel tyrant of his power,
Gives rest and freedom to the o'erwrought slave,
And steals the wretched beggar from his want.
Droop not, my friend; sleep will suspend thy cares,
And time will end them.

Or on the other hand we may turn to such verses as in Mackworth Praed's *jeu d'esprit* "on seeing the Speaker asleep in his Chair during one of the Debates of the first Reformed Parliament:"

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, 'tis surely fair
If you mayn't in your bed, that you should in your chair.
Louder and longer now they grow,
Tory and Radical, Ay and No;
Talking by night, and talking by day.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker; sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and then,
Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill,
Sweet to the children that work in the mill.
You have more need of repose than they,
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;

* Unwrought silk.

† Wordsworth, for instance, in another of his Sonnets, lamenting recent experiences of such insomnolency, speaks as though tantalised by the beauties of morning-tide, and reproachfully asks Sleep,

"Without *Thee* what is all the morning's wealth?
Come blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!"

Howe will no doubt be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteenpence.
Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray,
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Very wholesome counsel, that "sleep while you may," to whomsoever addressed. Hear the author of *The Caxtons*,—"O let youth cherish that happiest of earthly boons while yet it is at its command;—for there cometh the day to all when 'neither the voice of the lute or the birds' (*non avium citareque*) shall bring back the sweet slumber that fell on their young eyes, as unbidden as the dews. It is a dark epoch in a man's life when sleep forsakes him; when he tosses to and fro, and thought will not be silenced; when the drug and draught are the couriers of stupefaction, not sleep; when the eyelids close with an effort, and there is a drag, and a weight, and a dizziness in the eyes at morn." A deranged *physique*, a burdened conscience, a heavy-laden heart,—in vain do these invoke the alienated presence of Sleep. Most impressively has Shakespeare exemplified this, in the instance of our Henry the Fourth, whom he pictures o'ercanopied with costly state, and surrounded with all that should secure repose, but, in spite of all, restless, feverish, tossing to and fro, a victim to the malady of thought, envying the sound slumbers of his meanest subject:

—Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great, &c.

As a pendant to this, we cite a fragment from another old dramatist, John Marston, who thus graphically expresses the sleeplessness of a fretful, discontented spirit:

I cannot sleep, my eyes' ill neighbouring lids
Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep;
Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,
Unbend'st the feeble veins of sweaty labour:
The galley slave, that all the toilsome day
Tugs at the oar against the stubborn wave,
Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;
The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb the field,
Thou mak'st wink sure; in night all creatures sleep,
Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate
Repines and quarrels; alas! he's Goodman Tell-clock;
His sallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan;
Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow's stone.

So, again, Goethe represents Count Egmont in prison, reproachfully invoking that benignant presence of Sleep which *used* to come to him as a matter of course, but now comes not at all. "Old friend!" exclaims the too wakeful captive, "ever faithful sleep! dost thou too forsake me, like my other friends? How wert thou wont of yore to descend unsought upon my free brow, cooling my temples as if with a myrtle-wreath of love! Amidst the din of battle, on the waves of life, I rested in thine

arms, breathing lightly as a growing boy. When tempests whistled through the leaves and boughs, when the summits of the lofty trees swung creaking in the blast, the inmost core of my heart remained unmoved. What agitates me now?" Poor captive—

not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Southey has pathetically illustrated the same incapacity, in the sorrowing vigils of the "expectant Maid," Kailal :

"Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be sweet,"
Ladurlad said. Alas! that cannot be
To one whose days are days of misery.
How often did she stretch her hands to greet
Ereenia, rescued in the dreams of night!
How oft amid the vision of delight,
Fear in her heart all is not as it seems;
Then from unsettled slumber start, and hear
The Winds that moan above, the Waves below!
Thou hast been call'd, O Sleep, the friend of Woe,
But 'tis the happy that have call'd thee so.

And Wordsworth is but the spokesman of no slender company of unresting midnight watchers, when, on one occasion, he thus apostrophises the Sleep he had fruitlessly wooed—

Shall I alone,
I surely not a man ungentle made,
Call thee worst Tyrant by which flesh is crost?
Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,
Still last to come where thou art wanted most!

Another evil attaches to the general evil of sleeplessness. Too often, in such a case,—a case, that is, of distempered nerves, or physical wreck, or mental anguish, the sleep when it *does* come is charged with vexing associations. Wooed long, and won at last,—the sighed-for boon is found a bane. Instead of the Pleasures, lo! the Pains of Sleep. The sleep may be deep, but so is the trouble. It was thus the ancient patriarch was visited with midnight alarms—in thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon him, and trembling, which made all his bones to shake. Dejection and perplexity attend on the retrospect of such experiences, dejection and perplexity on the prospect of their return. "I would not spend another such a night," protests the shivering dreamer, "no, not to buy a world of happy days!" Rather than renew the dismal time, he will almost pray to be sleepless quite—pray that sleep may not visit his eyes, nor slumber his eyelids. Happily it is not many who undergo this torment; the case is abnormal, exceptional, in its more aggravated form. But those who have become sadly versed in the deeper Pains of Sleep, have recorded the perhaps "long since cancell'd woe" in a manner of moving interest, as showing the capacities of our common nature for strange and dread extremities of suffering. The English Opium-eater, whose experience in this way was preternaturally stimulated by artificial means, has told us how he seemed every night to descend—and that not metaphorically, but literally—downwards and still downwards into chasms and sunless

abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that he could ever reascend; and how over every form, and threat, and punishment, that was connected with the monstrous scenery of his dreams, there brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove him into an oppression as of madness. What a vague grandeur there is in Coleridge's painfully powerful fragment, with this very title of the *Pains of Sleep*—what a wild energy of description, at once dim and significant, concentrated and diffused!—

But yester-night I prayed aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Upstarting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorned, those only strong!
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed.
Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffered or I did, &c.

The dismay wrought by the night so "saddened and stunned," he says, "the coming day," that

Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
Distemper's worst calamity—

and when his own loud scream awoke him from this appalling tyranny, overtaxed nature gave way, and "o'ercome with sufferings strange and wild, he wept as he had been a child." In a letter of his, printed in Joseph Cottle's *Recollections*, Coleridge says—"Night is my hell—sleep my tormenting angel! Three nights out of four, I fall asleep, struggling to lie awake, and my frequent night-screams have almost made me a nuisance in the house. Dreams with me are no shadows, but the very calamities of my life." How lamentable an agency opium had in all this, the good brother of

Amos Cottle (Phœbus! what a name!)

has signified with piteous emphasis.

It is time to have finished this "gallimaufry" of quotations and allusions. But before doing so, we may glance at the ever and everywhere recognised affinity between Sleep, and that which subdues in deeper repose its keenest Pains and Pleasures, the Shadow of Death. According to Shelley and the poets, Death and Sleep are brothers,—one pale as the waning moon, with its lips of lurid blue—the other rosy as the morn up-rising over ocean waves—both passing wonderful. The reader will remember Wolcot's translation of Warton's celebrated epigram, inscribed under a garden-statue of Somnus (*Somne levis, &c.*)—

Come, gentle Sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though Death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die!

sleep is, sometimes, as a living philosopher expresses it, "the secret chamber in which death arranges his machinery. Sleep is sometimes that deep mysterious atmosphere, in which the human spirit is slowly unsettling its wings for flight from earthly tenements." Such has been the *Euthanasia* coveted by some—to pass away from the clasp of the one brother to the embrace of the other—just as, when the curse of Kehama was exhausted,

— the Lord of Death
 With love benignant on Ladurlad smiled,
 And gently on his head his blessing laid,
 As sweetly as a Child,
 Whom neither thought disturbs nor care encumbers,
 Tired with long play, at close of summer day,
 Lies down and slumbers,
 Even thus as sweet a boon of sleep partaking,
 By Yamen blest, Ladurlad sunk to rest.

Such an *Euthanasia* may come indeed to few; none may look for what is called a "happy release" from mortal ills, none should expect that after life's fitful fever they shall "sleep well," but those who are working out in daily probation the counsel of another poet—

So LIVE, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

FIVE DAYS ON HORSEBACK IN THE CRIMEA.

ON the 30th of April we started with a leave of five days to explore some of the beauties of the southern coast of the Crimea. Our party consisted of myself and two others, T. and R., each riding his own pony, and T.'s servant leading another, which carried a tent, with corn for four days for our quadrupeds, a saucepan, and plates, and sundry havresacks with provisions. Our destination was Yalta, about sixty or seventy versts from Sebastopol, and we left the camp in high spirits for our little excursion: My little grey stepped along merrily under a somewhat heavy load; viz., myself and saddle, holsters, with tobacco, brandy, &c., with my waterproof sheet, my coat, and military cloak rolled up and strapped, like a dragoon's, before and behind the saddle. We soon descended the heights of Balaklava plain, and passed the dirty French and pretty Sardinian camps, which dot the Woronzoff-road to Kamara. The Sardinian camps are very prettily and tastefully arranged, with green boughs in front of the huts, and the men are fine soldier-like fellows, in excellent

order. After passing these, we found ourselves winding through the defile which leads from Balaklava plain to the Venutka valley, through which flows a little stream, while on either side the mountains rise to some height, covered with brushwood. Here the Highlanders and Royals are encamped on the right hand, and their white tents showed prettily out against the dark hill-side.

A party of English ladies, escorted by naval officers, passed us, some on horseback, and some on an artillery-car. The face of one lady, who rode a tall, raw-boned horse, were an expression of torture which excited our deep compassion, and which we rejoiced to see replaced by the decorous gravity of a chaperone, when, shortly afterwards, we found she had effected an exchange with one of the ladies in the car. Let us hope that both enjoyed a good night's rest after the fatigues of the day.

Some anxious thoughts now began to cloud our happiness. For some time we had lost sight of our baggage, and as all our slender comforts depended upon it, we thought it expedient for one of the party to return and ascertain the cause. Accordingly, R. was despatched on this special service, but as a considerable time elapsed after his departure, I felt too uneasy to wait their return patiently, and started to meet them. I found there had been a difficulty about passing a dead horse, in consequence of which the baggage, not being very securely fixed, had nearly all fallen off, which troublesome incident was repeated at intervals until our first halt, when we took effectual measures to prevent it.

After passing the valley in which lay the Tartar villages of Moscomia and Venutka, surrounded by beautiful trees (a most refreshing sight to eyes wearied with the treeless plateau of Sebastopol), we ascended the hill overlooking Baidar, and, selecting a peculiarly green field by the road-side, we unceremoniously unsaddled and picketed the horses and let them graze, while we lay down on the soft grass and heartily enjoyed our luncheon of ham and hard-boiled eggs. The view was delicious. The lovely vale of Baidar, encircled by hills clothed with woods, lay before us; the village in the middle of the plain, and the road winding on until we lost sight of it in the Phoros pass, where we intended to camp for the night, but down whose sides ominous clouds of mist were now beginning to roll. On our right lay a Russian château, so thoroughly pillaged by the French as not to be worth a visit. R., who is a good draughtsman, took a sketch of the Baidar valley, and after half an hour's rest we again saddled and pursued our way down the hill, through the pleasant grass lands and the village of Baidar, which the Tartars were quitting in great numbers, not caring to stay for the return of their old masters. This interfered materially with our prospects of dinner, as the eggs, of which it was mainly to consist, were not to be obtained under the circumstances.

We now began to ascend the pass of Phoros, keeping a sharp look-out for a good camping-ground. As we neared the crest of the hill, we saw one of the numerous little wayside fountains of pure and fresh water from the hills which abound along the road, while just below us lay a grassy dingle in the wood, sheltered from the wind, and screened from the eyes of passers-by. Here were the three great requisites—grass, wood, and water, and a beautiful situation besides. So we called a halt, and, descending into the forest, began to make our preparations for the night. R. and the servant unpacked and pitched the tent, T. unsaddled and

groomed the horses, while I enacted the part of the old woman in the red cloak, who collects sticks for the fire at these gipsy encampments. Everything was soon in a state of preparation, and after taking our horses to the fountain to water them, we sat down and commenced washing the potatoes, which we found much harder work than we had supposed. While R. undertook their culinary preparation, T. and I walked on a few hundred yards to the crest of the pass, crowned by the celebrated marble arch. Just as we reached it, T. suddenly shouted, like Xenophon's soldiers, "The sea! the sea!" and as we advanced, one of the most splendid views in the world *flashed* on us—no other words can at all express the effect of coming so suddenly on this superb view. Down, down, hundreds of feet below us, lay the sea—the heaving, dark blue Euxine.

On either side the crags rose up in pinnacles, stretching far along the coast, with the screaming eagles wheeling round us, and far below, round the middle of the rocks, floated the cloud-wreaths coming up from the sea. We sat down, and for a few minutes neither of us spoke, the contrast was so startling: one instant the smiling inland valley, and the next the sublime sea-coast, which we had no idea was within ten miles. While we gazed, up came the clouds, *splitting* on the rocks, and hiding everything from our view so completely, that we reluctantly returned to our camp. I do not know what T. felt: for myself, I realised what De Vaux must have felt when he saw Triermain Castle for a moment through the morning mist. I almost believed myself in a land of enchantment, and that with the morning sun all trace of cliff and sea would have vanished.

We soon reached our camp, and sat down to dinner in our tent, while the whole pass was soon filled with the damp dark sea-mist. Our meal was rather a scanty one, but we heartily enjoyed it, and after a pipe and a glass of grog, wrapping our cloaks round us, soon went off to sleep. We had a revolver with us in case of any attempt to steal the horses, but the mist and the lone place were quite a sufficient protection. I do not know if being in a Tartar country gives one a nomad spirit, but certainly to me it is perfect happiness to wander about with a horse and a tent and camp where you like; and the contrast to the routine of camp and bugles made it still more charming for a few days. Besides which, I cannot but think that there is in most men so much of the savage as to make them enjoy that haphazard sort of life,—at any rate for a time.

Second Day.—At daylight, the mist which filled the pass showed no signs of clearing away; so when we had watered and fed our nags, we went again to the little fountain, and had a most delightful bath ourselves. I fancy it would have rather astonished any wandering Tartar to find three Englishmen splashing about and shouting with laughter at such an hour and in such a place. Our ablutions duly performed, we went down to breakfast (bread and chocolate), and having packed up our goods, and with some difficulty got the damp tent into its bag again, we started cheerily for Aloupka. On reaching the marble arch, we congratulated ourselves on having been there the preceding evening, as the fog was so thick we could not see two yards ahead. However, the road was pretty good, though very steep, so we manfully held our way. Every now and then the huge crags boomed on us through the mist like giant spectres; and whenever it cleared a little we caught a glimpse of the villas and

vineyards, and the blue sea below. About five miles from Aloupka the mist nearly cleared off, and we were rejoicing over our good luck so far, when, from the side of the road, out jumped a brace of Cossacks and demanded our pass. Here was a fix! We had nothing of the sort. In vain we showed them our "leave," signed by Lord W. Paulet. They persisted in carrying us off to their captain's picket, at a little Tartar village, nestled in a most lovely ravine. The captain was quite puzzled by our "leave." I assailed him on one side with French, and R. on the other with German, but he only shook his head and repeated, "Russ, Russ." It seems that a very recent order, of which we had not even heard, required that every one going that way should have a Russian passport. V. and C., three days before, had got on all right without one. Our Cossack captain was stubborn, we starving and most reproachful, not at all pleased with the prospect of a night in the hills, with no food, followed by an ignominious return to camp without having accomplished our object, when, to our unspeakable joy, we saw Rifle uniforms coming down the glen, and on a nearer approach found two of our friends, with their followers, who most fortunately were provided with a pass. We explained our case, and they entered heartily into our cause; so we finally succeeded in persuading the Cossack to let us go under their wing. Another Cossack took charge of us as guide, and on rounding the spur of the hill we saw before us Aloupka, with its mosque, and Prince Woronzoff's château, the splendid mountain in the background, and the sea shining in the sun before.

We went down the hill to a sort of hotel kept by a German, where we luckily found there was room, and so we unsaddled, fed, and groomed the horses, while R. went to make inquiries about food, of which we were greatly in need, as it was then nearly five o'clock, and we had had nothing since our light breakfast at six. What could we have to eat? Why, "Meinherr could have some omelette mit schinken," as they call a sort of omelette done up with bacon, which is by no means bad; and, to be sure, there was bread and vin du pays. The country wine is excellent; the grapes were imported from Germany, and the wine has a strong "hocky" flavour. I believe they make Crimean champagne, but the war was a great interruption to all these peaceful employments, and there is little of it left now. In my opinion, it would be a very good investment to buy an estate here and make wine, especially if some powerful friend in England would introduce it, as the still wine sells here for very little, and is really very good.

Having reinvigorated ourselves with food, we sallied forth to see what we could of the place. The town is nothing, so we made straight for Prince Woronzoff's château, which is very magnificent. It was entirely planned by an Englishman named Hunt, who came out here and superintended the whole building. R. sat down to draw, while T. and I wandered about the grounds. In one nook we found a very fine short-horned cow, which we tried to milk, but totally without success. She was probably aware that we were not entitled to it; but whether it was her incorruptible integrity or our want of skill, the result was the same, and we were disappointed of the pleasant draught we hoped for; so, as it was now beginning to get dark, we left her, and returned to our hotel, dined at a sort of *table d'hôte*, and after the usual pipe we all turned in, in a three-bedded room—which, however, was a room, and, moreover,

had trees outside. I dare say my love of trees amuses you, who constantly see them; but I assure you a real tree is a great luxury after nine months on the hot rock of Malta and the Sebastopol plateau.

Third Day.—Up early as usual, and found a bright, warm sun, and every promise of a fine day. After a breakfast of fresh eggs, omelette mit schinken, and a couple of *glasses* of tea (for such is the Russian fashion, and very good tea they make too), we went off to inspect the interior of the Woronzoff Palace. We soon found the man who has the care of it, who very civilly showed us over it. It is a very fine place certainly, except that the rooms—although their number seems endless—are for the most part small. All the light furniture and pictures had been removed into Russia at the beginning of the war, but numbers of sofas, chairs, and bedsteads still remained. T., in the most unprincipled way, contrived to possess himself of the key of the Princess Woronzoff's bonnet-box, which he means to have gilt, and wear on his watch-chain—no bad relic! There are only two good rooms—the dining-room, and the billiard-room opening from it. In the latter was an old piano, which had been a very good one, but was rather out of tune. We bathed in the sea, which washes the side of the garden, and agreed to ride on to Yalta at three o'clock. A heavy shower coming on, T. and R. went back to the hotel; but I managed to persuade the major-domo to let me amuse myself with the piano. No words can describe how I enjoyed it. I seemed quite to revel in music once more, and the large and almost empty room made it ring again. In short, when three o'clock came I was quite sorry to go.

While I was playing, a Russian family came in to see the rooms, among whom was a very pretty girl. They were so pleased with the music, that the old gentleman asked me to make him a visit at some place with an unpronounceable name, which of course I readily promised to do; but, as I have quite forgotten both his name and that of his place, I fear there is but little chance of keeping my word. When I got back to the hotel, I found our steeds were in the act of being saddled for the start, and the weather was again most lovely. As R.'s pony had a sore back, we shifted his saddle to the baggager, and leaving the servant with the baggage and two ponies, we started for Yalta, about fifteen versts (ten or eleven miles), intending to sleep there, and come back early the next morning. The road from Aloupka to Yalta is one of the loveliest things you can conceive; it lies along the sea-coast, though at some distance above the water. The châteaux of the Russian nobles line the road, for this is their Isle of Wight, and the magnificent mountain cliffs form such a background as you do not often see. On rounding Cape Aistodor you see before you Yalta Bay, with the long line of coast stretching beyond it; and behind you Aloupka, with the turrets of the palace, and the coast-line far away again there. A little farther on, a very peculiar rock overhangs the road, on the top of which is a large golden cross, and just beyond this is the entrance to the palace of the dowager-empress. It is quite new, and I believe she has not yet seen it. We were shown round by a very stately individual, who seemed to consider the possible presence of royalty as almost too great an honour for this wicked world, and lifted up his eyes in pious horror when we sat down on the imperial mattress to try whether it was comfortable. The house is beautifully placed, and the

interior very splendid. It is built in a square enclosing a court, *got up like the Pompeian Court at the Crystal Palace*. Round this are the dining-hall and receiving-saloons. There is much more furniture here than at Aloupka, and one tiny boudoir is a perfect bijou. On the table lay an ink-stand with its appendages, and a bell, all in embossed gold. Evidently her imperial majesty has more idea of comfort than the Russians generally have, especially in the article of bedding; but I believe she is a Prussian by birth, which may account for it. Neither this palace, nor the one belonging to Prince Woronzoff which we saw at Aloupka, can be compared either in size or beauty to the houses of some of our English nobility. On leaving, we were requested by our cicerone to inscribe our names in a sort of visiting-book, which crowning honour he evidently seemed to think would make the rest of our lives a condition of serene beatitude, compared with that of other heretic barbarians our countrymen. He received his half-crown with calm and dignified satisfaction, and we departed for Yalta, which was now not far off.

The view across the little bay in which Yalta lies is very pretty. The white houses and almost English-looking church nestle in the hill-side, and the water ripples quietly in the bay. We soon reached the town, but learnt, to our vexation, that the only hotel (which is kept by an Englishwoman) was quite full, but that perhaps we might be received by a German, who had, moreover, a good supply of hay. We found his "hotel" not much of a place, but we were not difficult to please, and made up our minds to remain there. Then came the usual problem, "What could we have for dinner?" There were only fish, "*braten*,"—or a sort of indescribable roast meat—no potatoes, and very little hope of anything else. However, there being no choice (which always simplifies matters wonderfully), we sat down to our dinner, which was very bad and very dear. Our only comforts were the excellent *vin du pays* and the consoling pipe, after which we were preparing to turn in for the night, when in rushed five or six 47th men, to whom our landlord (being, as we afterwards found out, Jew as well as German) had previously let the rooms. Of course an explanation ensued, in which we all took part against mine host, and the volleys of guttural German and angry English were more noisy than intelligible. After some time another room was assigned to us, but no beds or blankets, till I cut the controversy short by *seizing our Hebrew friend by the neck*, and compelled him to bring us what we required.

Fourth Day.—Up early, and saw to the horses; bathed in the sea; and after paying our host about half his exorbitant bill, we transferred ourselves to the other hotel, where we got a capital breakfast of fresh eggs and delicious fried rock-turbot. Everything here was extremely clean and comfortable, and we were quite sorry to start on our homeward journey.

The ride back to Aloupka was very pleasant; and as we found our servant and horses all right, and ready for a start, we packed up our traps and turned our backs on Aloupka. The day was very fine; and as the fog had concealed so much of the view when we travelled that road before, we had all the pleasure of seeing it as if quite new. The cliffs are superb, and the way in which the volcanic and stratified formations alternate is sometimes very curious indeed.

T.'s pony lost a shoe here, and fell so lame that he was obliged to lead

her, and as the sun was getting low we determined to look out for a camping place. The road winds along the foot of the cliffs, and below us was cultivated and wooded land, dotted with vineyards and châteaux, all of which, however, are deserted, and have been thoroughly "looted" by the French advanced pickets, and also, very probably, by the Cossacks. We determined to locate ourselves for the night in one of these, and turning into a by-path from the main road began to seek the best for our purpose. The only difficulty was choice; but at last we made our selection, and found a perfect little paradise of a place—a sort of *parkish* field, with most luxuriant grass, in front of a lovely little villa, with its dependent outhouses nestled into a most picturesque dingle, with the usual back and foreground of cliff and sea, beautiful woods, and a little path leading to where a mountain brook fell down a little cascade into a basin it had hollowed in the rock, forming a most charming natural bath. A garden-seat under a rock covered with creeping-plants was evidently a favourite resort of the former proprietors; and if there are any fairies in the Crimea, I feel sure this is the place where they hold their midnight revels; indeed, I strongly suspect that two large moths, almost as large as swallows, which we vainly endeavoured to catch in the gloaming, were something of the sort in disguise.

In one secluded place—on a garden-seat, evidently untouched by the plunderers—I found a knife and a tobacco-pouch, both of which I kept, as memorials of the spot. The villa had been utterly plundered, and everything broken except one table, on which we dined, and on which I afterwards slept. We lit our fire on the fireplace, but for some time the smoke was unbearable; but at last we succeeded in making a good bright fire, cooked the food we had brought from Aloupka, made ourselves up for the night, and were soon fast asleep.

Fifth, and last Day.—Our first proceeding (after the care of our horses) was to enjoy the natural bath of which I spoke, after which we got our breakfast, and prepared for the start. The thought that this was the last day of our little excursion was a sorrowful one to us all; but in any case I should have left this little villa with great regret, for I do not think I ever saw a place which so completely took my fancy, and I should like much to see it again.

We found several letters lying open about the rooms. They seemed mostly in French, which language, I imagine, the better class of Russians use more than their own.

I think it is the worst part of a war when, the excitement of fighting gone off, you see quietly the ruin and desolation it has brought on peaceful people. But the Russians forced this war upon us, and heavily, indeed, have they paid for it.

Our way back to the road lay through vineyards and pleasant woodlands, where the birds were singing. We took it by turns to walk with T.'s pony till we arrived at Baidar, where we got a shoe put on, and after lunch made our final start for camp, which we reached about five, P.M., very sorry that our trip was over, and having enjoyed it more than I can say.

The Crimea—at least on the south coast—is a magnificent country; and now that the Black Sea is to be opened, I should think it must rise into great importance.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.*

DURING the earlier historical periods of this and other countries of Europe, it has been justly remarked, the springs of events lay, for the most part, nearer the surface than they do now. Yet, even during these periods, history often fails to penetrate to the more deeply-seated causes of the great mutations it describes. He who attributes the revolt and success of "the greatest Julius" to the goadings of ambition and the perfection of generalship merely, is as far from the truth as they who ascribe the Protestant Reformation in England solely to the will of Henry VIII., and his instruments, lay and clerical; or the Revolution of A.D. 1640 to the abstract notions of kingly authority entertained by the Stuarts, and to the fanaticism of the Puritans and the other sectarian enemies of the Anglican Church.

Since the year 1793, or rather since the change of dynasty in 1688, this has become a more important truth. During the whole of that period, the motives of the actors in great national changes or undertakings are to be sought and found far beneath the surface, and he who barely contents himself with recounting events as they occurred, acts like one who deems it enough to record the moves of an automaton chess-player, without having the slightest knowledge of the hidden mechanism by which they were regulated; or like him who is content to contemplate the figurative writing of the ancient Egyptians, and see the actions there represented, without the slightest comprehension of their real import and meaning.

That this is also more or less the case in the various events in which Sir Robert Peel had a principal share, there can be no doubt. Mr. Doubleday, in writing the biography of this distinguished statesman, goes back, in order to estimate his political actions, principally by their results in a national point of view, to the social state of England before the rise of manufactures, to the compensation effected for the loss of the American colonies by Hargreave's, Arkwright's, and Watt's inventions, and to the progressive depreciation of the currency and continued rise in prices which followed upon war, and the extension of the manufacturing system.

In the part which Sir Robert Peel took in the great questions of his day, Financial Economy, Corn Laws, Test Acts, Roman Catholic Question, Reform, Poor Law, Police Bill, &c., his course has to the ordinary observer always appeared tortuous and inconsistent. Mr. Doubleday's theory, by which he endeavours to clear away this apparent inconsistency, is, that most of the great events of his singular career were shaped and fashioned by the first financial blunder, made in 1819.

* *Memoirs by the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., &c. Published by the Trustees of his Papers, Lord Mahon (now Earl Stanhope), and the Right Honourable Edward Cardwell, M.P. Part I. The Roman Catholic Question. 1828-9. J. Murray.*

The Political Life of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart. An Analytical Biography. By Thomas Doubleday. Two Vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

In this rash and altogether premature connexion with the parliamentary economists of the time (Mr. Doubleday insists), and in the embarrassments to which, in after-life, that early connexion perpetually subjected him, we find a key both to his character and his career. His admiration of that which must have appeared to him the unfathomable profound, allured him, no doubt, in contradiction to the paternal lessons, to adopt the theoretical blunders and absurdities of the first bullion committee of 1810; and, in 1819, to evade the remonstrances of his shrewder father, for the perilous guidance of the specious, subtle, vain, and specially arrogant Ricardo. In the tales of the "Arabian Nights," we read of one personage who, wherever he went, was haunted by a mysterious black box, out of which, as soon as night and silence gave permission, came a hideous little old woman, who upbraided the unfortunate wight with his crimes and short-comings till day. How many such nights must have beset Sir Robert Peel after the plunge of 1819? And how often must he have repented neglecting the warning of a too prophetic parent, to be entailed for life amidst the lime-twigs of a subtle, conceited, and specious stockjobber!

The theory is good as far as it goes, so is that of a liberal conservatism influenced by want of high birth, of great reserve, and of a certain degree of constitutional timidity, or distrust of himself, all of which influenced the statesman's actions. But even these things admitted, Mr. Doubleday sums up that,—

To the majority of mankind his career must ever remain an enigma. The real springs of his actions he never could disclose; nor did he ever divulge (if he knew them) the ultimate and final results to be expected to follow his policy. That policy has, therefore, ostensibly neither beginning nor end; nor does it possess any features which can make it generally intelligible. To future historical students Sir Robert Peel's character, therefore, must ever appear to be one of those, the extraordinary nature of which all men admit, but upon every other portion of which the clouds of doubt must continue to rest. Like St. Thomas à Becket, Cromwell, Machiavelli, the Emperor Julian, Ignatius Loyola, and others, he will be variously estimated, as his character is contemplated from various points of view; whilst the true key to his character and career remains hidden from the great majority of those who in future time shall think, or speak, or write concerning him.

Such being the case, we are better able to appreciate the value of a political autobiography supplied by the statesman himself—for such, undoubtedly, are the "Memoirs," of which the first part, relating to the all-important Roman Catholic question, is now before us. The circumstances under which these posthumous Memoirs appear are matters of notoriety. The great statesman, in the midst of the every-day harassing calls of active public life, had time to think of what was due to his reputation and to public opinion after death had severed his connexion with the world. Sir Robert Peel, by a codicil to his will, constituted the Earl of Stanhope (then Lord Mahon), in conjunction with Mr. Cardwell, M.P., trustees on behalf of his posthumous reputation. To these gentlemen he bequeathed all his unpublished letters, papers, and documents, public or private, in print or in manuscript, with powers to select and publish, and even to destroy portions of these papers, at their uncontrolled discretion. He left them also full liberty to decide on the period and the mode of publication, and in the exercise of this discretion they have at length thought it proper to give not what would have been generally anticipated, the first portion of the Memoirs, or Papers illustrating the life of Sir Robert Peel, but a separate and complete memoir, partly narrative, partly

epistolary, drawn up by Sir Robert Peel himself, and in his own handwriting, on the subject of the Roman Catholic question in 1828-29. This narrative, it appears, is one of two or three similar statements left behind him by Sir Robert, the second of which, in the order of time, relates the circumstances that attended the formation of his first ministry in 1834 and 1835; while the third explains his conduct with reference to the corn-laws.

To judge by this first instalment of an explanatory and vindictory memoir, while there are few statesmen who have not in the course of a long career done many things calling for explanation, every one will unite to do justice to Sir Robert Peel, that none have met the requirement more freely or more unreservedly than he has done in the revelations now before us. True, perhaps, there never has been an instance where a minister of a constitutional crown, like Peel, has seen the necessity, in the latter half of his career, of reversing the cherished policy of years upon two great questions of momentous import to the country, who has had the courage to do so, and also the good fortune to maintain a reputation superior to all the hostility and odium which such conduct invariably challenges—on the one hand from disappointed friends deserted in their need; on the other from ancient foes, whom concession has strengthened but not conciliated. Peel did all this in the case of the Catholic question and of the corn-laws; and hence, amongst the voluminous papers left behind him, the correspondence and notes relating to these questions form the most prominent part.

Yet, considering the character of the first of these questions, and the lengthened and violent discussions to which it gave rise, the materials which Sir Robert Peel has left for his vindication are not, strictly speaking, voluminous, although such a vindication has necessitated too copious an incorporation of documents to render it lively reading. The Memoir opens with the briefest possible statement of the previous history of the Catholic question, from 1812 to Peel's own participation in the Duke of Wellington's government of 1828. It specifies the grounds on which Peel himself was opposed to concession, viz., the danger of abolishing tests which had been established for the express purpose of giving to the legislature a Protestant character, and the fear lest the relations in which the Roman Catholic religion stood to the State might be so far altered that incidentally the Protestant Established Church in Ireland might be thereby ruined or impaired:

The connexion of that religion with the most important events in the domestic history of this country—the forcible transfer of its temporal possessions to the reformed Church—the recognition of an external spiritual authority—the natural sympathies (in religious matters at least) with foreign nations acknowledging the same authority—the peremptory refusal by the Irish Roman Catholics to submit to those restrictions to which in all other countries, Protestant or Catholic, the ecclesiastical appointments in the Church of Rome and the intercourse with the Papal See were subject—the impossibility of imposing such restrictions by the mere will of the legislature—these and other similar considerations presented to my mind matter for grave reflection—for serious musing, whether there could be that identity of interest and feeling which would permit the practical application of the principle of perfect civil equality in the administration of Irish affairs, and whether, if the equality were nominal and not practical,

there would be satisfaction and contentment on the part of the Roman Catholics.

The Roman Catholic Church, with its historical associations—its system of complete organisation and discipline—its peculiar tenets and ministrations, calculated and intended to exercise a control not merely spiritual over those who profess its faith, is an institution wholly differing in its political bearings and influence from other forms of religious belief not in accordance with the Established Church.

Whatever course might be pursued with regard to an institution so powerful and so anomalous in its relations to the government of this country—whether after the establishment of civil equality that institution should be left perfectly independent of and unrecognised by the State—whether it should receive a limited and qualified endowment—whether (as some proposed) it should be placed, in Ireland at least, on a footing of equality with the Established Church, there was in my opinion little hope of a final and satisfactory arrangement on that head—little hope of establishing religious harmony, or of excluding the influences of religious discord from the civil relations of society.

The views entertained at starting by Peel have been prophetic, the concessions made have had little or no effect in abating the pride, the arrogance, or the ambition of so well-organised, or so disciplined a system as that of the Roman Catholics, or in excluding in Ireland the influences of religious discord from the civil relations of society.

Whilst everything in the defensive narrative and accumulated correspondence in the "Memoir," only serves to show that Expediency was the real incentive to action, and that it is mere waste of time searching for hidden and mysterious motives where there were none, the moving force lying on the very surface of things; still the same evidence goes to show how gradually and slowly this great statesman yielded to the influence from without, and to the convictions by which he and so many of his contemporaries were carried away.

On the 9th of January the Duke of Wellington wrote to Mr. Peel, on the break-up of the Goderich administration, to invite him to join the ministry which was then about to be formed. In the year preceding there had been a majority of four only in a very full House in favour of a resistance to concession, the numbers being 276 to 272, and hence Peel was led to conclude that "the attempt to form a united government on the principle of resistance to the claims of the Roman Catholics was perfectly hopeless." The king himself said that it was to be understood that the Roman Catholic question was not to be made a cabinet question, but there was to be a Protestant lord chancellor and a Protestant lord-lieutenant in Ireland, and this was in part effected by Lord Anglesey becoming lord-lieutenant, and Mr. Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne, chief secretary for Ireland.

The first difficulty which the new ministry and the new lieutenancy had to contend with, was the propriety of continuing the Act for the Suppression of unlawful Societies in Ireland; and in this early stage of the question, Peel shines as a consistent and courageous minister, who left nothing untried to ensure a victory before he yielded to the pressure from without. Lord Anglesey and Mr. Lamb were opposed to the renewal of the act, as tending to keep alive a feeling of exasperation, the manifestations of which it had been practically found inoperative to repress. Peel, however, persisted in pressing for information whether the act applied to

certain proceedings of the Catholic Association, and wherefore it had never been enforced. The lord-lieutenant and his secretary then got the attorney-general for Ireland to denounce the act, so that at the last nothing was left to the ministry but to abandon the idea of its continuance. The repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts had at the same time great influence in promoting the cause of the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities, and hence Sir Robert is induced to publish his correspondence with his former tutor, Lloyd, the Bishop of Oxford, upon that question.

But it is impossible to disguise from oneself that none of these points, not even Sir Francis Burdett's motion in favour of Roman Catholics being carried on the 8th of May, 1828, by a majority of 272 to 266, had so great an effect upon the minister as the issue of the Clare election. Mr. Doubleday has felt this in its full force, when he says, "The election for Clare was like a sudden thunder-clap, startling, ominous, and strangely timed; and its echoes were heard in every hamlet, not only of Ireland, but of the three kingdoms. It terrified many, astounded most, and instructed a few. Reflective men now felt that the hour of Catholic emancipation had struck."

Sir Robert Peel evidently regarded the issue of the election, contested by O'Connell himself against the ministerial candidate, as the turning-point in the Catholic question. He says:

The election for the county of Clare took place in the latter end of June, 1828. It ended in the defeat of Mr. Fitzgerald and the return of Mr. O'Connell. It afforded a decisive proof, not only that the instrument on which the Protestant proprietor had hitherto mainly relied for the maintenance of his political influence had completely failed him, but that through the combined exertions of the agitator and the priest, or I should rather say through the contagious sympathies of a common cause among all classes of the Roman Catholic population, the instrument of defence and supremacy had been converted into a weapon fatal to the authority of the landlord.

However men might differ as to the consequences which ought to follow the event, no one denied its vast importance.

It was foreseen by the most intelligent that the Clare election would be the turning-point in the Catholic question—the point—

"Partes ubi se via findit in ambas."

In a letter to his daughter soon after the event, Lord Eldon, after observing, "Nothing is talked of now which interests anybody the least in the world, except the election of Mr. O'Connell," makes these memorable remarks:—"As Mr. O'Connell will not, though elected, be allowed to take his seat in the House of Commons unless he will take the oaths, &c. (and that he won't do unless he can get absolution), his rejection from the Commons may excite rebellion in Ireland. At all events this business must bring the Roman Catholic question, which has been so often discussed, to a crisis and a conclusion. The nature of that conclusion I do not think likely to be favourable to Protestantism." It is clear, therefore, that Lord Eldon was fully alive to the real character and magnitude of the event.

He well knew that no Protestant candidate could hope to contest a Roman Catholic county in Ireland with greater advantages in his favour than Mr. Fitzgerald. He was personally popular; had gained great credit by the manner in which he had discharged, at an earlier period of his political career, the duty of Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland; had uniformly given his vote for the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities, and was supposed to have an influence in the county of Clare, from property, station, and past services to his constituents, which must ensure his triumphant return.

Lord Anglesey, who was daily conferring with the government as to the number of constabulary and military available for the repressing of outrage, the probability of their remaining staunch, and the reinforcements which might possibly be sent to assist them from England, still did not close his eyes to the gravity of the position. In a letter to Lord Francis Leveson Gower, dated July 2nd, 1828, the lord-lieutenant writes :

"I begin by premising that I hold in abhorrence the Association, the agitators, the priests, and their religion; and I believe that not many, *but that some* of the bishops, are mild, moderate, and anxious to come to a fair and liberal compromise for the adjustment of the points at issue. I think that these latter have very little, if any, influence with the lower clergy and the population.

"Such is the extraordinary power of the Association, or rather of the agitators, of whom there are many of high ability, of ardent mind, of great daring (and, if there was no Association, these men are now too well known not to maintain their power under the existing order of exclusion), that I am quite certain they could lead on the people to open rebellion at a moment's notice; and their organisation is such, that, in the hands of desperate and intelligent leaders, they would be extremely formidable. The hope, and indeed the probability of present tranquillity, rests upon the forbearance and the not very determined courage of O'Connell, and on his belief, as well as that of the principal men amongst them, that they will carry their cause by unceasing agitation, and by intimidation, without coming to blows. I believe their success inevitable—that no power under Heaven can arrest its progress. There may be rebellion, you may put to death thousands, you may suppress it, but it will only be to put off the day of compromise; and in the mean time the country is still more impoverished, and the minds of the people are, if possible, still more alienated, and ruinous expense is entailed upon the empire.

"But supposing that the whole evil was concentrated in the Association, and that if that was suppressed all would go smoothly; where is the man who can tell me how to suppress it? Many, many cry out that the nuisance must be abated; that the government is supine; that the insolence of the demagogues is intolerable; but I have not yet found one person capable of pointing out a remedy. All are mute when you ask them to define their proposition. All that even the most determined opposers to emancipation say is that it is better to leave things as they are than to risk any change. But will things remain as they are? Certainly not. They are bad—they must get worse; and I see no possible means of improving them but by depriving the demagogues of the power of directing the people; and by taking Messrs. O'Connell, Sheil, and the rest of them from the Association, and placing them in the House of Commons, this desirable object would be at once accomplished.

"*July 3rd.* The present order of things must not, cannot last. There are three modes of proceeding :

"1st. That of trying to go on as we have done.

"2nd. To adjust the question by concession, and such guards as may be deemed indispensable.

"3rd. To put down the Association, and to crush the power of the priests.

"The first I hold to be impossible.

"The second is practicable and advisable.

"The third is only possible by supposing that you can reconstruct the House of Commons; and to suppose that is to suppose that you can totally alter the feelings of those who send them there.

"I believe nothing short of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and Martial Law, will effect the third proposition. This would effect it during their operation, and perhaps for a short time after they had ceased, and then every evil would return with accumulated weight.

"But no House of Commons would consent to these measures until there is open rebellion, and therefore until that occurs it is useless to think of them.

The second mode of proceeding is then, I conceive, the only practicable one, but the present is not a propitious time to effect even this.

"I abhor the idea of truckling to the overbearing Catholic demagogues. To make any movement towards conciliation under the present excitement and system of terror would revolt me; but I do most conscientiously, and after the most earnest consideration of the subject, give it as my conviction that the first moment of composure and tranquillity should be seized to signify the intention of adjusting the question, lest another period of calm should not present itself."

Lord Anglesey, in reality, entertained some doubts about the staunchness of the Catholic soldiery. In a letter of the 20th of same month, he notices that "one regiment of infantry is said to be divided into Orange and Catholic factions, and the reported arrival of the Duke de Montebello in Ireland evidently created an immense sensation. It is curious, looking back as we now do in calmness upon these sad and ever-to-be-deplored but never-ending religious feuds, to see what mischief they produce. It was in consequence of Great Britain being crippled at this moment by domestic broils and factions, that Russia recommenced at that period a system of pertinacious aggression, which finally led to the late war, and has been the cause of the loss of so many valuable lives, and of such grievous national expenditure.

While thus obliged to concede his position upon what he deemed to be considerations of physical necessity, Peel always held by the justice and truth of that position; he yielded to Expediency that which he condemned upon Principle; or, as his opponents would have it, he persisted in blinking the natural justice of the case—an absurd way of putting it. The most comprehensive and succinct statement of his views is given in a letter to the Duke of Wellington, bearing date Brighton, August 11th, 1828:

"MY DEAR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,—I have read with the greatest attention the papers which I received from you yesterday, consisting, independently of the private letters, first, of a proposal to the king that the state of Ireland shall be considered by his government with a view to the settlement of the Catholic question; and secondly, of the outline of a plan for the settlement of that question which you have communicated to the lord chancellor.

"I shall give you without the slightest reserve my opinions upon the whole subject. They are necessarily (as I am writing by return of post) committed to paper very hastily; but I have no wish, in communicating with you, to weigh expressions, or to conceal anything which occurs to me.

"I have uniformly opposed what is called Catholic emancipation, and have rested my opposition upon broad and uncompromising grounds.

"I wish I could say that my views upon the question were materially changed, and that I now believed that full concessions to the Roman Catholics could be made, either exempt from the dangers which I have apprehended from them, or productive of the full advantages which their advocates anticipate from the grant of them.

"But, whatever may be my opinion upon these points, I cannot deny that the state of Ireland under existing circumstances is most unsatisfactory; that it becomes necessary to make your choice between different kinds and different degrees of evil—to compare the actual danger resulting from the union and organisation of the Roman Catholic body, and the incessant agitation in Ireland, with prospective and apprehended dangers to the constitution or religion of the country; and maturely to consider whether it may not be better to encounter every eventual risk of concession than to submit to the certain continuance, or rather perhaps the certain aggravation, of existing evils.

"Take what view we may of the Catholic question, we must admit that we labour under this extreme and overwhelming embarrassment with reference to the present condition of Ireland; that the Protestant mind is divided and very nearly balanced upon the most important question relating to Ireland.

"We cannot escape from the discussion of that question, and we cannot meet it without being in a minority in one branch of the legislature.

"In the House of Commons in 1827 there was a majority of four against concession; in 1828 there was a majority of six in its favour.

"The change certainly was not effected by any other cause than the progress of uninfluenced opinion. The actual number therefore in the House of Commons in favour of the measure is on the increase. The House of Commons of the last parliament, and the House of Commons of this parliament, have each decided in favour of the principle of concession. The majority of the House of Lords against the principle, looking at the constitution of that majority, is far from satisfactory; but if it were much greater, the evil of permanent disunion on such a question between the two branches of the legislature would be extreme, and the parties that would gain dangerous strength from its continuance would be those in whose favour the House of Commons have decided.

"Whatever be the ultimate result of concession, there would be an advantage in the sincere and honest attempt to settle the question on just principles, which it is difficult to rate too highly in the present state of affairs.

"The Protestant mind would be united, not at first, for the party opposed to concession would probably under any circumstances be a powerful one. If, however, concession should tranquillise Ireland and produce the effects predicted by its advocates, that party would gradually and rapidly acquiesce in it. If concession on just principles were rejected by the Roman Catholics—or if it were abused—if they were put clearly and undeniably in the wrong—then the Protestants of all shades of opinion would be united into one firm and compact body, and would ultimately overbear all opposition.

"The present state of affairs in Ireland is such, the danger is so menacing, that it is an object of great importance to lay the foundation of cordial union and co-operation among the Protestants of the empire—supposing you should fail in establishing the more general and more desirable union among all classes of the king's subjects.

"I have thus written to you without reserve upon the first and great question of all—the policy of seriously considering this long-agitated question with a view to its adjustment. I have proved to you, I trust, that no false delicacy in respect to past declarations of opinion—no fear of the imputation of inconsistency—will prevent me from taking that part which present dangers and a new position of affairs may require. I am ready, at the hazard of any sacrifice, to maintain the opinion which I now deliberately give—that there is upon the whole less of evil in making a decided effort to settle the Catholic question, than in leaving it, as it has been left, an open question—the government being undecided with respect to it, and paralysed in consequence of that indecision upon many occasions peculiarly requiring promptitude and energy of action.

"I must at the same time express a very strong opinion that it would not conduce to the satisfactory adjustment of the question, that the charge of it in the House of Commons should be committed to my hands.

"I put all personal feelings out of the question. They are, or ought to be, very subordinate considerations in matters of such moment, and I give the best proof that I disregard them, by avowing that I am quite ready to commit myself to the support of the principle of a measure of ample concession and relief, and to use every effort to promote the final arrangement of it.

"But my support will be more useful if I give it (with the cordiality with which it shall be given) out of office.

"Any authority which I may possess as tending to reconcile the Protestants to the measure would be increased by my retirement.

"I have been too deeply committed on the question—have expressed too

strong opinions in respect to it—too much jealousy and distrust of the Roman Catholics—too much apprehension as to the immediate and remote consequences of yielding to their claims—to make it advantageous for the king's service that I should be the individual to originate the measure.

"It may be right to decline negotiation or consultation with the Roman Catholics, but the more you can conciliate them by the *mode* of proposing the measure the better; the more of good-will and of satisfaction that you can extract from it, the greater is the prospect that the adjustment will be a permanent one.

"The very same measures, whether of concession to the Roman Catholics or of security for the Protestants—proposed by one who has taken so decided a part in opposition to the question as I have—would be regarded in a very different light by the Roman Catholics from that in which such measures would appear to them if proposed by a person less adverse to concession than I have been.

"It may be said on the other hand, that the proposal of those measures by me would tend to reconcile the Protestant mind to concession. But that advantage would perhaps be even more fully secured by the explicit declaration of my opinion out of office as a member of parliament, and by my zealous co-operation in the attempt to effect a settlement.

"You must also bear in mind the state of parties in parliament. The government ought to take every precaution that any measure of relief which may be proposed shall not only be carried by majorities, but shall have as far as possible the decided and unequivocal sense of parliament expressed in its favour.

"You must look therefore at the character and constitution of the majority by which you are to carry it.

"You will have a reluctant assent on the part of many of the best friends of the government—a decided opposition perhaps from some.

"The great mass of support must be looked for from the ranks of those who are, if not habitually opposed to the government, at least under no tie of support to it, and perhaps not favourably disposed towards it. Can you depend upon them for zealous co-operation in the carrying of the measure?

"In the principle of it they will no doubt concur. They will go with you in establishing the equality of civil privileges; but there will be many details little less important than the principle: there are, for instance, the securities which (be they what they may) it will be of the utmost importance to carry with a general assent, and by a commanding majority.

"If carried otherwise, the seeds for future discontent and agitation are sown.

"Consider these things well. If the question is to be taken up, there is clearly no safe alternative but the settlement of it.

"Every consideration of private feelings and individual interests must be disregarded. From a very strong sense of what is best for the success of the measure, I relieve you from all difficulties with respect to myself.

"I do not merely volunteer my retirement at whatever may be the most convenient time; I do not merely give you the promise that out of office (be the sacrifices that I foresee, private and public, what they may) I will cordially co-operate with you in the settlement of this question, and cordially support your government; but I add to this my decided and deliberate opinion, that it will tend to the satisfactory adjustment of the question if the originating of it in the House of Commons, and the general superintendence of its progress, be committed to other hands than mine.

"I am, my dear Duke of Wellington,

"Ever most faithfully yours,

"ROBERT PEELE."

Peele's constitutional timidity led him to exaggerate the march of disaffection among the people and soldiers as much as he underrated the sup-

port of his own "warm friends," "prosperous country gentlemen, fox-hunters, &c., most excellent men, who will attend one night, but who will not leave their favourite pursuits to sit up till two or three o'clock fighting questions of detail, on which, however, a government must have a majority." He relies mainly for the vindication of his opinions as to the state of Ireland upon the testimony of Lord Anglesey, but that nobleman appears to have been consistently disinclined to believe that the Catholic leaders would appeal to arms, and unable even to "imagine how they can calculate upon success:" this in the face of the doubts before alluded to, which he entertained as to the staunchness of some portions of some regiments, and his suggestions as to the removal of recruits. Peel would certainly, from the evidence which he has himself accumulated in his vindication, appear to have yielded his personal and political convictions, and to have exaggerated danger in order to bring about the settlement of a question, which was thought at that day to be final!

But even then there still remained a difficulty, and that was the king. Sir Robert contradicts the statement which has reached us through the "Life of Lord Eldon," to the effect that he (the king) had engaged that Canning never should be troubled with the Roman Catholic question:

His majesty is reported by Lord Eldon to have said that "he was miserable and wretched, and that his situation was dreadful,"—"that if he gave his assent to the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, he would go to the Baths abroad, and from them to Hanover; that he would return no more to England, and that his subjects might get a Catholic king in the Duke of Clarence."

Lord Eldon, in the report of his conversation with the king on the 28th of March, which lasted four hours, observes, "His majesty employed a very considerable portion of his time in stating all that he represented to have passed when Mr. Canning was made minister, and expressly stated that Mr. Canning would never, and that he engaged that he would never, allow him to be troubled about the Roman Catholic Question. He blamed all the ministers who had retired upon Canning's appointment, representing in substance that their retirement, and not he, had made Canning minister."

There must, no doubt, have been some misapprehension on the king's mind as to the engagement or intentions of Mr. Canning with regard to the Catholic Question. I feel very confident that Mr. Canning would not have accepted office, having entered into any engagement or given any assurances which would have the effect of placing his government and himself in that relation to George the Fourth with respect to the Catholic Question in which preceding ministers had stood to George the Third.

There was, however, a general belief that when the king appointed Mr. Canning to be his chief minister, his majesty had personally given assurances to the Archbishop of Canterbury and other of the bishops that his own opinions on the Catholic Question were the same with those of his father, and that it was his determination to resist to the uttermost the repeal of the disabling laws.

In all the communications which I had with his Majesty on this subject, his determination to maintain these laws was most strongly expressed.

In a letter which I received from his majesty in 1824, he thus expresses himself:

THE KING TO MR. PEELE.

(Extract.)

"November 19, 1824.

"The sentiments of the king upon Catholic Emancipation are those of his revered and excellent father; from these sentiments the king never can, and never will deviate."

All subsequent declarations of opinion on the part of the king were to the same effect, and the events which were passing in Ireland, the systematic agitation, the intemperate conduct of some of the Roman Catholic leaders, the violent and abusive speeches of others, the acts of the Association assuming the functions of government; and as it appeared to the king, the passiveness and want of energy in the Irish Executive, irritated his majesty, and indisposed him the more to recede from his declared resolution to maintain inviolate the existing law.

The threatened resignation of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel first induced the king to grant a general permission to consider in the cabinet the whole state of Ireland. A new difficulty, however, arose in the proposed alteration of the Oath of Supremacy; Peel had lost ground, at the same time, by the issue of the Oxford election, and an actual resignation of office took place. The king, however, anticipated so much difficulty in forming another administration, that he desired Peel and Wellington to withdraw their resignation, granting them, at the same time, liberty to proceed with the measures of which notice had been given to parliament.

Mr. Doubleday's account of the transaction—which, even to the version of the interview between the king and Lord Eldon, coincides closely with that given by Peel himself, convicting, as it does, the king of strange insincerity—is tantamount to that placed on record by the minister in his vindication. "The people of both countries were," he adds, "to a considerable extent, really taken by surprise. Most men felt instinctively that an epoch of religious and political change was now at hand; but few really or confidentially expected to see a full emancipation of the Catholics from all disabilities actually proposed by a cabinet presided over by the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel."

Sir Robert has summed up an able vindication of his conduct by attesting that it was not pusillanimity or unworthy fears, nor personal ambition, that influenced him. He affirms that he was swayed by no fear "except the fear of public calamity," and that he acted "throughout on a deep conviction that those measures were not only conducive to the general welfare, but that they had become imperatively necessary in order to avert from interests which had a special claim upon my support—the interests of the Church and of institutions connected with the Church—an imminent and increasing danger." It is a noble affirmation on the part of a great statesman, but the public have long been familiar, in a general sense, with the motives that really influenced him on the Catholic question, and there is nothing in these "Memoirs" to affect that view of the case—the Policy of Expediency.

CLARA ELLIOT.

I.

WE were sitting in the drawing-room one Sunday afternoon in the Christmas holidays. Lucy, who was suffering from one of her acute headaches, was near the fire, in my dear mother's old arm-chair (now very grand, for our young ladies had worked a handsome covering for it), and my eldest niece, Mary, was in Lucy's place at the end of the table, cutting up oranges for the children. Mary was eighteen now, a slender, graceful girl, far more beautiful than her ill-fated mother had been.

"There's such a pretty carriage at the gate, auntie," cried little John Goring, who was standing at the window.

"Not at our gate, child," I said; for we rarely had visitors on a Sunday. Nevertheless I turned in my chair, and looked out.

It certainly was at our gate. A low, stylish landau, with glittering silver ornaments on the horses' harness. A lady in purple velvet and furs was in it, and the footman was ringing at the gate. Up came Susan, Dr. Goring's old servant, and handed me a card, saying the lady wished to know if she could speak with me.

"Give it to Miss Goring," I said to Susan, for my glasses were not at hand, and my sight is not very clever at small reading now. "What does it say, Mary?"

"'Lady Elliot,'" answered Mary, reading from the card.

"Whoever is 'Lady Elliot?'" exclaimed Lucy. "What can she want with us? Some mistake, perhaps."

"Shall I show her up here, ma'am?" asked Susan.

"Yes, I suppose so. But—with these cakes and oranges and glasses about—and the children! Show her into the dining-room, Susan."

I followed Susan down stairs, and the lady came in. A pale, delicate woman, with hair quite grey, though she did not look much past forty.

"You have a young lady at school, a Miss Beale," she began, sitting down, away from the fire, and removing the sable fur from her neck.

"Oh yes, ma'am," I answered, "a dear girl she is. She has been with us five years. But she is not here to-day; she is spending a week with some relatives at the West-end. Captain and Mrs. Beale are in India."

"The relatives she is with are friends of mine," returned my visitor, "and I have heard so pleasing an account of your establishment, of the comforts your young ladies enjoy, and the care bestowed on them, that I have been induced to think of placing my daughter with you."

"I am sure, ma'am, we feel much obliged to you," I said. "If you should see fit to entrust us with the young lady, we will do everything in our power for her happiness and welfare."

"She requires peculiar care; more care and attention than others. But for extra trouble I should of course expect to give extra remuneration."

"Is she not in good health?"

"Very good health, robust health; but——" Lady Elliot suddenly stopped, and then went on hurriedly—"the subject is naturally a painful one to me, and when I allude to it I am apt to become agitated."

I looked at her in astonishment. Her pale cheeks had turned crimson, her breath was laboured, and her hand, as she played with the fur boa she held, was moving nervously. I was in doubt what I ought to say, so sat silent.

"The fact is, her mind is not quite right. Her intellects——"

"Oh, ma'am!" I interrupted, speaking, in the surprise of the moment, quicker than I ought to have done, "do not pain yourself by saying more. I fear, if the poor young lady is like that, it would not be possible to receive her here."

"She is not insane," answered Lady Elliot; "you must not think I have mistaken your house for an asylum; but she is *silly*. Some days she is so rational that a stranger would not observe anything to be the matter with her, will learn her lessons, and sew, and practise—for, by dint of perseverance, we have managed to teach her a little music. Other days she will be childish and silly; but I can assure you there is no madness, no insanity; it is only a *weakness* of intellect."

"How old is she?"

"She is sixteen. The medical men have recently suggested that were she placed at school with other young ladies, their companionship and example might tend to brighten her intellects. My husband is also of the same opinion. You know him by reputation, I presume."

"No, ma'am, I am not aware——"

"Sir Thomas Elliot, of —— Square."

"Sir Thomas Elliot, the great physician! Oh yes, ma'am, I know him. Some months ago I took one of our pupils to him, three or four times."

"He is my husband," returned Lady Elliot. "This child is our only daughter, and has been a source of great grief to us. When we first discovered her deficiency, as an infant, we believed the affliction to be much worse than it really was—we feared her to be a hopeless idiot, at least I did: for mothers, in such a case, can only look at the worst side. I thought, when the fatal truth burst upon us, that the shock, the horror, the grief, would have killed me. I fear I loved the child too much, with a selfish, inordinate affection: three little daughters before her had died off, one by one, rendering this last more ardently coveted, and, when it came, too fondly cherished. But that hopeless despair—for it was nothing less—has calmed down with years; and though I cannot say I am happy in my child, I am more so than I once thought I ever could be. Let me beg of you to receive her."

I need not relate the further conversation, or the arrangements that we entered into. I consented to admit Miss Elliot, with the understanding that should her peculiarities prove such as to draw the attention of the other pupils off their studies, she should at once leave.

"What made Lady Elliot come this afternoon?" inquired Lucy.

I did not know, for Lady Elliot had offered no explanation or apology. "There are some people who regard Sunday with little more reverence than week days," I observed. "Perhaps Lady Elliot is one."

"I know what our nurse used to say—that business transacted on a Sunday would never prosper," interposed Frances Goring. "And Miss Howard, one day when she heard her——"

"Don't mention Miss Howard's name, Frances," interrupted Mary, quickly; "you have been told of that several times."

Frances was apt to be forgetful. Besides, she did not comprehend the full horror which had been brought into the family by Miss Howard.

The second week after the school assembled Miss Elliot came. Lady Elliot did not bring her, she was ill with a cold, but, to my very great surprise, Miss Graves did: Miss Graves, who, with her sister, Mrs. Archer, had formerly lodged with us. She was residing with Lady Elliot, we found, as companion, and overlooker of her daughter. I should not have known her again, she was so stout and well, but she was aged a good deal, and had taken to wear caps. We were curious to see Miss Elliot, and found her a short, slight girl, looking younger than her age, with a small, simpering, vacant face, prominent blue eyes, and dark hair. Mary Goring linked Miss Elliot's arm within hers, and led her into the schoolroom. The pupils were just going to tea, and Miss Elliot, without the ceremony of being asked, sat down with them, making herself quite at home. Miss Graves took it with us in the dining-room.

"Mrs. Archer is connected by marriage with Sir Thomas Elliot," she explained, "and that is how I obtained the situation. I told Lady Elliot how comfortable Clara would be here, as soon as I knew she was thinking of placing her with you. Which is but recently, I fancy: the plan seemed to be made up all in a hurry."

"What a terrible affliction to have a child like Miss Elliot!" uttered Lucy.

"Terrible I believe it was to Lady Elliot, in the first years," answered Miss Graves. "She was not the rich Lady Elliot then, quite the contrary. Sir Thomas was only Dr. Elliot, an obscure country physician, little known or employed: it is but within these few years that he has come out the grand London medical star, knighted by her Majesty, and run after by every invalid. Many a physician, making his annual thousands, has had to struggle with an early career of poverty, if not want, and Thomas Elliot was one. You have not forgotten my sister's husband, Miss Halliwell, the Reverend George Archer?"

Had I forgotten him! A blush rose to my stupid old face, and they might have seen it through the ascending steam, as I poured out the tea. Perhaps Lucy did. I answered quietly that I had not forgotten him.

"His mother and this Sir Thomas Elliot's father were sister and brother."

Here was another recollection awakened. I had often, in those sunny days, heard George speak of his aunt and uncle Elliot; the latter a country clergyman.

"And Tom Elliot—as Sir Thomas, stiff and stately as he is now, was then called—ran away with a young lady, when he was only a medical pupil, and married her," proceeded Miss Graves. "Her father never forgave them, and left all his money to his eldest daughter. That eldest daughter was a widow then, and in time she died—died young—and bequeathed the money to the Elliots. Dr. Elliot then removed to London,

set up a handsome establishment, and has now one of the first practices in town."

"What a clever man he must be in his profession," remarked Lucy. "Every one says so."

"Not he," answered Miss Graves; "not a whit more so than others, but the run of luck is upon him. He has contrived to obtain the name, to be just now the fashionable physician of the day, and so crowds flock after him."

"Well, he must be a happy man, at any rate," repeated Lucy, "to see himself so successful after his early struggles."

"Not so fast there," rejoined Miss Graves, significantly; "they neither of them give me the idea of being too happy. Sir Thomas is a gloomy, austere man, who seems to have no enjoyment in life; and no recreation save that of giving advice to patients. They say he was a wild, rattling young fellow in youth, whom everybody liked; but, if so, he is strangely altered. And Lady Elliot looks and moves as if she had a continued load of care upon her. I say to myself sometimes that one might as well be in a convent as with them, for they will both sit in the room for hours and never speak. If it were not for their son, I believe they would as soon be under the earth as above it."

"Their son? I fancied Miss Elliot was an only child."

"Indeed I don't know what they would do, if they had only her," replied Miss Graves, who, owing, I suppose, to our former acquaintance, seemed to speak of these family affairs pretty freely. "Poor thing! what comfort can they find in one afflicted as she is? Instead of the pride that nature urges us to take in a child, there is rather a feeling of shame substituted, in a case like Clara Elliot's—a wish that, were it possible, we would hide such a child's very existence from the world. Believe me, Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot's hopes and love are confined to their son. They idolise him."

"Is he older or younger than his sister?"

"Several years older. He is about four-and-twenty. Ah! and he is worthy of their love. Very handsome, very fascinating, very good and affectionate: it is rare, indeed, one meets with one so deserving of praise as William Elliot."

"Does he follow his father's profession?"

"No. He is studying for the Bar; and, report says, likely to shine at it. Not that there is any necessity for William to work. His aunt, Mrs. Turnbull, left part of the property direct to him, and Sir Thomas must be putting by guineas by the thousand. But William is as industrious and anxious to succeed as if he had not a shilling. If I had a son, or brother, like William Elliot, my pride in him would have no limit."

Just then Mary Goring came into the room, and began whispering in my ear—something about "Miss Singleton" and "bread-and-butter." I could not make it out.

"Speak up, speak up, child," I said. "We need have no secrets from Miss Graves."

"It is not for the bread-and-butter that Miss Singleton requested me to inquire," she said, blushing, as she looked at Miss Graves. "My aunt always desires that the young ladies may have as much as ever they can eat."

"Cut thin or thick, as they please," interrupted Lucy; "but Miss Graves is no stranger to our arrangements. What is it you are saying, Mary?"

"We only feared Miss Elliot might make herself ill," resumed Mary. "She——"

"What! has she got one of her eating fits upon her?" sharply interrupted Miss Graves. "Is she eating a great deal?"

"Fourteen slices since we began to count," replied Mary; "and she took from the thick plate. Miss Singleton thought it would be better to mention it, before she let her take any more."

"That's Clara Elliot all over," cried Miss Graves. "These eating fits—as we call them—do come over her now and then. You must limit her at such times to what is sufficient, Miss Halliwell."

"Perhaps she will not be limited?" I replied.

"Oh yes she will. You will find her extremely tractable. Control her with gentle authority, as you would a young child, and she will obey you. It is of no use to reason."

So we found. And we got on pretty well with Miss Elliot. The worst days were her laughing ones. She would suddenly burst into a laugh, no one knew at what, and nothing could stop her; shrill, screaming, hearty laughter, one burst upon another, and she throwing herself backwards and forwards on her seat, with the exertion. Laughing is contagious, and the first time it came on the whole school caught it, and fell into the roar; some went into hysterics, and others narrowly escaped convulsions. We had never had such a scene; the teachers, even, were affected; and I and Lucy driven out of our self-possession. In future we used to lead her at once from the room, and let her have her laugh out, away from the schoolgirls. Another annoying thing was about the pianos. Some one sat by her whilst she practised, generally Mary Goring, to whom she had taken a great fancy, but she would seize a sly opportunity of bringing both her hands down with such force upon the keys, as to break the wires, thump, thump, thump, as one uses a hammer, laughing in delight all the time. The strength of her hands was astonishing, and we had two pianos damaged in one day. Lucy and the teachers declared she used to be worse at the full and change of the moon, but I did not see much difference, myself. One thing I must say in her favour—that she was perfectly truthful: always telling the straightforward truth, fearlessly. No matter whether a fact told against her or for her, out it came, without any softening down. It would seem that the dread of displeasure, which causes other children to equivocate in their endeavours to conceal a fault, was a feeling unknown to Clara Elliot.

On the third day of her residence with us I was seated in the drawing-room, while Mary Goring took her lesson from the harp-master, when one of the maids announced Mr. William Elliot, and there entered the very handsomest young man I ever saw. I do not admire men who are generally called handsome—big, showy, black-curved, prominent-featured, deep complexioned; with a loud voice, and a moostachio as long as my arm. (I hope I have put the proper letters into that, but I am not accustomed to write foreign words.) Mr. William Elliot was none of this: tall he certainly was, and elegant, with features of great beauty, pale and

quiet, a sweet look in his hazel eyes, and a pleasant voice and manner that attracted you whether you would or not. I don't know what there was in him to win my heart, but as he held out his hand to me, and asked after his sister, it went over to him there and then. Mary continued her playing, without notice, for it was a rule of our house that lessons were never interrupted for the entrance of visitors. She had, however, nearly finished.

Clara Elliot came in, giggling and jumping, pulled her brother's face down to kiss, and then flapped herself on the sofa, and began one of those senseless fits of laughing. I was glad that the harp-master left just then. Young Mr. Elliot, with a flush on his face, wound his arm about her waist.

"Clara! Clara!" he said, in a kind but authoritative tone, "I want to talk to you. Do not laugh just now. Come and look at my new horse."

Her silly laugh subsided instantly; it was evident that her brother had a hold on her affections or her poor mind, and she suffered him to take her to the window. A groom, well mounted, was leading his young master's horse before the house.

"Oh, he is superb!" cried Clara, jumping again as soon as she saw the horse. "When did you buy him, William?"

"Only yesterday."

"Come and look," she uttered, running across the room and pulling forward Mary Goring, who was putting the music straight preparatory to leaving the drawing-room; "it's my brother's new horse. Do you know who *she* is?" she added, as soon as they reached the window—"she is my new sister. Her name's Mary."

He bowed slightly at this unceremonious introduction. Mary would have released herself, but the girl clasped her tightly with her strong hands.

A foolish fancy came over me, and perhaps I am a foolish woman for relating it, but that can do neither harm nor good now. As they stood there, side by side, looking from the window, William Elliot and Mary Goring, their profiles were both turned towards me, and I was struck with a singular likeness between the two—the same beautiful cast of feature, the drooping eyelid, the arched nostril, and the same sweet look in the mouth. It struck a chill upon my heart. You may call it presentiment if you will, or you may call it the breeze from the door, but the likeness and the chill were both there. I drove it away and forgot it: I have felt and thought of it more, since, than I did then: and I unwound Miss Elliot's arms, and dismissed my niece.

"I hope Lady Elliot's cold is better?" I said.

"Thank you, yes. She talks of driving down to-morrow. I am glad you are happy, Clara," continued Mr. William Elliot, fondly stroking his sister's hair. "Do you think," he whispered to me, as she flew off to another part of the room, on some flighty errand, "that the change here promises to be of service to her?"

I could not give an opinion. She had been with us too short a time; and presently Mr. Elliot took leave.

As he left the room I turned to ring the bell, and in that moment

Clara flung the window wide open and stretched herself dangerously out of it. My heart—as the saying goes—was in my mouth, and, as I sprang towards her, I managed to take the bell-pull with me.

"My dear," I said, "you must not lean out in this way; you might fall and kill yourself. Besides, it is too cold for the window to be opened to-day. Jack Frost is in the road."

"I like Jack Frost," she answered. "And I never fall out of the window. I hold on."

As I closed the window I took her hand in mine, and again came that silly laugh: it was at sight of her brother, who was going out at the gate. He looked up with those handsome eyes of his, and kissed his hand to her. The groom cantered up, and Mr. William Elliot prepared to mount.

Goodness me! she was like a young cat. Before I well knew she had drawn her hand from mine, before I knew she had left my side, she had flown down stairs and was out in the road, dancing round her brother's horse. The horse began dancing too. Clara only clapped her hands and danced the faster.

I saw Susan rush out to the gate, and I rushed down the stairs, and the bell-pull after me, which had somehow hooked itself on to the pocket-hole of my dress. But Mr. William Elliot was off his steed, quietly, but quick as a flash of lightning, and had his arm round her, leading her in again. I met them at the hall door.

"You must not think me wanting in care," I panted to him, the fright having run away with every bit of breath I had; "I was not prepared for her sudden movements. I shall be so in future."

"Her movements sometimes are sudden," he replied, "but she never comes to harm. There is a Providence over her, Miss Halliwell, like there is over a child."

The next day, a very fine one, Miss Graves came down in the carriage. Lady Elliot's cold was worse, so she had sent her instead, to take Clara for an airing. Clara pouted and would not go. Miss Graves was at a nonplus.

"Lady Elliot will blame me and say it is my fault," she said to us. "She made a point of her going out this bright day. Clara, dear, we shall see such fine things as we go along: we shall see Punch and Judy. It is in full work, fife and drum and all, lower down the road."

Punch and Judy was a sight that poor Clara was wild after: there was nothing she enjoyed so much in life. Miss Graves really had passed the show on her way. This was a great temptation to Clara, and she seemed irresolute, but finally shook her head: she wanted to stay with Mary Goring. Miss Graves then suggested that Mary should accompany them, and Clara eagerly seized at it.

"So you had a visit from William Elliot yesterday," observed Miss Graves, when they were gone to get ready. "What young lady was it he saw here?"

"He only saw his sister," I replied, forgetting, as I spoke, the temporary stay of Mary Goring in the drawing-room. "And two sad frights she gave me."

"Yes he did. One of the young ladies, he told me."

"Oh, true, I remember now. It was my niece. Miss Goring."

"Then he is surely smitten with her," was the rejoinder of Miss Graves. "He kept talking about her to me last night, and said she was the sweetest girl he ever saw."

"Ah, young men are apt to say that of all the pretty girls they meet," was my answer. But somehow I thought of that ugly chill again.

II.

EASTER came, and Clara Elliot went home on the Wednesday in Passion-week to spend some days. On the Thursday (as I heard afterwards from Miss Graves) she got Mary Goring into her head, and so teased her mother to send for her, that Lady Elliot grew quite cross. In most cases, Clara was as easily swayed as a child, but when she did get hold of a fixed idea and turn obstinate over it, there was no moving her. At the dinner-table she refused to eat. "I don't want any dinner," she sullenly remarked, "I want Mary Goring."

"Who in the world's Mary Goring?" inquired Sir Thomas.

"Oh, one of her schoolfellows," replied Lady Elliot. "She has been dinning the name into me all day."

"Nonsense," responded Sir Thomas. "You are putting on more childishness than you need, Clara. Eat your dinner."

"She is not nonsense," retorted Clara. "She's better than you are here. William knows it."

A flush, quite uncalled for, rose to Mr. William Elliot's face. "Clara has talked to me about some young lady whom she seems to have taken a fancy to," he explained. "I suppose it is the same."

"You saw her," burst forth Clara—"you have seen her twice. You know you did."

"Have I?" answered Mr. William.

Lady Elliot interposed, and, to pacify Clara, promised that she should fetch Mary Goring on the morrow. But the morrow was Good Friday. They went to church; after service some visitors came in; and the day passed without fetching Mary Goring. Never, Miss Graves said, had she seen Clara Elliot so obstinately sullen. Alas! the next morning Clara was missing. The house was searched over, but she was nowhere to be found. They supposed she must have risen early, dressed herself, and gone out, unseen by the servants. Her bonnet, velvet mantle, and suit of furs were gone. A strange commotion the house was in: never had Clara Elliot attempted such an escapade before. Lady Elliot was nearly out of her senses.

"She must have gone after that young girl she was worrying over," cried Sir Thomas. "Mary—what was it? Her schoolfellow?"

Nothing more likely. And Mr. William Elliot, the most active of the party, flew down stairs and into a cab.

We were sitting at breakfast in the dining-room, when one of the servants came in, and said that Mr. William Elliot had called and wished to see me instantly.

"Mr. William Elliot at this hour!" I repeated, rising from my chair.

"Can anything unpleasant have happened?"

"You'll never go to him in that figure, aunt!" cried Mary, in alarm.

And indeed I believe I did look a sight. For on this Saturday morn-

ing, as many of the pupils had gone home, the maids were about to turn out part of the house, and I was going to help them. So I had put on a large old-fashioned muslin cap with a spreading border, to save my head from the dust, and a short, buff cotton bedgown—if my modern readers know what that ancient article means.

"He will think Aunt Hester's showing out in her nightcap and night-dress," said Master Alfred Goring, who had come to us for a three days' holiday.

"The gentleman's waiting outside," interposed Ann. "He would not go up-stairs."

"Dear me! outside! Never mind my dress, children. I beg your pardon for keeping you there, sir," I said, as he entered; "I had no conception that you had not gone into the drawing-room. The truth is, I was a little averse to appearing before you in this attire, but I am going to be busy with the maids. My nephew suggested that you might think it my night-dress, but I can assure you it is not, though I beg you to excuse it."

"It is I who need excuse for intruding on you at this hour," he answered, with a smile, as he ran his eyes over my shoulders and head. And then he told us what was the matter. We had seen nothing of Miss Elliot, and he hurried away to prosecute the search.

About middle day Lady Elliot came down, nearly frantic. "A girl like Clara, who wants proper sense to take care of herself!" she uttered. "Suppose she falls into bad hands! Oh, Miss Halliwell, this horrible suspense will kill me."

I could give little consolation to Lady Elliot, and she soon left. In her state of mind it seemed impossible for her to remain long in one place. Our house was like a fair that day, and the cleaning got on very badly. As to myself, I found I had to leave it to the servants, change my costume, and have a fire lighted in the drawing-room. Mr. Elliot coming, as I have said, in the morning; Alfred running in and out, looking for her up and down the road, and calling in at the police-station; then Miss Graves coming; then Lady Elliot; then another flying visit from Mr. William; and in the afternoon we were honoured by a visit from Sir Thomas. The family, that day, passed their time running between their house and ours. Sir Thomas Elliot was a tall, handsome man, with a reserved manner, and chary of words, so different from the description I had heard of the once random Tom Elliot.

"You perceive, madam," he observed, "we can only come to the conclusion that my daughter must have left home to come in search of Miss—Miss—excuse me, I forget the name."

"Miss Goring, sir."

"Miss Goring. I beg your pardon. May I be permitted to see Miss Goring? Though possibly she may not be able to throw any light on my daughter's movements."

What light was Mary likely to throw? However, there could be no objection to Sir Thomas Elliot's seeing her, if he wished. So I called Mary.

An expression of surprise arose to his face when she answered my summons. He had, no doubt, expected to behold a silly schoolgirl, and in walked Mary, with her ladylike manners, her handsome half-mourning

dress, and her winning beauty. His manner to me had been, I thought, a little patronising, but he rose up to her, the finished gentleman.

"My daughter speaks of you as her friend," he said; "she was, doubtless, coming in search of you: can you offer any suggestion as to where she may have strayed?"

"No," answered Mary. "Unless," she hesitated, whilst a damask colour flew to her cheek, for it was not pleasant to speak to a father of his daughter's deficiencies—"unless she should have met the show she is so fond of, and have followed it."

"You allude to Punch. But I think it was too early for the ridiculous exhibition to be abroad," replied Sir Thomas, who was aware of his daughter's predilection for the popular amusement.

"Have you suggested it, sir, to the police who are in search?" I asked. "If she did happen to see it, she would be certain to stray away in its wake."

"No," he said, "it did not occur to me. But I will lose no time in doing so now. I really thank you very much, madam, for the thought." So he went away, and we saw him get into his brougham.

The next arrival was Miss Graves again, just as we were going to tea, which I then caused to be carried into the drawing-room. Lady Elliot had sent her.

"This is really dreadful," she exclaimed, taking the cup I handed her; "Lady Elliot is quite beside herself with excitement. Picturing all sorts of shocking things happening to the child. I am quite exhausted."

"I know what I should do," said Lucy. "I should set the bellman to work."

"There is no bellman in London," laughed Master Alfred: the whole bustle was fun to him. "I should engage all the Punch and Judies going, and set 'em up at the street corners. She'd be sure to appear before one of them."

"I do not fear her coming back safe," cried Miss Graves. "Who would harm a poor half-witted child like Clara Elliot?"

Lucy looked grave. "How are they to know she is half-witted? And we do hear frightful stories of the wickedness of London."

"Which are all true," eagerly interrupted Alfred. "If they can catch hold of an unprotected female, they cut off her hair and draw her teeth, and the fashionable barbers and dentists give them no end of money for the spoil."

"Be quiet, Alfred."

"It's true, Aunt Lucy. If you don't believe me, you just go into one of the thieves' streets some day, and see how they'd serve you. My! if Miss Elliot has strayed there! won't she come back with a bald head and empty mouth!"

All this was of course nothing but nonsense on Alfred's part; he little thought— But I had better go on regularly. We were still at tea when Mr. William Elliot came in again. So pale and fagged, that I was grieved to see him, and said so.

"I own I am disheartened," he said. "If Clara is not found before night, I tremble for the consequences to my mother. And where to search, or what to do, more than we are already doing, I do not know."

"I say, here's a visit," exclaimed Alfred, who was then at the window. "Such a rum one. Does Miss Elliot wear a white petticoat?"

"What do you mean?" I sharply said. For I did not like him to joke about it in the presence of Mr. Elliot.

"I am not joking," answered Alfred. "It's a visit at your gate, aunt. A carriage without sides, laden with human livestock, and drawn by a Jerusalem pony. What will you bet one of them is not Miss Elliot?"

We flocked to the window. Good Heavens above! it *was* Miss Elliot. But in such a trim! I shall never forget the sight.

The vehicle was drawn up before the gate. One of those wide boards on wheels, which I had seen vegetables and shell-fish hawked upon. Flat upon it sat a man, who drove the donkey, a woman holding a child, and between them a female figure in a broken straw-bonnet, a ragged cotton shawl of no colour but dirt, and a white petticoat. The figure was Clara Elliot, but we did not recognise her till they came up-stairs, and I saw William Elliot's lips turn as white as ashes.

What an object the unfortunate girl presented! She was not precisely *en chemise* (as our French teacher is apt reproachfully to cast at the little girls, when she pounces into their chamber at night, and catches them at puss-in-the-corner), but she was not far removed from it. No velvet bonnet and mantle, no furs, no silk dress, and no gloves. Nothing but the disgraceful bonnet and shawl over the white petticoat, her own stockings, and a shameful pair of slipshod slippers. She seemed to enjoy the affair amazingly, and threw herself on a chair with bursts of laughter, hugging the shawl around her. Her hair and teeth were safe.

"Does this here young lady belong to here?" began the man, a tall fellow, all skin and bone, with a deformed foot.

We all answered in a breath that the young lady did belong to us, but Mr. Elliot's voice rose above ours, demanding to know where she had been detained, and what brought her home in that state.

"I was away on my rounds, gentlefolks," returned the man, "and knowed nothing on it till I come home this a'ternoon, and found the young miss along of my missis. They can tell you about it better nor I can."

The man pushed his wife forward as he concluded. She had mild blue eyes and a hectic colour. And, now that the first shock of their appearance was wearing off, I began to like the people. Rough and dark as the man was, common and low as they were in station, I am sure they were honest and kindly.

"We keep a bit of a shed for coal, ma'am, near to Covent Garden, and for greens and things that my husband can't sell on his rounds," she said, addressing herself to me, whom she probably took for Clara's mother, "and this morning, about eleven o'clock, as I was a coming in from delivering a quarter of a hundred of coals to a customer, somebody lays hold on me and asks if that was the way to Halliwell House, — Road." (I leave out the name of the locality, not the woman.) "So I said, No, it wasn't, nor anywhere near it, and then I noticed what a odd-looking young person it was, and she burst out laughing (perhaps because she saw me a staring at her) and up and told me she had been robbed of her clothes. Well, I did not pay no attention to her, for we have all sorts of girls in our part, saving your presence, ladies, but she followed me into our shed, and began playing with my children, and asked me to get a cab and take her home. I asked her if she'd got some money, and she

said, No, they had taken her purse, but her friends would pay. So after that, I put some questions to her, and began to believe her tale, especially as I saw that her under-clothes, which they had not touched, was fine like a lady's."

"Who took your clothes from you, Clara?" interposed Mr. William Elliot, in the kind, but authoritative tone he sometimes used to her.

"I was coming here to fetch Mary," she answered. "I had walked a good way, and was looking for the turning, but I could not find the right one. Then a woman asked what I wanted, and I told her, and she said she would show me, and took me along with her."

"Well? Go on, Clara," said her brother.

"She took me into a room, up some dirty stairs, where there was another woman. I was angry, and said that was not Halliwell House, and she said we were only going to have some breakfast first. She said that," added Clara, her eyes brightening up, "because I told her I had cheated mamma, and all of them, and run away without any. Then she and the other woman took my own things off me, and my pocket, and put these on, and when I cried, they promised I should have them all back again when I got home, and they gave me some bread and bacon."

"What did they do after that?" inquired Miss Graves.

"After that the other woman came out with me, and said she was going to bring me here, but suddenly she was gone, and I could not find her. It was a nasty dirty street, and I did not know my way, so I asked her"—pointing to the woman in the room.

"It is the same tale she told to me, ma'am," resumed the woman. "There are wretches in this wicked town that do prowl about to pick up children, and others who can't defend themselves, and rob them of their things. So I believed as the young lady had telled the truth, and I kep' her in our back room, along of my young ones, for she don't seem to be one as ought to be abroad by herself, and I give her a bit of our dinner, such as it was. And when my husband and big boy come home, I persuaded of him to bring her down here, which he didn't want to, and I come along myself, for, says I, her friends will be more satisfied like, if I goes to testify that she has been kep' safe since she come into my hands. I'm ashamed as I'd nothing to lend her to put on, in place of them dirty things," added the woman, with an increase in her hectic colour, and lowering her tone, "but this have been a hard winter with us, and I have been forced to put away all but what I stands up in."

There was genuine good feeling betrayed in the woman's speech, and I saw William Elliot's eyelashes glisten, as he turned to look out into the road. His unfortunate sister! what a display it was for him.

"It warn't as I were unfeeling, or thought of my trouble in bringing the young person down, gentlefolks," gruffly spoke up the husband, "nor it warn't as I knew the animal was done up; but there ain't a busier day throughout the year, for us costermongers, than Easter Saturday, and I was going out again with a fresh stock, which now I have lost the sale on. Our boy Bill, too, as we've left in charge of the shed and the young ones, can't sell as his mother can."

"You shall be no loser by what you have done, my good man," interposed Mr. Elliot, warmly.

"Well, sir, it were my missis as talked me into it, so I won't say as it weren't. 'Suppose it was our own girl, Bill, as were lost,' says she to me, 'shouldn't we be in a peck o' grief over it, and ain't this one's folks the same, and ain't it our duty to take her home without delaying of it, and let 'em see that no great harm have come to her?' So, with that, I harnessed in the donkey again, for I had took him out for a rest, and folded a sack for the young person to sit upon, and we brought her down."

What more he would have said, if anything, was interrupted by Clara Elliot. She sprang to the tea-table, seized hold of a slice of bread and butter, which was lying there on a plate, and offered it to the woman. "Take it," she said; "you gave me some of your potatoes to-day."

"Not for me, miss," was the answer; "I can do without it. If I might give it to my little boy instead"—looking at me—"I should be glad." She had held the boy in her arms all the time, but with difficulty, for he seemed to be a most restless child, about two years old. "He's always up at the sight of food, ma'am, for he don't get enough of it, and childern has such appetites."

Mr. William Elliot took the bread and butter from Clara, doubled it, and gave it himself to the child. "He shall get enough in future," he whispered to the mother, with one of his kindly looks.

We saw the people drive away again. The man sat down first, helped up his wife, civilly enough, and stuck the boy between them, on Clara's sack. Mr. William Elliot and Alfred Goring stood at the gate while they mounted, Alfred in a frenzy of delight at the scene, and Mr. William writing down in his pocket-book the man's address. Almost at the same moment, Lady Elliot drove up in a hired cab: her own horses were tired.

She was painfully agitated when she heard the details, although thankful to receive Clara safe and sound. The girl's half-clad, ludicrous appearance, the wretched substitutes (which we speedily consigned to the dust-bin) for her own clothes, the description of her conveyance home, the nondescript vehicle on which she sat in state, on the coal-sack, behind the donkey, the rough costermonger and his half-starved wife, and, worse than all, the girl's utter indifference to the shame! Indifference? she *enjoyed* the remembrance of the novel ride. All this was as wormwood to Lady Elliot.

"Oh, William, what a disgrace!" she murmured to her son, as the red flush came into her pale cheeks, the light into her glistening eye; "better I had no daughter, you no sister, than to have her thus; better that it would please God to remove her from us!"

Little less agitated was he, as he bent before his mother, little less flushed his own face, but it was with pain at hearing such words from her. "Dear mother," he whispered, as he took her hands, "look not upon it in this spirit. Rather be thankful that the affliction is so much lighter than it might be—and especially thankful this day, as I am, that she is restored to us unharmed."

She strained his hands in hers, before parting with them, and gazed tenderly into his handsome face, feeling thankful for the blessing bestowed upon her in *him*. And indeed she had cause: for there are few sons, in these degenerate days, like William Elliot.

OLD ACTORS—A REVERIE AT THE GARRICK CLUB.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

THAT genial humorist, Sydney Smith—the witty and able advocate of common sense and right—once complained “that the upper parsons live vindictively, and evince their aversion to a Whig ministry by an improved health. The Bishop of — has had the rancour to recover after three paralytic strokes, and the Dean of — to be vigorous at eighty-two; and yet these are men who are called Christians!”

We have never heard a like complaint from the young aspirant for dramatic honours, and yet how numerous have been the “old stagers” exulting over their thrice twenty years, each one with its full quantum of seasons. We have seen the frost scattered upon their brow, though the winter had not ventured within their hearts; and there they sat in the market-place, still piping unto the crowd that they might dance. We know that after the blossom there will follow decay and blight; but some men retain their freshness for a longer period than others, and, with Sedley’s heroine,

Bloom in the winter of their days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.

Much has been written on the general subject of longevity, the theories in connexion therewith being as endless as contradictory. There are upon record nearly two thousand cases of persons whose ages have exceeded a hundred years; but upon a severe scrutiny it is found that many of them rest upon a vague foundation—the extreme cases lying in remote countries where registers were inaccurately kept and identity difficult to be traced. In the dark ages, we are positively assured that many of the kings of Arcadia lived to the age of three hundred; but we may very justly assume, with Lord Bacon, that “perhaps this is fabulous.” Calculations, again, have been made upon the many cases of longevity in Italy, from the return or census ordered by the Emperor Vespasian; but then it is forgotten that the object of that return was to tax the people, who strove to make out a goodly number of years in order to avoid the assessment. Of Roman, Greek, French, and German emperors and kings, down to the reign of James I., we find in two hundred princes only four octogenarians; whilst amongst the first two hundred and forty popes, there are only five who lived to the age of eighty.

From many facts collected, it would seem that a condition of toil and of comparative poverty is more favourable to longevity than one in which there is no demand for exertion. Of eight of the oldest persons known—three of whom attained the ages of 164, 172, and 185—one only belonged to the higher ranks of society, all the rest being dependent for their subsistence on their own labour. Men are not less strong and vigorous than in bygone times, and the average term of existence has, if anything, increased. Dr. Southwood Smith says—“Not only has the value of life in England been regularly increasing, until it has advanced beyond that of any country of which there is any record, but the remarkable fact is established, that the whole mass of its people now live consi-

derably longer than its higher classes did in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." According to Casper, the following professions contain the corresponding number of individuals out of one hundred who attained their seventieth year:—Theologians, 42; agriculturists, 40; merchants, 35; soldiers, 32; clerks, 32; advocates, 29; artists, 28; professors, 27; physicians, 24. In this list the prize is awarded to Theology; but the Drama, with which it was allied in the days of "Mysteries" and "Moralties," could put in fair claims for distinction.

It has sometimes been considered that a theatrical life—being incompatible with early hours, and moreover exposed to many alluring temptations—must tend to shorten existence. There are, however, numerous instances of actors reaching a very advanced age, both in England and in France; and in the course of forty years thirty individuals connected with our own stage "bade this world good-night" who had each braved the storms of seventy winters. We here append the name and age of a few who played with them the same part upon the same stage, or were associated with them in their calling—the list being capable of great extension:—Killigrew died at the age of 88; John Lowin, 83; Bowman (who died in 1739, but had several times performed before the second Charles), 86; Quin, 73; Mrs. Garrick, 98; Mrs. Clive, 75; Beard, 74; Rich, 70; Betterton, 75; Quick, 83; King, 76; Charles Dibdin (the naval song-writer), 74; Murphy, 78; Barrymore, 71; Wycherley, 75; Southern, 86; Moody, 85; Mrs. Bracegirdle, 85; Macklin, 107; Cibber, 86; Cumberland, 79; Hull, 76; Yates (the contemporary of Garrick, not he of the Adelphi), 89; Munden, 74; Chamberlain (a provincial actor), 86; Mrs. Abington, 84; "Gentleman" Smith, 89; John Johnstone, 82; Pope, 73; Mrs. Hartley, 73; John Bannister, 76; Mrs. Bannister, 92; Fawcett, 72; Powell, 82; George Colman, "the younger," 74; Gattie, 70; Mrs. John Kemble, 88; Mrs. Sparks, 88; O'Keeffe, 86; Wroughton, 74; Mrs. Glover, 70; Betterton (her father), 83; Elkanah Settle, 75; Handel, 76; Haydn, 78; Madame Mara, 84; Mrs. Siddons, 76; Mrs. Mattocks, 81; Charles Abbott, 89; Mrs. Pitt, 79; Roger Kemble (the father of John and Charles), 82; Mrs. Wallack (the mother of James and Henry), 90; Blissett, 88; Brunton, 82; Wewitzer, 76; Mrs. Davenport, 84; Miss Pope, 75; Thomas Dibdin, 70; Packer, 78; Byrne, 90; Philip Astley (the founder of the Amphitheatre), 72; Saunders (the noted "showman," who is said to have fostered Edmund Kean and Andrew Ducrow), 90; Henry Johnston, 70; Miss Besford (for many seasons at Covent Garden), 94; the benevolent Joanna Baillie, 89; Patrick Barrett (the father of the Irish stage), 88; Downton, 88; Mrs. Harlowe, 87; Charles Kemble, 79; Richard Jones, 78; Mrs. Edwin, 82; and Mrs. Ann Kelly, 108. The latter lady, who died at Lewisham some three years since, quitted the stage at the age of sixty, having lost her hearing. She was a member of the company which boasted of the talents of Edmund Kean and Sheridan Knowles, before either had been greeted with metropolitan plaudits; and it was with no mean pride that the old lady recounted the fact of her having played *Alicia* to the *Jane Shore* of the Siddons. Robert Lindley died in 1856, at the age of 83. He, too, was of the theatre, in which he was known in 1794—two years after Mozart's death, and more than a quarter of a century before Weber was heard of. How

often have we seen that "comely old man"—in years long after—winding his way into the orchestra.

The combined ages of those whose names we have given amount to five thousand nine hundred and thirty-one years. Time, therefore, is surely still in his infancy, and Antiquity is to be considered as nought. Here are but seventy-three from the number of those whom the stage has delighted to honour, and yet their lives united make the world as yester-born, for they reach back to a period which is dateless—some seventy years before the Creation!

Shakespeare, when little past his twoscore years, thus alluded, evidently, to himself:

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field.

Now in many of the instances to which we have just referred, the forty winters were nearly doubled, with but few of the deep trenches being perceptible. Many of those old disciples of Thespis retained much of their juvenility, appearing to argue that a man may not grow old unless he likes. Possessing the energy of youth with the experience of age, it seemed as though they had discovered the true elixir, and, like Macbeth, bore "a charmed life." Did we not know that these, our own old actors, were thoroughly English, we should have imagined that they had ever been inhabitants of the island of Mackinaw. A few years since a traveller inquired of one of its settlers if people lived there to a good old age. "I guess they do," was the truly American answer, "for if people want to die they can't die here; they are obliged to go elsewhere."

The adjective "old" was doubtless occasionally coupled with the names of some of our favourites, long before the term was sanctioned by years, and even when they might have exclaimed, "I am yet in my prime." It may by some be considered an unflattering cognomen, though we are taught to blend with it associations of honour. Bacon tells us that the vine has better grapes for wine when it is old; and Coleridge says that "what is gray with age becomes religion."

Life itself is a drama, the scenes of which are rapidly and unceasingly shifting; and the career of those of whom we have been speaking was but a lengthened performance. In their activity they outstepped the many who entered with them upon the race of life, though in the end they were themselves outstripped by the old stager Time. We have met many of them, bearing, like Truth, a sparkling countenance, and still exulting in the bloom which had been ruthlessly wiped away from others. In many instances, age did not imply exhaustion or decay: the years were there without the mark of old age. A few were still joyous, as though there had ever been a light upon their path. The evidence of face and person would have struck off a decade or two from the reckoning made by the almanack or the parish register, though absurd curiosity would persist in prying into dates—those stubborn things which refuse to be cheated of their due; whilst some were "well up" in chronological matters, or possessed memories exceedingly tenacious on such points. Others of our old favourites, when seen, brought home to us the mutability of our existence. Fallen into the "sere and yellow leaf," they were leaning on their staff, or, like the last of the Romans who recently departed

from us, were applying to their ear a trumpet. The back, again, was somewhat bent, as though they had been stooping that "the years might play at leapfrog over it." These guests had tarried so long at the board that they appeared anxious to leave. In the "*Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*," we meet with a fancy which has often struck us. The hermit visits the catacombs of Paris, in company with some young people. On leaving those dark, subterranean passages, the latter tripped lightly into the open air, but the old man tarried behind. A fair young thing returned, and taking the hermit by the hand, said, "Why do you loiter?" "I was thinking," said he, "whether it was worth the while to come out." Some natures appear to glow with youth to the last, with spirits unwrinkled, the well-springs of early feelings and cheerfulness preserved. "There is a youth which never grows old—a Love who is ever a boy." The enthusiasm of their morning life, to be sure, is partially chilled, and some may have grown more selfish and less poetical; but the fire is not wholly extinct. Fontenelle presents an instance of this. At the age of ninety-seven he was in company with the then young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, who had been married but a few weeks. Fontenelle, a great admirer of beauty, paid the bride many compliments, as refined as they were gallant. When the guests were sitting down to table, however, he passed the lady, and seated himself without perceiving her. "See now," said madame, "what dependence is to be put in all your fine speeches; you pass on before without looking at me." "Madame," said the gallant old man, "if I had stopped to look at you, I could never have passed on."

To return to the consideration of the old actor. His is but an ephemeral art, his fame is but mortal. He does not address posterity, being content to win contemporary plaudits. He hears the shout of living fame, but leaves behind few records for remembrance. Fortunatus, it is known, had only a life-interest in his purse, and at his death it vanished with him. Even so the fame of an actor, which would seem an illustration of the Arabic proverb, "To-day a fire—to-morrow ashes." We are not the less indebted to "the players" for pleasant memories and past obligations. They have occasionally lightened our toils when struggling up a steep road, relieving our weariness with draughts from a rich vintage, fit nectar of the gods—who, by the way, are themselves old, though they renew their youth perpetually. For this we owe them something. Many of us can go back to our youth and exhume its buried pleasures, among which would be seen visions of the theatre, the stage peopled with those whose voices had grown so familiar that they almost seemed to us our own. We have encountered an old favourite in after-days, and our boyhood seemed returned to us. Charles Lamb used to remark that he never passed the pit-entrance to old Drury without shaking some forty years off his shoulders, and bringing back the memorable evening of his first visit thereto—the evening of pleasure, which since had never visited him except in dreams. In like manner we recal familiar forms and well-known faces, seen by us in vanished years.

Oh joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live;
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive.

Some of the old actors we have been calling to mind were the magnets of popular attention in our youth, and though their laurels became faded before the close of the real drama, they had not outlived their gaiety. The iron years, it is true, had somewhat bound and fettered them; but when others had disappeared, they were still green and ruddy—like the berries of the holly, which have their freshness when traces of decay are visible on other flowers. Their lease of enjoyment was not worn out. The common anniversaries of individual life, which we all more or less respect, found many of our old actors joyous still, with but little difference, save that another year had been added to its many predecessors. For more than threescore years some had been running the race, yet seeming scarcely tired; they had lived, in fact, almost as long as some of our abuses, so famed for their longevity, yet still clung to the theatre as to a love that was not to be shaken off. Remembrance of the footlights and of the green-room was too vividly impressed upon them to fade with time. They were dark without the histrionic lamps, and ever and anon would renew their acquaintance with them, even as the boy who leaves the playground to go into school to surmount a hard task, rushes back, on its completion, to the scene of his sports, as spirited, as capable of exercise, and as alive to enjoyment as when he left it. And how these old staggers maintained their right to characters possessed by them in their youth, as though that youth had never lost one tittle of its buoyancy! In stage matters the indignation of the ancient *Juliet* appears always to be considered as justifiable. "Here," said the superseded actress—"here have I been playing *Juliet* these five-and-thirty years, and the manager takes the part from me to give to a chit of a thing not above eighteen!"

How few of them, again, approved of the little Saxon word *old*! Pope, the actor, for instance, after having abdicated the throne of tragedy, and become the representative of the elderly gentleman of comedy, was exceedingly solicitous of being reputed much younger than he really was. Upon this tender point he was frequently teased by Michael Kelly. The former, one morning, called upon his friend, who put into his hand a letter, bearing the Dublin postmark, duly addressed to "Alexander Pope, Esq., care of Mr. Michael Kelly." Pope, after many thanks, opened and read the effusion. His unknown correspondent begged of the recipient a favour for his grandson, reminding the Thespian how often he (Pope) had in Dublin patted the writer on the head, praised his aptitude as a scholar, &c., and thus concluded: "I am now eighty years of age, and do hope that the friend and patron of my boyhood will not desert me or mine in my declining years." Pope saw the drift of the friendly epistle, and his heart was only warmed back to forgiveness by the temptation of Kelly's excellent dinners.

There are still regrets for good old times, though some discredit them. The prejudice we entertain for them was participated in by most of our old actors, whose sympathies and affection for the stage lingered with them to the last. Cave Underhill continued to perform after he had reached his eightieth year; Macklin loitered upon the boards till after fourscore years and ten; the dramatic life of Yates spread over three-quarters of a century; John Bannister clung to the lamps after uttering his farewell words, and could scarcely be removed from them; the Siddons occasionally revisited the footlights after her professional career

had ended, and at home read plays to delighted circles, winning from her ancient porter the homely criticism—"The old lady tunes her pipes as well as ever she did." Grimaldi—we trust it is no sin to turn from Melpomene to a clown—told his friends on his last leave-taking—"To-night has seen me assume the motley for a short time. It clung to my skin as I took it off, and the old cap and bells rang mournfully as I quitted them for ever." Last but not least in these remembrances of old regards, we may instance the great musician whose voice has just been hushed—John Braham. He, too, was reaching the ripened age of fourscore years; and when seventy of them had been counted by him, the world listened to his strains as it had done sixty years previously.

Among our Parisian neighbours—who, as well as ourselves, have had their old actors—we may cite Brunet, who, after he had quitted the stage, would every night visit the green-room of the Variétés, dressed for a part, although he had none to play. "I am able to cheat myself," he would remark, "with the notion that the call-boy is about to shout my name, and this dress strengthens my illusion." He even sought permission to play the part of a man, an old landlord, who did not appear upon the stage, but had simply to knock at a door three times behind the scenes. For this performance Brunet dressed himself most carefully! Potier, likewise, declared that a deep melancholy came upon him when he passed the theatre in which he was wont to receive the plaudits of the public. So certain is it that custom is stronger than philosophy.

We have still spared to us several who can count their threescore years and upwards. Farren, who has recently left the theatre, was for nearly half a century before its footlights; Bartley completed that term some four years since, and his voice is occasionally heard at the wings. Farley must now be an octogenarian: he was said to have been six years old when he first became intimate with the London boards in 1782—seventy-four years since! The chaste Young is entering upon his eightieth year, still hale, happy, and respected. Harley is just completing his fiftieth year of servitude in the public service, his name still in the playbills of the day. The same may be said of John Cooper and others we could mention. There is James Wallack, too, who was "behind the scenes" when the present century was in its cradle. He is still playing, and a Transatlantic critic recently informed us that "his face has lost none of the expression and manly beauty for which it was distinguished. His step is still elastic, and the buoyancy of his spirits seems as uncontrollable as ever. Time has touched him lightly—the greybeard has passed him over unnoticed."

It is our pleasure occasionally to meet William West Betty, the Young Roscius of a former day—"the little David that slew such great Goliaths," for Kemble and Cooke, nay, even the Siddons herself, paled their light before him for a season. This, again, was more than half a century since. Then there is T. P. Cooke, the histrionic sailor, who has somewhat recently danced his hornpipe before the lamps, apparently unmindful that it is nearly sixty years since he first made their acquaintance. We have actresses, too, who have—but no! a lady's age is a mystery we cannot pretend to solve. Time, we know, is an inexorable enemy of beauty; but as our fair friends have still their smiles, we presume that whatever "superannuated dimples" they may have are concealed.

We had written thus far, when, with a mind deeply impressed by thoughts of bygone actors—of whom many a kind tradition lingers even yet—we paid a visit to the Garrick Club. We found ourselves alone, at a time when day was concealing itself behind the ebony curtains of evening. The hour was propitious to that undefined species of reverie into which all must, at some time or other, have fallen. The current of our ideas still wandered to past scenes, and old memories became more fully awakened. Imagination completed the outline by one of the most prominent of her laws—that “a likeness in part tends to become a likeness of the whole.” We gazed upon the pictured walls, and, giving freedom to thought, the place became suddenly illumined, and we caught glimpses of scenes that were bright and garlanded like Ariadne’s crown. Those who had long since vanished from the haunts of men were seen again, as in the mirror of memory—the men and women of previous generations, who brought with them many long-buried “cranks and wiles.” These shadows were not dim and undefined, for we soon recognised in the gay assembly the dramatic luminaries of the past century. Some were “in the habit as they lived,” and came with thoughtful face and steady step; but the great majority were dressed as for some carnival or scenic exhibition.

In a group of four we espied those who represented a period in history which marked the restoration alike of the stage as of the monarchy. Betterton was there—he who was “born alone to speak what Shakspeare only knew to write.” Cave Underhill was amusing the little knot with reminiscences of the old Cockpit in Drury-lane, and had tales to tell of Rhodes, his manager, and of Kynaston, at one time the chosen representative of female characters. The old man spoke with great veneration of Sir William Davenant, who had pronounced him “one of the truest players for humour he had ever seen.” The warm-hearted Nell Gwynne—the *ci-dessant* orange-girl of the theatre—was one of the listeners, and occasionally gladdened the converse by her own bright sallies of pleasantry. We observed that she paid especial attention to John Lacy, who, like herself, enjoyed many of the favours of the “merry monarch.” As this group receded, the foreground became occupied by new characters, whose manners and costumes were different from those we had just witnessed. In the place of Betterton stood Barton Booth, who, some of the company remarked, excelled all his compeers in the more turbulent transports of the heart. We observed, also, Doggett, who appeared to be a great favourite with his brethren. We could learn from them that he was the patentee of one of the large houses, and had thoughts of perpetuating his name by the bequest of a coat and badge to the young watermen of the Thames. He was joined by two ladies—Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Oldfield—who, like himself, received the meed of praise from all around. Quin was amongst this party, but he appeared somewhat morose and angry. He considered that the public—who once hailed him as the chief pillar of the theatre—had thrown him in the shade, for a new light had arisen which all fell down to worship. From the general movement, and the sullen look which Quin cast in a certain direction, we perceived that the new idol was approaching. It was Garrick, in the very flush of his fame, surrounded by a host of flatterers. Adulation was being poured into his ear; but he, like so many of his

race, appeared as if he could quaff whole draughts of praise and still continue thirsty.

We did not at first discover the English Aristophanes, Samuel Foote, as he stood so far apart from the butterflies that hovered about the path of the Roscius. Colley Cibber we observed, from his gay attire, being about to play the part for which he was already dressed, that of *Lord Foppington*, in "The Relapse." He was past his threescore years and ten, though still connected with the theatre. Time had left some marks upon his features, but his easy good-humour and liveliness of conversation marked him still as a young man. He was full of gaiety, though he had recently been disputing with Pope with much keen raillery. Cibber was telling his friends that in his juvenile days he held a very subordinate situation in the theatre, and on one occasion delivered a message on the stage in so indifferent a manner that Betterton in anger inquired who he was. "Master Colley," was the reply. "Then forfeit him," said Betterton. "Why, sir, he has no salary." "No! then put him down ten shillings a week, and forfeit him five." At this little bit of autobiography there was much merriment among the company gathered about the poet laureate of King William.

Imagination still continued to clothe the scene from her own store of mystery. Spranger Barry was introduced, and his silver tones attracted general attention. Congregated around this rival of Garrick were some of the fairer portion of the assemblage. Prominent among them we observed Mrs. Woffington—the captivating Peg, whom old Tate Wilkinson designated "the arch wanton that flung away the gem of her beauty"—Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard. Kitty Clive, too, the Comic Muse, was of the number, having just arrived from Little Strawberry Hill. She appeared charming in her natural grace and vivacity, leading a life of ease and independence, and chatting almost daily with her neighbour, Horace Walpole. The cause of her present visit to town was to see the new actress, a Mrs. Siddons, of whom she had heard so much. Upon the company inquiring her opinion of her merits, Kitty warmly replied that she was "all truth and daylight."

The party was next joined by good old Thomas Hull, who made known to those assembled a philanthropic project. Having marked that beauty and attractions suddenly fade, he pointed out the necessity of garnering up some of the produce of the harvest, in order that a day of blight and scarcity might be provided for. With one or two exceptions, he secured the co-operation of those most interested in the proposal, and the establishment of a Theatrical Fund was decided upon.

A young man next appeared, who was evidently gifted with all the requisites for his calling—an original mind, with great powers of feeling and expression. It was John Henderson, who seemed destined for the chair which Garrick would ultimately have to vacate, but who, we were sorry to observe, quitted his companions early.

Our shadowy vision now became exceedingly cheerful, for Comedy appeared to be holding her court, and right joyous were the spirits in attendance. The goddess, proud of her chosen votaries, was arrayed in her choicest smiles, lighting up the scene with peculiar animation. The presentations were numerous, and upon the announcement of each name, we strove to catch a semblance of the form and features of those we had

previously seen only in dreams. There stood Dodd, the *Andrew Aguecheek* and *Abel Druggier* of his time; the chaste Parsons, speaking with taste and judgment, though suffering severely from an asthmatic affection. "Ned" Shuter, too, was there, with strong nature and irresistible humour, as well as Edwin, the high-priest of Momus. The latter was hailed by the goddess with peculiar welcome, and so was Moody, who had excited mirth on her account in his Hibernian personations. But all gave way to the ladies of the laughter-loving deity, whom our gallantry ought first to have brought to remembrance. Mrs. Hartley we observed, of whose beauty we had read in so many sonnets, and whose lineaments the pencil of Reynolds so loved to trace. There, too, was the accomplished Miss Farren, the elegant representative of fashionable life, who, it was whispered, was about to receive a coronet from the noble house of Derby. By this bright ornament of the stage stood Miss Pope, and as she approached the dais on which her mistress sat, some one recited the lines of Churchill:

When pleasure and ease had seduced to her arms
Convivial Clive, and the stage lost her charms,
The jest-loving Muse was alarmed at the story,
And fearing a rapid decline of her glory,
Deputed her Pope, as successor to Clive,
To keep poignant wit and gay laughter alive.

The ladies we have named were not without their attendants, foremost amongst whom we recognised the good old *Duenna*, Mrs. Mattocks, as well as Mrs. Pitt, who had been the *Nurse* to so many *Juliets*.

We next observed, from the general movement, that a little scene was about to be enacted, a selection being made from the "School for Scandal," and a rich treat it was. The original *Charles Surface*—"Gentleman Smith"—lent his aid, being assisted by King and Mrs. Abington as *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle*, whilst Palmer enacted the plausible *Joseph*. This was, indeed, a scenic delight! And then what warbling followed from a "nest of nightingales," comprising Madame Mara, Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Dickons, Signora Storace, the Billington, and Rosamond Mountain; whilst little Bland stood unassumingly by their side, uttering her wood-notes wild.

Our spirit like a swan did float
Upon the silver breath of that sweet singing.

There was again a change, and the costume of those who occupied the scene was somewhat changed. In the centre of the picture stood the Siddons, of whom Kitty Clive had so liberally yet briefly spoken. We could not hear the voice of the Queen of Tragedy, but the incomparable face gave evidence of being allied to matchless excellence. Beside her stood Shakspeare's own woman—Dora Jordan—with a magic in her heart-warm laugh that distilled around a genial pleasure. The Siddons was surrounded by several members of her gifted family, including the stately John and the ponderous Stephen. In quick succession there now came forward many others, but so rapidly did they present themselves that we were unable to distinguish more than a portion. Old Macklin—a "premature Methusalem"—we know was there, with a remembrance stretching back to a portion of the first group we had seen. The Bannisters, too, we perceived, and likewise Quick, Munden,

the gay and sprightly Lewis, and George Frederick Cooke. The latter we observed more particularly, from a little episode which occurred. There was a whisper around that, in the case of Cooke, genius indulged in eccentricity; that too frequently he looked upon the wine when it was red, and sacrificed all for its false joys. A tall, slim young man was introduced to the tragedian, whose name we heard was Mathews. He had but recently come amongst them, and Cooke was the first to tender to him advice. "Young man," said he, "if you wish to rise to be a great actor, in fact, to be a Cooke, eschew drinking. By that sin fell the greatest; how, then, can a comedian hope to prosper by it?" The young man ever remembered the precept, which the teacher unhappily neglected!

Still pressing onward came forms and features more familiar to us than many we had previously seen. Old Pope we remarked, as well as Fawcett, John Johnston, Emery, Ingleton, Liston, &c. Dowton and Samuel Russell soon after joined them, attired for a performance called the "Mayor of Garrett," in which one had to enact a henpecked husband, and the other a great civic soldier, who boasted of the gallant marching of his corps from Brentford to Ealing and from Ealing to Acton.

At the recital of this exploit there was much clapping of hands, in which we sought to join. The effort, however, to bring together our approving palms cost us much. Our reverie was at an end. These shadows of bygone times fled away as a fairy dream, "and what seemed corporal melted as breath into the wind." A curtain—darker far than the theatre had ever seen in its most cheerless day—had descended upon all. The men and women of past generations had fallen through the trap-door in Mirza's bridge, and were now but pictures on the walls of the Garrick Club!

Proseings by Monkshead

ABOUT THE ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS.

VIII.—WILLIAM GIFFORD.

TIME was—we must put it in the past tense now—when William Gifford was recognised as a power of the age. But even then it was mainly, if not entirely, in virtue of his office as Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, that power was ascribed to him. It was *ex officio* power, chiefly, his allies will confess; wholly so, his adversaries contend. But whatever the quality of the power, the measure of its potency was such as to alarm as well as irritate men of more than common make—talent writhed under its thumbscrew pressure, and genius winced, perhaps even vented a squeal, at its pinch. Affect

to scorn him as his victims might, and bid him stick to his aboriginal last, and not provoke them to ultra measures by his ultra-crepidarian atrocities,—still they feared him living, nor could (some of them, and they the sweetest-blooded) forgive or forget him dead. Leigh Hunt, for example, who seems years since to have “made it up” with every one else, has come to no terms with him. “As reflection,” he writes, “did not improve nor suffering soften him, he is the only man I ever attacked, respecting whom I have felt no regret.”*

A vast *prestige* the waspish little gentleman had secured—interesting capital which he put out to capital interest—by his onslaught on the Della Cruscan. The author of the *Pursuits of Literature* publicly thanked him for taking off his hands the pleasant trouble of chastising, and extinguishing, the Laura Marias, the Jerninghams, the Antony Pasquins, the Piozzis, and Mary Robinsons—all these pretty ones, at one fell swoop. The same exterminating process was to be applied to the Jacobins as to the Minerva Press. The Cockney school was to be smoked out as the Rosa Matilda Seminary had been. Gifford had achieved a “splendid success” in breaking butterflies on the wheel; he must now set the wheel a-going with men and women; *they* must be the “subjects” of his operation, to be bruised, battered, broken to bits. A Shelley, a Hazlitt, a Lady Morgan, were to be reduced to their lowest terms (by hypothesis, *nil*), in caustic prose, once a quarter, without quarter; just as the twaddling dotards and green girls of the Minerva Press had been roasted to a turn, or a few turns over, in the verse of the Baviad and Mæviad. The *acharnement* of Gifford’s attack on these latter, a feeble folk, is a little surprising, not to say unaccountable, at this time of day. But it qualified him for office under the Anti-Jacobin régime. Mr. Bell, in his “Life of Canning,” writes, in no mincing terms, as follows: “When the *Anti-Jacobin* was started, the available talent of the Reform party, in and out of Parliament, greatly preponderated over that of its opponents. An engine was wanted that should make up, by the destructiveness of its explosions, for the lack of more numerous resources. That engine was planned by Mr. Canning, who saw the necessity for it clearly. But it required a rougher hand than his to work it—one, too, not likely to wince from mud or bruises. The author of the Baviad and Mæviad was exactly the man—hard, coarse, inexorable, unscrupulous. He brought with him into this paper a thoroughly brutal spirit; the personalities were not merely gross and wanton, but wild, ribald, slaughtering; it was the dissection of the shambles.”† So judges a Liberal, about the middle

* Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, vol. ii.

† “Such things,” it is added, “had their effect, of course, at the time, and they were written for their effect; but they exhibit such low depravity and baseness—violating so flagrantly all truth, honour, and decency, for mere temporary party objects, that we cannot look upon them now without a shudder.”—BELL’s *Life of Canning*.

of this our century. But the anti-Liberals of its dawn were pleased with their man; he did their spiriting un-gently, and to their mind; he hit hard, with a will, and without a misgiving; his name grew, and the fame of him, and the terror of him; and he became Editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

That was in 1808. On the last day of 1826 he died; and Sir Walter Scott, good Tory and steady Quarterly Reviewer, thus impartially records (in the *Gurnal*) his estimate of the author and the man: "I observe in the papers my old friend Gifford's funeral. He was a man of rare attainments and many excellent qualities. His Juvenal is one of the best versions ever made of a classical author, and his satire of the Baviad and Mæviad squabashed at one blow a set of coxcombs, who might have humbugged the world long enough. As a commentator he was capital, could he but have suppressed his rancours against those who had preceded him in the task; but a misconstruction or misinterpretation, nay, the misplacing of a comma, was in Gifford's eye a crime worthy of the most severe animadversion. The same fault of extreme severity went through his critical labours, and in general he flagellated with so little pity, that people lost their sense of the culprit's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment."* Sir Walter humanely accounts for this lack of temper, in some degree, by Gifford's indifferent health, as testify the verses in which he says that Fortune assigned him

—One eye not over good,
Two sides that to their cost have stood
A ten years' hectic cough,
Aches, stitches, all the various ills
That swell the devilish doctor's bills,
And sweep poor mortals off.†

Let us take the verdict of another fast Tory, more reasonably dreaded by Gifford's "Cockney" sufferers than was Gifford himself, upon the value of that plenipotentiary's literary puissance. "Gifford, we suppose,"—it is John Wilson who *loquitur*,—"was not a bad satirist; but of his powers it is hard to judge, for we know not how to distinguish between his own gall, his own bile, his own spleen, and those same charming commodities furnished to him by others—by choice contributors to the *Quarterly*:"—and then, after affirming that few satirical articles in that Review have been of

* Lockhart's Life of Scott.

† But Gifford might also justly claim, as his gift, Sir Walter is prompt to add, "the moral qualities expressed in the next fine stanza—

'—A soul
That spurns the crowd's malign control,
A firm contempt of wrong;
Spirits above affliction's power,
And skill to soothe the lingering hour
With no inglorious song.'—*Ibid.*

much merit (bitter bigotry *not* being keen wit, and original genius being required to make intolerance tolerable), and that, as for fine, free, flowing, fearless, joyous, extravagant, horse-playing, horse-laughing, insane and senseless mad humour (Christopher North's own), not one single drop, not one single gleam, not one single *nicher*, ever moistened, or irradiated, or shook the pages of that "staid, sober, solemn, stately, King-Church-and-Constitution Periodical,"—after this sweeping sentence touching the Review at large, Wilson goes on to say of the Editor in little: "The ghastly editor grinned as he cut up the grubs, like a grim insect-butcher, instead of smiling like a suave entomologist"—it being your true naturalist's practice, when he has first smoked his beetle to death, to pin him down in the glass case "with a pleasant countenance," and not to mangle or "disfigure" his "preparation," though he *does* pierce it through the spine by a small, thin, sharp, bright, polished spear, labelled with the creature's scientific name. Not so the practice of Mr. William Gifford. For, "O bright blue sunny spring and summer skies," exclaims Christopher in impassioned remonstrance, "why hunt butterflies with the same truculent physiognomy, the same sly stealth, and the same bold leap, with which, in the deserts of Africa, you would attack a tiger roaring against you with a tufted tail, some ten or twenty feet high? Why treat an ass as if he were a lion? A dragon-fly is not a dragon. Mr. Merry was not an Avatar, descending in his Tenth Incarnation to destroy the world—Mrs. Mary Robinson, though certainly not the thing, was yet not the Lady of Babylon, with her hell-red petticoat and cap of abominations, in her sinful and city-sinking hand. Yet the crabbed, elderly, retired little studious gentleman was as proud of his Baviad and Mæviad, as if, like another Hercules, he had scoured of robbers the inside and outside of the whole world."* The very first numbers of the new Review showed the world what it might expect from the author of that satire. Southey, a prominent contributor, hastened to expostulate. "I could have wished," he writes to Gifford, "that this Review had less resembled the *Edinburgh* in the tone and temper of its criticisms. That book of Miss Owenson's is, I dare say, very bad both in manners and morals; yet, had it fallen into my hands, I think I could have told her so in such a spirit, that she herself would have believed me, and might have profited by the censure."† This being so, Gifford was probably glad enough that the Irish lady had *not* fallen into the hands of Robert Southey, who as good as avowed himself pigeon-livered,

* See Wilson's review (and it is one of his very best) of "The Man of Ton." (1828.)

† "I have been in the habit," says the writer, further on, "of reviewing, for more than eleven years, for the lucre of gain, and not, God knows, from any liking to the occupation; and of all my literary misdeeds, the only ones of which I have repented have been those reviews which were written with undue asperity, so as to give unnecessary pain."—*Life and Letters of Southey*.

and lacking gall to make criticism bitter: Gifford's judgment was opposed, on principle and practice, to Southey's plea for mercy;* and so judgment rejoiced against mercy.

For, now that he was an enthroned Editor, he was not the man to be dictated to, concerning the policy of his rule. His manner of life from his youth had been of a kind to encourage, almost to enforce, a sturdy habit of self-reliance.† He reminds one of Knickerbocker's description of that New York governor who was "universally known by the appellation of WILLIAM THE TESTY," and who "was a briak, *waspish, little old gentleman*, who had dried and withered away;" apropos of which drying and withering process, Mynheer Diedrich records the observation of a profound and philosophical judge of human nature, that if a woman waxes fat as she grows old, the tenure of her life is very precarious; but if haply she withers, she lives for ever: such, he says, was likewise the case with *his* William the Testy, who (and it applies to *our* William the Testy also) "grew tougher in proportion as he dried."‡ There was a time when Gifford, a *sutor* with soul *ultrà crepidam*, studying Euclid and algebra, worked out his problems, to use his own words,§ "with a blunted awl on pieces of leather:" and it seemed as though the iron had entered into his soul, to sear not lacerate it, and the leather become identified with his tough dried flesh and blood. Lamb made Saint Crispin reproach him for desertion of what a ruder *sutor* and poet calls "boots and shoes" (to rhyme with "Muses"),|| in favour of literature, critical, satirical, and sentimental:

All unadvised, and in an evil hour,
Lured by aspiring thoughts, my son, you daft
The lowly labours of the "Gentle Craft"
For learned toils, which blood and spirits sour.
All things, dear pledge, are not in all men's power;

* Some dozen years later we find Southey thus writing to—not Gifford, but a sufficiently "otherwise-minded" correspondent, bland and benign Bernard Barton: "Though I bear a part in the *Quarterly Review* . . . I have long since found it necessary . . . to form a resolution of reviewing no poems whatever. My principles of criticism, indeed, are altogether opposite to those of the age. I would treat everything with indulgence, except what was mischievous; and most heartily do I disapprove of the prevailing fashion of criticism, the direct tendency of which is to call bad passions into play."—*Ibid.*

† "He had a self-conceit which led him to despise others in a very unjustifiable manner; and he had an idea of retaining his dominion by menaces and superciliousness." "Gifford had a singular rise from the obscurity of his early life, and it seemed as if his unexpected prosperity had overset him."—*Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges*.

‡ Knickerbocker's History of New York, book iv. chap. i.

§ In the autobiographical sketch prefixed to his version of "Juvenal."

|| As thus—(the bard, however, is by name, though not to fame, unknown):

"Blow, O blow, celestial breezes,
All among the leaves and trees—es!
Sing, O sing, ye heavenly Muses,
While I mends my boots and shoes—es!"

The wiser sort of shrub affects the ground;
And sweet content of mind is oftener found
In cobbler's parlour than in critic's bower, &c.*

So wrote, in the name of St. Crispin, and dating the sonnet "St. Crispin's-eve," that gentle Charles whose comments on Ford's *Broken Heart* had been styled by Gifford,† "the blasphemies of a poor maniac." This, written (it would appear) at random, the sometime "poor maniac" had forgiven; and he was even induced to contribute to the *Quarterly* a review of Wordsworth's "Excursion:" but he could not forgive the liberties Gifford took with that article—which, when it came out, had been so "mercilessly mangled" by the Crispin-Editor, that the writer scarcely knew it, and implored Wordsworth not to read it. Southey, too, was again and again aggrieved by Gifford's habit of "cobbling" his articles. But Gifford's successor in the *Quarterly* has declared his conviction that Gifford's curtailments were judicious, and his firm belief that, on the whole, even as to mere words, Southey, like the rest, owed a great deal to that sharp superintendent—who, after all, bore the responsibility.‡ These prunings and parings raised nearly as much ill blood on the reviewing staff, as the "cankered carle's" own reviews did among the authors he assailed.

That title, "cankered carle," was applied to him by Tom Moore. It is worth while, however, to note how the same Thomas bears record to a fact which party prejudice may have deemed preposterous; namely, the mildness and harmless quiet friendliness of the man in private life. A man so unpopular is supposed by most, and has been represented by some, as overbearing, unbearable, and whatever other bad compound of what is *beastish* can be devised. Moore writes in his journal: "Called upon Gifford, editor of the *Quarterly*; have known him long, but forbore from calling upon him ever since I meditated 'Lalla Rookh,' lest it might look like trying to propitiate his criticism" [a pleasant bit of internal evidence, by the way, of Moore's destination of his Journal for the public eye];—"the mildest man in the world till he takes a pen in his hand," so Thomas Moore found and describes him; adding, "but then all gall and spitefulness."§ Sir Egerton Brydges, again, who calls Gifford "a singularly ugly little man, of a wasping

* Letters of Charles Lamb, ch. ix.

† In his review of Weber's edition of "Ford," *Qu. Rev.*, 1811.

‡ See an article on Southey's Life and Letters, attributed to Mr. Lockhart, in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1861. The writer there remarks, with a malice (in its lightsome French not serious English sense) appreciable in an Editor, that the amusing point as to Southey is, that he seems to have pretty nearly made up his mind to accept the helm of the *Quarterly* whenever Gifford should resign it; "and in anticipation of being invited to do so, which he never was, communicates to the same schoolmaster who had so long sympathised with his sufferings under the editorial pruning and paring, his own views and plans for a system of administration identical with the old gentleman's."

§ Memoirs, &c., of Thomas Moore, vol. ii.

temper, and much overrated both as a poet and a critic," owns, "I found him, however, courteous, communicative, and frank, when I paid him a visit."* Although the general notion of him may be pretty nearly expressed in one of Mr. Landor's epigrammatic personalities, directed to another quarter,

Snappish and capitious, ever prowling
For something to excite thy growling;
He who can bear thee must be one
Gentle to beasts as Waterton;†

yet is it more just as well as agreeable to believe, that there was a heart inside of that withered frame, and that the blood circulated there, albeit the circulation was defective, and with a something like determination to the head. "If he partook a little," says Hartley Coleridge,‡ "of his favourite Ben's acerbity§ of temper, much should be forgiven to a man who, I believe, had no real malice against any human being, who was neglected and maltreated at the period of life which should store up happy feelings to serve for the remainder, and who declared, in the hearing of Mr. Southey, that he never had a day of joyous health."|| One could almost pray that the Longmans and Murrays, ere they instal their editors, should require from all candidates not only a definite literary prestige, but a medical certificate, warranting them round and sound, unimpeachable in their bilious secretions, and altogether fit and proper persons to effect no end of a policy in any life-insurance office.

* Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges.

† Landor's Miscellaneous Poems. ("To H.")

‡ Hartley, as himself an editor of Massinger, had opportunity to test the value of Gifford's labours in the same field. And his testimony is, that Gifford's services, as an editor of the text, can hardly be overrated; and that his arrangement of Massinger's verse places him on a level with Porson as a master of the *res metrica*; while his antiquarian illustrations are curious and learned, without any of that *étalage* of obscure reading, which swells so many editions to an elephantiasis.

§ This affinity between the little old critic and the burly old dramatist has been noted also by M. Philarète Chasles. "Gifford," he writes, "était un esprit sympathique à Ben Jonson; comme lui âpre et inexorable, il avait aussi lutté contre la mauvaise fortune, et son observation n'était jamais bienveillante." "Il critique les critiques antérieurs, il les accable de ses dédains, et pour prouver que Ben Jonson n'était pas irascible, il s'abandonne lui-même à de violentes invectives qui, d'ailleurs, ne sont pas dénuées d'éloquence."—*Théâtre anglais avant Shakspeare*. § iv.

|| Hartley Coleridge's Introduction to "Massinger."

THE SESSION AND THE SEASON.

THOSE Siamese twins, the Session and the Season, have gone—we will not exactly say “to the dogs,” but—“the way of all things.” Nevertheless, the familiar expression that first suggested itself is, perhaps, the more applicable of the two, as far as concerns the performances of the Legislature. We are told that a certain place is paved with good intentions, and, if it were not a breach of privilege, we should say that Parliament appears to be very much like “a certain place.”

Nothing could have been more perfect than the promise of the Session. It was known that peace was at hand, and now was the time, therefore, for remedying all the domestic grievances which had been suffered to grow to a head, uncared for, so long as the war continued. Ministers seemed resolved—for once in the history of ministerial rule—to do something to justify their retention of place, power, and profitable employment, and every cabinet mind that was strong enough to prepare a remedial measure, at once declared its intention of doing so. A more brilliant *programme* never was devised—a more complete *fiasco* was never accomplished.

What with bills knocked on the head by sturdy antagonists, bills garrotted by refractory supporters, and bills strychnined by themselves, the endeavours of Government during the session—supposing them *not* to have been shams—may be likened to the results of a heavy criminal assize, from which the greater number that are tried go forth irreparably damaged.

But it is all the same to Ministers: they have got their ticket-of-leave, and if the public be the sufferers, so much the worse for the public. The process of divorce is not rendered easier or less expensive, and wives with bad husbands must still enact the part of patient Griselda; the free disposal of property after death is still hampered; the final appeal for justice still remains a farce; corporation abuses still flourish; mercantile delinquents still thrive, in spite of the ablest exposure, for the want of a public prosecutor; and wicked uncles and guardians may still do what they like with what is *not* their own.

To sum up in half a dozen words:—the Parliamentary Session of 1856 will go down to posterity as “The Great Session of Non-performance.”

Yet in the midst of the scramble some few have been lucky,—a thing that always happens. Lord Palmerston has been gladdened by a Garter, and long may he live to wear it; Lord Shelburne has become, *pro hac vice*, a statesman; the Bishop of London is consoled in his palatial retirement at Fulham with six thousand a year; the more moderate Bishop of Durham is content with four thousand five hundred; and the Tipperary militia have—for *their* services—been rewarded with a shower of

bullets : disembodied in the most literal sense, with a discharge in full.—This is about as fair a distribution of good things as usually occurs.

To the same category, however, do not belong the nominations of the Duke of Cambridge to the command of the army, nor of "Williams of Kars" to that of the artillery. Something better than chance-medley has presided over the distribution of these appointments, and the service in general, no less than the one particular branch, will undoubtedly reap the benefit of them.

On the other hand, the selection of the recipients for the Legion of Honour has created more heart-burning than satisfaction, and "disgust" is but a faint word by which to express the feeling of every military man when the long-promised, ever-deferred "Order of Merit" is mentioned. "Merit," said Lord Palmerston, a short time ago, "is purely adventitious,—in fact, a nonentity;" and Lord Panmure seems wisely to be of opinion that what is non-existent cannot well be recognised. While on military subjects, the Chelsea Inquiry claims a word, merely, however, for the purpose of saying that it ends, as every one expected, exactly where it began. Nobody has been blamed for all the misfortunes that befel the army in the Crimea; not even Lord Aberdeen!

Political affairs have made no more progress out of doors than within the walls of St. Stephen's. The self-mutilated Administrative Reform Association has endeavoured, with a new head, to reconnect its members; but the tail, which chiefly gives to this kind of animal its vivacity and power of motion, is still wanting: that organ wriggles aloof, expending its energies on infinitely smaller, but far more approachable matters. The proceedings of the Association do but repeat the old story of the three tailors of Tooley-street, with the indomitable John Arthur Roebuck as the principal knight of the thimble.

We asked last month what had become of Lord Wensleydale (or, as the facetious Secretary to the Admiralty calls him, "Lord Wednesday-six-months")? The question has been answered by making his peerage "hereditary,"—his lordship having no family, nor the chance of one. Had this arrangement taken place in Ireland, it would have been laughed at as a legislative bull: here, it is considered only another ministerial bungle: the simple surrender of the royal prerogative.

The Season has, fortunately, been more productive of entertainment than the Session.

The fashionable world have had their fill of *fêtes*,—royal, social, and military. Buckingham Palace has been thronged with royal guests and royal suitors,—charitable bazaars have prospered at the suit of the fairest and most persuasive intercessors, and the sandy mud of Aldershott has rivalled the muddy sand of Chobham. The Queen has been everywhere, and, as a matter of course, in this land of follow-my-leader, all her subjects have followed her Majesty's example. The Premier, keeping in mind the old adage, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," has most kindly given a whole holiday every now and then to the o'er-laboured Commons,—a whole holiday, with a glorious tuck-out and a ride in an omnibus into the bargain! The Cabinet clique, too, have eaten their whitebait at the Trafalgar,—the house for the purpose, if the rooms were only provided with hat-pegs, for it is not everybody that

likes to dine with his hat on, except a Jew or a Member of Parliament. Mr. Hart should look to this, unless, peradventure, he chance to be a member of the worshipful company of hatters, and have a special interest in the destruction of hats. By the way, it is a matter of wonder that Mr. William Williams has never risen "in his place" to ask the First Lord of the Treasury who pays for those annual ministerial feeds? Does that noble individual "stand Sam,"—or is the amount wrung from what Orators like Mr. William Williams are fond of calling, "the sweat and blood of the million;"—or does the hat—a damaged one, of course—go round? It is high time that there should be a notice of motion on the subject. At all events, Mr. Williams has an opening for next session,—as good a theme for debate as any the present Parliament has witnessed. But to return to the Season.

This being Leap-year, it was rather hard upon the ladies to be mulcted out of the six most marrying months. Here we are in August, and the last drafts of Benedicks have only just landed from the Crimea. After meat comes mustard;—they arrive when the season is at an end. If it was quite settled last autumn by the Emperor of the French—the real "master of the situation"—that our troops should no longer tug at the Muscovites' beards or cherish their own, "why not," exclaim the ladies—"why not give us the opportunity of exercising our quadrennial privileges a little earlier? We had only the maimed, the halt, and the blind, to choose from; the sound in wind and limb—if we may be allowed the language of the turf—come when the race is over, for who cares for a wedding-breakfast when the strawberries are gone? Who wants a husband on the Rhine or in the Tyrol? Besides, who can expect to get one—if the thing *were* wanted—when all the men (of fortune) have gone yachting, or grouching, or deer-stalking? No, my lords and gentlemen, you may pass as many bills as you please to limit your commercial liability, but there is—or ought to be—no limitation of the liability matrimonial. There is a great deal too much skirking already, without encouraging a downright swindle. Leap-year, indeed! It has leaped over all our vested rights. What is the use of flower-shows, and fountains, and music-gardens, if we are only to stare at and pity each other? Those things are got up for our amusement, but do you think any of us care twopence about roses, and spray, and trombones, if there is to be no flirtation?" This certainly has been the great grievance of the Season, and it has made The Great Extra almost a matter of necessity.

"The Great Extra!" What was that?

"Who asks the question?" we reply. "Have not the readers of the *Miscellany*,—that is to say, the whole civilised world,—read the account we gave of the 'Reopening of Her Majesty's Theatre' on the 10th of May?"

Some sceptics there were, who wilfully refused to credit the assurances made by Mr. Lumley when he startled the town with "glad surprise." "None of these things will happen," said the great hebdomadal prophet, a soothsayer who has faith only in his own vaticinations; "these promised *prime donne* will never appear, or if they do present themselves, it will only be to increase the list of failures for which Her Majesty's Theatre has a patent." But what came to pass?

Mr. Lumley not only fulfilled his promises to the letter, but performed more than he thought proper to promise. He might with safety have predicted success: he confined himself to a simple announcement. Madame Alboni was to reappear,—Mademoiselle Piccolomini and Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner were to make their respective *débuts*,—Mademoiselle Rosati was to shine in her newly created rôle. Well, the *Cenerentola* and the *Sonnambula* were played, and Alboni's voice was unanimously declared to be finer than ever. The *Traviata* followed, and the star of Piccolomini rose at once to the zenith. Than this charming, intelligent, accomplished girl, there never, within our recollection, has appeared an actress-singer who so instantaneously became the favourite of the public. Nor was her success the mere whim of the moment: every succeeding appearance, whether in the *Traviata*, the *Figlia del Reggimento*, or *Don Pasquale*, has only tended to increase her reputation. The observant critic discovers fresh beauties in each representation,—and for this simple reason, that all she does is from the impulse of dramatic genius, a faculty which gives new life and colour to every reproduction,—“the same, but yet unlike.” Of a totally different character, but—if houses crowded to suffocation be a test—with a success no less equivocal, have been the *Romeo* and the *Tancredi* of Johanna Wagner. In none of these operas has the music been the main attraction: they have owed their chiefest welcome to the gifted actresses who have played the principal parts. “But the *Corsaire* will not be produced,” cries Sir Oracle, and his voice has scarcely ceased to echo when Rosati bounds upon the scene, the fairy queen of chorographic pantomime. There has, indeed, been one drawback to Mr. Lumley's season: its shortness. But if London will prematurely go out of town, he cannot be blamed for dropping the curtain.

And so “The Season” is really over! There can be no doubt of it, after what was said a day or two since by a distinguished member of the Fielding Club: “Even the obituary of the *Times* is getting stupid: one never sees the name there now of a single fellow one knows.”

Put down the *Times*, then, for a while, ye seekers after intellectual enjoyment, and take up *Bentley's Miscellany*: the store of good things we offer is not to be exhausted.

THE JOINT-STOCK BANKER.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XIV.

POST-MORTEM CONSIDERATIONS.

THE Joint-Stock Banker—the man of a thousand expedients—is alone in his study, intent on the difficult problem of shaping the Future. There is enough on his hands at present, and more than enough. His three great projects, the Central African Bank, the mines of Bryn-Mawr, and the Royal Scandinavian Railway, have run their length, as far as he proposes to benefit by them. He is making up his books, calmly calculating his own profits, and still more calmly contemplating the widely-spread ruin that must follow the bursting of the bubbles which he has blown. His indifference to this result is not diminished—perhaps it may even be increased—by the fact that his best friends are amongst those who will suffer most.

“Whatever they may lay to my charge”—thus ran his thoughts—“nobody can accuse me of partiality. When I hit my own brother-in-law as hard as any one else, the deuce is in it if the public have any right to complain. That brother-in-law! The proud Mr. Vaughan of Glas-Llyn, who scorned me while I was an unknown, plodding attorney, and took me up—Heaven bless the mark!—when all the world acknowledged my position. Well, he will pay for his pride in his condescension. Am I sorry for his son Herbert, the promising young man, destined one of these fine days to make such a figure? Not exactly. A little bird, with the voice of my friend Martha, has whispered something in my ear which goes far to reconcile me to the misfortunes which he may—I am afraid I am obliged to say *must*—inherit. Léonie! Ah! if I have a weak point, it is there. But I must conquer that weakness after my usual fashion, by turning the difficulty I cannot directly meet. The first step in that affair is taken; her father is put out of the way; by this time he is snug in prison—as the play says, ‘exceeding snug.’ It was a lucky thing for me, at this moment, that Rigby Nicks was brought up at a French school, and has such a faculty for imitating every kind of handwriting, the scrawl of Monsieur Lepage amongst the rest. By becoming the medium of correspondence between father and daughter I have the game, so far, entirely in my own hands. Meanwhile, these accounts are my first consideration. By the balance already struck, I have realised two hundred and forty-three thousand pounds—‘errors excepted,’ as punctilious clerks are in the habit of writing. That amount is safe—though not, perhaps, in the Bank of England—but I should like to know how much would fall to my share if the Central African and the Royal Scandinavian were wound up before I got out of the country. I had

two courses before me when my career first opened. A legitimate mode of proceeding—rather difficult, considering my antecedents—with moderate profits, at a long date, and ‘honour, love, obedience, troops of —,’ humbug! An illegitimate one—most congenial—with quite as much honour, love, and all the rest of it, and a colossal fortune with immediate possession—subject only to the slight drawback of having to make myself scarce when the *magnum opus*, the grand scheme of projection, was accomplished. There is but one real difficulty in affairs of this sort, and that is timing the event so as to meet every contingency. Commercial credit is such a ticklish thing that the best plans in the world may be blown upon if the ball isn’t taken at the hop. A month sooner or later makes all the difference. However, I have made my arrangements *de longue main*, and it will be hard indeed if I don’t bring them to bear. Sweden owes me something for the pains I have taken to forward her industrial interests, and as there happens to be no law of extradition between Sweden and England, that must be the place of my retreat. I wish the climate were not so cold, nor the summer days—when summer does come—quite so long. As much warmth as you please, and as little daylight;—I never was fond of too much daylight. Not that I mean to pass my life amongst the Swedes: as well vegetate in a field of their own turnips! I shall take that very virtuous country *in transitu*, and, who knows, perhaps I may leave it quite a new man! At all events, it will be as a rich one, and in that capacity I shall be welcome all the world over. A year or two hence somebody else will have gone to smash, and my affair will be clean forgotten. But I must carry it out by a *coup de maître*. Let me see! What does my engagement-list say? This is Coltsfoot’s morning. Yes. He is down for eleven o’clock. It must be that already. Ah, five minutes past!”

The study door was opened, and a servant announced Mr. Coltsfoot.

“Talk of the devil,” muttered Mr. Powell Jones. “Ah, my dear Coltsfoot—glad to see you—sit down. Engaged on particular business till I ring.”

This last remark was addressed to the servant, who, with a “Very good, sir,” withdrew.

Mr. Coltsfoot was a gentleman of the medical profession, of the class of general practitioners. In more than one respect he resembled the instrument called a “life-preserver:” very pliant and innocent to outward view, very hard and dangerous on a closer acquaintance. He smiled at you with his large mouthful of yellow teeth, just as the wolf smiled on Little Red Riding Hood; he felt your pulse as if it throbbed with his life-blood, not yours, so deeply interested did he appear in the healthful character of the current, though had it stopped under the pressure of his finger his countenance would still have worn the same bland expression; he always accosted his patient as if his personal interest in the answer were the greater of the two, as, indeed, not unfrequently happened.

“And how are we, this morning?” was the salutation—a stereotyped one—with which he addressed Mr. Powell Jones.

“As well as can be expected,” returned the Joint-Stock Banker, “considering the nature of the disease.”

“Which I take to be a *plethora*—not *ad molem* exactly, but suppose we say *ad monetam*!”

"For which you doctors, of course, recommend phlebotomy! All in good time, my dear Coltsfoot. But to business. Have you found what we want?"

"Ham! well,—yes,—pretty nearly;—perhaps I may say as nearly as can be."

"Where?"

"In my own beat."

"How old is he?"

"About five or six-and-forty—your own time of life, in fact."

"What's his complaint?"

"Consumption," said Mr. Coltsfoot, smiling.

"How long will he last?"

"That depends. I can keep him going for six weeks or two months, or he can be run down—like a clock—a little sooner; just as it happens."

"In these cases they sometimes go off rather unexpectedly, don't they?"

"Oh yes. There is no reliance on consumptive patients. You always prepare their friends for the worst, and when it occurs no one is surprised."

"In the ordinary course of events, now, when do you suppose he might make a vacancy?"

"As I said before: about six weeks, or so."

"I think that would do," said Mr. Powell Jones, after musing for a few moments. "Of my height, and make, and general appearance?" he added.

"It is singular enough, but—to use a common phrase—you are as like as two peas. People could hardly tell you apart."

"I need scarcely ask if he is poor."

"Almost a pauper: that is to say, they just live from hand to mouth—by hard work."

"By 'they,' I take it he is married, with a family."

"Precisely."

"And the wife. Have you said anything to her yet?"

"You must understand, in the first place, that my services there are gratuitous. I began by establishing a claim on her gratitude."

Mr. Powell Jones smiled, and Mr. Coltsfoot displayed his yellow fangs; the latter then resumed:

"In the next place, she is, as I mentioned already, very poor. She knows that her husband must die, and I just put it to her, feeling my way, whether she had rather be at the expense of the funeral or have it defrayed by some one else, with something over on her own account. What do you think was her answer?"

"How can I tell? Blubbered, perhaps."

"'For that matter,' she replied, 'it's pretty much the same to me; for, thank God, we subscribe to a Burial Club.'"

"This took you aback, I suppose?"

"Not at all. 'So much the better,' I remarked. 'The Burial Club will pay you so much, and I will double the amount; only you must leave the funeral arrangements entirely to me.'"

"What did she say then?"

"That she would consider of it."

"Did it end there?"

"By no means. The next time I saw her she wanted to know why I had made her such an offer? I replied, that her husband's case was peculiar—that we—the faculty—were always interested in peculiar cases—that it was of great benefit to science, and to the public in general, to ascertain the precise cause of death under certain circumstances, and more of that sort, ending, as I was obliged to end, for I could not have got the body without her consent, by saying that I wanted it for a *post-mortem*."

"She understood you?"

"Perfectly."

"Was she shocked?"

"Not at all. These people who subscribe to Burial Clubs begin by thinking of death as a commercial transaction. Their weekly subscription would be an insurance premium, if they could afford it. But if she wasn't shocked at the thoughts of a *post-mortem*, her husband still living, she looked at it with what painters call 'a fresh eye,' that is to say, she saw in what manner the treatment might be improved, and asked for more money."

"Which you promised?"

"I did."

"Very well; she must have what she wants. And now that we are discussing this particular subject, we had better come to a final understanding about your terms."

Mr. Coltsfoot's smile was a real one this time.

"Name your figure," said Mr. Powell Jones.

"A thousand pounds," returned Mr. Coltsfoot, quietly.

Mr. Powell Jones stared. "That's a heavy fee," he said.

"Not under the circumstances, my dear sir—if you consider. Recollect, all the *onus* of the affair falls upon me, after you are gone. If there should be any hitch in the business, I might lose all my practice, worth a good deal more than a thousand pounds."

Mr. Powell Jones coughed slightly, but made no remark.

"Besides," continued Mr. Coltsfoot, in his most persuasive manner, "you might wait a hundred years before you met with such an opportunity. I say nothing about the difficulty of finding a friend who would run such a risk. Why, my evidence at the inquest will be worth all the money."

"Ah," observed Mr. Powell Jones, "I had not thought of that."

He who had considered the question in every point of view!

"Then, I suppose," he resumed, "that our bargain is completed. A thousand pounds! How will you take it, as we bankers say? Central Africans are still rising—there's room for further improvement in Royal Scandinavians——"

The mouthful of teeth expanded: "No shares, thank you. To come to the point:—cash; half down, the remainder on the day when—when you——"

"Bolt," said Mr. Powell Jones, filling up the sentence. "Well, be it so. But remember, there mustn't be a point omitted. You will visit your patient every day from this time forward. As soon as you appre-

hend a change I must hear of it—and if anything should occur to precipitate my moments, you must hasten yours. I can't afford to throw away a chance like this for a mere scruple. You know it will come to exactly the same thing in the end. Whether he lives a few hours more or less can be of no consequence to anybody—but me.”

“With this proviso,” said Mr. Coltsfoot, lowering his voice to a whisper, though the keenest eavesdropper would have gathered nothing from his habitual tone—“with this proviso that—if *accelerated*—five hundred more!”

“You know the value of your commodity,” was Mr. Powell Jones's answer. “However, the accommodation must be paid for. But, after all, it may not come to that.”

“Let us hope not—let us *hope* not,” reiterated Mr. Coltsfoot, with half-closed eyes, in accents of true benevolence. “But it rests with you, my dear sir—it rests with you. I am only a simple agent.”

“Here then,” said Mr. Powell Jones, unlocking an *écritoire*, and taking out a five hundred-pound note, “is the first instalment for your agency.”

“Rely upon it, my dear sir,” replied Mr. Coltsfoot, as he clutched the crisp paper, “all shall be arranged entirely to your satisfaction. You have but to give me twenty-four hours' notice of your intention, and the thing is done.”

“You need not call here again till I send to you,” were the parting words of Mr. Powell Jones; “frequent visits might be noticed. But you will write *one line* every evening.”

“So,” said the Joint-Stock Banker, when he was again alone, “that part of the business is settled. My substitute being ready, I think I can't do better than make my will. An interview with Coltsfoot fitly prepares a man for mortuary considerations.”

CHAPTER XV.

SAFE CORRESPONDENCE.

MONSIEUR LEPAGE having given his full consent on parting, Léonie yielded to the pressing instances of Madame Rodeck, and, with her aunt, removed to Wessex House.

The amiable cousin of Mr. Powell Jones took infinite pains to make herself agreeable to her guests, and was not altogether unsuccessful. The *côté faible* of Madame Brochart, was good living—in French familiar phrase, “elle s'occupait de son ventre;” and it was Madame Rodeck's care that she should have occupation enough, so that between eating and sleeping the old lady passed the greater part of her time.

Léonie was not, of course, assailable on the same side, but pleasure in every other shape was the constant suggestion of her new friend.

What was the value of life, she urged, if it were not enjoyed when youth and opportunity gave it additional zest! But in such a world as this, pleasure could only be attained by the command of money. Had not Mademoiselle Lepage observed, even in the course of her brief experience, that all the heart-burnings, quarrels, privations, disagreeables of

every sort, arose from poverty? It was not necessary to be fond of money, for money's sake, but how could people do each other good without it—Madame Rodeck wanted to know that? Real generosity, she said, consisted in opening the purse freely, and none could do that like the rich. There was her cousin Powell, for instance. A more generous creature never breathed; riches had been well bestowed upon him; he never heard of a case of distress that he did not instantly relieve it. But it was not charity only that claimed his sympathy. He liked to see his friends enjoy themselves, and understood all the little wants, the fantasies even, that made the application of money so agreeable.

"If ever that man should fall in love," exclaimed Madame Rodeck, at the close of a long eulogium on her inestimable cousin, "I envy the object of his choice! She will, indeed, be a happy woman!"

Léonie neither agreed with the principle laid down by Madame Rodeck, nor shared in her last rapturous opinion, though she fully admitted the utility of money, and expressed her belief that Mr. Powell Jones made a very admirable use of it. Of his kindness to her father she was extremely sensible, and her gratitude was greatly increased by the receipt of a letter which reached her on the third day after the departure of Monsieur Lepage. It ran as follows:

"MY DEAREST CHILD,—Here have I been two days in Paris, without the power of writing to thee, so entirely have I been engaged with the business that brought me. At last I profit by a moment's opportunity to tell thee what has happened since I came. It was my first duty to present myself at the hotel of the Minister of the Interior, who did me the honour at once to grant me a personal audience, and in that interview told me that I might remain without inquietude as to my future. The Emperor, he said, had been enlightened with regard to my political opinions by a member of the English parliament—our ever kind friend, to whom also I am writing—and that when the necessary formalities had been accomplished, no obstacle would exist to my return to Bordeaux. This news made my heart beat with joy, but in my own mind there is still an obstacle. I left our home with a lost fortune; without the means, dearest child, of giving you another, I desire not to re-enter my native city. This cannot be done in an instant, though my prospects of success are the best possible, so in Paris for the present I remain to put in train my great project. Already I have taken some steps which are of the highest importance, and now it is quite certain that after a few months only I shall again be a rich man. All this I owe to the best of friends, to whom neither thou nor I can ever cease to be profoundly grateful. Let us remember him in our prayers! Ah, my child, it is a great thing to rehabilitate one's name and fortune when both were at the worst, and without him I had not the power to do either. Amongst the causes of my present happiness, not the least is the reflection that I leave thee under the protection of that generous man and the excellent Madame Rodeck, to whom I offer my most respectful homage. Confide entirely in them as if it were myself. There exist still some reasons why I cannot receive letters at my own domicile, so for the present confide thy replies to the care of our benefactor, who is able to forward them

under an official envelope. And now, my dearest child, farewell ; tenderly embrace thy aunt for me, and receive thyself a thousand blessings from thy affectionate father,

“GUSTAVE LEPAGE.

“Not one of our old friends have I yet seen ; but, in truth, I have visited nobody.”

Ah, if Léonie had known that her poor father, at the moment when she was rejoicing in his supposed good fortune, was once more in the prison of the *Conciergerie*, betrayed into the hands of the police by the very man whom she was directed to esteem and trust !

But not a shadow of misgiving crossed her mind. Suspicion must, indeed, have been a part of her nature had she entertained a doubt of the genuineness of the letter : it bore the Paris post-mark, the handwriting was that of her father, his signature was exactly imitated, and the sentiments he expressed were perfectly natural to the occasion. As soon as she had read the letter to her aunt she hastened to answer it :

“MY DEAREST FATHER,—With all thy love for thy poor Léonie, thou canst not imagine the happiness caused by the good news thou hast sent. Thou knowest, my father, that my heart readily opens to joyful sensations : picture to thyself, then, my delight—but no, it is not possible to do so—when I learn that all thy sufferings and disappointments are at an end ! To feel assured that I shall see thee again in the midst of thy old vineyards, with the beautiful sky of the South above thee, with the voices of all thy friends meeting thee with words of welcome. Ah, such a change will be a recompense for the past ; dost thou not think so, my father ? Since three days past—from the hour you went away—I was oppressed with apprehensions of an uncertain, perhaps an adverse fate,—to-day they are all dissipated, and if tears are in my eyes it is not sorrow that brings them there. My aunt rejoices in the thought of again returning to France, though she is here quite at her ease, for Madame Rodeck, to whom I with pleasure convey your message, pays her great attention, and to me also. Yes, I will pray for the continued prosperity of our benefactor. Surely he merits it. I should be most ungrateful if I were not penetrated by that belief. But, my father, from thee I conceal nothing ; one circumstance has given me pain. A young girl, like me, should receive presents only from her near relations. Yesterday I found a magnificent bracelet upon my toilet-table. I mentioned to Madame Rodeck, whose *boudoir* is next to my chamber, that perhaps her maid had by accident left what was hers. She smiled, and said it was no mistake, for she, herself, had placed it there, for me to wear. ‘Ah, madame,’ I said, ‘it is too costly an ornament for my position. You must excuse me if I cannot accept it.’ ‘Not for my sake ?’ she asked. ‘No, madame.’ ‘Then, for the sake of somebody else ;’ and she smiled still more. ‘Somebody else !’ I exclaimed, ‘who, then, is that somebody ? It is not my father. No other person has the right to make me a present !’ ‘You are a foolish little thing,’ she answered ; ‘another may love you quite as much as your father,—and more too.’ ‘But that

can only be a husband,' I replied ; ' we are now talking nonsense. I ask no more questions, madame, but beg of you to return this bracelet to the proper owner.' She wished to say more, but I would not listen, and I left the bracelet in her hand. Now, my father, who can I suppose has wished to make me this present, if not the friendly master of this house? Doubtless, he is ignorant of the custom in France, but the words of Madame Rodeck gave me some trouble. She has not spoken on the subject again, and having told thee, my father, all is forgotten ; forgive me for talking of my trifling concerns while so many that are serious occupy thee. For the rest, all here is very gay and pleasant. My aunt is in good humour, and Azor gets more fat than before, and more sleepy. I call to him at this moment, and he just looks at me without raising his head from his cushion. He shall run for it, by-and-by, when he gets to the Cours d'Aquitaine. Ah, my father, that will be a happy day when we shall be there again. My aunt wishes to have from Madame Coquelicot, at No. 75, in the Rue St. Denis, a bunch of scarlet poppies and ears of corn, like her old ones, which are now worn out, but I do not know how thou canst send them ; yet if it be possible I know thou wilt. Adieu. I embrace thee with my heart a thousand times.

“ LÉONIE.

“ I forgot to say that Azor wears a new collar. It was brought for him by Monsieur Herbert on the morning of thy departure, while we had gone with thee to the railway station. My aunt admires it greatly, and it is pretty. Monsieur Herbert has not since been seen by us. Probably he has gone to the country.”

Léonie put this letter into the hands of Mr. Powell Jones for transmission, and a consultation took place between him and Madame Rodeck when they had read it.

“ Is this true, think you,” he asked, “ what she has written about French unmarried girls not taking presents, or does she happen to be particularly strait-laced ?”

“ I never knew it before,” replied Madame Rodeck, “ for I haven't been much amongst girls ; but this I know, that after marriage a French woman will take anything you offer, and thank you into the bargain. As to Mademoiselle Lepage, I confess I think she is rather difficult.”

“ Of a cold temperament, perhaps ?”

“ Um ! Not exactly that. I fancy she *could* be in love if she met a person to her liking.”

“ What sort of person, now ?”

“ I see no objection to yourself.”

“ You don't. But does *she* ?”

“ Why not ? You are good-looking enough for any woman, and richer than most men ; I have taken care to impress *that* upon her. It's sure to tell in the long run.”

“ I scarcely see how, in this instance, if she won't accept such a thing as a bracelet or a shawl, or anything of that sort.”

“ People do say,” said Madame Rodeck, laughing, “ that no woman can resist a real cachemire. I never was tried in that way.”

"Well, you shall order two at Oriole and Peacock's, and keep the one you like best. The other——"

"Thank you for one, Meredyth," said the lady, with a curtsy. "But you mustn't take me quite *au pied de la lettre*. Presents, I'm afraid, are not in this girl's line. She has a great deal of spirit. I can see that."

"I have had proof of it myself. How then do you mean to approach her?"

"Act up to the advice I gave you when we concocted her father's letter. Make a parade, without seeming to do so, of your liberality. I will get up a subject for you at dinner to-day, and you can be very much affected by the story; offer to give a large sum,—the effect will not be lost upon her."

"Et après?"

"Après? Why, I shall dilate upon your benevolence, as I have done already. This will prepare the way for what I propose. In old Lepage's next letter he must say he has unfortunately met with an old creditor whose claims had not been satisfied with those of others. This creditor threatens to arrest him unless he immediately pays so much. Lepage has no means of raising it except through your assistance, but, *after all your kindness to him*, is ashamed to ask it himself. All his prospects turn upon the question of liquidating this debt. Would his dear daughter undertake the delicate negotiation? If you put it in this way she is not likely to refuse. Filial piety is her cardinal virtue. She then comes to you with her pitiful tale, and you—do what you please. There! I think I have sketched out a very nice little plot. It will be your fault if you don't turn it to account."

"Upon my soul, Martha, you are a very clever creature, and have fairly earned the cachemire. But can't the old woman, her aunt, be made useful also in some way?"

"Of course she can. She mustn't eat the bread—or I should say the truffles—of idleness. Let me present her with the other shawl,—your gift, of course,—as a tribute of respect. There will be no refusal in that quarter, I promise you. She is a very weak-minded woman, but like all persons of that description, extremely tenacious of an idea when once she is supplied with one. You shall stand in her estimation in the next rank to a *bisque d'écrevisses*, or a *filet de bœuf à la Béarnaise*—the two things she most adores. I think if I told her that you used garlic for a perfume she would fall down and worship you."

And Madame Rodeck laughed immoderately at her own conceit.

"But, seriously, Martha," said her *soi-disant* cousin, as soon as he could make her listen, "she can be made serviceable!"

"Haven't I said so? I know exactly the way to go to work with her. I gained her good-will by fondling her dog. I secured her friendship by tickling her palate. She is mine, or yours, body and soul, depend on it, the moment the goats'-wool covers her shoulders."

"*A propos* of that wretched cur—that Azor—I don't altogether like the postscript to this letter. She means Herbert Vaughan, I suppose!"

"I suppose she does. It was a mere civility, or, at the most, a *coup manqué*. You observe, she says they did not see him."

"I wish he was far enough off."

"I wish so, too—if I were with him. But, to tell you the truth, Mademoiselle Lepage is not wrong in her conjecture. He *has* gone into Wales. I learnt that at his club, yesterday."

"You called there?"

"Yes; drove boldly up to the door, and asked for him. The page brought out word that he had left town two days before. I inquired where they sent his letters, and was told to Glâs-Llyn. How long did he mean to be away? It was uncertain. Perhaps a week—perhaps longer. So, till he comes back, I am, as you see, Meredyth, a widow bewitched."

"At all events he is not here to do you or me any harm."

"What a coward you are, Meredyth. That French girl doesn't trouble me in the least; why should his presence or absence affect you?"

"I don't know. But it does."

"Well, then, make hay while the sun shines. Get her into your power, and be off with her before he comes back. He shall find me here to console him."

"You! why I reckoned upon your taking Léonie down to Château Belmont, and my joining you there."

"I have thought better of it since I came here. Château Belmont would never do for her. Had she been like the generality of girls in her position, that plan might have answered very well. I know half a dozen young ladies at this moment, quite as handsome as she is, and brought up *in society*, who would have dropped off the tree, like a ripe pear, with half the persuasion I have employed with her. You may look incredulous, but it's a fact. No. She must be inoculated after another fashion. We must make her affection for her father the key to unlock her heart. Follow the course I propose, and, as Lady Macbeth says, 'Leave all the rest to me!'"

"In these matters," said Mr. Powell Jones, as they separated, "the cleverest among us is but a fool to a woman."

CHAPTER XVI.

A TRIAL.

MADAME RODECK's suggestions were speedily adopted. The farce of benevolence was skilfully enacted, and failed not to produce the effect anticipated. The second letter from Monsieur Lepage was also immediately written, despatched to the same agent who had transmitted the first, posted again in Paris, and delivered at Wessex House on the second day after the conversation just recorded.

Besides the application for a loan, it acknowledged Léonie's answer in a hasty postscript, wherein she was counselled, for her father's sake, to do nothing that might wound the susceptibility of their "noble benefactor," even though it might be contrary to her own inclinations.

Léonie wept bitterly on reading this letter. She had never in her life disobeyed her father, and it was not the moment to begin when his personal liberty and all his prospects were involved in the course she adopted. But the task enjoined was a hard one, and again and again she strove,

without success, to conquer the repugnance she felt to its performance. The last lines affected her even more than her father's actual necessity, for they seemed to her to convey the surrender of a principle. But in this matter she resolved to act independently. She would preserve her own self-esteem while she fulfilled a painful duty.

Making no communication on the subject to her aunt, and carefully avoiding Madame Rodeck, Léonie at last made up her mind to speak to Mr. Powell Jones. She found him, as usual, in his study, surrounded by books and papers. But his thoughts were not on them, for he had been waiting all the morning for this visit, and a gleam of satisfaction lit up his features as she entered.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Lepage," he said, "this is very kind of you to come and see me. I was afraid that another long, long day of tedious business was all I had to look to, and in the midst of it there comes an unexpected pleasure. Let me offer you a chair."

"Thank you, sir, no," replied Léonie, in a subdued voice; "it is better in me to stand for what I have to say."

"Then you oblige me to do the same," said the Joint-Stock Banker, rising; "but that is of no consequence," he added gallantly; "to imitate Mademoiselle Lepage must always be right. But you tremble; are you ill? Pray, pray be seated."

"No, sir," replied Léonie, in a firmer tone, mastering her emotion, "I stand. I have no illness—only some trouble."

"If it is anything in which I have power to offer advice or render assistance, I hope you will command me."

"You are very good, sir. Something I must ask you."

She hesitated, put her hand to her bosom and drew forth a letter.

"My father," she said, and stopped abruptly.

"Good God!" exclaimed the Banker, with well-feigned alarm, "no accident has happened, I trust, to Monsieur Lepage?"

"No, sir, not an accident; but—but—he has a great difficulty."

"A great difficulty! I beg you will explain."

Léonie trembled still more, she became very pale, then the colour returned to her cheeks with a deeper flush, she raised her eyes, cast them again on the ground, and spoke rapidly: "When my father lose his fortune, sir, through the troubles of commerce in the political disturbances, he could not avoid to have debts. He paid to all the world, leaving for himself nothing; but one creditor remained. That person since he went to Paris has seen him, and claims all that is still owing. It is more than my father possesses, more than the double of what he has. If this man be not satisfied, my father—goes—to prison. He ask me—he ask me——"

Léonie burst into tears and hid her face in her hands.

"Most distressing. My dear Mademoiselle Lepage, pray——"

"Your generosity, sir, I know. But if I know it, alone that should prevent me from speaking. My father's invention is good, you think so, sir?"

"Certainly—I feel sure of it."

"My father promise me a great many shares to be my fortune. See, sir—I give them all back, to remain poor for ever, if only I can obtain

the money he require to pay his creditor. He dare not ask you what I oblige myself to do."

"Does he name the amount of his debt?"

"Yes, sir. He name five thousand francs."

"And have you really distressed yourself, my dear Mademoiselle Lepage, about such a trifle?"

"A trifle! Oh, sir, it is much!"

"I hope you won't think so. Your father ought instantly to have applied to me without giving you this trouble. He shall have an order for what he requires by this day's post. Really, it is not even a loan; nothing but a simple advance; scarcely that, indeed, for we are in some degree partners; at all events having our interests united in one speculation, which is likely to turn out exceedingly profitable. This affair can easily be made straight by-and-by. You must look upon it, my dear Mademoiselle Lepage,"—here he took her hand—"only as a matter of business between two persons whose object is the same. I fully appreciate your father's delicacy in the matter, but he need have had no scruple in applying directly to me. Anything would have been better than to have caused you a single tear—a single moment's suffering—anything. You will sit now, will you not, dear Mademoiselle Léonie?"

She dropped into the chair he offered and wept again, but this time it was with a sense of relief. The smile that played over the Banker's features as he watched her averted countenance, plainly revealed the joy he felt in the success of Madame Rodeck's scheme. His manner towards Léonie became still more tender. He drew close to where she sat, and again addressed her:

"You will think no more about this slight affair?" he said.

Léonie looked up with a grateful expression:

"Forgive me, sir, for having been so bold."

"Forgive *you*," he replied. "Those are words that should rather come from me."

"How, sir! I do not understand you. I can have nothing to forgive."

"Yes, my dear Mademoiselle Léonie, but you have, when you know the offence I have committed. And yet, perhaps, I am wrong to call it an offence. Ah, if I might hope so!"

"I cannot tell, sir, what you mean, unless you speak more plainly."

"Léonie!"

She started.

"Most beautiful—dearest"—he seized her hand again—"I love you!"

"Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, and rose to her feet in an instant.

"Yes," he continued, kneeling before her, "I love you—passionately—madly. To see and not adore you is impossible. Tell me that I do not love in vain!"

The same strange sense of trouble came over Léonie as when Mr. Powell Jones first spoke to her on the evening of the dinner at Wessex House, and she remained silent.

"You do not answer me," he continued;—"speak—speak—can you—do you love me?"

"Sir!" she said, extricating her hand from his grasp. "I have no words. I am astonished. What can I say?"

"Say only that you love me!"

"Oh no! impossible!"

It was the Banker's turn to rise. He thought he had carried the fortress by a *coup de main*. Never was an elderly lover more taken aback.

Léonie went on :

"For your great goodness to my father,—for the hospitality you have shown to me and to my aunt,—I cannot thank you too much; but oh, sir, do not think of loving me."

"It is too late to give such counsel," cried Mr. Powell Jones; "I loved you, Léonie, the first moment I saw you. Do you remember——"

He stopped suddenly, perceiving his mistake. But that last word was enough. In an instant the scene in the square and what he had said upon the occasion, rushed back to Léonie's memory. The very man was before her—the only one—who had insulted her.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "Yes, I do remember. You are then that infamous person. I must have been a fool not to have recognise you at once. You are the man that dare to address me in the street. Ah, mon père!"

"Listen, Léonie," said Mr. Powell Jones; "what I then said was madness—utter folly. I saw you by chance only, knew not who you were—you might have been—no matter what. The words I uttered—wholly without meaning—were addressed to a perfect stranger. Had I dreamt that the daughter of my friend——"

"Your friend, sir! It was a sad hour when my father saw you first. You cannot deceive me, sir. I recollect too well you say my father is poor—'he will understand how to keep out of the way.' Those are not words to be spoken to any young girl. They show a bad, wicked heart!"

"Léonie, I swear you are mistaken. I never entertained a thought that could wrong beauty, innocence like yours. To give you all my fortune—to make you my wife——"

"Your wife! No, sir: when I marry it is to a man of honour! I see all your plan. It was to separate me from my father you send him to France. You fear him, you base, bad man!"

"If I fear him," said Mr. Powell Jones, with a sneer, stung by Léonie's scorn,— "if I fear him, I have but to leave him to the tender mercies of his creditor. The laws of France are not so mild as to let him go till he has paid the uttermost farthing."

Léonie wrung her hands in mute despair. Mr. Powell Jones saw his advantage, and resolved to press it.

"Listen," he said. "You come to me with a tale of distress about your father. I hear you out, and at once engage to release him from his 'difficulty:' that was your own expression. I profess, what I feel, the deepest love for you; I offer you honourable terms of marriage; you revive the error of a hasty moment,—you heap upon me words of reproach, you threaten me with your father's anger. If I dreaded it, as I have al-

ready said, it is but to leave my promise unfulfilled, and what becomes of Monsieur Lepage? He starves in a prison, and you are still in my power. Now, Léonie, I set the case plainly before you. If you wish to avert such a fate as I have named—I can forget hard words, the hasty passion of a girl—give me your hand, and all shall go well between us. Say that you will marry me, and the telegraph shall anticipate the fact which the slower post will confirm. Do not confine yourself to the sum you have named; ask anything you please, and it shall be yours. Will a daughter suffer the father she loves to die in gaol, when a word of hers could save him?"

The alternative he proposed was cruel. To marry without love,—without esteem,—to accept the man whose first thought had been her own dishonour,—whose villanous designs she had unmasked to his own face! But, on the other hand, if she refused,—she read it in her suitor's cold, malignant glance when he named Monsieur Lepage—her father's ruin was certain, that father whom she so tenderly loved, for whose life she would willingly lay down her own.

"Save him!" she said. "I—I——"

She could not finish the sentence, but fell fainting on the floor.

Madame Rodeck came from behind a screen in a remote part of the room, from whence she had witnessed the whole scene.

"Bravo!" she cried. "You have played your part well, Meredyth, and deserve to win the girl. I suppose you *don't* mean to marry her!"

"Marry her!" returned the Joint-Stock Banker. "You shall be her *chaperon* while Rigby Nicks performs the ceremony. I *could* marry her, though—if it were necessary. What a lovely creature! Help me to restore her, Martha—you have some essence about you, no doubt. Stay, lift her gently. Sprinkle water on her face. How beautiful she is!"

"Far enough gone!" said Madame Rodeck to herself. "He will do something silly even now, unless I prevent him."

Léonie began to revive. She sat upon the sofa to which she had been carried. She looked round; her eyes fell first on Mr. Powell Jones, and an irrepressible shudder passed through her frame; her next glance fell on Madame Rodeck. The presence of one of her own sex seemed to reassure her: she held out her arms involuntarily, and Martha rushed towards her.

"My sweet child!" she exclaimed, "thank Heaven you are yourself again. There—there—do not attempt to speak. I know all, my own, own daughter. Oh, how happy we all shall be."

Léonie suffered herself to be led from the room.

EXPEDITION TO THE NIGER.*

THE exploratory voyage of which we are about to give some account, from the works of Dr. W. B. Baikie, in command of the expedition, and of Mr. Hutchinson, the surgeon, was undertaken in consequence of the intelligence received from Dr. Barth of his having crossed, on the 18th of June, 1851, a large stream, named the Binue, which, from the information that traveller received from the natives, he conjectured to be the upper part of the river hitherto known to Europeans as the Tsadda, or Tshadda, the great eastern tributary to the Kwora, or Niger. The expedition was fitted out to determine a point of so much importance in opening a commercial road to Central Africa; and the two objects specially mentioned in the Admiralty instructions were, first, to explore the river Tsadda from Dagbo, the point reached by Allen and Oldfield in 1833, as far to the eastward as possible; and secondly, to endeavour to meet and afford assistance to Drs. Barth and Vogel. A steamer, deemed to be suitable for the objects contemplated, was constructed by Mr. Laird, and called the *Pleiad*, and the conduct of the expedition was entrusted to Mr. Beecroft, her Majesty's consul at Fernando Po. Unfortunately, the latter gentleman died during the *Pleiad's* passage out to Fernando Po, and the command of the expedition devolved in consequence upon Dr. Baikie. The *Pleiad* entered the River Nun on the 12th of July, with two large iron canoes, full of coal, in tow.

"Nothing," says Dr. Baikie, speaking of the delta of the Niger, "could be more gloomy than these dreary streams, enclosed between dense lines of sombre mangroves, forty, fifty, or even sixty feet in height. The only thing left to our sight was a narrow strip of sky overhead. No dry land was visible, not a canoe nor a native was encountered, and the only sign of life was when here and there a solitary kingfisher, startled by such an unwonted appearance, fled lazily from its retreat, but, ere a gun could be even pointed at it, again disappeared amid the dark foliage."

Mr. Hutchinson also describes the lower part of the river, as far as Aboh, as presenting little worthy of notice.

No elevation of ground—thickets of palm-trees, guinea-grass, and bombax—odd plantations of yams and India corn—some houses so low in their roofs that a man of ordinary stature could not enter them upright—others perched aloft on scaffolding—no doubt to preserve their inhabitants from being submerged when the water rises. So serpentine is the stream here, that for miles up there has been no reach in the river more than five or six hundred yards before and behind the ship. By King Barrow's Town—past the Angiammah villages, the towns of Sabrogego, Hippotiamo, Agbari, Kalibal, Oluba, and other places with equally

* Narrative of an Exploring Voyage up the Rivers Kwora and Binue (commonly known as the Niger and Tsadda) in 1854. Published with the Sanction of her Majesty's Government. By William Balfour Baikie, M.D., R.N., in Command of the Expedition.

Narrative of the Niger, Tshadda, and Binuë Exploration: including a Report on the Position and Prospects of Trade up those Rivers; with Remarks on the Malaria and Fevers of Western Africa. By T. J. Hutchinson, Esq., her British Majesty's Consul for the Bight of Biafra.

ridiculous names, all of which had the same appearance—a number of dirty huts stretching along the river's side, backed by dense brushwood, and fronted by half a dozen canoes in the river, the visible population consisting of women who fled in terror (at the sound of the engine's whistle), in company with the dogs and goats that were about. No mangrove grows above Sunday Island; and as we ascended, we passed many creeks leading off in the Bonny and Benin directions—the stream getting gradually wider.

Mr. Crowther remarked, however, that there were strips of land cleared and planted along the margin of the river, which were densely wooded to the water's edge in 1841, and small villages showed themselves where all formerly was desolate and uninhabited, and the very people seemed less timid and better clad. This is, at all events, encouraging. Owing to the *Pleiad's* having grounded near Truro Island, the expedition did not reach Abo until the afternoon of the 21st. Old King Obi, the friend of the whites, was dead, but his successor, Aja, Obi's second son, gave them a kindly reception. The brutal practice exists, according to Hutchinson, among these people of burying twins alive, and all children who cut the upper teeth first are sacrificed also.

The *Pleiad* left Abo on the 24th, taking a Mussulman who could speak English, nicknamed Ali Hare Lander, with them to act as an interpreter. They now began to meet with herds of hippopotami, and several small brown monkeys, with very long tails, were seen disporting in the trees. It is very much to be doubted if the late Mr. Brockeden, although one of the most sedulous attendants at the Royal Geographical Society, had his name attached to more than one spot on the globe. Captain Allen, himself an artist, named an island on the Kwora after his brother limner; but, alas for the uncertainty of geographical immortality! we are told in a very brief and curt manner by Mr. Hutchinson, "there is no such island in the river as that described in Lieutenant Allen's chart as Brockeden Island!"

Iddah, the next place of importance on the river, after Abo, is described by Dr. Baikie as in a very pleasing situation. Placed on an eminence overlooking the river, the huts interspersed with lofty trees, with finely-tinted foliage, and with high land for the background, the view, after inhaling the pestilential miasmata of the delta, and being so long denied the free enjoyment of the air of heaven by frowning mangroves, was at once refreshing and invigorating. Hutchinson bears testimony to the same feeling. "The appearance of the lofty cliffs and high land at Iddah," he says, "with the summits of the Kakunda mountains peering up behind, pleased every one on board."

On the 4th of August the *Pleiad* dropped anchor at the confluence of the Tsalda or Binue, and of the Kwora or Niger. Considering that since the days of Mungo Park the western branch has ever been considered as the main tributary to the Niger, the difference of impressions arrived at in modern times is curiously placed by Dr. Baikie.

Pursuing a somewhat meandering route, the Narrow Kwóra flowing from the northward wound along the base of the western highlands, while full before us came pouring from the eastward the broad, the straight-coursed Binue, the commingling waters of the two mighty streams forming the expansive, lake-like Confluence, its surface dotted with islets and banks, or rippled by contending currents, while in the distance the united rivers impetuously rushed towards the sea, through the deep defile by which we had so lately ascended. The extensive

ruins of the once busy Odokódo, the centre of trade in this place before its destruction by a ruthless Fuláta band, were hid from view by the thick brush-wood; but the crowded huts of its important commercial successor were plainly discerned on the opposite shore. Along the banks numerous villages could be detected, while frequently, more inland, a curling wreath of smoke would betray the existence of some sequestered hamlet, half-hidden beneath lofty trees. Far as the eye could reach, over miles and miles, the ground teemed with exuberant vegetation; seeming often in the fantastic appearance of its wild growth to revel in its exemption from culture. Such a fruitful soil in other climes, and with a happier population, would yield support and employment to countless thousands, and long ere this have proved the source of untold wealth. To complete our panorama, quietly at anchor, and now surrounded by canoes, there lay the little *Pleiad*, the *avant-couriers* of European energy and influence; and I trust, the forerunner of civilisation and its attendant blessings, and of better days to these richly-endowed but hitherto unfortunate regions.

The progress up the Binue seems at first to have been very slow; the wood did not burn well—so little so, that they had to anchor five or six times to get up steam. This was on the 7th of August, the first day upon which they navigated the river of so much promise, and their progress did not exceed six or seven miles! The lower part of the river having been previously explored by Lander, need not detain us. Passing the little towns of Gandah, Obujunga, Atipo, and Ogbo—the latter situated on cliffs as high over the water as those of Iddah—up to Lander's Seat, the country, Hutchinson says, appeared to be superior in fertility to any he had seen since he entered into the Num. Dagbo, the first village in the Doma province, which is tributary to Zeg-Zeg, a miserable little village, was the limit of former exploration, and beyond that every mile of progress enjoys a new interest. Passing this point, the expedition arrived on the 19th at Akpoko, "the neatest little African village," says Hutchinson, "I ever put my foot into;" and Dr. Baikie also describes it as "the cleanest and driest town" they had visited. Situated at the foot of the Doma, or Allen range of hills, in a kind of natural amphitheatre, this place is defended from the marauding Filatahs by a deep fosse and by walls.

We can understand, although we can in some cases barely appreciate, the value of the names given to new discoveries in the Arctic regions. Hudson's Bay, Barrow and Melville's Straits, and Wellington Channel will always have a certain hydrographical importance; but there are headlands, and capes, and islets which have been named and mapped by one expedition, only to be erased or merged into a mainland or archipelago, with another name, by later explorers. One set of Lords of the Admiralty have often succeeded to one another in the icy regions of the North—the charts of which indicate pretty accurately where patronage lay, or was supposed to lay at the time of discovery—although strange mistakes have taken place on that score: a change of ministry having sometimes occurred during the time of the absence of the expedition, and it was scarcely found convenient to alter all the names on its return. But we really cannot see by what right at all an expedition should assume to itself to name an "Admiralty Archipelago," a Sir Charles Ogle's Island, Richardson Islands, Burnett Islands, Smyth Island, Mount Herbert, Mount Traill, and a host of others, in a country already inhabited. It would surely have been in better taste to have adopted the names in use

among the natives. These English names will probably never be adopted by any but stay-at-home map-makers, if even by them.

Passing several villages, chiefly on the right bank, the expedition arrived on the 23rd of August at Ojogo, a pretty little town situated on the eastern extremity of a rather extensive island. Hutchinson says that the features of the country from the Doma hills to this place, a distance of about forty miles, were all similar; trees thinly interspersed through a bright prairie of tall guinea-grass, with no rocky intermixture, and a rich loamy soil, evidently capable of nurturing into maturity any species of intertropical produce. The river became at this point more expansive, and the soundings consequently more shallow. The expedition was very well received by the chief of Ojogo, and remained for some time at the place under an erroneous impression that Barth and Vogel were at Keana, a town only a few days' journey distant, whereas it afterwards appeared that it was some six weeks ago that they had been there. Crocodiles were abundant in this part of the river, and there were also false-gavials. One man had lost part of his leg by a bite from the former, and a serviceable wooden leg was constructed for him—Mr. Hutchinson says, at his suggestion. The inhabitants of the opposite side of the river, which is here a mile wide, being at war with the people of Ojogo, the members of the expedition did not meet with so kindly a reception on the one bank as on the other.

Above Ojogo the river contracted, and the water deepened. It is not called either Tsadda or Binue at this point, but Lihu; a little beyond, it was called Nu. On the 4th they came to Rogan-Koto, a town of considerable size, opposite to which was Konduku, whose inhabitants lined the banks in hostile attitude. At Rogan-Koto there were several weaving establishments, at which beautiful cloth is fabricated, as also a manufactory of brasswork. Yet, with all this population and civilisation, our expeditionists thought proper to call the islands on the river Rowland Hill; and on the next day, when they arrived at another considerable town, called Abitshi, they declared it to be on Clarendon Island! This was the principal place where the commodities of the upper and lower Binue were exchanged.

The people of Mitshi had the honour of having the eastern boundary of their country designated for the future after the present distinguished hydrographer of the Admiralty—Captain Washington. It is to be hoped that they will preserve the memory of the fact in their national archives. Beyond was a range of mountains with familiar names, Mount Egerton, Mount Latham, and Mount Christison, all appropriately marshalled under the presidency of Lord Ellesmere. Baikie and Hutchinson differ in a day as to the date at which they passed these mountains. They enjoyed at this point the novel sight of a large herd of elephants, upwards of a hundred in number, crossing a little streamlet not much more than a mile away.

On the 6th of September, having been all day anxiously looking out for signs of man, they were highly pleased by discovering in the afternoon a large walled town on the south side, and although it was late they landed at once:

Previous to our arrival numbers of people had been observed along the banks, but on the approach of the gig they all disappeared, and when we reached the

shore the only person left to receive us was a solitary individual, who between fear and excitement could hardly utter a single word. I walked up to him, extending my hand, which he surveyed most suspiciously, and at length touched with as much reluctance as he would a piece of red-hot iron, but finding that it did not burn him, and that we were quite friendly, he threw down his spear, and danced and shouted for joy, exclaiming that he would lead us to the town, which was at some little distance. Having to pass some marshy ground, he insisted on carrying me across some streamlets, shouting all the time at the top of his voice in Hánsa, "White men, white men! the Nazarenes have come; white men good, white men rich, white men kings; white men, white men!" Presently his shouts were responded to, and we saw a large band, fully armed, rush along a narrow path, vociferating wildly. Their approach had certainly something threatening in its look, so much so that our boat's crew, getting alarmed, scampered back to the boat, leaving Mr. May, Mr. Crowther, Dr. Hutchinson, and myself, with Mr. Richards, and my assistant, to face the strangers. Even our valiant little interpreter, Aliheli, felt insecure, as seizing my arm he whispered hurriedly, "We must go back to the ship." We, however, continued to advance, and presently encountered the rude-looking throng. On hearing that we were friends, the leading man first threw himself wildly into the arms of our conductor, and then flying headlong against me, grasped my hand and shook it vehemently. Each one of our party had his own body of admirers, and in particular Mr. May was quickly cut off and surrounded, and became a distinct centre of attraction. Of the remainder of the crowd, some ran rapidly towards us, presenting the butt-ends of their spears; others drew their bow-strings without arrows in them; many threw themselves on the ground and went through an extemporaneous course of gymnastics, and all shouted aloud. Every one appeared in an ecstasy of delight, while our guide continued to exert his lungs in such an extraordinary manner, that we were afraid he would rupture a blood-vessel, and I am quite certain he got off cheaply if he had nothing beyond a simple sore-throat. After this wild welcome had subsided into some semblance of a merely enthusiastic greeting, I told the most consequential-looking man that we wished to visit his king, to whom he at once conducted us. We went along a narrow pathway, only sufficient for single file, enclosed between tall dáwa corn, the stalks of which waved high over our heads. Presently we arrived at the gate of the town, strongly palisaded, and crossed the ditch which surrounded the walls. Numbers of astonished natives, of all ages and sexes, lined the way, all the men carrying spears, swords, knives, and bows and arrows. We soon reached the king, who, in the centre of a large crowd, attended by the head men in the place, stood to receive us under the shade of a wide-spreading tree. I approached and saluted him, and introduced my party, with all whom he shook hands, and then looking upwards said, he thanked God that white men had come to his country. I rapidly explained to him our wishes and our objects, adding, that as it was nearly dark, we should pay him a longer visit next day. Numbers now pressed forwards to shake hands with us, and about us there could not have been fewer than from 400 to 500 people, mostly armed.

If Dr. Baikie gives the most picturesque account of the reception of the party at Gándiko, Mr. Hutchinson is most graphic in his description of the people inhabiting this before unknown town on the Binue:

Whilst digesting this information (says Mr. Hutchinson, in relation to a few geographical items, upon which, as usual, little dependence could be placed), let us take a glance at the ladies and gentlemen around us. Some of the former have their hair dressed in a very peculiar fashion; and a few of the king's wives had theirs most elaborately ornamented. One of them in particular was done up in a manner sufficiently excruciating to send any Parisian *friseur* demanding admission at the Salpêtrière lunatic asylum before to-morrow morning. A piece of scarlet ribbon fastened with a brass button was placed above the centre of the

forehead, and thence was brought backwards to the nape of the neck, over the hair of the head, which was woven into a towering arch. From each temple descended a plaited festoon, which was confined with brass cylinders, and made to fasten under her chin by a continuation of beads. On one side of the arch was a huge brass pin of native manufacture, and on the other was an ivory one, both tastefully carved. Through the cartilages of her ears were bored enormous holes of the circumference of a shilling, in which ornaments of ivory, beads, brass, or antimony were used to be stuck, as the ordinances of the fashionable world wavered at Gandiko. Some of the ladies had leaden or brass earrings, about the size of the rings that are usually put in pigs' nostrils at home. Many gentlemen, too, had enormous perforations in the same organ; and, with this personal adornment, had only for clothing the rags of what might have been Houssa tunics before the flood.

The soft sex here, also, had a species of ornamentation which was quite novel to me, and not at all captivating; though perhaps, amongst men of artistic taste in their country, it might be styled "delectable," if there were such a word in the Gandiko language. It consisted of brass nails in the noses! At about a quarter of an inch above the edge of the nostril outside, the bright brass head glistened on the dark skin. Its stem perforated the outer wall of the nose to the inside, and was then brought out with a curve towards the ear. The heads of the nails were flatter than our trunk brass nails, the stems longer, squarer, and more obtuse; they were evidently of native fabrication. As soon as dealings were completed with a lady for a pair of these articles, which she exchanged for a small looking-glass, there was a regular dissolution of partnership between many noses and brass nails, in the prospect of a traffic on the part of the owners. For a time I could not decide whether the rapidity of this movement was caused by the novelty of seeing their black faces in a looking-glass, for they had never viewed a mirror before, or whether it spoke favourably for their commercial enterprise. But, in either case, the gods of fashion all over Nigritia might be put in convulsions by this outrage on their ordinances, and so I declined further encouragement to the nasal revolution!

Close by Gándiko was another town called Gankera, larger than the first-mentioned town, and "a paragon of neatness in all its streets—its ovoid and quadrangular places." Not an inch of ground was uncultivated around these towns, and French beans were growing as luxuriantly against the palisading outside the houses, "as though they were under the fostering hand of the head gardener at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris." About a mile and a half from Gándiko there was another town called Ibi, still larger than either of the two before described. Beyond these again was a town called Washiri, which they did not visit, and then they came to Zhibu, the capital of this populous and flourishing district, situated on very high ground in a plain of several miles' extent, perfectly cleared, and much of it in process of cultivation. His Majesty of Zhibu was a sullen, unhappy-looking personage. He received the expedition, however, with the same courtesy as they had experienced at the hands of other African kings, but he evidently wanted also to do a little business in the slave line. A circumstance occurred here which must have afforded some amusement to the members of the expedition. It is evident that a little jealousy existed between Drs. Baikie and Hutchinson; we have seen that, in the case of the wooden leg, Hutchinson claimed having suggested the charitable invention, for which Baikie gives him no credit. At Zhibu, the king invested Hutchinson with a tobe, or robe of honour, "he being," says Dr. Baikie, "the tallest and stoutest of our party, qualifications which in Africa are held in great admiration." Hutchinson,

on his part, seemed to think that he deserved it as much as the leader of the expedition. He does not tell us wherefore, but simply intimates that he tried to receive it with as much solemnity as if it were a *toga academica*. What makes the affair still more ridiculous is, that Dr. Baikie had made the king a present of a velvet robe and a brass-sheathed sword.

Droves of hippopotami and many crocodiles, as well as birds of brilliant and vari-coloured plumage, gave animation to their progress on the 10th. A number of low, sedgy islands were also passed, which made the navigation very intricate, but the river continued wide and deep as usual, till after the junction of the Akam or Bankundi, about fifty miles above Zhibu, when it contracted into a width of about two hundred yards. Beyond this latter town there were no traces of human habitations for a distance of at least sixty miles, the country having the same rich and attractive though monotonous appearance throughout. Arriving, however, on the 18th at the Munemin, or Murchison mountains, groves of Palmyra, or cabbage palm, announced the presence of the town of Nak, and beyond was the town of Zhiru on one bank, and Bomonda, up a creek, on the other. The capital of the district, Hamarrua, was also seen from the topmast, apparently twelve or fifteen miles away in the country. Several columns of smoke intervening between the Muri hills and the river, also pointed out the sites of other towns, and gave the locality quite a populous aspect, to which was to be added the agreeable prospect of an immense tract of apparently cleared land, with undulating hill and vale, extending many miles into the interior.

On the 21st a messenger came on board from Muhammad Sultan of Hamarrua, to welcome the expedition, and the next day a mission was despatched to thank the king, and to formally announce its proximate arrival, which was only delayed by the want of fuel. At length, on the evening of the 22nd, the *Pleiad* anchored off the little town of Gurowa, and on the 24th the mission returned, much fatigued with their journey of fourteen miles to and from the capital. Dr. Baikie, Hutchinson, and a small party then started on a visit to the Sultan. Part of the way lay up a creek to the town of Usu, where they left their boat; the remainder of the way lay through a country "the richest in loamy soil," Hutchinson says, "that he had ever travelled over," where fields of rice and Indian corn alternated with herbs and shrubs of the richest bloom and foliage, and plains, where the grass grew so luxuriantly, that at times it met over their heads when on horseback. Birds of the most gorgeous plumage lent animation to this scene of vegetative splendour. The pathway, owing to its being the rainy season, was unfortunately miry and sloughy.

The city of Hamarrua was found to be situated on the top of a hill, the front of which was garnished by loose granite rocks, and it was found to be a very extensive place, more so than Zhibu; the houses more substantial, gardens attached to each of them, and huge baobab-trees rearing their lofty branches in the many spaces that existed throughout. The expedition was conducted through the streets by a single file of javelin-armed men, and directly after they had been seated in the apartment assigned to them for the night, the Sultan sent his compliments and salutations, with the expression of his pleasure at their visit to his town. An

extensive supper accompanied these expressions of friendliness, not a little welcome after their journey :

The morning of the 25th broke dark and lowering; and at half-past six o'clock the rain came down in torrents. It continued so until near mid-day. His majesty sent us up a luxurious breakfast of several African dishes, and a large calabash of fresh milk, the greatest treat of all. During our confinement to the house, in consequence of the rain, we had many visitors, some wanting to sell straw-plaited doyleys, beautifully dyed, spears, swords, brass and copper rings. The heavy wet was a great obstacle in the way of my seeing the town as I desired; and, as our time was limited, we had to send many messages to the Sultan, requesting that he would give us audience, as we purposed returning to the ship this night. It was considerably after noon when we proceeded to the palace. Passing through the streets, we saw many of the softer sex in small groups, here and there, gazing at us—not with looks of impertinent curiosity, but with a simple expression of wonderment, which gave to their faces an indescribable charm. If any one will allow beauty to exist amongst African women, I shall maintain against all comers, that it does exist amongst the ladies at Hamarrua. Half Arab and half Negro, their countenances of a bronze hue, have a classical outline of such charming features as we are in the habit of associating with Greek models. And with this there was something of a beaming expression of kindness that pleased me very much—a suavity of trusting gentleness, combined with a slight tint of joyfulness, that brought to my mind the beautiful thought of L. E. L., of “half smiles, born of no cause but the very buoyancy of inward gladness.” Dressed in their blue country cloths, and their hair ornamented in a very pleasing style, without any attempt at belleishness, they gave me a very superior idea above what I had hitherto considered African ladies to be.

The passages between the houses are not like the outways we have travelled through in other towns. All are clean and wide enough for two or three horsemen to ride abreast. An air of general comfort seems to pervade all around—there is no sign of filth or of poverty in the town; and the space in front, remarkable for its spotless cleanliness, surrounding the Sultan's palace, was of several acres in extent. The entrance to it was through a round house, flanked on both sides by a bamboo lattice-work of at least twelve feet high, that enclosed all his ground—constituting the royal residence. Thence we were conducted through a court-yard into another circular house, the floor of which was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and three velvet Houssa tobes for us to be seated on. This was the audience-chamber. Across the centre of the room was suspended, half-way up to the roof, a satin drapery, having yellow, scarlet, and white lines parallel with one another in perpendicular stripes. Behind this screen, which was not transparent, the Sultan Mahommed, Saraki Hamarrua sat—no doubt enthroned in great state; the only indications of existence being his voice, and the rustling of silks in which he was enrobed. From the former I would judge him to be a middle-aged man. As soon as we were seated, Dr. Baikie asked if we were not to look at the Sultan's face when talking to him; and the answer “No!” being given, we were obliged to imagine his reality from the sound of his voice and the rustling of his dress. We were then invested with Houssa tobes by Saraki Houssa, which were given to us as a present by the Sultan. Grave-looking and grey-headed mallams sat around us; and, as we had a journey of fourteen miles over a not very pleasant road, our conference was not a prolonged one. Dr. Baikie explained to him that the queen had sent him out here to ascertain if the river was navigable—to search for Dr. Barth—and to make friends for the queen with all the African kings whom he came in contact with. He replied that he was very glad to see white men coming to his country—that he did not hear of the gentleman Dr. Baikie inquired for, except he was the one whom he had heard of as being at Sakatu—and that he would like to make friends with our queen, by sending her home two female slaves, if Dr. Baikie

would take them! To this of course it was replied, that our queen did not approve of slavery; and that the females could not be taken as slaves even if we had accommodation for them on board our ship.

The Sultan having made a further present of five poisoned javelins, and promised to let them have three horses, and to send down two bullocks the next day, the little party took its departure. They had no time to explore the city, but Mr. Hutchinson says that he saw enough of it to give him a conviction of its superiority over any city they had entered up the Niger, Tsadda, or Binue. It must be several miles in circumference; and the houses are so constructed, with relation to room, that the inhabitants can live uncontrolled or uninfluenced by the observations of their next-door neighbour. The dwellings are formed of mud and stone, and are remarkably neat in all their appointments. From near the stem of a huge baobab-tree, outside the town-gate, a commanding view may be had of the whole range of the Muri mountains, of the river gliding down between them, and of the Munemin, or Murchison range, on the other side.

The engineer having ridden on in company with the Kruboya, Baikie and Hutchinson walked down the pathway, expecting the promised horses to follow: Dr. Baikie, after a time, going on ahead, and Hutchinson waiting; till, not after much urgency, the latter succeeded in getting a horse to convey him to Usu. Not so Dr. Baikie. He must be allowed to relate the adventures that befel him in his own words:

Having got to the bottom of the hill, and finding the road as before, very wet, I pulled off my shoes and stockings and went barefooted, that being by far the easiest mode of progression along a path of this description. In this way I had walked alone for from seven to eight miles, when I lost almost all trace of the path. Having ascertained by my compass the position of the river, I endeavoured to work my way in that direction, but soon got more entangled than ever. I climbed up several trees to look around, but could not discover a single guiding mark. I was completely in the bush, the grass and brushwood being so long, thick, and close, that every step I took was a severe exertion. It was now past sunset, and getting rapidly dark, and as it was only too evident that I had lost my way without any chance of bettering myself, the next question came to be how I should pass the night. The most comfortable and the safest spot seemed to be up a tree, so I tried one, and got as high as I could, but did not much relish my quarters. All the others near me were too small, but I recollected having observed some time before a tall baobab, which I determined again to search after. I took a good mark, so that, if unsuccessful in my cruise, I still might have something to fall back upon, and starting with a good run to clear the grass, was fortunate enough in a few minutes to get a glimpse of the wished-for harbour of refuge. Luckily for me it had a double trunk, with a distance between of about two feet; so tying my shoes together, and casting them over my shoulder, I placed my back against the one trunk, and my feet against the other, and so managed to climb until I got hold of a branch by which I swung myself further up, and finally got into a spot about twelve or fifteen feet from the ground. Here I placed myself on a branch, about a foot in diameter, projecting at nearly right angles, and by leaning against the main trunk, and stretching out my legs before me, I found I had a tolerably comfortable seat, whence I might peer into the surrounding obscure. The night, fortunately, was not very dark, the stars gleamed overhead, while vivid flashes of lightning over the neighbouring hills enabled me, from time to time, to cast a momentary glance around me. I got on my shoes and stockings as a protection against insects, then passed a piece of cord loosely round the branch, so that I could pass my arm through it and steady myself, and finally made preparations

for repose by kicking two places in the bark of the tree for my heels to rest in. About eight o'clock I distinctly heard in the distance the hum of human voices, and shouted to try and attract attention, but to no avail; believing, however, that there were some huts near, I marked the direction by a large tree. Feeling rather tired, I lay down on my face along the branch, throwing my handkerchief over my head, and passing each of my hands into the opposite sleeve, to prevent them from being bitten, I was soon in a state of oblivion. I must have slept upwards of four hours, when I awoke rather stiff, from my constrained position, and had to try a change of attitude. To pass the time I lit a cigar, and, as I had but one, I only smoked half of it, carefully putting back the remainder to serve for my breakfast. A dew was now falling, crickets and frogs innumerable were celebrating nocturnal orgies; huge mosquitoes, making a noise as loud as bees, were assaulting me on all sides, and some large birds were roosting in the tree over my head. I tried in vain to doze away the hours, but I had had my usual allowance of sleep, and not being a bigoted partisan of the drowsy god, even when I really required his aid, he refused to attend to my invocations. I watched with most painful interest the rising and setting of various constellations, and was at length delighted with the appearance of Venus, showing that morning was now not far off. A fresh novelty next presented itself, in the form of sundry denizens of the forest, crowding to pay homage to their visitor. Howls of various degrees of intensity continually reached my ears, some resembling more the high notes of the hyæna with occasional variations, and others, very close to me, being unquestionably in the deep bass of the leopard. I once fancied that I saw a figure moving not far from me, but could not be positive. As light began to suffuse itself over the eastern sky, my nocturnal companions gradually retired, until at last I was left alone, yet not solitary, for that I could not be, as long as the incessant buzzing in my ears told me that my Lilliputian winged antagonists were yet unwearied in their attacks, and still unsatiated with blood. At length, as grey dawn was being supplanted by brighter daylight, I ventured to descend from my roosting-place, where I had spent, not altogether without comfort, upwards of eleven hours.

My first endeavour was to find a footpath, and, after a little search, I stumbled over a little track, which, however, as it led in a wrong direction, I had to abandon. A more prolonged investigation discovered another, very narrow, and almost hidden by long grass, which, after the heavy rain, was lying right over it. To prevent my again straying, I was obliged to bend forward and walk, almost creep, along a kind of tunnel, pulling up a few stalks and letting them fall, as a guide in case I should have to return. Though in my elevated quarters the dew had been slight, on the ground it had been very heavy, and in a few minutes I was completely drenched. When I emerged at the other extremity of this path, which was about half a mile long, and was again enabled to look round, I saw a little circling smoke, towards which I immediately made, and found a few huts. Some Aborigines appeared, and, after their surprise had subsided, I managed to explain, by means of a few broken Háusa words, that I had lost my way, had spent the night in a tree, and now wished to get to Wuzu. They pointed out the way to me; but, as it was not very evident to my European senses, I induced one to come with me as a guide, and we accordingly trudged along through mud and water, by a route which, to any but a thorough-bred native, would have been impossible to keep to. After walking, or rather wading, in this manner for two or three miles, we fell in with my black servant and a couple of men armed to the teeth, going in search of me.

Sickness breaking out among the crew, and fuel becoming very scarce, Dr. Baikie relinquished the idea of attempting to ascend the river any further than this point—a disagreeable alternative, he says, as there was abundance of water, and the river had not yet ceased to rise. He resolved, however, to attempt a short boat voyage, and to effect this the gig was got ready and provisioned, and he started in company with Mr. May, five Kruboy, and a Sierra Leone man, who spoke Háusa, as an interpreter.

In the evening they arrived at the double village of Lau, where they met with the customary kind and hospitable reception, naturally commingled with a good deal of curiosity and some little mistrust. The next day, passing what they designated as "Pleiad Island," and the village of Bandawa, they met some hunting parties, more islands, and a herd of hippopotami, and towards evening they came to some huts, and being directed up a creek, through which they had to push their way amid long grass and reeds, and pass under overhanging branches, they ultimately arrived at Djin, or Gin, "an extensive town with a dense population."

The next day, leaving Djin, with herds of light-coloured cattle, with humps on their withers, feeding in the pastures, they passed Abiti, a small village, with, as usual, a fishing-station, and entering a creek arrived at a village, which was at that time flooded. The people of Dalti, as the inundated village was called, were even more hostile than those of Djin, and when their rudeness obliged the small party to withdraw, they pursued them down the creek till they got back into the river. Such a reception seems to have cooled the ardour of our explorers; the wind, also, was not favourable; add to which, their minds appear to have been made up beforehand; and now, when within only fifty or sixty miles from the junction of the great river Paro, or Faro, they turned their boat's head down the river. This was on the 29th of September, the river still rising, and the water pouring over the adjacent country, which was bound on both sides by mountain ranges.

In the mean time, the *Pleiad*, having fired two guns on the 28th, also incontinently commenced her descent, and continued, apparently regardless of the boat-party, navigating its downward course for four days, till it was brought up by going broadside on to the top of a small island, some twenty miles above Zhibu, and where those on board remained with hippopotami snuffing and snorting around them every night, till they were luckily overtaken by the boat-party on the 1st of October. It was not till the 3rd that the *Pleiad* was completely free to continue her journey, and the same evening reached Zhibu, the whole country being under water to within one hundred and twenty yards of the city walls. An attempt was made while at this place to make an exploratory excursion to Wukari, the capital of the Kororofa country, but it was defeated by the cupidity of the king, or chief, and his unwillingness to supply the party with horses. Another attempt was made to reach the same town from Anyaahi, where they arrived on their descent on the 10th of September; but this was also frustrated, as it was found that the water was falling, and a week's delay might have been dangerous to the safety of the expedition. The hope of being at Fernando Po in three weeks or a fortnight's time, the anticipation of letters and papers from friends at home, and the gratification of returning with unimpaired health, evidently occupied the thoughts of our travellers more, when once the steamer's bows had been fairly turned down the river, than exploration of towns or intercourse with Ethiopian chieftains.

The results of this first attempt at a navigation of the Binue are, however, taken altogether, of a satisfactory character. The ascent appears to have been effected at the time of flood, and it is, therefore, difficult to say how far the river is navigable to steam-boats throughout the year. Still it must ever remain a more or less available highway into the very heart of a large continent, and by means of its branches and ramifications

contact can be obtained with many thousand miles of country. The regions watered by the Binue and its tributaries have, as far as explored, been found to be highly favoured by nature, teeming with animal life, and with fertile soils, abounding in valuable vegetable products, and adapted by diversity of position, of elevation, and of character, for all the varied purposes of tropical agriculture. Numerous tribes were met with on friendly terms, all endowed by nature with what has been termed the "commercial faculty," ready and anxious to trade and to supply immense quantities of highly-prized articles most valuable for various economical appliances. A most important outlet is thus indicated for home manufactures, as the unclad millions of Central Africa must absorb thousands of cargoes of soft goods, eagerly bartering their raw cotton, their vegetable oils, and their ivory for our calicoes and cloths. Mr. Hutchinson is of opinion that if government does not step in to put an end to the lawlessness of the Filatahs, all idea of a successful trade with the Niger, Tsadda, and Binue countries may be given up. This, however, we can scarcely imagine to be the case. The thirteen different states now enumerated on the Niger and Binue have, to a certain extent, an independent existence, and although exposed to the marauding and slave-catching expeditions of the Filatahs, they do not appear to have succumbed to their rule. Powerful as the pulo-Sultan of Sokoto and Kano may be, it is reasonable to suppose that the dwellers on the banks of one of the greatest rivers of Central Africa enjoy superior advantages to the inhabitants of central oases, and possess in reality greater resources, wealth, and power. The size and character of their towns would appear to indicate this. By being brought into contact with European commerce and civilisation, these would be further increased and developed. The products of the interior would inevitably pour down to the marts on the Binue, and Hamarrua, Zhibu, Ojogo, Igbegebe, and other ports would become more populous and more flourishing than ever, and would soon be able to despise mere marauding expeditions.

Mr. Hutchinson would also like to see France and England united in a mutual plan for the civilisation of Africa. He thinks that there is ample scope in the countries on the banks of the Niger, Tsadda, and Binue, for a company formed by the assimilation of members of the *Crédit Mobilier* Society in Paris, with a company of British capitalists. No doubt it is so, and we should like to see such a happy alliance in so good a cause; but we do not think that there is much more to do, if done in a proper and peaceful spirit, on those rivers than can be very well accomplished by British enterprise. We are more inclined to side with Dr. Baikie's view of the case. England has always taken the lead in African exploration; hers has been the expense, hers many of the valuable lives lost in its prosecution. Be it England's future, then, to follow up the good work, commenced so long ago, and consecrated by the blood of Mungo Park, of Martyn, Laing, Clapperton, Richardson, and many other of her sons, as well as by the lives of Hornemann, Belzoni, Overweg, and other enthusiasts travelling on her behalf. Let her not leave other nations to finish what she has begun, but pursue her labour of love, and aim at the acquisition and retention of the glorious title of the Friend of Africa.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.*

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

XXXII.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

THE period we have now reached is fraught with shame and dishonour to our infatuated hero. Willingly would we pass it by,—willingly would we cast a veil over his errors. But it must not be; it is necessary to show to what depths of degradation a victim to the ruinous passion of play may be reduced.

Hitherto, the proud name Gage received from his ancestors has been untarnished. Follies and excesses innumerable, and almost unparalleled, have marked his career; but he has done no act unbecoming a gentleman. His word has been ever sacred; his honour without stain. But of what value are a gamester's oaths? Of what account are his professions of amendment? Is he to be moved from his fatal purpose by the tears and anguish of those who love him and are dependent upon him? Can their clinging arms withhold him from the accursed tables where ruin awaits him? The drunkard may become temperate—the rake may reform—but the gamester, never!

So was it with Gage. Notwithstanding the services rendered him by the noble-hearted girl who had stepped between him and destruction; though at her earnest solicitation he had abjured cards and dice; though he knew that the violation of his oath would inflict the keenest wound upon her, to whom he was so deeply indebted; though he felt all the infamy of his conduct, and feared, and justly feared, that henceforth his name would be a by-word of scorn—with all this before him, little more than a week had elapsed after the occurrences described in the foregoing chapter, his promises to Clare were forgotten, his oath broken, and he was once more seated at the gaming-table, surrounded by the false friends and profligate companions who had despoiled him of his fortune, and basely deserted him in his hour of need.

By what agency this was accomplished we shall proceed to narrate.

Freed from all liabilities and embarrassments by the discharge of his debts—for Fairlie, it must be mentioned, had strictly fulfilled

*  *The Author of this Tale reserves the right of translation.*

his promise to his daughter, and paid the whole of Gage's creditors—the young man had now an opportunity of commencing a new and wholly different career. But the reckless life he had led had completely unfitted him for active pursuits. He had never possessed any habits of business, and he had now become so enervated from pleasurable indulgence and dissipation, that he shrank with alarm and disgust from the very idea of laborious employment. No profession but the army seemed to suit him; but how could he enter the service in his present miserable plight? What sort of figure should he cut without ample pecuniary resources?—and he had none! His pockets were empty; his credit gone; and he could not devise any scheme by which money could be raised. No one would make him advances; and he had no security to offer for a loan. Possibly, the difficulties he experienced in this respect might have been removed by the instrumentality of Clare, who scarcely would have left her good work unfinished; but she was unable to assist him. Ever since her efforts in his behalf, and the trying scene she had previously undergone with her father, she had been utterly prostrated, and incapable of mental or bodily exertion. Thus Gage was deprived of his only chance of succour, for pride prevented him from seeking assistance from Sir Hugh Poyninga.

As yet he continued an inmate of the mansion in Dover-street, having received permission from Fairlie to remain there for a few days. But of necessity this state of things could not endure. Something must be done. Money must be had—but how? He sat in his own chamber from morning to night, racking his brain in search of expedients; but none occurred to him, except that which was interdicted.

As to the five hundred pounds given him by Mrs. Jenyns, to be employed at the gaming-table, he had returned it with a letter explaining the impossibility of compliance with her wishes. To this letter the actress did not deign to reply, and from that time, for nearly a week, he saw nothing of her—and heard nothing.

Confinement to the house became at length so insupportably irksome—for very shame at his total want of money prevented Gage from visiting his customary haunts, or even stirring forth at all—that he mustered courage to write to Fairlie, entreating the loan of a few hundreds; but with very slender hopes, it must be owned, of a favourable response to the application. Fairlie's rejoinder was as follows: "You shall have the sum you require, if you will engage to leave the country at once; but on no other condition. Let me have your decision to-morrow morning."

While Gage was pondering over this proposition, feeling more than half inclined to accept it, he received an unexpected visit from Mrs. Jenyns.

"Ah! Peg," he said, rising to greet her, "I am very glad you

are come. I might not otherwise have seen you again. I am about to leave England for ever."

"Leave England!—of your own free will?" she inquired.

"I have no great choice in the matter, certainly."

"I thought not. Then why go? Why abandon society which you have found so agreeable? Nobody used to have such keen relish for town life as you! I have heard you declare a hundred times that nowhere else could you find so much amusement as in London, and you had tried every capital in Europe. 'Give me London,' you said, 'with its charming theatres, its nocturnal revels, its gay and exciting masquerades, its operas, its *ridottos*, its coffee-houses, its gaming-houses!' Yes, once upon a time there was nothing like a night at the groom-porter's in your estimation, Gage."

"Those times are gone by," the young man replied, sighing. "My purse is empty and must be replenished. I have no means of living here. Fairlie wishes me to go abroad."

"He wants to get rid of you. Were I you, I would stay and plague him."

"I should plague myself much more by so doing," Gage rejoined. "How am I to participate in the amusements you have mentioned? My tastes are unchanged, but I am wholly unable to gratify them. The theatres and masquerades are just as attractive to me as ever, but I am obliged to shun them. I cannot enter a coffee-house because I dare not call for a bottle of wine, not having wherewithal to pay for it. I, who once gave the most magnificent entertainments in town; who have spent hundreds—ay, thousands—in every coffee-house in Saint James's and Covent Garden; who have given gold by the handful to any woman who pleased my fancy for the moment; who have rioted in pleasures like an Eastern monarch; who have bought enjoyment at any price; who have laughed at my losses at play, though those losses were ruinous;—I who three months ago was master of this mansion and all in it, who could call twenty miles of one of the finest counties in England my own—I am reduced to this horrible extremity. Of all the wealth I have squandered, not even a guinea is left, and I am obliged to hide my head because I cannot brook the world's scorn. No! no! I must perforce accept Fairlie's offer. I shall go abroad, and enter some foreign service. You will hear of me no more—or if you do, it will be that I have fallen on some battle-field."

"This is mere folly, Gage. Take a rational view of your situation. You have run through your fortune as many a man has done before you. That is not surprising, considering your character. You are without resources, and grasp at the first offer of assistance, without reflecting *why* it is made. Beware how you take another false step! Do you not detect Fairlie's

motive in wishing you to quit the country? Do you not comprehend that your presence is troublesome to him, and that he would fain remove you altogether? But do not accede to his treacherous proposal. Stay where you are. Place yourself under my guidance, and I will engage to repair your fortunes. I have a hold upon Fairlie, which he would gladly shake off, but which your presence renders secure. I cannot explain myself more fully now, but you may rest assured I am not talking idly. As a means to the end I have in view, your exhausted coffers must be replenished, and this can only be done in one way. You understand me."

"Too well," he replied, avoiding her dangerous regards. "I understand you too well, Peg. But you tempt me in vain. I cannot—dare not play. You know that I have vowed never to touch cards and dice again."

"And what of that?" she, cried contemptuously. "Will you allow a rash vow, uttered at a moment when your judgment was blinded, to control you? Clare Fairlie had no right to extort the oath. Her claims upon your gratitude are ridiculous, and ought not to weigh with you. She compelled her father to do a bare act of justice—that is all. But even admitting—which I do not—that she acted generously, and that her generosity bound you to her, no oath extorted by her can liberate you from your previous promise to me. I confided a certain sum to you to be employed in play—half your winnings to be mine. Was it not so? Did you not give me your word to this effect?"

"I did—I did—but I could not foresee how I should be circumstanced with Clare. Release me from the promise, I entreat of you."

"Never! I require its fulfilment this very day. Here are the five hundred pounds I entrusted to you. Use them as I have directed."

"For Clare's sake I implore you not to urge me thus."

"What is Clare to me—and why should she step between me and my designs? I am resolved you *shall* play. Settle your accounts anon with her. Mine must be disposed of first."

"Oh, if I could but repay Fairlie the sums he has disbursed on my account, I might feel exonerated from all obligation!"

"Why are you so scrupulous? I tell you Fairlie is a cheat—a knave, who has robbed you all along; but if it will ease your mind, repay him with your winnings at play what he has paid your creditors."

"An excellent notion!" Gage exclaimed, eagerly grasping at the suggestion. "Yes, it shall be as you recommend."

"I recommend no such folly. Were I in your place, Fairlie should never have another farthing from me; nor would I rest till I had made him disgorge the bulk of his plunder. But of this hereafter. You must begin by obtaining funds."

"You seem to make sure I shall win. Recollect how unlucky I have hitherto been."

"You will win now. I am quite sure of it. Come and sup with me to-night at my lodgings in the Haymarket, and we will go afterwards to the Groom-Porter's, where you can play as deeply as you please. Sir Randal and Mr. Freke are sure to be there."

"I won't play with them!" Gage exclaimed.

"Not play with them! Nonsense! Why, the best revenge you can enjoy will be to beat them at their own weapons, and win back the money you have lost. And you shall do it. I promise you a run of luck such as you never had before."

"You are very confident, Peg, but it is well to engage with a good heart in a trial which, come what will, shall be my last."

"Make no more resolutions against play, for you are sure to break them," Mrs. Jenyns cried, with a laugh. "And now take the money. At eight o'clock I shall expect you."

And she hastily quitted the room, leaving Gage like one in a dream.

A long struggle took place in his breast, which ended, as might have been foreseen, in his Evil Genius obtaining the mastery.

XXXIII.

A LETTER FROM CLARE.

EVENING had arrived. A sedan-chair was standing in the hall to convey Gage to the Haymarket, and he was about to step into it, when Lettice Rougham entered by the open door. Perceiving Monthermer, she ran towards him and gave him a note, earnestly entreating him to read it before he went forth.

"Is it from your mistress?" he inquired.

Lettice replied in the affirmative, adding: "Alas! sir, she is very ill; but she made an effort to write these few lines to you, hoping they might not be without effect. Do read the letter, I beseech you, sir, and then perhaps you won't go. It will break her heart if you do—indeed it will!" she cried, bursting into tears.

"Why, where do you suppose I am going?" Gage exclaimed, looking at her in surprise. "What is the meaning of these tears?"

"They aren't shed for you, sir, I promise you," Lettice rejoined, rather sharply. "You don't deserve that any one should grieve on your account—much less such a sweet, tender-hearted creature as my mistress. Oh dear! oh dear! what will happen to her if you go?"

"A truce to this nonsense, Lettice! What silly notions have you got into your head?"

"They're not silly notions, but plain truth. Just step this way a moment, sir, that I may speak to you in private." And as soon

as they were out of hearing of the chairmen and servants, she said, lowering her voice, "You're bound on a wicked errand, and will repent it all the rest of your life. Don't attempt to deceive me, for you can't do it. I know perfectly well where you are going to sup, and with whom—and what you mean to do afterwards—and so does my dear mistress."

For a moment Gage was speechless, and, thinking she had obtained an advantage over him, Lettice determined to follow it up.

"I am glad you have some sense of shame left," she continued, "and I begin to have hopes of you. You may wonder how I know all about your proceedings, so I had better tell you. I was coming to your room this morning with a message, which it is too late to deliver now—but it was something very kind and considerate—something greatly to your benefit—on the part of my dear mistress—when I found the door ajar, and hearing a female voice, which I at once recognised, I stopped to listen. It was wrong in me to do so, perhaps—but I couldn't help it. I heard what passed between you and that bad, deceitful woman. I knew what she was trying to bring you to from the first word I heard her utter, and I shuddered when you didn't at once, like a man of honour, reject her base—her abominable proposals."

"Lettice, how dare you use such language to me?"

"I can't help my feelings, sir—and they make me speak out. You were to blame to listen to that woman at all, but much more so to consent to what she asked of you. You little thought what had brought me to your room."

"Why, what did bring you there, Lettice?"

"I can't tell you now. My mistress has forbidden me. 'He must never know what I meant to do for him, or he may put a wrong construction on my motive,' she said, as I went back to her with a sorrowful heart, and related what had happened. 'I will take no further interest in him,' she added; 'he is unworthy of regard.' 'Indeed, miss, I can't help agreeing with you,' I replied; and I won't attempt to conceal from you, sir, that such were, and still are, my sentiments. Poor soul, she cried for a long time as if her heart would break, and though I did my best to comfort her, I couldn't succeed. After a while she grew more composed, and remained quiet till evening drew on, when she asked for pen and paper, and I propped her up in bed while she wrote this letter to you. Slowly—very slowly did she write it, and with great difficulty. Oh, if you could have seen her angelic countenance, her dank, drooping hair hanging over her shoulders, and her thin, thin fingers! it was a sight to melt a heart of stone—and I think it would have melted yours. When she had done, she sealed the letter, and bade me take it to you. 'Tell him it is the last time I will ever trouble him,' she said; 'but implore him to attend to my request.' And now, sir, having said my say, I will withdraw while you read the letter."

"There is no occasion to do so, Lettice," Gage replied, putting aside the note; "I cannot read it now."

"Not read it! You cannot be so cruel! I won't believe in such black ingratitude."

"I cannot stay. I am behind my time. I will write to your mistress to-morrow morning. If you really have the regard you profess for her, you ought not to have disclosed what you accidentally overheard this morning, as you must have been aware it was calculated to give her needless pain. But the best way to repair your error is to keep silence now. You mustn't betray me, Lettice. I rely on your discretion."

"Don't rely on me, sir—don't do it. I won't hide anything from my mistress."

"Well, as you please. But if any ill arises from your imprudence, the blame will rest with you."

This was too much for poor Lettice. She was quite bewildered.

"Oh, do be persuaded to open the letter before you go, sir!" she cried, making a last effort to detain him. "Open it, and I'm certain you won't persist in your wicked purpose."

Gage made no reply, but, breaking from her, hurried to the sedan-chair, and ordered the bearers to proceed with all possible despatch to the Haymarket.

Lettice did not tarry to listen to the jests of the footmen, or satisfy their curiosity as to the motive of her visit, but betook herself sadly, and with slow footsteps, to Jermyn-street, uncertain what course she ought to pursue in reference to her mistress, and almost inclined to think it might be best to follow Gage's recommendation and keep silence as to his delinquencies. As she was crossing Piccadilly she met Arthur Poynings and his sister returning from an evening walk in Hyde Park, and perceiving her distress, Lucy anxiously inquired the cause of it. Seeing no reason for disguise, Lettice told her all that occurred, and both sister and brother—but especially the former—were greatly troubled by the recital. Arthur, indeed, was roused to positive fury against Gage; though, for Lucy's sake, he repressed his indignation. Advising his sister to pass some hours with Clare, and, if need be, to remain with her during the night, and recommending both her and Lettice to observe the utmost caution in what they said to her respecting Gage, he accompanied them to the door of Mrs. Lacy's house in Jermyn-street, where it will be recollected that poor Clare had sought refuge, and then left them, promising to call at a later hour. Lucy was not without misgiving as to his intentions, but she thought there was little chance of his meeting with Gage that night, and on the morrow he might be calmer.

She was wrong. Arthur had resolved that the morrow should not dawn before he had seen Gage, and vented his anger upon him.

And now to return to Gage. While he was borne rapidly along

towards the Haymarket, he took out Clare's letter, and broke the seal. There was still light enough to enable him to distinguish its characters, and he read as follows:

"I have been told that a confirmed gamester can never be reclaimed. I did not believe it, for I entertained a better opinion of our nature, than to suppose that any passion could be so overwhelming and irresistible as to subvert every good resolution and principle, and obliterate all sense of honour. I now perceive my error. I find one, on whose plighted word I had implicitly relied, again ensnared by the toils from which I trusted he was delivered—his oath broken—himself dishonoured.

"But be warned, Gage—be warned while there is yet time! Turn back from the very door of the Temptress! Repulse her when she would entice you in! Shut your ears to her soft persuasions and falsehoods. Burst the chains she has cast around you. Fly from her! If you enter you are lost—irretrievably lost!

I had indulged in dreams of your future happiness—dreams, alas! from which I have been rudely awakened. I pictured you, as you might have become, after a time, by efforts properly directed, prosperous and distinguished. I saw you restored to your former position, and blessed with the hand and affections of a being in every respect worthy of you. And though I knew that long ere that fortunate period could arrive, I should be gone, I did not repine. Now, all those hopes are annihilated.

"Fain would I release you from your vow! It rests not with me to absolve you from it. But I can pity you—I can forgive you from my heart—I can pray for you,—and this I will do to the last! Farewell!

"CLARE."

This touching letter moved Gage profoundly, and he almost felt inclined to obey the admonition, and turn back at once. But he had not force enough to shake off his thralldom. His good genius had deserted him, and, arrived at the door of the Temptress, he went in.

XXXIV.

A NIGHT AT THE GROOM-PORTER'S.

MRS. JENYNS professed the greatest delight at seeing him. She was exquisitely attired, and never looked more attractive. Brice Bunbury, Jack Brassey, and Nat Mist had been invited to meet him; and however disposed Gage had been to resent their late conduct towards him, he could not hold out against their present demonstrations of regard, but shook hands heartily with all three.

"I must beg you to accept my apologies for what occurred at White's the other day, Monthermer," Brice said. "We all behaved very unhandsomely to you—but we are devilish sorry for it."

"Say no more, Brice," Gage replied. "I have no sort of quarrel with you; but I am deeply offended with Sir Randal."

"I shall not attempt to palliate his conduct," Brice replied, "for it was indefensible; but he owns himself completely in the wrong, and is anxious to atone for his folly. Whenever you meet him, he intends to apologise—and so does Mr. Freke. Ah! how delighted we all were to learn that old Fairlie paid your debts. But why have you kept away from us ever since? We have looked in vain for you on the Mall, and at the coffee-houses."

Supper being announced at this moment, Gage was saved from the necessity of reply. Mrs. Jenyns led the way to an adjoining room where a repast was served, of which Loriot himself might have been proud. Every dish was a delicacy. Delicious wines went round in flowing bumpers, and the spirits of the company rose as the goblets were drained. Mrs. Jenyns had no desire to check the hilarity of her guests, but she took care that Gage should not drink too much for her purpose. So while she allowed Brice Bunbury and the others to quaff as much champagne and burgundy as they chose, she wisely restricted him to claret.

As may be supposed, with the business they had in hand, the party did not sit long after supper—not half so long as Brice would have desired—but adjourned to Spring Gardens. Before starting, Mrs. Jenyns took Gage aside, and reiterating her advice to him to play with extreme caution, and to double his stakes if he won, she gave him a pair of dice, telling him they were the luckiest she had ever used, and she wished him, therefore, to play with them on the present occasion.

Arrived at the Groom-Porter's, they went up-stairs and entered the room where hazard was always played. The large round table was crowded; but, on seeing our hero, a gentleman hastily withdrew, and Gage took his place. Our hero's appearance caused significant glances to be exchanged between Beau Freke and Sir Randal, but they both courteously saluted him. When it came to his turn to play, Gage put down a hundred pounds, and took out the "lucky dice" given him by Mrs. Jenyns.

"Seven's the main," Sir Randal cried.

"A nick!" Gage exclaimed, and swept all the money, amounting to some hundreds, off the board.

"Did I not tell you you would win?" whispered Mrs. Jenyns, who stood behind him. "Go on! Stake all you have won. Good luck will attend you."

And so it proved. In less than an hour he was master of upwards of five thousand pounds. Feeling he was in a run of luck, he went on, constantly doubling his stakes; and neither Sir Randal nor Beau Freke seemed disposed to balk him. At first they had intended he should win a small amount—feeling certain they could get back their money whenever they pleased—but they were out in their calculations. The dice fell precisely as Gage

would have had them fall, and as if a wizard had shaken the box. Vexed as well as surprised at Gage's uninterrupted run of luck, and determined to check it, Sir Randal put down a thousand pounds, and his example was followed by Beau Freke. Mrs. Jenyns slightly touched Gage's arm. He was trembling with excitement, but the pressure calmed him at once. Again he nicked the main, and swept all from the table. His adversaries stared at each other. They could not understand it, but felt piqued to proceed. Four thousand pounds are placed on the table, and change hands in a twinkling. Double again—dice-boxes rattle, and Gage is a winner of 8000*l*. His exulting and defiant looks goad his adversaries to continue their play. The stakes have now become serious, and all eyes are fixed on Gage as he shakes the box. Loud are his shouts of triumph—deep the curses of his opponents. Will they have their revenge? Dare they go on? They answer by doubling the stakes. It is an awful moment—and Gage grows pale and drops pearl upon his brow. But he rattles the box boldly, and casts the dice with decision. Huzza! 'tis a famous throw. But it is the last. His antagonists have had enough. They will play no more that night; and Gage rises a winner of nearly 35,000*l*.

He is well-nigh frenzied with delight—he laughs extravagantly, and shouts as if inebriated. Such exhibitions are too frequent in that place to attract much attention, and few notice his frantic cries and gestures. His opponents bear their defeat better than might be expected—better, indeed, than they would bear it, if they did not persuade themselves they should soon triumph in their turn. They therefore shake hands cordially with the winner, and telling him he is bound to give them their revenge on another occasion, which he readily consents to, they take their departure with an air of apparent unconcern. During all this time, Mrs. Jenyns has kept careful watch over Gage's winnings, and, in order that there may be no misunderstanding between them afterwards, she has divided the amount into two heaps; and when Gage comes back to the table she shows him what she has done, and appropriating her own share of the spoil, leaves the rest to him. He is quite satisfied, and proceeds to secure the rolls of bank-notes and the gold allotted to him. This done, and the "lucky dice" returned at her request to their owner, a coach is called, and Mrs. Jenyns, with a profusion of tender adieux to Gage, steps into it and drives off.

Gage remained standing for a moment at the door of the gaming-house, indulging in the rapturous emotions occasioned by his success. People were going out and coming in, but he took no notice of them. At last, however, he remarked a tall personage at a short distance from him, who, so far as the individual could be distinguished, was apparently watching him. Our hero had too much money about him at the moment to run any needless risk, and he was about to move off, when the man in question strode quickly

towards him, and as he drew near, Gage perceived by the light of the lamp hung above the portal that it was Arthur Poyninga. Gage would have gladly avoided the meeting, but escape was impossible. Arthur seized his arm and held him fast.

"You shall not stir till you have heard what I have to say to you," young Poyninga cried. "You have for ever forfeited the character of a gentleman and a man of honour, and must henceforth associate only with gamblers and sharpers. You have been guilty of the basest ingratitude, and, oh! shame to a Monthermer! have broken your plighted word. You have made yourself the tool of one of the worst of her sex, and have consented to become a partner in her tricks and dishonest practices."

"How, sir?" Gage cried. "Do you dare to insinuate that I have played falsely?"

"You may have been that infamous woman's dupe, but that you have used loaded dice I am certain," Arthur replied. "I was present when you entered the room. I made way for you at the table—though you did not notice me—and took up a position where I could observe your play. I was struck with Mrs. Jenyns's manner, and noted a peculiar look when you first threw the dice. As you went on and continued to win, my suspicions were confirmed, and I only wonder at the blindness of your opponents. No doubt they were deluded by the belief that they were playing with a man of honour—a man of honour, I mean, in their sense of the term, not mine."

"It is false!" Gage cried. "Such deception cannot have been practised upon me."

"Have you the dice with which you played?" Arthur demanded.

"I have not—I gave them back to her—but I will not rest till I have satisfied my doubts. If you have made a false accusation, you shall answer for it with your life."

Arthur laughed disdainfully, and, releasing the hold he had hitherto maintained of the other's arm, exclaimed in accents of disdain, but with which some pity was mingled, "Act as you please—believe what you please—I care not. You are born to be duped, and will, therefore, believe that woman's assertions in spite of positive proof to the contrary. But you will find out the truth ere long—and to your cost. I shall never withdraw the charge I have brought against her—nor recal a single expression I have used towards yourself. You merit every epithet of scorn that can be heaped upon you. But think not I will give you satisfaction. I cross swords only with a gentleman, and you have forfeited all claim to the title." So saying, he turned on his heel and departed.

Not many minutes after this, Gage had made his way to Mrs. Jenyns's lodgings, and, without announcing himself, abruptly entered her room. She was in the act of counting her gains,

and looked surprised at seeing Gage, but not in the slightest degree discomposed.

"Where are the dice you lent me?" he cried. "Give them to me at once."

"What! are you about to play again?" she said. "Be content with what you have won already. Your luck may turn."

"Perhaps it may if I play fairly, but I had rather lose than win on any other terms."

"I don't understand you. Has any one been taxing you with unfair play?"

"Yes; Arthur Poynings was present while I played, and he declares the dice were loaded. Let me have them instantly."

"Here they are," Mrs. Jenyns replied, searching amidst a heap of gold, and producing a pair of dice. "Examine them, and judge for yourself."

Gage took the dice and broke them in pieces on the hearth. The cubes were of solid ivory.

"Are you satisfied now?" Mrs. Jenyns cried. "I wish you had had more confidence in me and less in Arthur, for in breaking those dice you have destroyed your own luck."

"It matters not," Gage rejoined; "a load has been taken from my breast by finding I have not been guilty—however unintentionally—of foul play, and I am equally glad to feel assured that Arthur's suspicions of you were without warrant."

"I am greatly obliged to you and to Mr. Arthur Poynings for your good opinion of me," Mrs. Jenyns rejoined.

"Forgive me, Peg, that I did you this great injustice. But Arthur's taunts and reproaches stung me to the quick, and his malicious charge against you seemed to have a certain consistency which I could not disprove, otherwise than as I have done."

"You will bring him to account for his slanderous insolence?" Mrs. Jenyns cried.

"I cannot obtain satisfaction from him, for he refuses to meet me. But I must and will set myself right. I have a strange scheme in view which I trust to carry out. You shall hear what it is to-morrow."

"Why not tell me now?"

"No; it would be useless to mention the project till I am certain of being able to realise it. But I think it will surprise you."

"Very likely. I hope you have given up your intention of repaying Fairlie?"

"I am more than ever resolved upon it. Indeed, that is an essential part of my design, as you will find when I disclose it to you."

"You are not about to leave me so soon?"

"I am a poor companion at this moment, or I would stay. Arthur's bitter reproaches rankle in my breast—and do what I will, I cannot help thinking of Clare. Her image constantly rises before me. Good night!"

And raising her hand to his lips, he departed.

XXXV.

A SINGULAR REQUEST.

EARLY next morning Gage sought Fairlie, and on seeing him the steward immediately demanded whether he meant to go abroad.

"No," Gage replied. "I shall remain. You must know that I went to the Groom-Porter's last night, Fairlie."

The steward instantly flew into a towering passion. "So you have been at the gaming-table, have you?" he cried. "And you have the effrontery to confess it—to boast of it? I told my daughter you would break your vow. I told her it was madness to pay your debts. And I was right."

"How much have you paid for me, Fairlie?" Gage remarked, taking a seat, which the steward did not condescend to offer him.

"How much!" the steward rejoined, with increasing fury. "Several thousands—but it was done to oblige my daughter. I am sorry now that I yielded to her importunities, and threw away the money so foolishly."

"But the amount!—let me know the precise amount?"

"I can't see why you require the information; but I have paid exactly 13,000/."

"And all my creditors are satisfied?"

"All of them. Nibbs alone was five thousand. The rest amounted to 8000/—a large sum—a fortune, in fact. But Clare would have it so."

"You never yet were a loser by me, Fairlie—and you shall not be a loser now," Gage rejoined, taking out a thick rouleau of bank-notes.

"Why, zounds! you won't repay me—you can't mean it?" Fairlie stammered, in the utmost surprise.

"These notes are yours when I have my creditors' receipts."

"Here they are,—every one of them," Fairlie answered. "How came you by such a windfall? But I needn't ask, since you tell me you have been at the Groom-Porter's—ha! ha! You must have had rare luck, sir, to win so large a sum?"

"Do not concern yourself about the matter, Fairlie. We are now quits."

"Entirely so, sir," the steward replied, obsequiously. "But I don't know whether I ought to take this money. Clare will never forgive me when she hears of it."

"She will never hear of it from me—so make yourself easy on that score. Hark'ee, Fairlie, I have a request to make of you."

"I am sure, sir, I shall only be too happy to grant it, if in my power," the steward replied.

"Perhaps you may not be so ready to do so when you hear what it is. I have a strong desire to pass a week in Monthermer Castle."

"Nothing easier, sir. I shall be delighted to see you there."

"But I do not wish to go there as guest—but as lord and master."

"I fear *that* is impossible," Fairlie replied, with a bland smile. "I am excessively sorry—but——"

"I knew you would object. But hear me out. All I desire is to resume for a week the part I once played there. I will give it up at the end of that time."

"Well—well,—if that be all, I am willing to humour you."

"But, more than this, I desire to give a grand entertainment to my friends—a princely revel, in short."

"But not at my expense, sir—not at my expense!"

"Certainly not. I have three thousand pounds left, and this I will devote to the entertainment."

"A wonderful notion, sir,—quite worthy of you. But you are quite sure you have no secret design in it?"

"My design is simply to give a last entertainment by which I may be remembered. When it is over, be assured I will not trouble you further."

"I am quite satisfied. You shall have such a revel as never before was given in the Castle, or elsewhere in the county. I know your sumptuous tastes, sir, and will provide accordingly. You shall feast like Belshazzar. But I must make one stipulation."

"Name it."

"Till midnight you shall be lord of the house. After that hour I shall assume the title."

"Agreed!"

"What day do you appoint for the entertainment?"

"To-morrow week."

"Ere then you may play again, sir, and your good luck may desert you. To prevent accidents, you had better pay beforehand."

"Gage laughed, and handed him three bank-notes of a thousand each. "There, now you are quite safe," he said.

"Rely upon it, I will do you justice," Fairlie said. "Monthermer Castle is yours for a week, and if I come there during the time it will only be to superintend the preparations for the grand entertainment. Invite as many guests as you please. Live as you have ever been accustomed to live, in riot and profusion. Stint nothing. Carriages, horses, servants, plate, wine—I place all at your disposal till to-morrow week."

"In that week I will live a year!" Gage cried; "and when it is past—— But, no matter!—I will not think of the future. Present enjoyment is what I covet. I should like to set out for the Castle at once."

"The travelling-carriage shall be ready for you in an hour, sir, with four horses," Fairlie replied. "Bellairs and Chasse-mouché shall go with you, and I will send down the rest of the household in the course of the day. If you will favour me with a list of such persons as you desire to ask, I will send out the invitations without delay. You may safely confide all arrangements to me. I will give the necessary orders at once."

And as he rang the bell for the purpose, Gage left him, and repairing to his own chamber, sat down to write a letter to Mrs. Jenyns.

All was in readiness at the time appointed. Gage started on the journey in his own superb travelling-carriage, dashing out of town as fast as four horses could carry him, and such was the expedition he used, that, ere evening, he had reached the borders of the wide domains he had once called his own. The road led him within a short distance of the Beacon Hill, and he could not resist the impulse that prompted him to survey the familiar scene. Accordingly, he ordered the postilions to halt, and, descending, left the servants with the carriage, and mounted the hill alone. It was a beautiful evening, and the view from the summit had never looked more enchanting. All was unchanged since he had last beheld it. There were the richly cultivated lands, spreading out in every direction—the farms and the humble homesteads, surrounded with haystacks—the woods with their colonies of rooks. The reapers had been busy during the day garnering their golden produce; but many of the fields were studded with sheaves of corn. It was a peaceful as well as beautiful scene, and its contemplation seemed calculated to soothe a troubled breast. But it did not soothe Gage. On the contrary, it aroused thoughts of singular bitterness. For a moment the veil seemed rent from his eyes, and he viewed his conduct in its proper light. He regarded himself as a madman. To throw away such a property!—how could he have done it? Was the mischief irreparable? Was it all gone? Yes! all! all!

Hitherto his gaze had avoided the Castle. He now looked towards it. Ay, there it was, towering proudly over its clump of trees—a magnificent object. Gone from him for ever! The thought was madness, and so intolerable did he find it, that, uttering curses upon his folly, he turned away and rushed down the hill.

Arrived at the foot of the eminence he found himself face to face with a man, whom he had not previously observed, but who had been watching him.

"Why, Mark Rougham, is that you?" he exclaimed.

"Ay, it be me sure enough, your honour," Mark replied; "and it be a strange chance that has brought me here this fine e'en to see your honour."

"Are you still one of my tenants—I mean a tenant to Mr. Fairlie?" Gage inquired.

"No, no; I be bailiff to Sir Hugh Poynings, at Reedham,"

Mark replied, "and a very good situation I have of it; quite comfortable for myself and my family. I have no wish to be a tenant to Muster Fairlie, though I can't help sometimes regretting Cowbridge Farm. Indeed it were merely to indulge myself with a look at the old place that brought me here now. Excuse my freedom in putting a plain question to you, sir? I ask it fro' t' strong interest I feel in you. I heered say you'd lost a mint o' money at play."

"It's true, Mark," Gage replied. "I have lost, as you say, a mint of money—more than I shall ever get back, I fear."

"That's a pity—a great pity," Mark groaned. "But that's not precisely the question I meant to ask, neither. Yo may ha' lost a great deal, and yet not a' your fortin. I trust it be not so bad as that?"

"Believe the worst, Mark. I won't deceive you."

"And it's true, then," Rougham cried, despairingly; "this noble estate—the finest i' a' Suffolk—it be a' gone—a' gambled away!" And covering his face with his hand, he wept aloud.

At last, Mark shook off his emotion, and said, "I never thought to hear this from your father's son, sir. He died i' my arms near this very spot, and this may gi' me a right to ask you, in his honoured name, what you mean to do?"

"I cannot tell you now, but you shall know hereafter, Mark. Meet me at daybreak to-morrow week, on this spot, and you shall learn my final resolution."

"Here, did you say, sir? Do you mean that I am to meet you here?"

"As I have just said—on this day week, at daybreak."

"A strange place of meeting—and a strange hour," Mark observed.

"The meeting may be stranger," Gage said, gloomily.

"I hope it may lead to good," Mark said. "You know the prophecy relating to your family?"

"I have heard something about it," Gage replied. "What is it?"

"The rhymes run thus, if I can bring 'em to mind," Mark replied:

"Hard by the hill whereon the Beacon stands,
One proud Monthermer shall lose house and lands;
On the same spot—if but the way be plain—
Another of the line shall both regain."

"A strange prediction, truly," Gage said, musingly. "'If but the way be plain'—what can that mean? No use inquiring now.—Fail not to meet me, Mark."

"On Friday, at daybreak, if breath be in my body, you may count on seeing me," Rougham replied.

"And whatever breath be in mine, or not, you will find me there," Gage rejoined. "And now farewell, Mark." And without another word, he hurried to the carriage, leaving Rougham to ponder over his parting words.

BEN JONSON.

"THE Poetical Works of Ben Jonson"* will not form the least attractive volume in Mr. Bell's Annotated series—a series which, we observe with regret, is significantly making its issues fewer and farther between—the punctual monthly volume on which we might reckon with confidence, and did reckon with pleasure, having now ceased to appear, and with it the promissory note prefixed or annexed thereto, teaching us what new poet to look out for next month. Can such an edition go off in a decline for want of support? with so capital a constitution too, that bade fair for a long and lusty tale of years. But oh the pity of it, ye Public, but oh the pity of it!

However, here is "Bengemen Johnstone," as Henslowe writes the name, and we greet him in the traditional style ascribed to Drummond, with a "Welcome, welcome, noble Ben." His minor poems show him off, in his inner and outer life, with remarkable emphasis, variety, and precision. Mr. Bell observes that if nothing remained of Jonson but his plays, we should arrive at very erroneous and imperfect conclusions upon his personal and poetical character. "We could never know him from his plays, as we believe we know Shakspeare. The rough vigour, the broad satire, and the tendency to exhibit the coarse and base aspects of the world in preference to the gentle and noble, convey an inadequate, and in some respects a false, impression of his genius. It is in his minor poems we must look for him as he lived, felt, and thought." For here it is, the genial annotator goes on to show, that Jonson's express qualities are fully brought out; his close study of the classics; his piety, sound principles, and profound knowledge of mankind; his accurate observation of social modes and habits; and that strong common sense, taking the most nervous and direct forms of expression, in which we may trace the germs of Dryden more clearly than in any other writer. Here too, and here alone, we find him surrounded by the accomplished society in the midst of which he lived, and of whose principal celebrities he has transmitted to us a gallery of imperishable portraits.

"His pictures of town life," adds Mr. Bell, "of the lowest dens and denizens of the metropolis, and of interior morals from the palace to the hot-house, are no less conspicuous in his minor poems than in his plays. But it is in the poems alone, with the exception of the 'Sad Shepherd,' and a few passages in the masques, otherwise overweighted with lead, that he develops his fine vein of pastoral feeling. His descriptions of country life, and rural scenery and associations, are no less remarkable for their truthfulness than their relishing sweetness." The lines on Penshurst, the seat of the Sidneys, and the epistle to Sir Robert Wroth, are referred to as special examples of excellence in this kind of writing.

Indeed, big burly Ben is seen to the best and to the worst advantage, in this collection of epigrams, epitaphs, songs, odes, epistles, and miscellaneous verses. What a charm and grace he was master of, may be seen in the songs "To Cœlia;" what refined taste and feeling, in the

* Edited by Robert Bell. John W. Parker and Son. 1856.

"Epitaph on Elizabeth;" what illimitable coarseness, in "The Famous Voyage" down Fleet-ditch; what bullying bluster, in scores of lampoonish epigrams, addressed to contemporaries whom he hated, envied, or despised.

Many of the satirical and manners-painting fragments, plentifully exude those "humours," in the "exposition" of which Ben's chief merit as a dramatist has been sometimes said to lie. He even excelled Shakspeare himself, says Sir Walter Scott, in drawing that class of truly English characters, remarkable for peculiarity of *humour*—that is, for some mode of thought, speech, and behaviour, superinduced upon the natural disposition, by profession, education, or fantastical affectation of singularity. "In blazoning these forth with their natural attributes and appropriate language, Ben Jonson has never been excelled."* Aubrey, when comparing the comedy of Shakspeare with that of his own age, predicts that Shakspeare's "comedies will remain wit as long as the English language is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum*; now, our present writers," adds old Aubrey, "reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombeities, that twenty years hence they will not be understood." Mr. Knight has applied this remark to Jonson's comedies also, as contradistinguished from Shakspeare's,—giving Ben ample credit for being, on this account, the far more valuable authority of the two in what essentially belongs to periods and classes. "Shakspeare has purposely left this field uncultivated; but it is Jonson's absolute domain." Accordingly, Mr. Knight adds, of Jonson, that, studied with care, as he must be to be properly appreciated, he presents to us an almost inexhaustible series of *Daguerreotypes*,—forms copied from the life, with absolute certainty, of the manners of three reigns,—when there was freedom enough for men to abandon themselves without disguise to what they called their *humours*.† Waller, in his laudatory address to Ben Jonson, has these lines:

Thou hast alone those various inclinations
Which Nature gives to ages, sexes, nations,
So traced with thine all-resembling pen,
That whate'er custom has imposed on men,
Or ill-got habit (which deforms them so,
That scarce a brother can his brother know),
Is represented to the wondering eyes
Of all that see, or read, thy comedies.‡

But the *humours* which Jonson so studiously renders, being generally connected, as Schlegel§ says, with certain arbitrary or conventional modes of dress, action, and expression, are intelligible only while they last, and not very interesting at any time; whereas Shakspeare gives the springs of human nature, which are always the same, or sufficiently so to be interesting and intelligible. Jonson's imagination fastens instinctively, after Hazlitt's description, on some mark or sign by which he designates the individual, and never lets it go, for fear of not meeting with any other means to express itself by. "A cant phrase, an odd gesture, an old-

* Scott's Essay on the Drama.

† C. Knight's "Shakspeare: A Biography." Book iv. ch. i.

‡ Waller, by Bell, p. 203.

§ Dram. Literature.

fashioned regimental uniform, a wooden leg, a tobacco-box, or a haeked sword, are the standing topics by which he embodies his characters to the imagination. They are cut and dried comedy; the letter, not the spirit of wit and humour.* While Shakspeare overlooks nothing,—passions, vices, virtues, greatness mingled with weakness, follies conjoined with noble aspirations, Ben Jonson “n’observe,” says M. Chasles, “que la variété des caractères, des caprices, des humeurs, et leur jeu dans le monde.”† The same critic characterises the Jonsonian comedy as a collection of originals, after the manner of La Bruyère—though the touch of the sixteenth-century Englishman is, of course, less *fine* and less *vive* than that of the Frenchman of the *grand siècle*. Philarète Chasles, in effect, takes very much Hazlitt’s view of Jonson’s comic pretensions,—and describes the old poet as seizing on his personage, turning him over on this side and that, putting the suitable diction into his mouth and the appropriate raiment on his back, and making a study of him until the fall of the curtain. “If any of those nobodies whose place in society is that of eiphers among figures—if any of those insignificant beings who only attract contempt to be exchanged for oblivion,—if one of this class is distinguished by some *tic* or *caprice spécial*,—him Ben Jonson marks out as worthy of a place in his piece.”‡

Ben’s characters are, in short, “manufactured.” They are what Hartley Coleridge§ described them—a compilation of fashions and humours, put together with great strength and adroitness, but without that “Promethean heat” which should fuse and animate these happy parts into a perfect living whole. It is Hazlitt’s remark, that the titles of Jonson’s *dramatis personæ*, such as *Sir Amorous La Fool*, *Truewit*, *Sir John Daw*, *Sir Politic Would-be*, &c. &c., which are significant and knowing, show his determination to overdo everything by thus letting you into their character beforehand, and afterwards proving their pretensions by their names.|| “Les noms,” to quote M. Chasles again, “que Ben Jonson impose à ses personnages sont des étiquettes exactes sous lesquelles il les classe, comme un naturaliste ses malachites et ses silex.” And M. Chasles cautions translators (Ben Jonson in French, fancy!) to retain this characteristic trait, the good taste of which may be questionable, but without which Ben *ne resterait pas lui-même*. Reminding them, that an English translator of certain “inferior” French plays, wherein are to be met with a *M. Jobard*, a *M. Boisse*, a *M. Pomadin*, &c. (“names that are become classical in some theatres in France,

* Hazlitt’s Lectures on the English Comic Writers.

† Etudes sur Shakspeare, § 4.

‡ “Souvenons-nous que la comédie de Ben Jonson s’attaque aux réalités. Il ne croit jamais avoir assez caractérisé son monde; rude et bourgeois comme le baron de Feneste et la satire Ménippée, il exprime par un sobriquet le vice du personnage qu’il met en scène. Ce vieux masque de la bouffonnerie philosophique est précieux pour qui veut connaître le siècle du poète.”—*Théâtre anglais avant Shakspeare*.

§ Introduction to his edition of Massinger.

|| Thus, in “Volpone,” *Peregrine* says, “Your name, sir?”

Sir P. “My name is Politic Would-be. . . .

Peregr. “. . . . Ah, that speaks him.”

Whereupon Hazlitt observes, how it should “speak him,” if it was his real name, and not a nickname given him on purpose by the author, is hard to conceive. (“On Shakspeare and Ben Jonson.”)

and which compose pretty nearly all the *comique* of the pieces to which they belong"), would, for similar reasons, be bound to find a burlesque synonym for each of these burlesque nicknames. The practice adopted by Shadwell and later playwrights, of prefacing their plays with descriptive accounts of the characters they are about to bring on the stage, was sanctioned by the example of Jonson, who prefixed a minute catalogue of this kind to his "Every Man out of his Humour:" a practice which is justly estimated by Archdeacon Hare, when he calls all such lists merely clumsy devices for furnishing the reader with what he ought to deduce from the works themselves; for it is offensively obtrusive to tell us beforehand what judgment we are to form on the persons we read of, since we are thus prevented from regarding them as living men, whom we are to study, and to compare with our idea of human nature. Instead of which, "we view them as fictions for an express purpose, and compare them therewith. We think, not what they are, but how they exemplify the proposition which the writer designed to enforce: and wherever the author's purpose is prominent, art degenerates into artifice. In logic, indeed, the enunciation rightly precedes the proof. But the workings of poetry are more subtle and complicated and indirect: nor are our feelings so readily touched by what a man intends to say or to do or to be, as by what he says and does and is without intending it."* Hence, in the Archdeacon's opinion, Ben Jonson's characters are faulty, from within outwards, being mosaic constructions, designed to exhibit the enormities and extravagances of some peculiar humour,—the author's definite purpose being, to exhibit such and such qualities, instead of living concrete men. Such a plan, *prepense*, is as unpromising for genial humour, as the "now I will be witty" of the self-constituted wit is for the satisfactory sequel of *his* performance.

No wonder, then, that Jonson's characters in general should have so much the form of abstractions. They *are* abstractions, by the sentence of Coleridge; who says with truth that Jonson takes some very prominent feature from the whole man, and makes it the basis of the entire character: his *dramatis personæ* are thus almost as fixed as the masks of the ancient actors; you know from the first scene—sometimes from the list of names—exactly what every one of them is to be.† It is not easy to concur with John Oldham's eulogy "Upon the Works of Ben Jonson," when it avers—

Plain humour, shown with her whole various face,
Not masked with any antic dress,
Nor screwed in false ridiculous grimace‡
 (The gaping rabble's dull delight,
 And more the actor's than the poet's wit),
 Such did she enter on thy stage,
 And such was represented to the wondering age.§

* Guesses at Truth. Second Series.

† Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge.

‡ Compare this with Hazlitt's verdict on Jonson's humour: "There is almost a total want of variety, fancy, relief. . . . His comedy . . . is cross-grained, mean, and mechanical. Squalid poverty, sheer ignorance, barefaced impudence, or idiot imbecility, are his dramatic common-places—things that provoke pity or disgust, instead of laughter. . . . Each of his characters has a particular cue, a professional badge which he wears and is known by, and by nothing else."—HAZLITT'S *Comic Writers*. Lecture ii.

§ Bell's edition of John Oldham, p. 66.

If allowed to put our own sense on some lines of Edmund Waller's, on the same subject, we can subscribe more freely to them—

But Virtue too, as well as Vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embraced,
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion graced.*

Just so. Abstract Virtue is made to walk the stage, and abstract Vice, with such an allowance of concrete flesh and blood as would satisfy Plato. At least this is the case with *some* of Ben's many dramas, where, as in "Cynthia's Revels," and the "Staple of News," the abstract and the allegorical strut and fret their hour upon the stage, and then, to our relief, are seen no more.

Having cited what we have from the anthology of poetical criticisms on Jonson, that of such a connoisseur in this *genre* as Charles Churchill must not be forgotten :

Next Jonson sat, in ancient learning trained,
His rigid judgment Fancy's flights restrained,
Correctly pruned each wild luxuriant thought,
Marked out her course, nor spared a glorious fault.
The book of man he read with nicest art,
And ransacked all the secrets of the heart ;
Exerted Penetration's utmost force,
And traced each passion to its proper source ;
Then strongly marked, in liveliest colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view.
The coxcomb felt a lash in every word,
And fools, hung out, their brethrenfools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And Laughter frightened Folly more than Law.†

A high valuation, throughout. About the last point, Ben's "comic humour," a good deal is to be, at least has been, said, *con.* as well as *pro.* Not every one is tickled by it. Dryden illustrates his argument, that the most successful writers for the stage, "have still conformed their genius to the age," by the following example, to begin with :

Thus Jonson did mechanic humour show,
When men were dull, and conversation low.
Then comedy was faultless, but 'twas coarse :
Cob's tankard was a jest, and Otter's horse, &c.‡

Scott recognises§ in the comedy of Jonson, some efforts partaking of the character of the older comedy of the Greeks ; and remarks of his "Tale of a Tub," that he here follows the path of Aristophanes, letting his wit run into low buffoonery, that he might bring upon the stage Inigo Jones, his personal enemy. And when Gifford "fell foul of" Sir Walter for some remarks on the predominance of the coarse and "brutal" element in Jonson, in the great novelist's Life of Dryden, Jonson's sturdy editor was thus answered : "Few men have more sincere admiration for Jonson's talents than the present writer. But surely that coarseness of taste,

* Bell's edition of Waller, p. 203.

† The Rosciad.

‡ Epilogue to the "Conquest of Granada."

§ Essay on the Drama.

which tainted his powerful mind, is proved from his writings. Many authors of that age are indecent, but Jonson is filthy and gross in his pleasantry, and indulges himself in using the language of scavengers and nightmen.* Hazlitt charges Jonson in general with having no idea of decorum in his dramatic fictions, and, in particular, with representing in "The Fox" a parcel of women who are "altogether abominable," who "have an utter want of principle and decency, and are equally without a sense of pleasure, taste, or elegance."† Philarète Chasles‡ warns the ingenuous *François*, of studious habits and Anglican tendencies, against applying a modern standard of what is correct and conventional, *aux nuances brutales que Ben Jonson a employées sans scrupule*; against forgetting that the nineteenth century has its vices as well as the sixteenth—that the outward form of manners undergoes a change from time to time—that, in their own and Molière's *belle France*, what was decent in Molière's age is inadmissible to-day.

Jonson's tragic strength has been characterised by Scott as consisting in a sublime, and sometimes harsh, expression of moral sentiment—displaying, however, little of tumultuous and ardent passion, still less of tenderness or delicacy. There is a fair show of reason for Hazlitt's opinion, that Jonson's serious productions are superior to his comic ones, on *this* ground—that what he does, is the result of strong sense and painful industry, which agree better with the grave and severe, than with the light and gay productions of the muse. He pleases by method, invents by rule, assails the heart by studiously prepared and regular approaches,§ does not take it by storm. His contemporaries were quite sensible of the laboured character of his plays; one of them records how Shakspeare's audiences "were ravished" at *Brutus* and *Cassius* in "half-sword parley," whereas

— they would not brook a line
Of tedious though well-laboured "CATILINE;"
"SEJANUS," too, was irksome; they prized more
"Honest" Iago, or the jealous Moor.
And though the Fox and subtle Alchymist
Long intermitted could not quite be miss'd,
'Though these have shamed all th' ancients, and might raise
Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
Yet these, sometimes, even at a friend's desire
Acted, have scarce defrayed the sea-coal fire,
And doorkeepers.||

* Notes to Scott's "Life of Dryden." See also his discussion of the subject, in his account of Hawthornden, in the "Provincial Antiquities."

† "On Shakspeare and Ben Jonson."

‡ "Du Théâtre anglais avant Shakspeare, et des Dramaturges ses Contemporains."

§
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach assailed the heart:
Cold Approbation gave the lingering bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

SAMUEL JOHNSON: *Prologue, spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the Opening of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1747.*

|| Leonard Digges.

Jonson "set learning above feeling in writing his tragedies," says Mr. Leigh Hunt,* who adds that Ben, in his highest moods, instead of the serene and good-natured might of Shakspeare, has something of a puffed and uneasy pomp, a bigness instead of greatness, analogous to his gross habit of body. Skilful as he is in dramatic construction, he produces no illusion, as Hartley Coleridge remarks: "We see him everywhere at work with the wires." The same finely-endowed critic censures Ben's seemingly arrogant apprehensiveness of the stupidity or sluggish brains of his public—comparing him, in this respect, to the archer in Amphipolis who despatched an arrow with a written direction to "Philip's right eye," so carefully does Ben label the shafts of his own satire for their proper destination.

That the foundations of his learning were laid deep and wide, is generally granted, by the foremost of his under-valuators. It comes out *obiter*, in by-way trifles, as well as in large masses and elaborate display. Thus, Mr. Hallam† mentions as a proof of Jonson's extensive learning, that the story of "The Silent Woman," and several particular pages in it, have been detected (by Gifford) in a writer so much out of the beaten track as Libanius. David Hume, who describes Jonson offhand as possessing all the learning which was wanting to Shakspeare, and wanting all the genius of which Shakspeare was possessed, calls him "a servile copyist of the ancients," who translated into bad English the beautiful passages of the Greek and Roman authors, without accommodating them to the manners of his age and country.‡ Scholastic tastes could, and did, relish mightily the erudite penmanship of this first-class classic. M. Villemain having occasion to quote Jonson's tribute to the "sweet swan of Avon's" glorious

flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James,

shrewdly suspects, in "our James's" instance, that royal predilection must have favoured rare Ben rather than gentle Willy, "que le docte souverain devait préférer les pièces de Ben Johnson, toutes chargées d'imitations du latin et du grec."§ Like the Scottish Solomon, Ben was not only of a scholastic turn, but, as Hazlitt observes, had dealt a little also in the occult sciences and controversial divinity.

"La science," writes M. Philarette Chasles, "occupait les jours et les nuits de Jonson; il ne creusait le sillon pénible de son drame qu'après avoir préparé, comme un engrais nécessaire, un amas de souvenirs grecs et latins."|| As examples, there are a quotation from Pindar at the beginning of "The Fox"—a forgotten fragment of Libanius which serves as text for "The Silent Woman"—Juvenal's contributions to the jests of *Mistress Otter*—the levies imposed on Lucian and Athenæus for the necessary sustenance of *Truewit*—and the condensation into the young folks' "pribble-prabbles," of the quintessence of Ovid's Art of Love.

* "Men, Women, and Books."

† *Literature of Europe*. III. vi. 59.

‡ Hume's "History of England:" Appendix to the Reign of James I.

§ Villemain: "Études de Littérature ancienne et étrangère."

|| Chasles: "Époques Shakspeariennes."

Similarly, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, Oct., 1830, says it is evident that Jonson collected in his own way for his plays as Sir Hans Sloane did for his Museum, and then fitted in his specimens like a worker in mosaic.

If Jonson is allowed by all to be a man of real learning, he is also twitted by nearly all as a pedant. Of "The Alchemist," Mr. Hallam asserts his belief that, notwithstanding what he calls the "indiscriminate and injudicious panegyric of Gifford," no reader of taste can fail to condemn the "outrageous excess of pedantry" with which the earlier scenes abound; "pedantry the more intolerable" from its consisting of the "gibberish of obscure treatises on alchemy," such as could be probably interesting and possibly intelligible only to a crazy few. In one of his Roman tragedies he cannot resist inserting a prescription for a *mucus*, an antique version or prelibation of Rowland's Kalydor. The bookman's bookishness is, however, less exceptionable in his serious than in his comic dramas; for, as Hazlitt says, "his pedantry accords better with didactic pomp than with illiterate and vulgar gabble;" insomuch that his learning, engrafted on romantic tradition or classic history, is allowed to "look like genius."*

Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

His Roman tragedies are said, by a critic who considers them literal impersonations of classical antiquity ("robust and richly graced," but stiff and unnatural in style and construction), to bear about the same resemblance to Shakspeare's, that sculpture does to living forms. They may be vastly more true to the book, they are vastly less so to the life. In this respect, Shakspeare's little learning was *not* a dangerous thing—his small Latin and less Greek went far enough to hit the mark, as no other could hit it; while Ben's superior attainments went a great deal farther, and fared a great deal worse. Scott calls his "Catiline" and "Sejanus" laboured translations from Cicero, Sallust, and Tacitus, which Jonson's own age did not endure, and which no succeeding generation will be probably much tempted to revive.† Hazlitt, who calls "Sejanus" an "admirable piece of ancient mosaic," is reminded by the principal character, of a lofty column of solid granite, nodding to its base from its pernicious height, and dashed in pieces by a breath of air, a word of its creator—feared, not pitied,—scorned, unwept, and forgotten. "The depth of knowledge and gravity of expression sustain one another throughout: the poet has worked out the historian's outline, so that the vices and passions, the ambition and servility of public men, in the heated and poisoned atmosphere of a luxurious and despotic court, were never described in fuller or more glowing colours."‡ The story may well be

* "By dint of application, and a certain strength of nerve, he could do justice to Tacitus and Sallust no less than to mine host of the New Inn. His tragedy of 'The Fall of Sejanus,' in particular, is an admirable piece of ancient mosaic."—HAZLITT: *Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth*. IV.

† "With the stern superiority of learning over ignorance, he asserted himself a better judge of his own productions, than the public which condemned him; and haughtily claimed the laurel which the general suffrage often withheld; but the world has as yet shown no disposition to reverse the opinion of their predecessors."—SCOTT'S *Essay on the Drama*.

‡ Hazlitt's "Dram. Lit. of the Age of Elizabeth." Having used the words, "a luxurious and despotic court," &c., it was not in the nature—not to mention habit, which is second nature—of William Hazlitt to refrain from a fling at the court and politics of his own land and times. He is half afraid to give any extracts from "Sejanus," he affirms, lest they should be tortured into an application to other times and characters than those referred to by the poet. Some of the sounds may

said to have been told "after the high Roman fashion;" for though Rome cannot boast, in her golden, her silver, or any other age, of one great writer of tragedy,—so that tragedy "after the high Roman fashion" of writing it, is a mere complimentary way of speaking, or rather no compliment at all,—yet, as Barry Cornwall suggests,* "*Sejanus*" might have been the work of one of the rhetoricians of old Rome, for anything to be seen to the contrary, either in its sentiments or general construction. But whether Mr. Procter is not too stinted in his praise of this tragedy, as a whole, may be reasonably questioned, and that by readers who fully agree with him that it is too laboured, wants vitality, activity, ease,—that the entire dialogue wants fluctuation and relief—and that, in effect, the piece at large is too like a translation. Surely it *has* a strength and dramatic skill, that might have secured it from what Campbell calls the "petulant contempt" (not that Barry, beloved of Muses and men, is capable of such a feeling) with which it has too often been spoken of. "Though collected from the dead languages, it is not a lifeless mass of antiquity, but the work of a severe and strong imagination,† compelling shapes of truth and consistency to rise in dramatic order from the fragments of Roman eloquence, and history; and an air not only of life but of grandeur is given to those curiously adjusted materials."‡ Even if Jonson *has* translated, literally translated, from Tacitus, who would not thank him, Campbell asks, for "embodying the pathos of history in such lines as these, descriptive of Germanicus?—

'O that man!

If there were deeds of the old virtue left,
They lived in him
 What his generals lacked
In images and pomp, they had supplied
In honourable sorrow—soldiers' sadness,
A kind of silent mourning, such as men
Who know no tears but from their captives, use
To show in such great losses.'

Many a passage of this sort—not the sort of passages that lead to nothing

bear, for what he knows, an awkward construction: some of the objects may, he apprehends, "look double to squint-eyed suspicion: but that is not *his* fault." And so on. Hazlitt gave credit to Government prosecutors, informers, *et hoc genus omne*, of being even more prompt to "twig" a piece of political *double entente* or *double vue*, than he himself was. He fancied them as eager to wear the (fool's) cap, because it fitted them, as he was to twist and torture it into a fit; they, that they might punish in their way, he, that he might attack them in his.

* In the Introduction to his Edition of Ben Jonson. 1838.

† *Imagination* is, in Mr. Procter's judgment, the one parous want in "*Sejanus*." He complains that the great master-spirit of Imagination, which fuses and moulds everything to its purpose, and which produces force and character, consistency and harmony, from meagre facts and shapeless materials, is not there. Christopher North, true to his vocation of mauling every action, real or reputed, of the Cockney School, ridiculed this sentence as, "we dare say, very fine; but we have seen it scores of times within these dozen years in all the Journals of Little Britain." Sir Kit was taming down from his old ferocity, at the time (1839) he thus wrote; but, as the smell of blood *will* affect sobered *fers* that have retired from business as beasts of prey, so, to come across any assumed representative of Cockaigne, still racked the joints of the old man with the crutch, and fired his veins to quasi fever-heat.

‡ Thomas Campbell.

—can “Sejanus” show. “Catiline” is inferior in this, as in most other respects, though, according to Lord Dorset, it was Jonson’s favourite piece. It will always be interesting for its elaborate presentment—so faithful and spirited a *re-presentment* from antiquity—of Cicero in his consulate, whatever Hazlitt may say of its being spun out to proximity with the consul’s “artificial and affected orations against Catiline, and in praise of himself.” It will take long to tire the world of Cicero’s own orations; till then, the English portion of it (not a *pars minima*) will find a charm and a reward in reading them as Englished by our stalwart Ben,* together with accompanying fragments of senatorial eloquence, from the lips of others in that palmy state of Rome.

* Hartley Coleridge, however, pronounces the speeches in “Catiline,” tedious beyond those of any of Ben’s contemporaries. And Hartley is a good judge, and a kind withal.

A PAGE OF THE TIMES.

BY ALFRED A. WATTS.

These are the arts
Of pagery, as the tides run.

BEN JONSON. *New Inn.*

No jewel in his cap he wore,
No plume, in page-like pride;
No lute upon his back he bore;
No dagger by his side;
He never had long silken hose,
Or wore a satin blouse;
Nor did he ever bear a rose
On either of his shoes;
In ladies’ bowers he ne’er was seen,
He ne’er sang ballads anyhow,
His name was not Alphonse, Eugene,
Lucentio, or Fridolin,
Cherubin, or Ascanio!
But the names which to Pages were given
Of yore,
And the name of the Page I am speaking of,
bore
As much likeness as Sukey to Eleanore,
Or Betty, to Phyllis or Lalage;
From such Pages he was just as different as
A page out of Butler’s “Hudibras”
From a page out of Butler’s “Analogy.”

He was clad in a totally different way,
In the exquisite taste of the present day,
In a tight little jacket of rifle-green
Whereon three bright rows of gilt buttons were seen,
Every button most sadly suggestive to me
Of amphibious fashion and finery;
And to render the difference greater still,
This little foot-page’s name was Bill,

Euphonised into Wilkins, the naming of
pages
Being merely a matter of taste, not of
wages.
His duties, so far as I’m able to tell,
Were to open the door and to answer the
bell,
To go for the books to Hookham’s; to look
In his master’s letters and tease the cook;
To follow his mistress to church; and wait
At table, and meet, I may likewise state,
The collateral claims of the knives and
plate,
And to fill, to the family’s pride and joy,
The place of a man at the price of a boy.

• • • • •
• • • • •

I knew not whether to smile or sigh
At my friend’s Procrustean philosophy;
But I know that I very much longed to
say,
“Pitch the page to Old Harry, dear madam,
I pray,
He’s a sham and pretence! If you can’t
keep a man,
Get some ‘neat-handed Phyllis’ instead, till
you can,
And boldly abandoning ‘Buttons,’ employ
An ‘Anne Page,’ instead of a lubberly
boy.”

CHARLES YOUNG.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

THE July number of *Bentley's Miscellany* contained an article, "A Reverie at the Garrick Club," in which reference was made to many of the old stagers who had played out their scenic part, and were passing the evening of their day in quiet retirement. The list included the honoured name of CHARLES YOUNG; but as the *Miscellany* was being given to the world, Death dropped the final curtain upon the distinguished performer, and a long and exemplary life was closed.

The world is ever on the move, and new scenes are being continually enacted. "We are all," says Dickens, "either going to the play or coming from it." Upon the railroad of life we travel by an express train, seeking to rival the speed with which our messages are conveyed upon the lightning wires. In such hasty transit we leave behind us station after station, and many of the sunny spots by which we have passed are all unknown to us: even so, as generation succeeds generation, how much of the past is forgotten! In that forgetfulness, few who have made their name famous in the world would seem to suffer to such an extent as the followers of Thespis. The fame of an actor is based upon a feeble pedestal: for whilst the sister arts of painting and sculpture secure to their votaries a monument in their works, the "poor player" claims but perishable properties; in search of the "bubble reputation" he throws away a life, and has, save in rare instances, no other legacy than a name to bequeath. Garrick, the great master of the art, was conscious of the fleeting character of the actor's popularity. Ninety years since—in January, 1766—death robbed the stage of Quin and likewise of Mrs. Cibber; when the Roscius, in his prologue to the "Clandestine Marriage," thus offered his reflection upon the subject—the commencing line having reference to Hogarth:

The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye,
While England lives, his fame can never die;
But he who struts his hour upon the stage,
Can scarce extend his fame to half an age;
No pen, nor pencil, can the actor save,
The art and artist share one common grave.
Oh! let me drop one tributary tear,
On poor Jack Falstaff's grave and Juliet's bier!
You to their worth must testimony give,
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live.
Still, as the scenes of life will shift away,
The strong impressions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known—
They'll have their Quins and Cibbers of their own.
The greatest glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approv'd by you.

We have been reminded of the truthfulness of this reflection when some old stager has "shuffled off this mortal coil," and the history of an eventful life has been summed up in a line or two of a newspaper obituary. "So fades the mirth of former years." Such thoughts have again been

presented to us in connexion with the death of the distinguished actor whose name heads our present paper. For five-and-twenty years had he maintained a lofty position upon the metropolitan boards—standing for some portion of that time by the side of the Kemble and the Siddons—and yet, of the playgoers of the present day, how many are there who never witnessed his artistic personations, and to whom his name is less familiar than others of inferior note? Every admirer of the drama, however, and a large circle of personal friends, join in regret at his loss; and in offering our tribute to the worth that is departed from us, many will linger with us over the memories of the past, as we recal events connected with one who was respected as much for virtue as followed for talent. There is but little of variety to be found in some biographical records, but the life of a good and accomplished man is not without its interest.

Charles Mayne Young was born on the 10th of January, 1777, in Fenchurch-street, his father being a surgeon of considerable repute. He was evidently born to be prosperous, though we never heard that his entrance on the stage of the world was marked by an incident similar to that which befel John Bannister, and which that comedian was accustomed to relate with great glee and characteristic humour. When the moment of his birth was approaching, his grandmother, with the superstition of senility, ran to the cupboard for a silver spoon, which she placed between his lips, that he might possess the popular title to good-luck, derived from his being born with “a silver spoon in his mouth.”

The education of our young citizen was received at Merchant Tailors' School and at Eton. In his youth, moreover, he visited Copenhagen, in company with a Danish physician of eminence, and at the palace of the sovereign was much noticed and admired. His introduction into this courtly society was through the influence of the physician referred to, who filled a post in the royal household somewhat similar to that retained by Sir William Knighton in the establishment of George IV. Now, before we place Mr. Young upon the stage, we must refute a statement to be found in all the theatrical notices we have seen of his earlier career. It has been stated, and constantly repeated, that his father intended him for mercantile pursuits, and duly placed him in the counting-house of one of the first merchants in the City. It is said, in continuation, that an inkling for the stage ripened into strong desire; that, longing to breathe the buoyant but unreal atmosphere of the theatre, day-books and ledgers were neglected by him, in order that he might at night repair to one of those nurseries of genius, where “'prenticed kings alarm'd the gaping street.”

This is not the fact. The father of Charles Young was blessed with talents of no ordinary description, but he possessed a most unhappy temper, and his house in consequence became a scene of contention, over which he ruled with the rod of a despot. To add to the insults heaped upon his family, a mistress was brought by him into the house, and invested with supreme power. This was the signal for general revolt. The three sons, naturally enough, sided with their mother, and with her quitted the paternal roof. By these proceedings many prospects became changed. Charles obtained an introduction into the establishment of Mr. Loughland, to whom he was to have been articled. Monetary questions, however, were ultimately raised: the firm had very kindly re-

mitted the payment of the usual premium in such engagements, but could give no salary. "This will never do," reasoned the young clerk; "money must be had—I have a mother to support." We fancy we hear the silvery tones of the filial youth, as he considers the maternal claims upon his efforts. Friendly advice was not wanting in this emergency. "You read poetry very well," said some one, "why not go upon the stage." This was the pivot upon which turned the after-career of the young man. He paused but a moment, and—became an actor. He might, however, have said with Pope,

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.

Far more fortunate than many of his brethren, he did not at first start as a stroller, and wander for years in the most thorny paths. Hundreds have trod those paths, experiencing every privation, and finding it difficult at times to appease what old Homer calls the "sacred rage of hunger." John Kemble was in early life familiar with its rugged way, and Edmund Kean traversed it for more than half his days. Many like them have taken that route to fame. The present lessee of the Haymarket—the public's own favourite, Buckstone—when connected with the "theatres rural," once walked from Northampton to London, seventy-two miles, on fourpence halfpenny. His costume at that time, he has told us, consisted of a threadbare whitey-blue coat, with tarnished metal buttons, and a pair of unmentionables originally of white duck, but which, from having been worn about six weeks and being engaged much in the fields, had assumed a refreshing tint of a green and clay colour, which gave them quite an agricultural appearance. To this costume a finish was given by a pair of dancing-pumps, tied up at the heel with packthread.

From these casualties, we repeat, Charles Young was happily exempt. After some little training in London, he stepped upon the boards at Liverpool, appearing under the assumed name of Green, in the character of *Young Norval*. This was in the year 1798. Experiencing more success than sometimes attends even a practised stager, he shortly after led the business at Manchester, resuming there his own patronymic. He again returned to Liverpool, and at the commencement of the present century he was the hero of the Glasgow stage, with a widening and rising reputation. Returning to his old quarters at Liverpool, we find him, in 1801, playing *Macbeth* and other tragic characters to Mrs. Powell, then engaged as a "star;" as well as *Frederick Bramble*, in the "Poor Gentleman," to the *Emily Worthington* of Miss Duncan, who became celebrated as Mrs. Davison. Mr. Young's benefit this season brought to the house 153*l.*, a proof of the estimation in which he was held. We have before us several of the playbills of this period. On the 31st of October, 1803, the comedy of "John Bull" was enacted, *Job Thornberry* being played by Mr. Young, *Peregrine* by American Cooper, *Dan* by the late Charles Mathews, and *Mary* by Miss Grimaldi.

The last-named young lady was the daughter of a Venetian marquis, whose property had been confiscated through some transactions connected with Spain. He came to England, and embraced the Protestant religion, refusing, subsequently, some liberal offers made him by the Pope on condition that he returned to the Catholic faith. His daughter adopted the stage as a profession, and became a member of the Haymarket company.

She was beautiful and accomplished, calculated to adorn a palatial home in Venice, that

Glorious city in the sea.—

The visitor to Venice cannot fail to notice the palaces of the Grimani family, four or five members of which have filled the chair of the Doge. Miss Grimani went from the "little theatre in the Haymarket" to that at Liverpool, and was there seen by Charles Young. To see her was to love her. He was her *Romeo* upon the stage, and poured into her ear as passionate a tale as was ever told by a Montague beneath the turrets of Verona. Making an offer for her hand, he was answered "Yes," in the sweetest first music that actor ever heard. To Miss Grimani Mr. Young was united on the 9th of March, 1805. Their nuptial happiness, however, was of brief duration, for the lady died early in the ensuing year, shortly after giving birth to a son. The deepest regret was evinced by all who had known her, and the gentry of Manchester, in which town she died, testified their respect by sending their carriages to attend her funeral. She was buried at Prestwich, about four miles from the town, and found a quiet resting-place in that beautiful and picturesque churchyard. Her grave is overshadowed by a tree, and her husband never visited Manchester without going to mourn on the spot.

This was a severe blow to the young actor, who for a lengthened time exhibited "the scorched footsteps sorrow leaves in parting." To lose thus early the object of a first affection is sufficient to cast a shadow over a man's life for ever. The vision of the lost one may be hidden by the noontide ray of busy life, but it will again be seen in the soft hush of evening; even amid the plaudits of the world will the "still small voice" be heard.

Oh! that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love trac'd;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!

Having for a time managed the theatre at Chester, and, with the one melancholy exception just recorded, finding nothing but the smiles of fortune—due to the uniform correctness of his character—Mr. Young was invited to the metropolis, and on the 22nd of June, 1807, appeared at the Haymarket in the character of *Hamlet*. From among the dramatic notices which appeared upon the occasion, we select a few lines from a diurnal print, which at that time was famed for its theatrical reviews:

"On Monday, a gentleman made his first appearance on this stage, of the name of Young. The character was *Hamlet*. Mr. Young's figure is good, his countenance flexible, his voice harmonious and commanding, and his manner is that of a gentleman. . . . Having named some of his faults, which we have stated only that he may correct them, we turn, with prospects of hope and pleasure, to his undoubted excellences. Mr. Young is not the common actor of the stage; he has genius and much feeling; and if he did not altogether enter into the character of *Hamlet*, an allowance must be made for the difficulty and variety of a part in which Kemble, undoubtedly the first actor in Europe, is daily making improvements. We will finish by pronouncing Mr. Young a great acquisition to the profession. The Drury Lane managers should certainly give him an engagement."

The general impression created by Mr. Young upon his introduction to the London boards was most gratifying. One little incident which occurred on the opening night may be recorded. A warm reception was given to the new candidate upon his first presenting himself; but as the approving sounds died away, there was heard a solitary but prolonged hiss. Several eyes were turned in the direction of the discordant note, and ascertained its source: it emanated from the young actor's father! At the conclusion of the play, however, when the approving shouts were reiterated, the amiable sire—either in the spirit of repentance, or from the instinct of a momentary pride at the position which his son had reached—was seen to applaud among the loudest.

During his first season at the Haymarket, Mr. Young played, in addition to his introductory part, *Don Felix*, *Osmond*, *Sir Edward Mortimer*, *Rolla*, *Penruddock* ("Wheel of Fortune"), *Petruchio*, *Gondibert* ("Battle of Hexham"), *Stranger*, *Harry Dornton*, &c.; and his services were soon after secured by the proprietors of Covent Garden. Upon the conflagration of that theatre in 1808, he went with the company to the Opera House in the Haymarket, where, among other assumptions, he created some impression by his performance of *Daran*, in "The Exile," then first produced. He returned to Covent Garden upon the opening of the new house—the splendid structure which is again in ruins—but found little scope for the display of his abilities, save in the absence of John Kemble, whose colossal fame had failed to eclipse the rising merits of his disciple. We have taken the trouble to wade through a file of playbills of this period, and find that during the year 1811 Mr. Young sustained the following characters: *Lord Townley*, in the "Provoked Husband;" *Othello*, Charles Kemble relinquishing *Cassio* and playing *Iago*; *Gustavus Vasa*, in a play of that name; *Ford*, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (*Falstaff* being played by Fawcett, and *Master Slender* by Liston); *Portius*, to the *Cato* of Kemble; *Roderick Dhu*, in Morton's version of the "Lady of the Lake," in which Charles Kemble played *Fitzjames*; *Faulkland*, in "The Rivals;" *Lord de Mallory*, in a new comedy entitled the "Gazette Extraordinary," long ago sunk to "that tranquil bottom where all is quiet;" *Hamlet*, for the benefit of British prisoners confined in France; *Beverley*, in "The Gamester," supported by Mrs. Siddons; *Evander*, in the "Grecian Daughter;" *Daran*, in "The Exile;" *Count Beniowski*, in Charles Kemble's adaptation of Kotzebue's "Kamschatka;" and *Macbeth*, during the indisposition of John Kemble. A journal of the day remarked, in reference to this last performance, that "though Achilles was not present in the dramatic field, Ulysses was."

On the 29th of February, 1812, John Kemble revived the play of "Julius Caesar," in which Mr. Young's admirable impersonation of *Cassius* fairly divided the palm with the *Brutus* of his great master, who had acquired a lofty eminence in Roman characters.

Whilst refreshing our hands from the dust they received in turning over the mystic leaves of volumes of old playbills, we may recount an incident which occurred at the Bath Theatre during the representation of "Julius Caesar." The Kemble and the Young were not in this scene, but their places were filled by those who were received with considerable favour upon the metropolitan boards—Messrs. Warde and Frederick Yates. The former enacted the high-souled Roman, and the latter the

lean and hungry conspirator. In his first scene, Yates had to deliver the passage,

I, as *Aeneas*, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber, &c.

This, by some unaccountable nervousness, he gave as follows:

I, as *Aeneas*, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Tiber upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Troy, &c.

It happened that the venerable Mrs. Piozzi—the companion of Johnson—was sitting in the stage-box, close to the proscenium, and such a perversion of her favourite Shakspeare could not pass unnoticed; in her enthusiasm, she cried out, “Text, Mr. Yates, text: flames of Troy, waves of Tiber, if you please.” This unexpected interruption so frightened poor *Cassius*, that he seemed half disposed to fly the field, leaving Mrs. Piozzi to finish the part for him. An assurance, however, from Warde that the lady’s prompting had not been observed by the house, encouraged him to proceed, though the circumstance of having liquefied Troy almost paralysed his exertions for the rest of the evening.

The year 1812 witnessed the formal leave-taking of Mrs. Siddons, an actress of the most transcendent talents. Mr. Young himself related to Thomas Campbell—the poet of “Hope”—the impression which that matchless woman once made upon himself when playing with her in “The Gamester” upon the Edinburgh boards. In the fourth scene of the fifth act, when *Beverley* has swallowed the poison, *Bates* enters, and Mrs. *Beverley* (in reply to a charge against her husband of having been seen quarrelling in the streets with *Lewson*) exclaims, “’Tis false, old man! They had no quarrel—there was no cause for quarrel.” In uttering these words, Mrs. Siddons caught hold of *Jarvis*, and gave the exclamation with such piercing grief, that Mr. Young said his throat swelled, and his utterance was choked. He stood, unable to speak the words which he ought immediately to have uttered; the prompter repeated the line without effect, when the gifted actress walked up to our tragedian, and in a low voice said, “Mr. Young, recollect yourself.”

It was upon the same boards that Mrs. Siddons was first introduced to a Scottish audience. She had secured a reputation both in England and Ireland, and the sensation produced by her promised visit to the Scottish capital was exceedingly great. The house was densely packed, but when the star of the night presented herself to the audience, a silence deep as death was her only welcome. Successive flashes of her glorious elocution fell in vain on the cold ears of her auditors. At last she concentrated her powers to the most emphatic utterance of one passage, vowing that if this did not succeed she would never again cross the Tweed. The deep silence which succeeded her grand effort was suddenly broken by an exclamation from a cannie Scot, “Eh, mon, that’s na sae bad!” This homely remark, acting as a charm, at once dissolved the lethargy of the audience, and peal upon peal reverberated through the house.

To return to Mr. Young. The year 1814 brought a change in the state of things theatrical. In the January of that year there were first seen in London the meteor flashes of Edmund Kean, to whom we shall further allude when we place him upon the same boards with our more

recently departed actor. Erin likewise furnished a constellation in Miss O'Neill, who came as a candidate for the ebon chair which the Siddons had left vacant. Two years later (1816), Macready entered the lists and sought to win his spurs. Notwithstanding these new and varied claims upon the attention of the public, Charles Young continued firm in his stately position. In the year 1817 we find him supporting the muse of Richard Lalor Sheil, who had not then flung himself into the arena of politics. Several plays were written by him for his young countrywoman, Miss O'Neill, including "The Apostate," the representation of which boasted of the combined talents of Messrs. Young, Charles Kemble, and Macready. During the rehearsal of his pieces, the future Master of the Mint and the representative of Queen Victoria in beautiful Florence undertook himself to instruct the Covent Garden actors. "Now observe," said he, on one of these occasions, "here's Mr. Young; here's Mr. Kemble. Well, the guard comes on. Mr. Young draws his sword, and finds he has not got it." We need scarcely say that this Hibernian explanation became a jocular tradition of the green-robm.

John Kemble retired from the stage in 1817, closing his professional life in *Coriolanus*. Forgetting the infirmities of age—he was then sixty, and had been for years a martyr to the gout—he threw all his great intellect into the lofty-minded patrician, and rushed upon the stage with the step and enthusiasm of youth, and the same ardour supported him through the play. A farewell dinner was given to this favoured actor at the Freemasons' Tavern, under the presidency of Lord Holland. On that occasion, Talma, the celebrated French tragedian, complimented his retiring friend in English, whilst Mr. Young recited an ode written by Thomas Campbell.

In the September of 1818, Mr. Young was the *Joseph Surface* of the "School for Scandal," when that comedy was selected to introduce to the metropolitan stage a new candidate—William Farren. In June, 1819, he played *Old Norval* to the *Lady Randolph* of Mrs. Siddons, who for seven years had been occasionally returning to the boards, but now finally passed into private life.

We now bring our hero to the culminating point of his career, and for a moment must look into the treasury of the theatre. Mr. Young's salary at Covent Garden had hitherto been 25*l.* per week; but about 1822 a spirit of retrenchment crept into the councils of the ruling powers, and 20*l.* per week was declared the maximum salary henceforward to be paid. Charles Young resisted this innovation, and quitted the "home of the Kembles." This fact became known to the potentates of the rival establishment, who engaged him at 50*l.* per night, which sum he continued to receive until the close of his professional career. His first appearance upon the Drury Lane boards was on the 17th of October, 1822, his favourite character of *Hamlet* being selected for the introduction; and on the 27th of the ensuing November he stood for the first time by the side of Edmund Kean—the *Iago* and the *Othello* seen by Shakspeare in his dreams.

In accordance with our promise, we must now digress for a few moments to speak of the "great little man," by whose appearance at Drury Lane in 1814, as already observed, a new light was shed upon the theatrical world, producing great partisanship between the disciples of Kemble and the new school. The extraordinary effect produced upon the town by Kean has, perhaps, with the exception of Garrick, never been equalled.

Drury Lane was at the time prostrate, and Kean came as a Colossus to support the vast temple, and to restore its fallen fortunes. He opened in *Shylock*, to a very indifferent house, but succeeded in exciting a sensation by his sudden bursts of passion and dazzling flashes of effect. His triumph was complete; though he had to labour against many natural defects, such as want of stature, a harsh, discordant voice, &c. He was often imperfect in his judgment, but his energy was so unfailing as to bear down criticism itself. John Kemble saw him, and remarked—"Our styles of acting are so totally different, that you must not expect me to like that of Mr. Kean; but one thing I must say in his favour—he is at all times terribly in earnest." And was he not really in earnest on one occasion, on encountering a rival—Junius Brutus Booth—upon those same boards of Old Drury? Chance had thrown the last-named actor into some little prominence. The success of Kean in the deformed tyrant had rendered a *Richard* a desideratum; but there was such a terror in the assumption that established favourites shrank from the attempt, and Kemble and Young declined the contest—the latter, however, subsequently played the part. Booth summoned all his courage, and in February, 1817, at Covent Garden, tried the character, experiencing much applause. He at this time resembled Kean in voice, stature, and general appearance. Having repeated *Richard* to a thin house, differences arose between him and the proprietors, during which he signed a memorandum of an agreement with the Drury Lane management, and was announced to appear as *Iago* to the *Othello* of Kean. Thursday, the 20th of February, 1817, witnessed this trial of skill. The house was to "o'erflowing full," and the actors at the side-scenes partook of the excitement, and awaited the issue in doubt and trepidation. Kean was completely self-possessed; he appeared to be conscious of his strength, and determined by a single blow to throw aside the slight impediment to his general triumph. Booth, on the contrary, seemed to shrink from the struggle; but eventually he overcame his fear, and nobly tried the fight. But the chances were not in his favour. Kean soon began to warm with the part, when his small figure seemed to expand, whilst the fury and whirlwind of his passion appeared to endow him with supernatural strength. He rushed about the stage in every direction, restless and violent. Booth received no mercy at his hands, and that night his light appeared to be totally extinguished.

From the time when Kean first seized upon celebrity, there was open to him a brilliant career, the ball being at his foot, to be kicked by him at his pleasure; but the whims of genius allured him into the by-paths of passion and pleasure. He suffered himself to be beset by unworthy companionship, and this was the rock on which his fortunes wrecked. Frank in manner and impetuous in soul, he never disguised his virtues or his vices. He had many amiable qualities; but, plunging into the ceaseless whirl of intemperance, his ear became closed to the whisperings of sober truth. Byron was electrified by him; but the actor who possessed this power, and could chill the blood of his auditory by the fearful energy of his genius in *Othello*, would step from the theatre into a taproom, and there delight a mixed assembly with dashing gaiety and acted songs. It was thus he hurried on

From flower to flower,
A wearied chase—a wasted hour,

and fortune, reputation, and life were sacrificed. Poor Kean, a younger man than his rival Young, has been sleeping for three-and-twenty years in the churchyard at Richmond, near to the remains of the poet who sang of the "Seasons" and their change.

We now return to our allegiance, resuming the memoir of Mr. Young, whom we left upon the boards of Drury Lane by the side of Edmund Kean. As in 1812 his *Cassius* had divided the palm with the *Brutus* of John Kemble, so, ten years later, did his *Iago* share the plaudits with the best *Othello* of modern days. In *Pierre*, again, he left his rival behind him as *Jaffier*—though the latter, it must be confessed, is an unprofitable part, and can rarely be brought upon the canvas in a line of equality with *Pierre*. Mr. Young likewise played *Iachimo* to Kean's *Posthumous*, in Shakspeare's "Cymbeline." In the season of 1823-24 he returned to Covent Garden, upon his lucrative nightly engagement, reappearing upon the old boards as *Hamlet*. This character was likewise selected by John Kemble for his reappearance upon similar occasions. A question was once raised among the critics, whether "Othello" or "Macbeth" was the greatest of Shakspeare's productions. "The critics"—said the great Coriolanus, once in conversation, referring to the subject—"may settle that point among them; they will decide only for themselves. As to the people, take up any Shakspeare you will, from the first collection of his works to the last, which has been read, and look what play bears the most obvious signs of perusal. My life for it, they will be found in the volume which contains the play of 'Hamlet.'"

Mr. Young continued at Covent Garden, and there, in 1827, he again met Edmund Kean, who had been engaged by the proprietors for a brief period. Charles Kemble, at this house, was a fitting *Cassio*, and "Othello" was consequently played in a manner unrivalled by anything to be found upon the modern European stage. In October, 1828, Mr. Young had an original part, the *Rienzi* of Mary Russell Mitford; and the personation exhibited many beauties, occasionally touching the height of passion. On the 31st of May, 1830, he first played *Virginus*, and being loudly called for at the termination of the piece, he thanked his friends for the compliment, and intimated to them his intention of speedily closing his dramatic career. The fulfilment of this announcement had nothing of the wavering so frequently exhibited. Having been seen by the Parisians, and having fulfilled his latest provincial engagements, the year 1832 saw him grateful for past favours and anxious for retirement. He conceived that there were higher duties than those his profession claimed, and that between the theatre and the grave some space should be reserved for thought; and so, like the Roman in the Capitol, he desired to adjust his mantle before he fell. He accordingly announced his farewell night for the 30th of May, *Hamlet* being chosen for the closing part. The night came, and before the lamps set an audience, loud in its grateful enthusiasm, tendering its farewell to an artist to whom it had been so often indebted for rational enjoyment, and who had so often stood forward to uphold that which should be esteemed a vital branch of the intelligence of an age, not the gratification of an idle hour. Old friends were there, who had welcomed the artist with hopeful greetings on the morning of his career, and gathered around him to shed a brightness on its setting. Macready on this occasion—as

Garrick and Barry had done before him—gave up *Hamlet* and played the *Ghost*. Mr. Young himself never played better ; and at the close of the tragedy he thus addressed the audience :

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have often been before you with a fluttering heart and a faltering tongue, but never till now with a sense of pain and a degree of heaviness which almost still the beating of the one and impede the utterance of the other. I would fain have been spared this task, but it might have been construed into disrespect towards you ; it is the usage, and to that I bow. I very proudly acknowledge the indulgence—the great and continued kindness you have shown me for five-and-twenty years. You first received and encouraged my endeavours with a Kemble, a Siddons, a Cooke, and an O'Neill, and by their side I shared your applause. In this, the very last hour of my theatrical life, I still find myself cheered, supported, and upheld by your presence and approbation. Although retirement from the stage, and from the excitement of an arduous profession, has been long my fervent wish, yet, believe me, there are feelings and associations connected with these walls and with the boards whereon I stand, and where I have been so often cheered by your smiles and gratified by your applause, which make me despair of finding words sufficient to express my gratitude. I throw myself upon you to measure the extent of gratitude by the kind rule you have always observed when you have secured it. I surely say no more than the truth when I state, that whatever fame or fortune I may have obtained, or whatever worldly ambition I may have gratified, I owe them all to you. It has been asked of me, why I retire from the stage while I am still in the possession of all the qualifications I could ever pretend to, unimpaired. I will give you my motives, although I do not know that you will receive them as reasons ; but reason and feeling are not always cater-cousins. I feel the excitement and toil of my profession weigh more heavily upon me than formerly ; and if my qualifications are unimpaired, so I would have them remain. I know that they never were worthy of the degree of approbation with which you honoured them ; but such as they are, I am unwilling to continue before my patrons until I can offer them only tarnished metal. Permit me, then, to hope, that on quitting this place I am honourably dismissed into the bosom of private life, and that I shall carry with me the kindly wishes of all to whom I now respectfully and gratefully say—Farewell.”

The curtain that night dropped upon Mr. Young's professional career for ever, and he finally quitted the stage of which he had been so long a conspicuous ornament ; a dignity, moreover, is conferred upon any calling—the British Senate not excepted—by one who brings into it commanding intellect and unimpeached integrity. With him there were no more last words, no coming back at the waving of a golden wand. Grisi and others have sighed farewell, and have speedily forgotten the same. Not so with Charles Young. He had given his word, and kept it as his bond of faith. He might have put much more money in his purse. Tempting offers, for instance, came over the Atlantic—12,000*l.* for eight months' services—but failed to win him from his purpose ; and he passed into retirement, to the enjoyment of a refined and intellectual taste.

Mr. Young may be considered the last of a school—the school of the Kembles—with which was associated all that was great in the actor's calling. The modern stage has nothing that can be said to correspond with it; and some few things have to be taken into consideration, in order to estimate aright the high position occupied by the founders of such school. At the period of its ascendancy, the "legitimate drama" had not migrated, as now, into the suburbs, having resting-places at minor saloons; it was only allowed to venture within the sacred territories of the majors, as Drury Lane and Covent Garden were then styled. Our dramatists thought not then of casting glances across the Channel, and the stage, consequently, was free from the influence of Gallic art. Such was the state of the London stage at the commencement of the present century, that Harris, of Covent Garden, gave the younger Colman one thousand pounds for his play of "John Bull," realising ten thousand by the bargain. The prize for which an actor at that time contended was an engagement at one or other of these patent theatres. There was then enjoyed by the members of the profession an opportunity of learning and perfecting themselves in their several departments. The actor was not then, as he is now too frequently exhibited, a secondary upon the stage, paling before the light of colossal scenery and startling effects. The smallest parts were distributed among those who had been thoroughly trained to their calling; and our patent theatres consequently exhibited a compact mass of talent, at the head of which stood the Kembles, their position being compounded of professional eminence and social rank.

At the time John Kemble first appeared upon the metropolitan boards, he had seen no great actor whom he could have copied; his style was consequently formed by his own taste and judgment, and grew out of his own intellectual habits. His studies were ardent, and embraced everything collateral to his art; and much of the splendour and the retinue of the stage owe their introduction to his fine taste and poetic conception. He may be said to have revived Shakspeare, giving to his creations a new life by the agency of a philosophical and poetical spirit; for by the union of several kindred arts and the exercise of taste, the genius of our own great classic began to be properly embodied upon the stage. With the Kembles came an altered state of dramatic performances. The theatre assumed its national rank, and became a source of elevated delight, being looked upon as a school of manners and the most intellectual of all entertainments. The throne of this supremacy, as we have said, was occupied by John Kemble and his matchless sister. Distinguished by the lofty grace of their persons and the refined dignity of their manners, perfection in them was a gift of nature, improved to its highest pitch by art and study. The agile movement and the elegant levity of the school of Garrick were superseded by a majestic manner, not confined to the lofty characters of Shakspeare, but thrown around every performance; whilst the sudden bursts of a different school were exchanged for a sustained and swelling emotion.

It was to this school—deemed at one time the standard of perfection—that Charles Young belonged. Stepping as a novice upon a provincial stage, in ten years he found himself a candidate for metropolitan honours by the side of the Kemble and the Siddons; and it is a no mean proof of his abilities that he was not at once eclipsed by the brightness of the twin-constellation. Aspiring to their style, by mental cultivation and

talent he acquired their manner, though their genius was a gift not to be thus easily seized upon. He lacked the majesty of personal deportment of his great master, but at the same time he was free from some of his defects, whilst his talents were more useful and diversified. Possessed of elegant manners, a scholar, and a man of unblemished integrity, he had qualities which led the way to favour and reputation. Nature had given him several attributes—a handsome person, an expressive countenance, and a fine voice; with these exterior advantages and a remarkably intelligent understanding, he was calculated to represent the classic drama as well as the works of the modern stage. Unlike Edmund Kean, he exhibited no sudden bursts or electrical shocks, but all was graceful, flowing, and continuous. In the colouring of the picture, one part was not enriched at the expense of the other, the proportions of light and shade being perfectly preserved. With a musical voice, he was great in stage delivery, and both in manner and in utterance was declared the “prince of rhetoricians.”

It is not our province here to enter into minute criticism upon Mr. Young's varied performances. It was in tragedy and the serious drama that nature qualified him to excel, though he was endowed with some versatility. Occasionally he courted comedy; and here he was sufficiently jovial in *Falstaff*, whilst his *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant* was at the time considered the most complete conception the modern stage had witnessed. In *Inkle* and *Macheath*, moreover, he showed himself the possessor of vocal powers of no mean order. He acquired a reputation in the lofty Roman school of declamation, and with much force and discrimination threw this qualification into the parts of *Brutus*, *Cassius*, and *Cato*. His *Hamlet* was a fine impersonation, rendered so by the refinement of his taste and the cultivation of his mind. John Kemble highly appreciated this performance, and in his later years partially resigned the character into the hands of Mr. Young. His *Othello* was dignified and declamatory; whilst his *Iago* was equal to any of his performances. Of “mine ancient,” in fact, he was considered a perfect representative. Edmund Kean was duly conscious of his rival's greatness in this character. During their engagement at Drury Lane, it had been decided that the parts which they played together should be alternated. This arrangement, however, was not carried out, as Kean refused to play *Iago* after Young. “That d—d musical voice of his,” said he, “with his handsome face, has spoilt me for the part.” Let us add to the characters we have mentioned, amongst other embodiments of great excellence, *Macbeth*, *Prospero*, *Stranger*, and *Zanga*. Opinion, of course, varied with respect to the merits of some of these representations, but the divided sentiments all tended to a general appreciation of the actor's excellence, awarding him a “bright particular” place in dramatic annals, hereafter to be named with

Garriek and statelier Kemble, and the rest,
Who made a nation purer through their art.

Charles Young has a strong hold on general remembrance. The course of his entire life—with one blighting exception—ran smoothly on, for the tide of success that set in with him in the morning of his career never ebbed. He strove to elevate his art, to exalt the order of which he was a member; and though criticism may differ as to the characteristics of

the actor, there is no diversity of opinion with regard to the man. Ordinary fame is but a tinsel, fading before the nobler attributes of the Christian, than which our language has no brighter word. Charles Young was that Christian, and of his many good works, done by stealth, let us place one upon record. Returning from the theatre one night, he was accosted by a female. There was something in the tone and manner of the woman that arrested his attention. After a few inquiries, he desired her to call on him next morning. She did so, and told her tale. It was one of heartless seduction, of estrangement of friends, and three nights upon the streets of London. The truth of this statement was ascertained, and she was placed by Mr. Young in a respectable home, with an annuity of 26*l.*, which was duly paid her for three-and-thirty years. She is dead now; but out of her little stipend of 10*s.* per week she had saved 18*l.* for sickness and her funeral expenses, and she died blessing her benefactor, by whom a wanderer had been brought back to the paths of virtue, and a soul, it is hoped, saved. There were but few triumphs in the career of Edmund Kean so valued by him as the fact that "the pit rose at him." The circumstance we have here narrated will outweigh the rising of a thousand pits.

Quitting the stage in the full possession of his power, with a handsome competence, Charles Young gathered around him, in his dignified leisure, a large circle, gladdened by his amiability and intelligence. At the dual houses of Devonshire, Sutherland, and Bedford, the mansions of the Dacres and the Essexes, he was ever a welcome guest, for whom the best hunter was saddled and the best gun loaded. Beloved for private virtues, as he had previously been admired for exalted powers, he had with him to accompany old age, "love, honour, obedience, troops of friends." For the last three years he resided at Brighton, a great invalid, and for the past twelvemonth was compelled to retire from society, being unable to leave his apartment. With sentiments of genuine and unaffected piety he endured his sufferings with manly patience and Christian resignation, and passed to a happy future on the 29th of June, having entered upon his eightieth year. His remains are interred in the churchyard of Southwick—a short distance from Brighton—of which village his son, the Rev. Julian Young, was recently the vicar.

In recalling many of the circumstances connected with the career of Charles Young, there has been a luxury of agreeable recollections and of warm and hearty feeling. The stage, we know, has many detractors; but such a career as the one to which we have endeavoured to pay a tribute is an example, that there is no walk or pursuit in human life in which just feelings and honourable sentiments may not be advantageously exercised. Cicero said of Roscius, nearly two thousand years since, "He is a man who unites yet more of virtue than of talents, yet more of truth than of art; and who, having dignified the scene by the various portraiture of human life, dignifies yet more this assembly by the example of his own." And such, but recently, we could have said of Charles Young, in whom was blended honour and integrity, with devotion to pure ends. Through each shifting scene the world tendered to him its approval,

And heaven applauded when the curtain fell.

IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

BY PÊLE-MÊLE.

I.

—IMAGINATION, which, in truth,
Is but another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood.

WORDSWORTH: *The Prelude*. Book XIV.

—So full of shapes is FANCY,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*. Act I. Sc. 1.

WILLIAM TAYLOR, in his treatise on British Synonyms, pronounces a man to have imagination in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense; imagination being the faculty which *images* within the mind the phenomena of sensation. He pronounces a man to have fancy in proportion as he can call up, connect, or associate at pleasure, those internal images (*φανταζειν* = to cause to appear) so as to complete ideal representations of absent objects. According to this definition, "Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy of evoking and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation; the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind." It follows that, the more accurate the imagination, the more safely may a painter, or a poet, undertake a delineation, or a description, without the presence of the objects to be discriminated; and that, the more versatile the fancy, the more original and striking will be the decorations produced.*

In the elaborate Preface to the edition of his Poems which appeared in 1815, Wordsworth indulged in some strictures on this definition. The Poet was interested in the question to a special degree, since that edition included a classification of Poems of the Imagination, and Poems of the Fancy. He objected to Taylor's view, that it is not easy to find out how Imagination, thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance of images; or fancy from quick and vivid recollection of them; each being, in effect, nothing more than a mode of memory. If the two words bear the above meaning, and no other, what term is left (Wordsworth inquires) to designate that faculty of which the Poet is "all compact;" he whose eye glances from earth to heaven, whose spiritual attributes body forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape; or what is left to characterise Fancy, as insinuating herself into the heart of objects with creative activity?

In applying the term Imagination, then, to poems of his own, the Bard of Rydal has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects; but he uses it as a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws. He proceeds to illustrate his meaning by instances. A parrot

* Taylor's "British Synonyms discriminated."

hangs, he remarks, from the wires of his cage by his beak or by his claws; so does a monkey from the boughs of a tree by his paws or his tail. Literally and actually the bird in question, and the beast in question, both *hang*. Now, in the first Eclogue of Virgil, the shepherd *Melibœus*, thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his farm, thus addresses his goats:

Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro
Dumosa *pendere* procul de rupe videbo.*

And, again, *Edgar* in "King Lear," in the famous Dover Cliffs scene, in the course of his description says,

—half way down
Hangs one who gathers samphire.

Between the pendent parrot and monkey, and the pendent goats and samphire-gatherer, there is "all the difference." Each case may be "a hanging matter," but always provided "with a difference." In the passages from Virgil and Shakspeare there is a slight exercise of the faculty which Wordsworth denominates Imagination; for neither the goats nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the sense something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging. Pass, however, from a slight to a full exercise of the Imagination, in its use of the word *hangs*. Thus, in Milton:

As when far off, at sea a fleet described
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala
. so seemed
Far off the flying Fiend.

Here Wordsworth recognises the full strength of the imagination involved in the word *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image. "First, the fleet, an aggregate of many ships, is represented by one mighty person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters; but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the poet dares to represent it as *hanging in the clouds*, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime objects to which it is compared."

If William Taylor's notion of Imagination found little favour with Wordsworth, Charles Lamb's notion of it found much. As may be supposed, when, in the exquisite essay on the Genius of Hogarth, Lamb, that "flower of the *flock*" of essayists, describes it as that power which draws all things to one; which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects with their accessories, take one colour and serve to one effect.

* No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme!
No more, extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
The prickly shrubs, and after on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyss, and *hang* in air!

DRYDEN.

In the concluding Book of the "Prelude," Wordsworth has this passage—(already quoted as a motto to our farrago):

—Imagination, which, in truth
Is but another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood.

Reason, in the high Coleridgean sense: the anti-pole of reason in the French sense, the pert and petty *philosophe* sense, the "rational" sense, the eighteenth century sense. Villemain, for instance, somewhere contrasts men of *imagination* with *les raisonneurs*—and goes on to compare Imagination to that golden branch which Virgil speaks of, "*qui brille et se fait reconnaître dans la forêt sacrée, au milieu de tous ces arbres d'une hauteur égale*:"

Discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit.

It is asserted by John Foster, in his critique on his brother Baptist and brother critic, Robert Hall,—together the *Gemini*: in the modern Baptists' constellation, which perhaps *may* be said to have this extent, no more,—that, except in the opinion of very young people, and second-rate poets, intellect is the first faculty in every great mind. A third critic, also a pulpiteer, and also a nonconformist, ventures to contradict this averment; and, citing the names of Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, asks what doubt there can be that Imagination, though far from being the sole, was the presiding power, in all those majestic minds? He grants that imagination should be based on a superstructure of solid reason, and its flights and intuitions restrained within the banks of nature, and the limits of possibility. He grants, too, that you never find it alone in any of the higher orders of mind; but he maintains that, as it has by some been argued to form, in its ordinary degree, the real differentia between man and the lower animals, who do reason, but never imagine,—so seems it, in its higher development, to be the sovran faculty of the loftiest natures, not perhaps of critics and logicians, but certainly of philosophers and poets.

Imagination is not, indeed, the be-all and end-all of the Poet, whatever perverted sense may be palmed on the phrase

—is of imagination all compact.

Mr. Macaulay, in the earliest of his acknowledged essays, had occasion to refer to Shakspeare's description of poetry, in lines, as he says, universally admired for the vigour and felicity of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion they convey of the art in which Shakspeare excelled. The lines are these:

As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

These are the fruits, says Macaulay, of the "fine frenzy" which Shakspeare ascribes to the poet,—a fine frenzy doubtless, but still a frenzy. "Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness.

The reasonings are just; but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, everything ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect." Hence of all people, children—the essayist goes on to observe—are the most imaginative; for they abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion, and every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality: so that a little girl is more affected by the story of poor Red Riding-hood than any man, whatever his sensibility may be, is affected by Hamlet or Lear. "She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes; she weeps; she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds." And such-like is the monopoly exercised by the imagination in the works of poets who have not attained to manhood in their art, who are imaginative "after a sort," a strong sort but a wrong sort, that lacks counteracting forces to keep it in its right place, and guide its power in a right direction. It is the mistaken aim and sorry pride of poets of this *calibre*, to be of imagination all compact. All compactness is commonly wanting in their imaginative creations; their phantoms are verily guiltless of flesh, bone, muscle, or any such thing; the cloud-capt towers they rear are very castles in the air.

You may distrust in general with perfect safety the poet who lays a strong stress on his devotion to Imagination, and confounds accordingly his aspiration to her favour with his inspiration by her fire. Mr. Martin F. Tupper has written better things since—but he by no means winningly prepossessed the readers of his early strains ("Geraldine," &c.) when he addressed Imagination as

Thou fair enchantress of my willing heart,
Who charimest it to deep and dreamy slumber,
Gilding mine evening clouds of reverie,—
Thou lovely Siren, who, with still small voice
Most softly musical, dost lure me on
O'er the wide sea of indistinct idea,
Or quaking sands of untried theory,
Or ridgy shoals of fixed experiment
That wind a dubious pathway thro' the deep,—
Imagination, I am thine own child, &c., &c.

This own child of Imagination, who is a fair enchantress and a lovely Siren, and who a little later is called by her own child "my friend," "my comrade dear,"

Brother and sister, *mine own other self*,
The Hector to my soul's Andromache,

epitomising all known tables of affinity in one licentious poeticism, or poetical licence, insomuch that one is disposed to exclaim (confusing for the nonce Imagination with Fancy)

Hillo, my Fancy! whither wilt thou fly?—

this own child, then, of his own comrade dear, his own brother and sister, his own other self, is led by this "unhappy connexion" of his just where he ought not to go, o'er the wide sea of indistinct idea, and quaking sands of untried theory, and so forth,—forth, forth into No-man's land, or the dreamy, dozy, dormitatory land of Nod. Imagination of another kind it is that poets are made of—another kind, or if not absolutely that, certainly another degree.

And when that other degree, that higher multiple, is duly provided, still the poet is not *ipso facto* assured. A supplement is wanted to make up the complement. He is only "parcel-gilt" if his gilding ends here. As a recent writer in the *Westminster Review* observes, we commonly hear the single faculty of Imagination set up as the distinguishing superiority of a poet, especially by those who do not perceive, that inasmuch as poetry is the voice of the whole man, it must take its calibre from the calibre of the man. "Imagination, be it never so daringly active, will produce no good poetry if conjoined with inferior faculties, or if deprived of the requisite materials which are to become plastic in its hands." Coleridge, it is added, used to insist, and wisely, on the necessity of the poet's being largely endowed with logical powers. "Indeed the great poets manifest all powers." A goodly group of co-ordinates, an efficient corps of co-efficients, are perhaps a *conditio sine quâ non* to your poets of the class A 1, of the true *nati* and *non facti* race.

Wordsworth has told us something of the nature and native nobility of this high-born thing. And among other powers wherewith Imagination is endowed, in his estimate of her, pre-eminent is the power she has to shape and *create*. This she does, he tells us, by innumerable processes—none more delightful than in that of consolidating numbers into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number,—alternations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime consciousness of the soul in her own mighty and almost divine powers.

It has been truly enough said, however, that Imagination is, by ninety-nine out of a hundred ephemeral "poets," confounded with creativeness,—is understood to be a faculty whereby the mind raises up visions of its own, seeing that which is invisible to all else, and giving forth shape, and colour, and form, which have their birth and being only in the mind. Whereas, it is, in truth, no such thing, but a faithful copyist and recorder of things as they are, in the world of nature. *Comment?* A month hence, and *nous verrons*.

THE ATTACHÉ IN MADRID.*

To appreciate Madrid in its various social aspects and its many political phases, the reader must launch himself at once into the whirl of fashion and the agitations of every-day life, as Beaumarchais did of old, and as our young German diplomat did during the late stirring events that occurred in the Spanish capital. Our Attaché was an enthusiast—it is the best tone in which to approach an appropriate theme. "Lord Byron," he says, "awoke one morning and found himself famous. I have no doubt the sensation was delightful; but I would not exchange for it the joy which I feel this morning, on opening my eyes after a short and hurried sleep, at finding myself in Madrid. From my earliest years Spain has been the land of my day-dreams—romantic, chivalrous Spain! Its very contrast to my native land, with its cold blue lakes and frozen mountains, made it charming to my imagination. Land of cloaked caballeros; of señoras, with dark eyes gleaming from beneath black mantillas; of serenades and adventures, of love and song; land of the Cid Campeador!"

After a first and necessary attendance at the Legation, and a scarcely less essential visit to Don José Salamanca, the Madrid banker *par éminence*, a drive down that street of palaces, the Calle de Alcalá, to the Fuente Castellana or the Prado, is not only *de rigueur*, it is indispensable if the stranger wishes to see the prettiest head-dresses in the world, showing to the greatest advantage the splendid eyes, fine hair, and expressive features of the wearers, or what were, in the eyes of our Attaché, the best-dressed men in Europe:

I stopped M—— to ask him the name of a pretty woman, to whom he took off his hat. She was lying back in a small open carriage with beautiful horses, the smallest of English jockeys, and servants in the French Imperial livery. She was dressed in the most perfect of French toilettes, and the whole turn-out was irreproachable. Half a dozen young men were galloping by the portière of her carriage. "That," said M——, "is the Duchess of Alva, sister of the Empress of France, the greatest *élégante* in Madrid. The Palace of Siria, belonging to the ducal family of Alva, is one of the finest in the city. It was built, nearly a century ago, by James Stewart Fitzjames, third Duke of Berwick and Siria, under the direction of Rodriguez, a celebrated architect. The interior is magnificent, and it has been lately re-furnished with, I am told, extraordinary splendour." "Do you not visit the duchess?" "I leave my card at the palace occasionally, but she receives no one. It is three years since I have been admitted. But it is almost a royal residence. I particularly admire the chapel, beautifully paved with marble, and the walls painted with frescoes by Galiano. There is also an immense terraced garden, filled with flowers, and fountains, and marble statues, disposed with a great deal of taste, and a fine gallery of paintings collected in Italy by the father of the present duke." "But why does not the duchess receive? From pride?" "Not at all. She is as simple in her manners, and as free from pride and affectation as a child. I must do the Spanish aristocracy the justice to say, that whatever their pride of family may be, it is never offensively shown. You will find that the grantees here receive very little, and I will leave it to your own philosophy to discover the reasons,

* The Attaché in Madrid; or, Sketches of the Court of Isabella II. Translated from the German. London: Sampson Low. 1856.

when you become acquainted with Madrid society." "How superb the Medina-Celi looks to-day!" said a young German, who had joined us. "What a fine specimen of an Andalusian! What jet-black eyes and hair, what white and glittering teeth, what deep-red roses on her cheeks and lips! What a figure, as she leans back in her carriage, with rather a disdainful expression, and a curl upon her coral lip! What a brigand's bride she would make, drawing the trigger of a pistol, or sword in hand like the maid of Zaragoza!" "How amazingly eloquent!" said M——; "why do you not join her?" "I prefer adoring the young duchess at a distance. For humble mortals like me, the Countess de V—— is more approachable. See her walking there so daintily—so charmingly dressed from head to foot, with such soft eyes! And what a smile!" added he, as the little condesa turned her eyes in our direction, and acknowledged the obeisance of her devoted admirer.

So much for out-of-door life. To form an idea of what the same life is in-doors, we will go with our Attaché to a *soirée dansante*, premising that all the *jeunesse dorée* of the capital—all young men capable of dancing and flirting—are called *pollos*, i.e. chickens. "I think," remarks the Attaché, *naïvely*, "one ceases to be a *pollo* after thirty." There are many who deem themselves Apollos in this country after forty. The scene of the *soirée dansante* is at the French Embassy:

Nothing can be better than the way in which the marquis and his lady do the honours of their house. As a polka had just struck up when we arrived, I requested, without introduction, the honour of a turn from the pretty little Condesa de ——, who, having just entered, had not yet marked her engagements upon her tablets, and who waltzes and polkas *divinement*, as the Spaniards say. In an interval, during a long and tiresome quadrille, I told her the difficult position in which I was placed, from having two young sisters full of curiosity at the mode of dressing of the Spanish ladies, my desire to store their minds with useful knowledge, and my ignorance of the mysteries of the toilette. I entreated her to take pity on my ignorance, and as a preliminary, to tell me what her own dress was composed of. "Que tontería!" (what folly!) said she, "you surely *must* know that this is *glacé* rose-coloured silk—that these are point-lace flounces—that these are roses in my hair—that these jewels are——" "Diamonds; yes, I know that. It was only the *glacé* silk that puzzled me. I flatter myself even that I am a judge of lace, and that I know something of fine jewels, yet I have seldom seen a greater display of both than to-night." "That is nothing; wait until you go to court, or attend a real ball. No one wears half of their diamonds to-night."

I asked the name of a very *joli garçon*, whom I had heard talking English, some moments before, with Mrs. S——, an English lady who resides here. "He is the son of a rich Irish banker," said the condesa, "yet he has a Spanish ducal title, and is married to the daughter of a grandee of Spain, whose son is the husband of one of the Ynfantas. That pretty person who has his arm, dressed in blue, and so extremely fair, is the Countess of ——, a German by birth. That silk, you must observe, is *moire antique*—very handsome, though rather heavy for dancing. But here comes M. de —— for a waltz. If you do not wish to find a partner for yourself, I shall put you under the charge of the Marquesa de ——, who knows everybody." She beckoned to a pretty, good-humoured-looking personage, and told her to show me the *carte du pays*, and giving her my arm, we commenced a tour of the rooms.

The drama is in a different condition at the present day in Madrid to what it was in the time of the author of the "Barber of Seville," when the wearisome acts of insipid plays were attempted to be enlivened by musical interludes. There is now no taste more developed in Madrid than that for the drama; nowhere more excellent actors, more brilliant

pieces, whether ancient or modern, or a more just and discriminating audience. Some of the theatres are also unequalled for beauty, spaciousness, comfort, and elegance. Still even the theatre has its peculiar social aspects. The Queen, for example, has two boxes, one in the centre of the house and another upon the stage, which she usually occupies, except upon state occasions. Opposite the stage-box is that of the Infante Don Francisco, below it that of the cabinet ministers, and opposite theirs is the box of the Duchess of Alva:

The ministers' box was empty during the first two acts. Afterwards the minister of war came in, and took up his position with his back to the scenes, seeming to find metal more attractive in the boxes. "Il n'est pas dégoûté," said M. de —, to whom I made this remark. There were indeed a wonderful number of pretty women in the four tiers of boxes and in the galleries. Bright eyes seemed to gleam forth even from the ethereal regions of the *Paraiso*. In the entr'actes, the occupants of the *butacas* (arm-chairs) in the pit take an opportunity of ascertaining this fact, either visiting the boxes, or turning their *lorgnons* in that direction.

The French ambassador and his family occupied a box next that of the Queen, on the first tier. I recognised the Duquesa de A—, the pretty Duchess of S—, the Countess of S—i, the Duchess of F—a, the Countess de V—, &c. I happened to be seated next a wealthy *parvenu*, with whom I had made acquaintance at the Casino, and who, knowing everybody by sight, though probably not admitted into the circles of the aristocracy, undertook to tell me not only the names but the history of the occupants of each box. If I had believed him (but since I came here my ears have grown strangely incredulous of slander), I should have been shocked at the disclosures of my communicative neighbour. His histories generally ran in this style: "That lady with feathers in her hair and a rose-coloured shawl, is the Countess of —. Next her is seated her lover, General —. In the next box is the Marchioness of —, a celebrated beauty. That is her husband, and his chère amie is in that box on the pit tier, that tall woman with the yellow shawl and black eyes. She herself has *relaciones* with Don —, that little man with moustaches, looking through his opera-glass;" and so on, through each row of boxes. Scarcely one escaped; if the lady happened to be old and plain, he had still a story to tell of her former conduct.

This vulgar scandaliser, our Attaché says, was by no means an ill-natured man! It is curious that the extremes of civilisation meet; it is the fashion in Old Spain to speak in this manner, and often mean nothing; just as it is in Russia and the Danubian Principalities, yet young in civilisation. Vanity has a great deal to do with the system, and it is pleasant sometimes to see it punished in its own home; witness the anecdotes told of a certain Don Juan, a *pollo* of preposterous pretensions:

I should not have troubled you with this long account of Don Juan, but for an amusing incident which occurred last evening at Lord H—'s after dinner, of which he was the discomfited hero. He was there in all the glories of a pale blue waistcoat, opal studs, and a most *recherché* toilette. He had been seated at dinner next the beautiful Marquesa de S—, and appeared to be in a state of intense excitement. When we had got into the cabinet, he took me aside with a mysterious air, and showed me a small corner of a lace handkerchief protruding from his waistcoat pocket. "Do you know whose this is?" said he. I professed my ignorance. "Did you not observe me at dinner? I flatter myself I did not prove a very disagreeable companion. You know I took her in to table. I told her she looked divinely. The marquise was just behind

us. She said nothing, but you should have seen her expression! What eyes that woman has!" "And the handkerchief?" "Ah! my dear friend, I must be discreet; but it was easy to draw it from the unresisting hand which rested confidently on my arm. It shall never leave me but with life!" "Egregious coxcomb!" was my mental ejaculation. "Confess that you are a little envious, my dear fellow," said the bore, following me as I made my retreat to the drawing-room. Just then we observed a slight movement amongst the guests. "Pray do not trouble yourself," said the marquesa, "only I have dropped my handkerchief. I believe I have left it in the dining-room." I looked at Don Juan, whose face was in a blaze. The master of the house despatched a servant to look for the missing handkerchief. Several gentlemen volunteered their services, but returned, saying it was not to be found. All the cushions were turned over; all the sofas searched in vain. The marquesa was shocked at giving so much trouble, yet seemed annoyed. Lord H—— insisted upon going himself, when Don Juan, who had been looking the picture of uneasiness, rushed off, and in a few minutes returned, looking very red, and displaying the handkerchief. "Where did you find it?" said several voices. "In the ante-room." "A thousand thanks," said the marquesa. "I am glad you found it, as it has a curious value attached to it." Every one admired the curious old point and rich embroidery of the handkerchief. "That is not its chief value," said the marquesa. "It was given to my grandmother many years ago, when she was a young bride at the French court, by Marie Antoinette herself. You see it has the crown of France with the fleur-de-lis embroidered on it, and the initials of the poor queen. My mother gave it me as a precious relic, and I seldom carry it. In future I must be more careful."

I was malicious enough to look at the discomfited Don Juan, who had the hardihood to whisper—"All this is a mere *ruse*. She saw me speaking to Mme. G—— after dinner, and was jealous; and besides, upon reflection, she perhaps feared the fate of Desdemona. But I have promised to look in upon the little Countess de V—— in her opera-box to-night, so *adios!*" "Now, there goes one of the pests of society," said the Marquis de C——, as we were walking together towards the theatre. "Luckily, he has been discovered to-night. He had already shown that handkerchief to M—— and to me; he would have shown it in the same way at the Casino. Although known and laughed at, yet some few would have been gulled by his absurd vanity; and the poor marquesa, against whom scandal has never breathed a word up to this hour, would have been supposed to favour this most insufferable blockhead!"

A still more cruel trick was played upon the same unfortunate *pollo* at a masked ball:

A trick was played upon poor Don Juan, from which he will not recover for some time. Young S—— dressed himself as a woman, and turned his head completely; but as no adventure of this kind is of any value in his eyes, unless participated in by all the world, he put about forty people in his confidence. He walked round the room with the *fair* mask leaning heavily on his arm, fanning her with an air of tender solicitude—he waltzed with her, which she insisted upon his doing, and not being accustomed to that style of exercise, he became giddy, and would have fallen, but for her powerful support. He took her to the buffet, and to us who were in the secret, it was sufficiently amusing to see the quantities of *pâté de foie* which the charming creature contrived to devour under the shadow of her black silk curtain, and the bumpers of champagne which the unsuspecting Don Juan poured out for her, accompanied by expressive glances, fanning her, as she leant back with the most languishing air, after eating a supper fit for one of her Majesty's guards.

M—— thought they were carrying the joke too far, when he gave her his arm to escort her home, looking round at us with a triumphant air. It seems that S—— himself was of the same opinion—for when the carriage had arrived at the Plazuela de Cervantes, he begged Don Juan to order it to stop, pretending

that he felt faint, and that the air would revive him; and while Don Juan, after carefully handing him out, was paying the coachman, S—— suddenly started off at full speed, and darted round the corner of the street, leaving the unlucky Caballero alone in his glory. I rather think he suspects the trick, as he was very stiff and dignified when we met him this morning, and, contrary to custom, quite silent upon the subject of his nocturnal adventure.

It appears that at the great ball given at the French embassy on the day of San Eugénie, more than one indiscretion occurred, although only one led to a double duel, that of young Soulé and the Duke of Alva; and that of the French and American ministers, and in which latter M. Turgot was seriously wounded:

A few minutes afterwards, I happened to form one of a group of *pollos*, amongst whom was the Duke of Alva. They were very merry, and making remarks, critical or laudatory, upon all the world as they passed,—upon the beauty, the toilettes, &c., especially of the girls and young married women. Amongst others who passed us, was the lady of the American minister, dressed, I think, in dark green velvet, and leaning on her son's arm. "Here," said the duke, in French, "comes Marie de Bourgogne." Some one whispered to him that the lady was French, and he turned away and changed the conversation.

Alas! what mighty ills from little causes flow! As it turned out, the young man had heard the remark, and treasured it up as a matter of grave offence. Want of knowledge of the world—for he seems very young—and the idea of an intentional offence to his mother, may plead his excuse. Be that as it may, it seems that he left the assembly boiling with rage, and determined to make it a matter of life and death between himself and the duke. Fortunately, some cooler head than his own prevented him from making an *esclandre* in the ball-room. It seemed a night famous for indiscreet remarks; for a little while after, as the handsome young Duke of F——a was leading his partner to a chair, she exclaimed, "I want you to look at the most ridiculous dress! Observe that lady with rubies and diamonds, and such a *baroque*-looking gown, of every colour under the rainbow." "So it is," said the young duke; "I told my mother it was frightful, but she insisted upon wearing it." The young lady was shocked; but her partner, laughing heartily, went up to his mother. "Mamma," said he, "everybody thinks your gown a fright." "I am sorry for everybody's taste," said the marchesa, good-humouredly, "for I think it a beauty."

Let no one think that adventures are no longer to be encountered in Madrid. The following occurred to our Attaché at a masked ball, whither it is but just to relate he had gone with four or five young men, Spaniards and *pollos*, after a noisy supper. They went together to the ball about one o'clock:

I amused myself tolerably for an hour or so, trying to find out one after another of the masks, who amused themselves by saying witty things at my expense, and some I must confess were very witty, and their repartees very amusing, one especially whose accent betrayed her to be an Andalusian. Tired at length of the squeaking voices, the eternal "Me conoces? Te conozco,"—for nothing is more monotonous than a masked ball, when one has no particular object in view,—I went into S——'s box, and sat down in an arm-chair near the door.

I might have been there about half an hour, when the door was slowly opened, and a masked figure appeared, with a mysterious air, half shaded by the curtain. She was dressed in mourning, even her mask fringed with black lace. Her gloves, however, were white, and she held in one hand a remarkably beautiful large white rose. She beckoned me with a quiet but very imperious gesture, and I got up, expecting the usual "*te conozco*." These words she certainly said, but in a whisper, and added, "Follow me."

I obeyed her orders, and she glided on before me, till we reached the ball-room. There she took my arm, and for some time walked on in perfect silence. I guessed her to be the marquesa of this, the duchess of that, but she gave no answer, merely shaking her head as a negative. Her hands were small and beautifully formed, her feet remarkable even for Spanish feet. Of her face nothing was seen but two remarkably bright eyes, which flashed from out of her black mask. After walking round and round the room for some time, she stopped near the door, and in a sepulchral whisper said, "Have you courage enough to come with me?" Of course my answer was in the affirmative. My curiosity was excited, my vanity flattered, for there was an elegance and languor about my mysterious companion, that convinced me she was no common person. Her figure was that of a young girl, tall and slight. Her dress was of the richest materials, a kind of cloud of black lace and jet. Many people had observed her, but no one knew who she was. M—— and several other men standing near the stove in the lobby, made a hundred jesting remarks as we passed.

"Have you a carriage?" said I. She shook her head, and whispered: "To-morrow I shall have the finest one in Madrid. To-night I go on foot." "The night is cold," said I. "Not for me—I am colder than the night," she answered. As we hurried along, I began to feel a kind of absurd, vague uneasiness. It seemed to me that I was following the footsteps of a phantom, a kind of *Lurelei*, and her hand, which rested on my arm, was so deadly cold, that it made me shudder.

As I observed the thinness of her dress, I lamented that I had left my cloak at the opera. "I might have induced you to accept it, mysterious mask," said I. "I shall find my cloak at home," was the not very satisfactory reply. "The house where I live is colder than this." Once I stopped short, and insisted upon knowing who she was, but she grasped my arm tightly, and a kind of fascination seemed to impel me forward. Through the most roundabout and least frequented streets she threaded her way, and at last emerged into the Calle de Alcalá, stopped before the old church of San José, and to my consternation mounted the steps. "What mockery is this?" said I. "You are not going into a church, in that dress, at this hour?" The front doors were closed. She descended the steps, pulled me after her, went swiftly round the corner of the street, and entered by a side door. "One moment!" she said, earnestly. "I shall not detain you long."

We passed through the sacristy, then along a dark passage which led into the church. In the centre of the middle aisle, faintly lighted, was a *catafalque*, covered with black cloth, towards which she directed her steps, whilst I watched her movements in consternation. Suddenly it occurred to me that my mysterious companion was mad, and I forcibly unclasped her hand from my arm, the white rose remaining in mine. She turned round, and put her finger to her lips. "Hush!" she whispered. "Tell no one. I was buried there this morning. Adieu." It was nearly dark where we stood. All at once I perceived that I was alone. Where she had flitted to, I am unable to say. My eyes were riveted upon the black monument, and it seemed to me that I saw the hangings move, it might be from the air which blew in at the open door leading into the passage. I looked round in vain. No human being was visible. I groped my way out of the church with great difficulty, shuddering with cold and horror.

I could not go home, but wandered about distractedly. Carriages were driving by full of masks, and shrieks of laughter and mocking voices resounded through the streets. Masks in quaint costumes, peasants, pierrots, dominoes sprang past me, shrieking in their falsetto voices, and laughing at my air of bewilderment. I felt as if oppressed by a nightmare, which I could not shake off. In vain I said to myself that it was a carnival trick, a mystification, got up by some young men, to try my nerves, and the extent of my northern belief in the marvellous. The air was piercing cold, and I did not feel it.

How long I wandered through the streets, trying to collect my scattered

senses, I hardly know, but at last I found myself again in front of San José. The doors were now open. The bells were ringing for the first early mass. A few poor men and women of the working class were going in—women with little children and baskets. The sun had risen, but in the church the light was still faint, and a few candles were burning at a side altar. There, however, was the coffin with its black hangings, and at the head, a crown of large white roses, similar to the one which I still held in my hand!

I asked a woman who was kneeling near me, if she knew whose funeral service was to be celebrated that morning, but she could give me no information. I went out by the side door, which led into the sacristy, and put the same question to one of the boys of the choir, and he told me it was the young Countess of —, who had died two days before. I knew this young girl, had often danced with her, and had not heard a word of her death. She had long been in delicate health, yet continued going to balls, and would not be persuaded that dancing and late hours were injurious to her.

I felt more than ever like one in a dream, and hastily left the church. I now observed for the first time that I was trembling with cold. I went over to the Café Suisse, asked for some hot coffee, and then taking a *berlina*, went home and to bed, hoping that a few hours' sleep would make me feel more rational. I put the rose in water, so that when I awakened I might be sure that my night's adventure was not a dream.

The only rational explanation that can be given of this adventure is that it *was* a dream, dreamt in the arm-chair in S——'s box, and followed by severe illness, from which our Attaché only awoke to consciousness in his bed. For three days and nights indeed he was delirious. Needless to say that the doctor did everything in his power to quiet his patient's disordered fancy, but he only accomplished this by getting up a story of the Condesa de — having a sister who was insane, and who, making her escape unknown from home, had been to the masked ball in her sister's clothes. Nor was this the only time that our Attaché was victimised. The following occurred upon another occasion at the Legation :

An interesting female, in the deepest mourning, requested to see his excellency upon business. She was shown into the ante-room, but Count A—— being particularly engaged, desired me to inquire what her business might be. I found a remarkably pretty woman, apparently about eight-and-twenty, with a pair of languishing dark eyes, and a very fine figure. I expressed his excellency's regret at being unable to see her himself, and requested her to make me the medium of her communication. After a pause and a deep sigh, she commenced her history.

She was the widow of an officer—the orphan daughter of a distinguished colonel, who had lost his life in some battle, the name of which has escaped my memory. She was left to the tender mercies of the world, penniless, and with five children, daughters, the eldest eight years old. Through some neglect her widow's pension had not been paid. She had come to Madrid to solicit an audience of the queen. She had heard of Count A——'s generosity and charity. She came to entreat him to speak in her favour. I did not see how his solicitation was precisely what she required. I recommended an appeal to the Minister of War. She thanked me very much, and cast down her eyes, fringed with a dark curtain of eyelashes—then raising them again, she said, while a large tear trembled in each (I will swear to the tears)—“It is hard for the daughter and widow of two brave officers to be reduced to solicit aid—but what will a mother not do for her children! and those children starving!” I am afraid I glanced indiscreetly at the elegance of her mourning attire, but she appeared to take no notice, and asked me if I thought that Count A—— would lend her a small sum to pay the rent of her lodgings for one week. I told her I would

take her message to the count, but she stopped me, and laying her white ungloved hand upon my arm, and pouring a whole fire of artillery from her radiant eyes—"Stay," said she, "I would rather receive a favour from *you*. Something tells me that you are generous. I have more faith in youth, with such a countenance as yours, than in the cold, worldly prudence of an older diplomat."

I stammered out something, and put my hand in my pocket—drew out a porte-monnaie, and was quite ashamed on opening it to find that it contained only two gold napoleons. I told her I hardly ventured to offer so small a sum, but would call at her lodgings in the evening. She took them, however, with a pensive smile, and gave me her direction—"Dña Ana de Gonzalez, Calle de Silva, No. 15, fourth story, to the left hand." Then with another killing glance, she prepared to depart. I handed her into her berlina, and received a sweet "*Beso las manos de V. Caballero*," as it drove off.

The count was with the Austrian minister when I returned, so I reserved the account of my mission to another opportunity, and in the evening set off, armed with a full purse, to the Calle de Silva. I found the number—mounted to the apartment—poor enough it seemed to be. I knocked—a shrill-voiced maid-servant reconnoitred me through the loophole. I asked if the Señora was at home. She threw open the door, and marched on before me through a dark passage, at the end of which she walked into a long, low-roofed room, and announced me as a *gentleman*—*un Caballero*. I found myself, as soon as the light of one flaring tallow candle enabled me to distinguish anything, in the presence of five old ladies; four with mantillas, and one very deaf, half-blind old lady, the mistress of the house.

They were ranged upon stiff wooden chairs, with their backs close to the wall, and each had a cup of chocolate in one hand, and a small sweet biscuit in the other. Every biscuit remained suspended in its descent into each cup, and all eyes were turned to survey the intruder into their tertulia. I made my respects to the old lady, whose grey hair, without a cap, turned up with a horn comb, proclaimed her to be the mistress of the domain, and begged to know if the Señora de Gonzalez was at home. "*Mis males*?" said the old woman. "No better. I have suffered a great deal from my rheumatism since last Monday. I went to mass in the rain, and caught more cold. Sit down, Caballero. Take a cup of chocolate." I declined, and repeated "La Señora de Gonzalez," in a louder key. "Señor de Sales," said the lady, "please to be seated. Take a glass of water, and an *azucarillo*." "You wish to see the Señora de Gonzalez?" at last said an old lady. "No such person has ever lived here. You have mistaken the number, Señor. Doña Margarita has occupied this apartment for thirty years."

I felt inclined to *execute* the perfidious widow, and besides I saw that the old ladies were dying of curiosity for an explanation, for you must know that I was rather a smart-looking Caballero to appear in this fourth story, being dressed for a soirée at the Austrian minister's. In a few words I explained my errand. "Ave Maria! Caramba! Que picara! La viudita! (the little widow!) with her mourning dress. But you must be tired, Caballero. Sit down—take an *azucarillo*." A little subdued burst of laughter made me look round, and there on a low stool in a corner, before the table on which the solitary candle was burning, sat the prettiest girl, I am sorry to say, knitting or darning a stocking. Figure to yourself a fine-looking graceful *Andaluza* of about eighteen, with a profusion of dark hair rolled round her head in about fifty plaits, great, full, dark eyes, and a row of pearls in her fresh mouth, which she pursed up very primly when I turned round, seeming very much ashamed of having given audible vent to her mirth. The result of this agreeable sight was, that I sat down, took a glass of clear water and an *azucarillo*, and tried to make myself as agreeable as possible. The hostess received an explanation, given in a shrill, distinct key by one of the ancient Señoras, and much sympathy and indignation was expressed by the venerable Doña Margarita. I could not help thinking how truly polite these good people were, and how perfectly at their ease in the presence of a stranger.

I was just bethinking myself of taking leave, when the first old lady who had spoken, rose up, called her daughter, the fair knitter, and prepared for her departure, saying that her cook had a *pulmonia*, and she must go home to see her. Such a leave-taking, and kissing, and putting on of shawls, and messages, and promises of return! And as I had risen at the same time, the hostess told me the house was at my disposal, so was the *aunque inutil* (although useless), &c., and yet no one knew my name, or seemed to care to know. I asked permission of the old lady to accompany her and her daughter home. They lived in the Calle de los Espejos. On the way, I received many cautions as to how I listened to imposing widows in future. Doña Dolores walked on demurely in front. I accompanied my new acquaintances up to the fourth story of their house; was requested to walk in, which I declined, and cannot flatter myself that I have made the slightest impression upon the fair Doña Dolores, who, by the way, managed her fan and mantilla in the most bewitching manner. My story was received with much applause next day at the count's table. M—— was in ecstasies at my being so *verdant*. It seems that this class of interesting impostors is not uncommon here.

We must conclude with a sketch of a different character—a political one—Madrid as it was after the insurrection that brought O'Donnell and Espartero into power:

Madrid has completely changed its aspect, and without having the miraculous seven years' slumber of Rip Van Winkle, it would suffice that one should have fallen asleep seven weeks ago, and awakened this 1st of September, to find an entire alteration in men and things. My friend M—— has returned from Barcelona, escaping from riots, cholera, and misery of every description, and we walk the streets together in moralising mood, or ride far away into the country, leaving Madrid dust behind us, or rather exchanging the dust of the city for that of the country.

We went yesterday to look at Queen Cristina's palace, which presents a sorry spectacle. We stood there while the moon threw a mellow veil over its ruined walls; and it seemed to me that years must have elapsed since they echoed to the sound of dancers' feet, and to the gay music of the cotillion. How many changes in a short period! How all that gay and joyous society is scattered! Where is the queen-mother, who sat there smiling and gracious?—Driven into exile. Where her charming daughters, the life of that assemblage?—Also in exile. That little Ynfante Fernando, childish and nervous?—Dead. *His* troubles are well over. The Prince of Parma?—Stabbed. The ministers and their families?—Fled. The ladies of the palace?—Dismissed and dispersed. What has become of the queen herself, whose word, however gentle, was a law to her cabinet?—Surrounded by strange faces, deprived of her early friends, and forced to obey and even to thank those who have risen in rebellion against her!

"Where's Brummell?—Dished. Where's Long Pole Wellesley?—Diddled," said M——, irreverently. "The dead will certainly not return, but those who have fled may be back again and in power to-morrow."

Last week I had the honour of assisting at a *grand dinner*, given by the French embassy to the new cabinet. All the diplomats were present, always excepting the representative of the United States. Among the first who arrived was Espartero, in whose outward man there is certainly little to attract the popular fancy. Divested of his uniform and multitudinous crosses, he would appear an ordinary-looking individual, rather in feeble health, devoid of strength either moral or physical. His manners are grave, his features in no way remarkable; his hair dyed dark, and rather closely cropped. In conversation he is far from brilliant, and except that he is himself a man of the people, one looks in vain for the qualities which have made him the hero of the popular cause.

O'Donnell, on the contrary, is a showy-looking man, of fine figure, immensely tall, his face remarkably handsome, though heavy and not particularly intelligent

in its expression. He is more fluent in conversation, with more ease of manner, and is altogether more brilliant than his colleague. Old General San Miguel has an undeniably honest countenance; his hair, whiskers, and moustaches perfectly grey; strong, rugged features; a fine energetic expression; however one may disapprove of his political principles, it is impossible to doubt his sincerity. General Ros de Olano, wiry and nervous, thin and restless, looks as if some internal fire were wearing him out.

The banquet was long and serious, notwithstanding a sprinkling of agreeable women; but their superb jewels, and the uniforms and crosses of the generals and diplomats, had a brilliant effect. Seated at the lower end of the table, amongst the subaltern members of the diplomatic body, I could only observe that there was a greater flow of wine than of conversation, and a good deal of stiffness and embarrassment on all sides, excepting in the feminine portion of the society. Espartero spoke little, and eat less, and looked sleepy and suffering. O'Donnell was grand and condescending. Old San Miguel seemed very well pleased to let the ladies attend to him.

In the evening the addition of several guests gave more animation to the society. Espartero and O'Donnell took leave early. Countess —, a determined enemy of the new government, remarked, in a loud whisper as they went out, that they reminded her of a peacock and a barn-door fowl.

It is but fair to remark that our diplomate, whom we strongly suspect of being a sharp-witted, clever Irishman, under the guise of a young German attaché, always speaks highly in favour of the young queen. He is supposed to be conversing with an experienced senator:

"One thing more still surprises me," said I. "The queen, so young and inoffensive, for whom so many swords were drawn in her childhood, who, I am told, is generous and charitable even to a fault, and royal in her munificence,—how has she become a mark of calumny, so that even the false accusations against her which stain the columns of the *Times* hardly excite indignation?" "You are judging," said the marquis, "from the surface of things. All the wise and good men of this country are indignant at these base attacks against our sovereign. These people still adore their generous queen. But there is a party in Spain who endeavour systematically to undermine all monarchical institutions. Finding that a vain attempt (for Spain is essentially monarchical), unable to destroy the principle, they have turned their attacks against the person of the monarch, and if they cannot destroy monarchy, they would at least degrade the sovereign. These infamous stories are carefully prepared, insidiously propagated, and a superstructure of guilt raised upon any slight imprudence natural to a young princess, who, a queen at thirteen, after an education interrupted by civil wars, was not endowed with a supernatural insight into character.

"Of the truth or falsehood of these accusations we can judge as well as the public. We can see that, in her public conduct, her Majesty is a model of decorum. They can see no further. If these stories are propagated by her servants, what reliance can be placed on them? The correspondent of the *Times* was never admitted within the palace walls; therefore in all that he relates he can only draw upon his own corrupt imagination. But if these stories are repeated by any young man who pretends to be the queen's favourite, can he be worthy of credit? and is the queen to be denied that justice which we extend to the lowest of her sex?"

MARY GORING.

I.

So that warning chill had worked itself out at last, and the tribulation had come. Was it my fault? *Was* it my fault? I shall ask myself the question to the latest hour of my life. Perhaps, when they invited her to spend some time in their luxurious house, I ought to have remembered the chill, and that it was the first time I saw *them* together when it had stolen over me, and therefore have refused my consent. But they pressed earnestly for her, saying what a comfort she would be to their unfortunate daughter, and I was laughed at for hinting at any objection to it. Lucy laughed at me; Miss Graves laughed at me; Frances Goring, though she was but a child, laughed at me: and when they inquired my grounds, I had none to give, for not even to myself did I, or could I, define them. "They live in style, they keep gay company, it will be giving Mary ideas beyond her sphere of life," were all the arguments I could urge; none difficult to overrule. So Mary went for a few days at Easter, which would have been nothing, for she came home, I do believe, perfectly heart-whole; but she went again at Midsummer, to accompany Lady Elliot and Clara to the sea-side, and then the mischief was done. What else could have been expected, thrown, as she was, into the fascinating society of William Elliot?

But who was to know that he would make one of the party? Nobody. In the first week of Lady Elliot's arrival at Spa (as good a name as any other for their marine residence, it not being convenient to give the right one) she was surprised at being followed thither by her son. He was come for some sea-bathing, he said, and forthwith engaged apartments at an hotel. Nine weeks her ladyship remained,—nine weeks! and the whole of that time were he and Mary perpetually together. Sir Thomas Elliot wrote once, a curt, decisive letter of three lines, demanding how much more time he meant to waste, and Mr. William wrote back that he was studying where he was, just as hard as he could in his chambers. So he was: studying the sweet face and pure mind of Mary Goring.

"I guessed how it was," Miss Graves said afterwards to me. "There were climbings up the cliffs; and ramblings on the beach, after sea-shells; and readings in the afternoon; and moonlight lingerings in the garden in the evening; Mr. William could not quite deceive me. I was left to take care of Clara Elliot, while he talked sentiment with Miss Goring."

"Strolling on the beach together, and talking sentiment by moonlight!" I uttered in dismay. "And you could see all this going on, and never write to me!"

"It is the moonlight does it all," peevishly retorted Miss Graves; "sentimental strolls would come to nothing without it. The moon puts more nonsense into young heads than all the novels that ever were written. I'll give you an example. One night they were all out in the garden, Mr. William, Clara, and Miss Goring. A long, narrow strip of ground it was, at the back of the house, stretching down nearly to the sea. Tea came in, and Lady Elliot called from the window, but nobody answered, so I had to hunt them up. I tied my handkerchief over my

head, for I had got a touch of the toothache, and away I went. An intensely hot night it was, with the moon as bright as silver, and I looked here, and I looked there, till I got to the end of the garden. On the bench there, fast asleep, with her head resting on the hard rock behind her, was Clara, and, standing close by, was William Elliot with his arm round Mary, both of them gazing at the moon. Now I ask you, Miss Halliwell, or any other impartial person, whether such a scene could have been presented to me in broad daylight? People are reserved enough then, and take care to stand at a respectful distance. The moon is alone to blame, and I'll maintain it."

"Dear me! she quite vexed me with her rubbish about the moon. As if, when she saw those two growing fond of each other, she could not have despatched a hint of it to me by the post! "What could Lady Elliot have been thinking of?" I inquired.

"Bless you, she saw nothing of it," returned Miss Graves. "Her idea was that William haunted us for the sake of taking care of Clara, and she was rarely out with us herself. She makes so much of Mr. William: she would never dream of his falling in love with anything less than a lord's daughter. But there's no great harm done. When I was Mary Goring's age, I had lots of attachments, one after the other, and they never came to anything. A dozen at least."

It was so stupid, her comparing herself to Mary Goring! Not that I wish to disparage Miss Graves, who is a very estimable young woman, but she and Mary are differently constituted. Miss Graves is full of practical sobriety, without a grain of romance in her composition, all head; while Mary is made up of refined feeling and imaginative sentiment, all heart. The one *would* be likely to have a dozen "attachments," and forget them as soon as they were over; but the other, if she once loved, would retain the traces for all her future life. It was of no use, however, saying this to Miss Graves: she would not have understood me, and I was too vexed to argue. Besides, it would not undo what was done.

I saw it as soon as Mary came home. There was a change about the girl: a serene look of inward happiness, an absence of mind to what was going on around her, a giving way to dreamy listlessness of thought. And when, in the course of conversation, it came out that Mr. William Elliot had made one of the party at Spa, my surprised exclamation caused the damask flush in Mary's cheeks to change into glowing, conscious crimson. It is true Mary had, in one of her letters, mentioned Mr. William's name, but I never supposed he was there for more than a day or so: run down to see his mother and sister, by, perhaps, an excursion train. So that suspicious crimson convinced me at once: I wished it anywhere but in Mary's face: and when Miss Graves came to our house, a few days subsequently, to spend an evening with us, I spoke to her about it, and hence the above conversation.

"You need not annoy yourself over it," persisted Miss Graves, who was anxious to excuse herself. "If they did fall in love with each other—which I dare say they did, and I won't tell any story about it—they will soon forget it, now they don't meet. If you keep her out of sight when Mr. William calls here, he'll soon cease coming, and the affair will die a natural death."

"Of course Mary will not be permitted to see him," I warmly rejoined; "but as to the affair dying out, that is another thing."

The crosses one's good resolutions meet with! the *ruses* young people are up to, unsuspected by old ones! Would anybody believe that at that very time, that same identical hour, when I and Miss Graves were in the drawing-room, laying down so cleverly our plans for their separation, they were together, in the dining-parlour below us? Upon my going into that apartment some time afterwards, who should be standing there, at the open window, but Mr. William Elliot and Mary Goring! Enjoying each other's society in the dangerous twilight hour of that summer's night; in the sweet scent of the closing flowers; in the calm rays of the early stars—all dangerous together for two young hearts. The saying of "knocking one down with a feather" could not precisely apply to me, for you might have knocked me down with half a one.

"Well, I'm sure!" I exclaimed, in my astonishment, not quite so courteously, I fear, as politeness to a guest demands, "I did not know *you* were here, sir. Have you been here long?"

"Not long," replied Mr. William Elliot, advancing to shake hands with me.

Not long! It came into my mind, as he spoke, that I had heard a bustle, as of some one being shown in, a full hour before.

I had not seen him for three months, and his good looks, his winning manners, struck upon me more forcibly than ever. Not so pleasantly as they used to do, for the annoying reflection suggested itself—If they won over to them my old heart, what must they have done by Mary's? I took my resolution: it was to speak openly to him, and I sent Mary up-stairs to Lucy and Miss Graves.

"Mr. Elliot," I began, in my heat, "is this well done?"

He looked fearlessly at me, with his truthful eye and open countenance. There was no guile there. "Is what well done?" he rejoined.

"I am deeply grieved at having suffered my niece to accompany your mother to the sea-side. I did not know you were to be of the party, or she should certainly not have gone."

"Why not, Miss Halliwell?"

"Why not! I hear of ramblings on the sands and moonlight interviews in the garden—you, with Mary Goring. Was this well done, sir?"

"It was not ill done," was his reply.

"Mr. Elliot," I continued, "I am a plain-speaking old body, but I have had some experience in life, and I find that plain-speaking answers best in the end. You must be aware that such conduct as you have pursued cannot well fail to gain the affections of an inexperienced girl: and my belief is, that you have been wilfully setting yourself out to win those of Miss Goring."

"I will not deny it: I have tried to win them. Because, dear Miss Halliwell," he added, advancing to me, and speaking with emotion, "because she first gained mine. I love Miss Goring, truly, fervently, with a love that will end but with my life. From the first day I saw her here, when poor Clara said she had found a new sister—you may remember it—she never ceased to haunt me; her face and its sweet expression, her manners, her gentle voice, were in my mind continually, and I knew they could only belong to a good, pure, and refined nature. It

did not take long companionship, when we were thrown together, to perfect that love; and, that done, I did set myself out, as you observe, to win hers, in exchange. I trust I have succeeded."

If I had raced up to the top of the Monument (where I have never yet ventured), the run could not more effectually have taken away my breath and my senses than did this bold avowal, which to my ears sounded as much like rhapsody as reason. "And what, in the name of wonder, do you promise yourself by all this, sir?" I asked, when my amazement could find speech. "What end?"

"There is but one end that an avowal, such as mine, could have in view, Miss Halliwell. The end, the hope, that Miss Goring will become my wife."

"Well, you will excuse me, Mr. Elliot," I said, after a long stare at him, "but I fear you must be crazed."

He burst out laughing. "Why do you fear that?"

"There is no more probability of your marrying Mary Goring than there is of your marrying that chair, sir. So the best thing you can do, is to get her out of your head as speedily as you can."

He did not speak for some moments, and I saw the colour mount to his brow. "What is your objection to me, Miss Halliwell?"

"I suppose you are playing on my simplicity, sir, to ask what *my* objection is," I replied. "It is your family that the objection will come from, not mine. The son of the great Sir Thomas Elliot will never be suffered to wed simple Mary Goring."

"Miss Goring is of gentle blood," he remonstrated.

"I trust she is," I said, drawing myself up, "though we, the sisters of her mother, are obliged to keep a school for our living. But your friends will look at position, as well as gentle blood. May I ask, sir, if Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot know of this?"

"Not yet."

"As I thought, Mz. Elliot. Your romance with my niece must end this night."

"It will not, indeed, Miss Halliwell."

"Sir, it *shall*. And I must observe that you have acted a cruel part. A young lady's affections are not to be played with like a football. However, you have seen her for the last time."

"Allow me to see her once more," he rejoined.

"Not if I know it, sir."

"For an instant only, in your presence," he earnestly pleaded. "Surely that can do no harm, if we are to part."

Something came into my brain, just then, about George Archer—a vision of my last interview with him in Lord Seaford's park. "What should I deny these two a final adieu?" I asked myself. So I relented, and called Mary down—and was exceedingly soft for my pains.

She shrank to my side when she came in, but William Elliot drew her from me. "I have been avowing to your aunt how matters stand," he said. "She would persuade me to relinquish you: she thinks such love as ours can be thrown off at will. So I requested your presence here, Mary, that we might assure her our engagement is of a different nature: that we are bound to each other by ties irrevocable in the spirit, as they hereafter shall be made in reality."

So that was all I got by calling Mary. She had paled, and blushed,

and faltered, and now she began to cry and shake. Mr. William leaned over her with reassuring words of the deepest tenderness. I saw nothing but perplexity before them, and not one wink of sleep did I get that blessed night.

II.

ONE day the renowned physician, Sir Thomas Elliot, was not himself. In lieu of the stately imperturbability which characterised the distinguished west-end practitioner, his manners betrayed a nervousness, an absence of mind, never before witnessed. To one lady patient, who consulted him for dyspepsia, he ordered cod-liver oil and port wine; to another, who was deep in consumption, he prescribed leeches, and to live upon barley-water. He had a large influx of patients that day, and an unusual number of calls to make from home. Not until a few minutes before the dinner-hour did he find his time his own.

He went straight to his wife's room, and sat down on a low ottoman which stood in its midst. Lady Elliot glanced round at him, somewhat surprised, for it was not often her liege knight favoured her with his presence there in the day. She continued dressing without comment. Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot rarely wasted superfluous words, one upon the other.

"Can't you finish for yourself, and send her away?" cried Sir Thomas, indicating the attendant by a movement of the head.

More surprised still, but not curious (for Lady Elliot, young and handsome as she was yet, really gave one the idea of possessing no interest in what pertained to this present life—or in the one to follow it, for the matter of that), she dismissed the maid, but did not withdraw herself or her eyes from the glass, as she continued her toilette.

"I did not think, Louisa, you could have been such a fool," was the complimentary opening of Sir Thomas Elliot, in a low tone of intense indignation.

Lady Elliot looked at him—as well she might—and a flush rose to her face. She paused, however, before she spoke, coldly and resentfully.

"I proved myself that, years ago."

Sir Thomas knew well to what she alluded: to her own hasty and unsanctioned union with himself: and a peevish "tush" broke from his lips.

"You have proved yourself a greater one now, Louisa, and you must pardon my plainness in saying so. If you and I rushed into a headlong marriage, it ought to have been the more reason for your not leading William into one."

"William!" echoed Lady Elliot, in a startled voice. It was, perhaps, the only subject that could arouse her. She idolised her son.

"You have got into this habit of taking your own course, without consulting or referring to me; going here, going there—doing this, doing that," proceeded Sir Thomas. "When you went to Spa for an eternal number of weeks, had you informed me that it was your intention to have William and Miss Goring there also, and make them companions to each other, I should have put a stop to it. Any one but you might have seen the result."

"Result?" faltered Lady Elliot, with a sickening foreshadowing of what was coming.

"Of course," angrily repeated Sir Thomas. "When a young fellow,

like William, is thrown for weeks into the society of a girl, lovely and fascinating as—as—the deuce”—Sir Thomas, at the moment, could not think of any more appropriate simile—“only one result can be looked for. And it has turned up in his case.”

“You mean——”

“That he is over head and ears in love with her; and has been to me this morning to ask my sanction to their marriage. I wish you joy of your daughter-in-law, Lady Elliot.”

Lady Elliot scarcely suppressed a scream. “It is impossible, it is impossible,” she reiterated, in agitation. “I never thought of this.”

“Then you must have lived at Spa with your eyes shut. But I can hardly believe you. To think that you and Eliza Graves could be moping and meandering all those weeks, and not see what was going on under your very noses! Women are the greatest——”

What, Sir Thomas did not say, for he dropped his voice before bringing the sentence to a conclusion. “I thought William was at Spa an unaccountable time, and wrote him word so,” he continued, “but I never imagined you had got that Miss Goring there.”

“You must have known it,” returned Lady Elliot.

“How should I? I saw she was staying here the day or two before you went, but I thought—if I thought at all about it—that as a matter of course she returned home. I say you are always acting for yourself, Lady Elliot, without reference to my feelings—if I have got any, which perhaps you don’t believe. When, the morning of the day fixed for your departure, I was summoned in haste out of town, you might have delayed it till the following day. Most wives would. But no, not you! I came back at night and found you gone. How was I to know that you took Miss Goring?”

“It is too preposterous ever really to come to anything,” observed Lady Elliot, eager to find comfort in the opinion. “William, with his personal beauty, his talents, and his prospects, might marry into a duke’s family if he chose.”

“Exactly. But he chooses to marry into that of a schoolmistress.”

“He must not ‘choose,’ ” persisted Lady Elliot, growing excited; “he must be brought to reason.”

“Brought to what?” asked the knight.

“Reason.”

“I don’t know,” was the significant reply. “‘Reason’ did not avail in a similar case with you or with me. William may prove a chip of the old block.”

“It never can be permitted,” said Lady Elliot, vehemently. “Marry Mary Goring! It would be disgracing him for life. William would never be so ungrateful.”

“Leaving your ladyship the agreeable reflection that you were the chief bringer about of the disgrace. Looking at the affair dispassionately, I do not see how it is to be prevented. William possesses money, independent of us. Enough to live upon.”

“Enough to starve upon!” scornfully interrupted Lady Elliot.

“Twice, nearly thrice, as much as we enjoyed for many years of our early life,” rejoined Sir Thomas, in a subdued voice. “And to themselves, who are just now spoony with fantastic visions, ‘Love in a cottage’ may wear the appearance of love in a paradise.”

"Can nothing be done—can *nothing* stop it?" reiterated Lady Elliot.

"One thing may. I should have put it in force this morning, but that I certainly thought you must have been a party to the scheme, after what William let out of the goings-on at Spa."

"And that thing?" she eagerly asked.

"To forbid it on pain of my curse. As I believe our parents very nearly did by us. I do not think William would brave it."

Lady Elliot pressed her hand over her eyes, as if she would shut out recollection of the years which had followed her rebellious marriage. The retrospect was one of dire anguish: far worse, in all probability, than had been the reality. Her husband turned to leave the room. She sprang after him, and drew him back.

"Oh, Thomas! anything but that. Never curse our boy, whatever betide. Think of the misery our disobedience entailed on us. Do not force *him* into it."

"Then you will let him marry the girl?"

"Yes. If the only alternative must be our fate over again for him."

"He comes to-night for the answer," continued Sir Thomas, standing with the door in his hand. "What is it to be? Consent? I leave the decision to you: for I will not, in this matter, subject myself to after-reproaches."

"Consent," she replied. But Lady Elliot wrung her hands in anger as she said it. She had anticipated so much more brilliant an alliance for her son.

III.

So sunshine came into our dwelling, for William Elliot hastened down, and laid his proposals before us for Mary. I could not believe my own ears. He frankly stated that Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot were not *cordially* inclined to the match, for they had looked to his choosing rank and wealth; but they had not withheld their consent, and, he was certain, Mary would soon win her way to their entire love. Perhaps this was as much as Mary could have hoped for, indeed more; for in point of worldly greatness William Elliot *was* above her. I suggested that they should not marry until the "entire love" of Sir Thomas Elliot and his wife had been obtained, but Mr. William laughed at me, and of course Mary thought with him. They were both in a maze of enchantment, and common sense was put out of the question.

For a few weeks our house was the pleasantest of the pleasant. Preparations were set on foot for the approaching union. Mary's things were bought, and Mr. William took a pretty abode in the Regent's Park. He did adopt my advice in one particular, and that was, to begin life in a small way: more in accordance with his own than his father's income. A good fortune must come to him at the demise of Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot, but they might live many years. So he agreed to set off in a very moderate style—for him—though I thought it a sufficiently sumptuous one. One man and two maid-servants—no carriage, only Mr. William's horse, which he said he *could* not give up. Ah! what delightful discussions we had on those warm evenings, not one of which did Mr. William ever fail to spend with us. He had discovered that dining in the middle of the day was good for his constitution, and never felt

well, he protested, without an early tea, which he could not get at home, so begged leave to join ours. It was quite an every-day thing, now, for us to take it in the drawing-room. I don't know whether Mary saw through his depth, about his constitution and his early teas, but I did, and was pleased, and a merry party we used to make. Sometimes he would get me to give Mary a lesson in housekeeping, and set himself to listen with a serious face, while all the time those handsome eyes of his would be dancing with merriment. "About legs of mutton and apple-tarts," he would say, which would send Frances Goring off in fits of laughter, almost as bad as poor Clara Elliot's. I would sometimes give them an opportunity of being alone together—for I remembered my own early days, and the rapture that was mine when I had a solitary moment with George Archer. I limited their interviews to three minutes: at the last tick of the third, in I would pop to the drawing-room again, which speed, I believe, rather exasperated Mr. William. One evening, as soon as tea was over, he asked me to let Mary go out walking with him, but I declined, and offered myself instead; and he never asked again. Not, I hope, that any one will suppose I thought ill of William Elliot. A more honourable young man never breathed; and I could have trusted Mary with him anywhere: but my dear mother brought me up to observe these punctilious manners, and I cannot get out of them. But they did not want for opportunities of being alone together. Mary was occasionally invited with Clara to spend the day at Lady Elliot's—whom, I may mention, was growing less cool to her with every visit, more like she had used to be before she knew of her son's preference. The carriage would bring them home at night, escorted by Mr. William, and a nice time those two must have had of it, for Clara was sure to go to sleep the moment they got in, and never wake till they got out. Plenty of opportunity, then, for talking secrets; but it jarred against my old-fashioned notions, and I hinted as much to Mr. William. How he laughed! and I laughed, too, when he told me I was a good old dragon of a guardian. Then, changing to seriousness, he took my hand in his, and whispered me with that sweet, earnest expression on his face, that I could not protect Mary more faithfully than he would, for that she was dearer to him than ever she was to me.

An end came to it—alas! alas! as I think it mostly does come to all things that are joyous and bright in life. And then I asked myself how I could ever have been deluded into the belief that the son of Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot would really espouse Mary Goring.

IV.

A TELEGRAPHIC summons came early one morning to the popular physician, Sir Thomas Elliot. He was wanted, in all haste, at Middlebury, a town a few hours' journey from London by rail. Sir Thomas hastened to the Paddington station, caught the express-train, and was with his patient, a lady, in the afternoon. Her medical attendant was a Mr. Ashe: Dr. Ashe, he was often styled in Middlebury; and a Mr. Warburton had also been called in. When in conversation, the discourse of the medical men led to matters foreign to their patient—no very rare occurrence in medical consultations.

"I should like to know what her previous constitution has been," re-

marked Sir Thomas to Dr. Ashe, speaking in reference to the patient. "I presume you have been her usual medical attendant."

"No, I have not," replied Dr. Ashe; "this is the first time I have attended her. Dr. Goring used to be the family attendant. But she must have enjoyed pretty good health, for he has been dead—let me see—more than two years, and no one has been called in to her since."

Dr. Goring! Sir Thomas Elliot pricked up his ears, and a flash of intelligence darted into his mind. She, who was soon to be his son's wife, was a native of Middlebury, and the daughter of a medical man. This Dr. Goring, then, must have been her father. He would ask a few particulars.

"What sort of a man was Dr. Goring?" he suddenly said. "Respectable? Popular?"

"Very much so," was the reply of Dr. Ashe.

"Until that nasty business occurred, about his wife," broke in Mr. Warburton. "He lost both respect and popularity then."

"What business was that?" inquired Sir Thomas.

"She was recovering from an illness—one of the nicest little women you ever saw—in fact, all but well," observed Dr. Ashe. "I had seen her in the morning—for I attended her with all her children—and told her that the next day she might move into the drawing-room. That was about eleven o'clock. By five in the afternoon she was dead."

"What from?" inquired the physician.

"Poison, Sir Thomas."

"Poison!" echoed Sir Thomas Elliot.

"Strychnia. Not a common poison then."

"By whom administered?"

"There was the question," said Dr. Ashe. "It has never been cleared up, from that day to this. With some people, poor Goring got the credit of it: but I believe the man to have been as innocent as I was."

Sir Thomas Elliot rose from his chair in a perturbed manner. His son about to marry the daughter of a man suspected of——! He sat down again.

"The case was published in the *Lancet*," resumed Dr. Ashe. "Of course without casting any conjectures as to the administrator."

"I remember now—I remember reading it," cried Sir Thomas. "But it never struck me that—— What were the grounds for suspecting the husband?"

"In my opinion, I say, there were no grounds," repeated Dr. Ashe. "I never saw a more affectionate husband than Goring was: and he had nothing to gain by her death. Everything to lose."

"The insurance money," suggested Mr. Warburton.

"Nonsense! I know a few cast that in his teeth: very unjustly, if they had only considered the facts. Mrs. Goring had a clear income of 300*l.* a year, an annuity, which died with her. Did not go to her husband or children, understand, Sir Thomas; absolutely died with her. She had insured her own life, some years before, for two thousand pounds—or three, I forget, now—for the benefit of her children. But what is two or three thousand pounds in comparison with three hundred a year? And Goring did not touch the money: he invested it for the children. He was a maligned man."

"Was he accused of the crime?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Oh no, no; nothing of that. At his wife's interment—I never saw such a crowd in the churchyard before—some voices hissed him, 'Murderer!' 'Poisoner!' that was the extent. But if ever grief was genuine in this world, it was Goring's for the loss of his wife. They were on the wrong scent," muttered Dr. Ashe, in a lower tone.

"Dr. Goring, unfortunately, did not show out quite clear upon another point," interrupted Mr. Warburton. "There was a governess residing with them, a Miss Howard, and he was too attentive to her: but Goring was a free man at all times in his manners with women. Some said it was her fault; that she laid herself out to attract him; and, altogether, the affair had given pain and annoyance to Mrs. Goring. So Miss Howard received warning to leave, and the little Gorings were to be sent to school. Before the change was made, Mrs. Goring was poisoned."

"Was this governess suspected?" inquired Sir Thomas Elliot.

"I don't know what other people may have done," interposed Dr. Ashe, warmly, "I had my opinion upon the point, and always shall have. But it does not do to speak out one's opinions too freely. There was no proof."

"Where was the strychnia procured?"

"From Goring's own surgery. At least, such was the conclusion drawn, for he kept some there. Though whether the bottle had been touched or not, he could not himself tell. Mrs. Goring had dined, and was asleep on her bed, the nurse having gone to her dinner. During her absence the poison was introduced into a glass of water, which, as was customary, stood at the bedside, and Mrs. Goring, when she awoke, drank it. Goring was in the garden the whole of this time, never came into the house at all, as the servants testified, until aroused by the screams in Mrs. Goring's room. Miss Howard was in the dining-room, which adjoined the surgery, and the servants equally testified that if she had quitted it to go up-stairs, they must have heard her. So the case was wrapped in mystery, and remains so."

"The worst feature was, Dr. Goring's marrying the woman afterwards," observed Mr. Warburton.

"Marrying *her*! the governess?" exclaimed Sir Thomas Elliot.

"He did. She was dismissed from the house on Mrs. Goring's death; but, twelve months afterwards, Miss Howard became Mrs. Goring."

"Why, the man must have been mad!" uttered Sir Thomas.

"He was wrong there," said Dr. Ashe. "I told him so. But what I said went for nothing, for he was bent upon it. His death was a mystery also; I never could fathom it. He married this girl, Sir Thomas, went off with her for a fortnight, and came back, so changed that we hardly knew him. He started on the journey a gay, healthy man; he returned wasted in frame, broken in spirits, and in two months was laid in his first wife's grave. There was no particular complaint, but he wasted away to death; literally *pined* away, it seemed."

"And pined in silence," added Mr. Warburton, "for he never would acknowledge himself ill."

"I see, gentlemen," returned Sir Thomas, "it was a bad affair altogether, from beginning to end: one not too well calculated to bear the light of day."

"At any rate the light of day has never been thrown upon it," answered Dr. Ashe.

"And the daughter of such a man shall never become William's wife," mentally concluded Sir Thomas Elliot. "But, to go back to the next room, gentlemen," he added, aloud. "My opinion——"

We need not follow their consultation for their patient. It came to an end, and Sir Thomas Elliot went steaming up to town again by the first train. It happened to be a slow train, stopping at every station, which drove the physician into a fever nearly as great as that of the poor lady he had been to visit, he was so intensely eager to meet his wife. A compliment he had not paid her of recent years.

Lady Elliot seized with avidity upon the information. It was a pretext for *demanding* of William to break off the match. "Of course," she said, "he will not think of entering upon the connexion now."

V.

A PRESENTIMENT struck me that something was wrong when Ann came into the schoolroom, and said Sir Thomas Elliot wanted me. These presentiments do come across us sometimes, without our knowing why or wherefore. Do they ever fail of being borne out? Never, with me. Surely there was nothing unusual, nothing to create surprise or uneasiness, in Sir Thomas Elliot's paying us a morning visit, connected as our families were about to be; yet before I got to the drawing-room door, all that was to take place seemed to flash upon me. Sir Thomas turned round at my entrance, and prefixed what he had to say, by stating that he had been called to Middlebury, the previous day, on professional business.

"I am aware of it, sir," I said. "Mr. William took tea with us last evening, and mentioned that you were gone there."

"How did he know?" growled Sir Thomas, under his breath. "Called in and heard it from his mother, I suppose. Well, madam, to be brief—for I have patients waiting now for me at home, and knew not how to spare time for coming here—I am concerned to tell you that I received an account of the late Dr. Goring ('Doctor,' as I hear him universally called, though I find he was only a general practitioner) which has considerably surprised me."

"In what way, sir?" I asked, with calmness. Though, indeed, my heart was fluttering sadly.

"Why, madam, can you be ignorant that—you must pardon my speaking plainly: I only repeat the statement as it was given to me—that Dr. Goring was suspected of having poisoned his wife?"

"Oh, sir!" I interrupted, "do not, I pray you, speak so injuriously of the dead. Dr. Goring was an honourable man, of a kind, good nature, a gentleman and a scholar, one not capable of so dreadful a crime. I am cognisant of all the particulars, and I assert that whoever accused Dr. Goring of killing her, was guilty of a wicked calumny."

"But he *was* suspected," urged Sir Thomas.

"Not by those who knew him, who knew the circumstances."

"There was some one else mixed up in the affair: a governess?"

"Unhappily there was," I answered. "Say, rather, the author of it all, Sir Thomas," I added, with emphasis. "But I whisper this only to you."

"Who afterwards became Dr. Goring's wife?" continued Sir Thomas, looking steadfastly at me.

"I am ashamed to say she did."

"Well, madam, this is just what I have heard. We will not differ about minor details, the facts are the same. Under the circumstances, you cannot be surprised that I have this morning forbidden my son to think more of Miss Goring."

"Oh, Sir Thomas Elliot!" I exclaimed. "It will be a cruel thing!"

"I hope not. I do not wish to hurt the young lady's feelings more than is unavoidable, and I cast no reproach upon *her*. I believe her to be, personally, most estimable. Still, I must have due considerations for my son's honour and for that of his family, and a young lady liable to be pointed at as—as—in short, as the daughter of Dr. Goring of Middlebury, cannot be eligible to become William Elliot's wife."

I think he said more; but I was too grieved, too stunned, I may say, to remember what it was. I only know he peremptorily broke off the negotiation for an alliance with Mary Goring. I watched him get into his carriage, from the window, and I don't know that my heart had ~~ever~~ failed me so painfully in my life. *How* was I to break it to Mary?

I did not know, though I pondered over it all that livelong day. When evening comes, and she finds it does not bring him, I repeated to myself, how can I ever say to her, "Not only this evening is he absent, but for all others?" It will break her heart. Lucy wondered why I absented myself from the schoolroom, and I could not muster courage to tell her. So the evening came, and I had said nothing, but it brought Mr. William Elliot. I called out to the servants to show him into the dining-room, not to let him come up-stairs, and then ran down myself. "Oh, Mr. William!" I uttered—and for the very life of me I could not help bursting into tears—"what is to be done?"

He took my hands kind as ever, but his own were unsteady, and his face wore an unnatural paleness.

"What does Mary say? How does she bear it?" were his first words.

"I have not dared to tell her. I did not know how."

"That is well. She had better hear it from me."

"From you! Oh no, Mr. Elliot."

"Believe me, yes," he firmly rejoined. "None can soothe it to her in the telling as I can."

"It is the first shock that will be the worst, and I dread it for her."

He turned from me, put his arm on the window-frame, and leaned his forehead upon it. I did not like to witness his emotion; his whole attitude spoke despair.

"Let me see her," he resumed.

I reflected, and believed it might be best. For what was I, what were we all to her, in comparison with William Elliot?

"One promise, Mr. Elliot," I said. "You are not going to talk to her of a continued engagement, or—a—private marriage? Excuse me, but I have heard of such things being done."

"No; I give you my honour. I have already given it to my mother. This evening is to close my intercourse with Mary, and the interview I ask for, is, that we may bid each other farewell. I have no alternative. None. My mother"—he paused, and a sort of shudder seemed to ~~come~~

over him—"my mother pointed out—that is—I would say she exacted a promise from me that I would never marry clandestinely; without her full consent. And I gave it."

"Quite right. You could not have done otherwise."

"And now that they have taken this prejudice against Mary's family, to ask for consent would be fruitless. So there is no hope, and I cannot help myself. But they had better"—he lowered his voice to a whisper—"have destroyed us both, as her mother was destroyed. It would have been more merciful."

I went up-stairs to the drawing-room, and beckoned Mary out. "Oh aunt!" she said, "what is all this? Is anything the matter?"

"Yes, dear child, there is," I answered, fondly stroking down her hair, while the ready tears gathered in my eyes. "I have known it all day, and I could not tell you. William Elliot will: he is in the dining-room. Now do not agitate yourself."

"But what is it? Are we"—she trembled excessively—"is he——"

"Go to him, my darling. He will soothe it to you better than I can." So she went into the room, and Mr. Elliot moved forward, and closed the door behind them, while I paced about in the hall, outside, like a troubled ghost.

It was quite dusk when he came out to leave, but the hall lamp was lighted, and I saw the traces of deep emotion, of tears, on both faces. Yes, on both; and you need not despise William Elliot for that. We don't, many of us, throughout our lives, go through such a trying interview as that had been to him.

"God bless you, dear Miss Halliwell," he said, "and thank you for the many courtesies, the kindness, you have shown me. And God bless you, Mary," he added, in a whisper, "and remember what I have said. Though they have succeeded in separating us, though your path must lie one way and mine another, and we may not meet again, you will ever be first in the heart of William Elliot."

The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children! Was it ever exemplified, in any case, more plainly than in this? When my random, thoughtless brother-in-law, Matthew Goring, made love to his daughter's governess, or encouraged her to make it to him—whichever it might be—outraging his wife, outraging his children, outraging me (I, who pointed out his wicked folly to him, and got ridicule from him for my pains), did he imagine that very folly would be the means, hereafter, of destroying his dearest child's happiness and prospects in life? No. Yet it proved so. Oh, men! you who have wives and children, how careful should you be to tread in the right path! A little dereliction from it may seem to you but a light matter, not worth a thought, only worth the amusement of the moment: it seemed so to Dr. Goring. Yet, for him, what did it bring forth? His wife's destruction; his disgraceful second marriage; his own early death; the breaking up of his children's home, and the driving them out, orphans, into the world. And now the fatality was pursuing even them! Lightly enough does man commit sin, but when on the point of wilfully falling into it, he would do well to pause, and remember that the promises of God are never broken, and that one of those promises is, "I WILL VISIT THE SINS OF THE FATHERS UPON THE CHILDREN."

Proseings by Monkshead

ABOUT THE ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS.

IX.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

A FOREMOST place is due to Coleridge among those great men, still ruling our spirits from their urns, who, having done much, might have done so much more. When Mrs. Jameson told Tieck of the poet's death, which she had just learnt in a letter from England, he exclaimed with emotion, "A great spirit has passed away from the earth, and has left no adequate memorial of his greatness."* To his friend Manning, then in the Celestial Empire, Charles Lamb, in one of his most Lamb-like letters, writes: "Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who paid the debt of nature but a week or two before:—poor Col., but two days before he died, he wrote to a bookseller proposing an epic poem on the 'Wanderings of Cain,' in twenty-four books. It is said he has left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion. They are now destined, perhaps, to wrap up spices." Though all this, taken literally, was one of those bravuras of elaborate fibbing, which Charles was not only fond but proud of—telling Miss Wordsworth with a chuckle, that he feared he should one day go to the naughty man for it—yet in the spirit and scope of the premature obituary, there is a melancholy adherence to the *vero*, if also an amusing audacity in the *ben trovato*. There may not be an atom of the *vrai* about it, but there is a world of *vraisemblance*. Coleridge's cup of promise was full to overflowing; but between the cup and the lip, what a chapter of accidents. As Molière says—

On n'exécute pas tout ce qui se propose ;
Et le chemin est long du projet à la chose.†

Wordsworth, in the "Prelude," after a glance at Coleridge's past career—whether as a "liveried schoolboy," in the depths of the huge city, day-dreaming on the "leaded roof" of Christ Hospital; or migrating thence to Cambridge, and there sitting down "in temperance and peace, a rigorous student;" thus continues:

—What a stormy course
Then followed. Oh! it is a pang that calls
For utterance, to think what easy change

* On another occasion Tieck remarked, that Coleridge possessed the creative and inventive spirit of poetry, not the productive; "he *thought* too much to produce—the analytical power interfered with the genius: others with more active faculties seized and worked out his magnificent hints and ideas."

† Le Tartufe, III. 1.

Of circumstances might to thee have spared
A world of pain, ripened a thousand hopes,
For ever withered.*

Such magnificent plans as he sketched, too; such comprehensive schemes; castles in the air so imposing in aerial perspective, with their cloud-capt towers, all "fortified in paper"† only—all to have this effect, no more—oh, the pity of it, but oh the pity of it! Wordsworth himself, indeed, from his own experience in early manhood, could tell how bitter a thing it is to live baffled and plagued by a mind that every hour turns recreant to her task, and that takes heart again, only to feel immediately some hollow thought hang like an interdict upon her hopes. This, the bard of Rydal tells us, was his lot; for, at the period referred to, either still he found "some imperfection in the chosen theme," or saw so much wanting in himself, that he recoiled and drooped, and sought repose in listlessness from vain perplexity, "unprofitably travelling towards the grave, like a false steward who hath much received, and renders nothing back."‡ But Wordsworth was a man of other mettle than his old friend and neighbour and fellow-labourer. He had a temperament, a set of nerves, a constitutional vigour and resolve, by which he soon and serenely got the better of such listlessness. Coleridge was weak, and in that sense in which to be weak is to be miserable. In the definition of the author of "Dream-life," he is a weak man who cannot twist and weave the thread of his feeling—however fine, however tangled, however strained, or however strong—into the great cable of Purpose, by which he lies moored to his life of Action.§ By which definition is convicted of deplorable weakness that most noticeable man with large grey eyes, who, as he let them

—traverse the cerulean field,
And mark the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.||

At the best, they often evaporated in talk. When Mr. de Quincy, on the eve of his first interview with Coleridge, met and conversed with Lord Egmont on the poet's past, his present, and his

* Prelude, Book iv.

† We fortify in paper, and in figures
. . . Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Second Part of KING HENRY IV. Act I. sc. 3.

‡ Prelude, Book i.

§ "Ik. Marvel" (Mitchell): *Reveries of a Bachelor*.

|| Thomson: "Castle of Indolence." Stanza lix.

prospects, after discussing sundry literary themes which he could (an he would) treat to advantage, "But, at any rate," said his lordship, "let him do something; for at present he talks very much like an angel, and does nothing at all." Coleridge, he added, was now in the prime of his powers—uniting something of youthful vigour with sufficient experience of life; having the benefit, besides, of vast meditation, and of reading unusually discursive; insomuch that no man had ever been better qualified to revive the heroic period of literature in England, and to give a character of weight to the philosophic erudition of the country upon the Continent. "And what a pity," exclaimed Lord Egmont, who was earnest in urging poor "Col.'s" friends to put him upon undertaking some great monumental work, sufficient for a display of his various and rare accomplishments, for his multifarious erudition, on the one hand, and for his splendid power of theorising and combining large and remote notions of facts on the other,—“what a pity, if this man were, after all, to vanish like his apparition; and you, I, and a few others, who have witnessed his grand *bravures* of display, were to have the usual fortune of ghost-seers, in meeting no credit for any statements that we might vouch on his behalf!”* Perhaps, however, the tendency of the age at present is, to give unlimited credit to the vouchers of Coleridge's powers as a table-talker, and to depreciate and, in some quarters, whistle down the wind, his reputation as an author, if not in poetry, certainly in prose.

It is, accordingly, becoming more and more the fashion to under-rate his actual *facts accomplies*, as though they were not *accomplies*, so far as they go; as though, being confessedly a fragmentary and incomplete writer, all his writings were necessarily tainted with this original sin, to a degree that renders them valueless, meaningless, useless. And true it is that there is a vexatious resemblance to "fractional parts" in the bulk of his essays, lectures, criticisms, philosophical dissertations; that there may be broken promise as well as partial performance in "Aids to Reflection;" that the "Friend," who proffers his services "to aid in the formation of fixed principles in politics, morals, and religion," is not always a Friend in need (though there is still to be found "he that blesteth his Friend with a loud voice"); true, again, that Coleridge's "Essays on his own Times" contain much that is little likely to be for all time, if indeed for any times but his own, and they gave him small encouragement enough; and that his "Constitution of Church and State" is, practically considered, neither here nor there; and his "Lay Sermons" by no means a sufficing "Statesman's Manual;" and his "Biographia Literaria" a *mélange* which not only does not keep the word of promise to the hope, but breaks it to the ear. But to deny the worth of the *Essayist's* *essayings*,

* Thomas de Quincey: *Autobiographic Sketches*.

to see no beauty in them that they should be desired, no depth in them that will tax the mental plumb-line, no hidden treasures that will repay study and research—to be careless about gathering up these fragments that remain, that nothing be lost—this, if it is a growing tendency of the age, is surely also a reproach to the age, and cannot be of long continuance.

Coleridge might indulge, more than was good for him, or his hearers, in “theosophic moonshine;” but his philosophy was not wholly and solely theosophy. “We are greatly incredulous respecting the depth of Coleridge,” said the *Times* newspaper, not long since, “and regard his ‘philosophy’ as the most enormous sham since Swedenborg.” This crack “deliverance” of the *Times* was delightful to very many, who are only too glad of such a sanction to pooh-pooh S. T. C. as a *théosophe*, and nothing more; and who accept ironically, as a speaking portrait, Mrs. Browning’s “vision” of the

—visionary Coleridge, who
Did sweep his thoughts as angels do
Their wings, with cadence up the Blue.*

“You swam and fluttered,” says one of the Highgate† *habités*, “in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable manner”—“in the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism,” &c.‡ So again Shelley pictures the “rapt one of the god-like forehead,” in his epistle from Leghorn to a lady friend:

You will see Coleridge; he who sits obscure
In the exceeding lustre and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind,
Which, with its own internal lustre blind,
Flaps wearily through darkness and despair—
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.§

But there was something more than the dim religious light of “theosophic moonshine,” into which sundry detractors would re-

* Vision of Poets.

† At Mr. Gillman’s, the kind host and the (some will think, appropriately) fractional biographer of Coleridge. There are people so unsympathising with the guest, both as writer and as man, that they can find it in their hearts (hearts, quotha!) to be angry with the host, for “cherishing” as well as loving and honouring him. We might almost paraphrase the thoughts and intents of their “hearts,” in the querulous upbraidings of certain *Odyssey* un-worthies:

“Why such profusion of indulgence shown
To this poor, timorous, toil-detesting drone,
That others feeds on *planetary schemes*,
And pays his host with hideous noonday dreams?”

POPE’S HOMER: *Odys.* Book II.

‡ Carlyle: *Life of Sterling*.

§ Shelley’s Poems: Letter to Maria Gisborne.

solve the sum and substance of the sage's outpourings. Professor Wilson, who declared that, while Coleridge was discoursing, the world lost all its common-places, so that you and your wife imagined yourself Adam and Eve listening to the affable archangel Raphael in the Garden of Eden,—added to this “merrie conceite,” that ’twas your own fault if you did not “a wiser and a better man arise to-morrow’s morn.” He affirmed too, let his testimony go for what it may with those who find all imagination and no reason (only unbounded unreason) in Coleridge’s philosophy, that, whereas in most cases, Reason and Imagination (which by mistake are said to be separate faculties), like man and wife, live like cat and dog, in mutual worrying, or haply sue for a divorce,—in the case of Coleridge “they are one spirit as well as one flesh, billing and cooing in a perpetual honeymoon.” A theosophist, then, if you will; but something more, a good deal more: a philosopher and deep thinker, a subtle logician and abstruse metaphysician, who, indeed, never did himself justice, but is not on that account to be denied justice by others.

Rate the quality of his influence as you will, but do not under-rate the measure of it. Call him a power for good or for evil, as you list; but do not deny him to have been a power at all. What review can we take up, what philosophical treatise can we examine, what theological work can we meet with, what church with a thinking man (not a mere preaching man) in the pulpit can we enter, now-a-days, and not observe traces, more or less palpable and direct, of the Coleridgean influence? Whatever free movement in “divinity” may have arisen of late years, is largely due, be it blessing or be it bane, to the inspiration of him, who wrote the *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*. In this respect he has much to answer for. His free thinking has become the proximate cause of a flood of free thinkers. He is not responsible for the excesses of the thorough-goers among them; but he is the spiritual parent of the progeny at large, prodigal sons and all. We are conscious of the relationship in reading Julius Hare, and the earnest eloquence of Richard Trench, and the vexed question-able essays of Frederic Maurice, and the adventurous suggestions of Rowland Williams and Benjamin Jowett; nor can we escape the sense of it in the writings of modern Unitarianism, in the Thom and Martineau school,—nor even in the daring deductions of a Parker and a Newman, a Foxton and a Froude. A little leaven leaveneth a large lump; and in some cases the fermentation works too far, the matter upon which it acts being predisposed to violent action: but it is the same leaven; and that which worketh, will work, even to the end.

Mr. Landor, who allows to Coleridge “excellence” no less in prose than in poetry, and adds that he raised expectations which were suddenly overclouded and blank, undertook what he was

conscious he never should perform, and declared he was busily employed in what he had only dreamt of—asserts that never was love more imaginary than Coleridge's love of truth. "Not only did he never embrace her, never bow down to her and worship her, but he never looked her earnestly in the face."* It is something to have Mr. Landor's testimony to Coleridge's gift of excelling in prose: those who most loudly affirm their disbelief in his love of truth, are commonly the loudest also in abusing his prose style, as equally affected and correspondingly insincere. That style offends those who are all for Addison, *pur et simple*. It confounds those who hate dictionary words, and they "confound" it in their retributive wrath. "Pedant!" they cry, at first sight of such a Coleridgean construction as "esemplastic."† Coleridge himself anticipates the objection in this case, "But this is pedantry!" and replies: "Not necessarily so, I hope. If I am not misinformed, pedantry consists in the use of words unsuitable to the time, place, and company. The language of the market would be in the schools as pedantic, though it might not be reprobated by that name, as the language of the schools is in the market." Coleridge's prose is as idiosyncratic, as individual a thing as his poetry. It is remarkable, one of his critics observes, for length of sentence; for disregard of petty elegancies; for continual digressions; for a horizon of thought, ever retiring and widening as we advance; for the use of frequent archaisms of expression; for perpetual unexpectedness and occasional obscurity; and for great freshness and fervour of poetic imagery. He somewhere proposes an ultimatum as the infallible test of a blameless style—and that is, its *untranslatableableness* in words of the same language without injury to the meaning. There is a passage in the "Friend" where, standing up for the peculiarities in his diction with which fault was found by subscribers (or, more likely, non-subscribers) to that periodical, he begs to decline casting his sentences in the French moulds, or affecting a style which, he alleges, "an ancient critic would have deemed purposely invented for persons troubled with the asthma to read, and for those to comprehend who labour under the more pitiable asthma of a short-witted intellect."‡

Hazlitt calls Coleridge's prose "utterly abortive." He pronounces the most frequent characteristics of the "Friend" to be "prolixity and obscurity." But Hazlitt's intense indignation at his old ally's new tactics in philosophy, politics, and religion could not prevent his seeing even in the "Friend," anti-Bonapartist and otherwise vexatious as it was, *some* noble passages and fine trains of

* W. S. Landor's Letter to the Rev. C. C. Southey.

† "*Esemplastic*," constructed by Coleridge from *εἰς ἐν πλαττεῖν* (to shape into one), to guard against confusion with the usual import of the word Imagination. See the *Biographia Literaria*, chap. x.

‡ "The Friend." Vol. i. p. 19.

thought. Hazlitt was never tired of "exposing" the practical measures which found an advocate in the "Friend,"—the expedition to Copenhagen, the expedition to Walcheren, and the assassination of Bonaparte;* but he was not too deeply steeped in prejudice to have lost sight or taste and relish for the beauties that are interspersed with dull matter and diffuse, in that ill-fated serial, that soon "foiled potentiality," which was to have done so much for Coleridge and his country, but abruptly closed, ere its thirtieth number, with the bankruptcy of the printer, the infinite mortification of the editor, and the apathy or else ill-will of a very select subscription-list. The utter mismanagement of "The Friend," as a literary speculation, was explained and illustrated many years ago, in the *Lake Reminiscences of the English Opium-eater*. The recent issue of Southey's *Letters*, edited by Mr. Wood Warter, contains contemporary allusions to the same subject, which thoroughly tally, in all the main points, with De Quincey's narrative. "Never," writes Southey to his tried and trusty friend Miss Barker, in 1810, "never was anything so grievously mismanaged as the 'Friend.' Because he [Coleridge] would have all the profit (having taken it into his head that I was cheated by my publisher), he would publish for himself; thus has he the whole trouble of collecting his money, the whole responsibility, instead of having a publisher to look to; and the expense of postage will far, very far, exceed any publisher's percentage. Then he writes to the public about all his difficulties and his projects, as if they wanted to know anything about them,—not perceiving that this lowers him in the eyes of the foolish, and certainly does not raise him in the judgment of the wise. And certainly of all modes of publication that could be devised, nothing could be so ill adapted for such materials as a weekly form. Had he brought out these same papers in a body, either as a system, or as so many essays, they would have commanded more attention, he would have been saved the whole anxiety of periodical exertion, and people would have had no reason to complain because they found something altogether different from what they expected."† In its revised form, the "Friend" may not be exactly and entirely a Book of Beauty; but it is a book of beauties which they that seek shall find, and not, however rich, be sent empty away. The occasional sketches of character—Luther in the Wartburg, the heroic student sitting beside his lamp, "which is seen by the lone traveller in the plain Bischofsroda like a star on the mountain,"—Erasmus, whose wit, "always bottomed on sound sense, peoples and enriches the mind of the reader with an endless variety of distinct images and living

* See Hazlitt's biting and bitter review of "Coleridge's 'Lay-Sermon,'" in the *Birmingham Review*, December, 1816.

† Rev. J. W. Warter's "Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey" (1856). Vol. ii. pp. 189-90.

interests," and whose "broadest laughter is everywhere translatable into grave and weighty truths,"—Warburton, who always seems to write as if he had deemed it "a duty of decorum to publish his fancies on the Mosaic Law as the Law itself was delivered, in thunders and lightnings,"—the "crazy Rousseau, the dreamer of love-sick tales, and the spinner of speculative cobwebs; shy of light as the mole, but as quick-eared too for every whisper of the public opinion; the teacher of stoic pride in his principles, yet the victim of morbid vanity in his feelings and conduct,"—there is no stint of such personal portraiture to relieve graver disquisitions: and who can forget the harrowing tale, in the so-called "Second Landing-place," of the Bavarian wire-drawer's daughter, Maria Eleanor Schönling, and the incidental picture of that noble-hearted Harlin, herself too "a daughter of calamity, one who from year to year must lie down in weariness and rise up to labour; for whom this world provides no other comfort but the sleep which enables them to forget it; no other physician but death, which takes them out of it." There is that about the narrative which reminds one of the "Household Wreck" and the "Avenger," those two little-known and lightly-prized, but, to all who do prize them, deeply-moving tales, by a man of genius closely akin to the genius of Coleridge, and whose lot in life as man and as author has been strangely similar in some painful particulars,—especially in the languor of that *inertia* which

—tantam diffuderit imis

Oblivionem sensibus,

engendered by, not the

Pocula Lethæos . . . ducentia somnos,

whereof Horace* writes to Mæcenas, but by that potent drug which to the calm pleasures adds the majestic pains of sleep, and in time exchanges *somnos* that wend Lethe-wards for *somnia* more dreadful than waking eye hath seen or can see—for a choking "sense of intolerable wrong,"

Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed
Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!
And shame and terror over all!

As a critic, Coleridge stands out in high relief from the "sound common sense" school, at which he loved to rail. Of all forms of self-conceit the most hateful to him was, what he calls the "callous form," when it boasts and swells up on the score of its own ignorance, as implying exemption from a folly. "We profess not

* Epodon, XIV.

to understand," "we are so unhappy as to be quite in the dark as to the meaning of this writer," &c.,—the critical pride that apes humility thereupon quoting a passage without the context, and appealing to the "Public" whether *they* understand it or not. "Wretches!" he exclaims in a transport, and addressing the "sound common sense" corps *en masse*, in language *sans peur*, though by no means *sans reproche*,—"wretches! such books were not written for your public. If it be a work on inward religion, appeal to the inwardly religious, and ask them! If it be of true love and its anguish and its yearnings, appeal to the true lover! What have the public to do with this?"* Elsewhere he characteristically characterises them as snails in intellect, who wear their eyes at the tip of their feelers, and cannot even see unless they at the same time touch. "When these finger philosophers affirm that Plato, Bruno, &c., must have been 'out of their senses,' the just and proper retort is,—'Gentlemen, it is still worse with you: you have lost your reason!'" Reason, that is, in the Coleridgean sense, *Vernunft*, the due apprehension and relative appreciation of which is the one thing needful in every student of Coleridge. It must be rightly apprehended and appreciated in order to profit by, not merely his metaphysical theses, be they moonshine or sunshine, but by his miscellaneous criticisms on books new and old.

There is such a thing in criticism as hunting for (and *ergo* finding) mares'-nests, or as extracting moonbeams from cucumbers; and some think Coleridge an adept in the art. "Do you believe upon your conscience," asks Rabelais, "that Homer, whilst he was couching his Iliads and Odysseys, had any thought upon those allegories which Plutarch, Heraclides, Ponticus, Eustathius, Cornutus, squeezed out of him, and which Politian filched† again from them? If you trust it, with neither hand nor foot do you come near to my opinion, which judgeth them to have been as little dreamed of by Homer, as the gospel sacraments were by Ovid, in his Metamorphoses; though a certain Frère Lubin‡ and true

* Coleridge's "Notes: Theological, Political, and Miscellaneous."

† "Filched," *derobé*. One of Rabelais's annotators, Duchat, has the credit of having proved that the free-spoken Francis, *ille Gallorum Gallus Democritus*,

"Hic unus Rabelaisius facetus,
Nugarum pater, artifexque mirus,"

was guilty of wrong, done in malice prepense, to Politian, in applying to him any such expression; and that he so applied it, reckless of its truth, merely to "pleasure" his friend Budæus, to whom the renown of Politian was matter of envy and annoyance.

‡ Coarsely rendered in Urquhart and Motteux's translation, "a gulligull friar." Rabelais is supposed to allude to our English Jacobin, or Friar of orders white, who explained Ovid's Metamorphoses allegorically, an edition of his far-fetched hermeneutics having appeared at Bruges, in French, in 1484, the year after the birth of Rabelais.

bacon-picker would have undertaken to prove it, if, perhaps, he had met with as very fools as himself, or as the proverb says, 'a lid worthy of such a kettle.' " * In a similar vein, Edgar Allan Poe, remarking on the doctrine that "every fiction should have a moral," and on the fact that, what is more to the purpose, the critics have discovered that every fiction *has* one, refers to Philip Melancthon, who wrote a commentary upon the *Batrachomyomachia*, and proved that the Poet's object was to excite a distaste for sedition; while Pierre La Seine, going a step farther, shows that Homer's intention was to recommend to young men temperance in eating and drinking; Jacobus Hugo, too, satisfies himself that, by Euenis, Homer meant to insinuate John Calvin—by Antinous, Martin Luther—by the Lotophagi, Protestants in general—and by the Harpies, the Dutch. "Our modern scholiasts are equally acute. These fellows demonstrate a hidden meaning in 'The Antediluvians,' a parable in 'Powhattan,' new views in 'Cock Robin,' and transcendentalism in 'Hop o' my Thumb.' " † Minds there are, transcendentially disposed, which have a *grand talent* as well as irresistible constitutional tendency to

—catch a thing within a thing,
See more in a truth than the truth's simple self,
Confuse themselves. ‡

Thus the English biographer of Goethe, who owns the existence of many excellent critics in Germany, yet protests, justly enough, and none too forcibly, in the name at once of Art and common sense, against the fundamental error, and the extravagant fruits, of that peculiarly German school of criticism, which, claiming to be profound, is only profoundly absurd. That fundamental error he defines to be the translating Art *into* Philosophy, and calling it the Philosophy of Art: a work is before the critic, and instead of judging this work he endeavours to get behind it, beneath it, into the "depths" of the soul which produced it: he is not satisfied with what the artist has given, he wants to know what he meant; he guesses at the meaning; the more remote that meaning lies on the wandering tracks of thought, the better pleased is he with the discovery, and sturdily rejects every simple explanation in favour of this exegetical Idea. § The "philosophical" critic, like the poet (and *he* like the lover), is, in a sense, of imagination all compact.

* Rabelais: The Author's Prologue to the Life of Gargantua and of Pantagruel.

† "Tales and Sketches," by Edgar A. Poe.

‡ Robert Browning: "Bishop Blougram's Apology."

§ "Thus the phantom of Philosophy hovers mistily before Art, concealing Art from our eyes. It is true the Idea said to underlie the work was never conceived by any one before, least of all by the Artist; but *that* is the glory of the critic: he is proud of having plunged into the *depths*. Of all horrors to the Germans of this school, there is no horror like that of the *surface*—it is more terrible to him than cold water." *Lewis's Life and Works of Goethe*. Book vi. chap. ii.

In his quest of his Idea, and his devout worship of it where it is not, but where nevertheless *he* finds for it a local habitation and a name, he resembles *Don Carlos*, in Young's tragedy of "*The Revenge*," who exclaims to *Leonora* :

Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been?
And, mad with the idea, clasped the wind,
And doted upon nothing?*

The doting Don raves very much after the approved style of other transcendentalists, mad with an idea, wind-clasping, nullity-enamoured.

But with all this be it borne in mind, that the true critic of first-class pretensions,—the real critical *genius*, in fact,—is gifted with certain imaginative, even creative powers, the possession and legitimate exercise of which constitute his *differentia* from the "lower orders" of his kind. Herein lies his specialty, marking him out as a distinct species from a common genus. His "imagination needs must stir," to make him what he is: for, as Wordsworth says, speaking for or in the lover who owns to his mistress that in her, he has sometimes loved his fancy's own creation,

Imagination needs must stir;
Dear maid, this truth believe,
Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.†

It is but the same philosophy that Coleridge himself so impressively expounds,‡ in that memorable Ode of his suggested by

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

One of Charles Lamb's "appraisers" recognises in him, that exquisite clearness of perception, that acute penetration, and that refined and delicate tact, which together constitute the critical faculty in its highest and purest form: which faculty, says this writer, when it attains to that highest form, never fails to usurp some portion of the *creative* power with which it is busying itself. Convinced of this, he makes bold to assert, that "there never was a truly great critic who did not see more in a great work of art than really exists in it."

Those who judge Shakspeare as David Hume did, and who think of Coleridge as cotton lords and commons are apt to do, will

* "*The Revenge*." Act I.

† Wordsworth's Poems founded on the Affections.

‡
O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud, &c.

Dejection: An Ode.

regard the foregoing thesis as *ipso dicto* excommunicating all "truly great critics" from the fellowship of reasonable men, the catholic communion of common sense.

Whatever be the validity of the excommunication, a "truly great critic" of this kind did Coleridge prove himself to be; and nowhere more remarkably so than in his criticism of Shakspeare.

One who is deeply and avowedly indebted to that criticism, Mr. Charles Knight, has summed up under three heads the modes in which a critic may deal with subjects of high art. The first is, where the critic endeavours to look at an entire work—not at parts of a work only—in some degree through the same medium as the poet when looking at his unformed creations. The second is, where the critic rejects that medium, for the most part through incapability of using it, and peers through the smoked glass of what he calls common sense, that his eyes, forsooth, may not be dazzled. The third is, where the critic, from a superabundance of the power of detecting what appears the ridiculous side of things (which results from a deficiency of imagination), takes a caricaturist's view of the highest exercises of the intellect, and asserts his own cleverness by presenting a travestie.* To the first class—some will unhesitatingly allege, first in the first class—belongs Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It was his punctilious principle, if not always punctilious practice, to adopt the stand-point of the author he criticised; to see as he saw, that he might see what he saw; to accept and keep in mind the other's postulate, before he reasoned on the proposition at large; to examine aright the other's premises, before he drew his own conclusions. According to Mr. Arthur Helps, the great deficiencies of criticism in all ages have been a deficiency of humility, a lack of charity, and a want of *imagination*. And he observes that in no respect will this combined deficiency be better perceived, than in considering the way in which men persist in commenting upon the works of others from their own peculiar ground and point of view. "They will not exercise a charitable imagination, and look at what is done with due regard to the doer's drift and conception. Their own conceits perplex and stultify their judgment."† A caricature‡ is,

* Knight's *Studies of Shakspeare*.

† "Friends in Council." Book ii. chap. ii.

‡ Some of Mr. Lowell's free-and-easy, punning and running rhymes allude to

" —the knife of some critic assassin,
Who stabs to the heart with a *caricature*,
Not so bad as those daubs of the Sun, to be sure,
Yet done with a dagger-o'-type, whose vile portraits
Disperse all one's good, and condense all one's poor traits."

A Fable for the Critics.

The punster poet's lines read like a "merry-go-round" paraphrase of certain strictures, more soberly worded, by an old French classic: "Quelques-uns de ceux qui ont lu un ouvrage, en rapportent certains traits dont ils n'ont pas compris le sens, et qu'ils altèrent encore par tout ce qu'ils y mettent du leur ;

at the best, their "counterfeit presentment" of the author's *verum eum*—a caricature, varying in breadth and freedom with the caricaturist's turn of mind, and defect of insight. Thomas Moore only spoke the complaint of many a brother-bard, when he once parenthetically put in a protest against

—those sapient wits of the Reviews,
Who make us poor dull authors say
Not what we mean, but what they choose;
Who to our most abundant shares
Of nonsense add still more of theirs,
And are to poets just such evils
As caterpillars are to flies,*
Which, not content to sting like devils,
Lay eggs upon their backs likewise.†

The way in which some of Coleridge's predecessors had treated Shakspeare, was very much after this fashion; witness the occasionally "atrocious notes," as Mr. Charles Knight calls them, which Steevens inserted in his edition, under the pseudonym of Amner. Archdeacon Hare *pungently* says: "A critic should be a pair of snuffers. He is oftener an extinguisher; and not seldom a *thief*."‡ We may take up the parable, and apply it. Such a *thief* in the candle was Richard Farmer, whose name and fame were to grow by what they fed on, and consumed, the name and fame of Shakspeare. Such an extinguisher was Thomas Rymer, who would fain

Put out the light, and then put out the light

of "Othello"—not without leaving a foul smell from the extinguishing process—in this case *not*

Stealing, but giving odours.

And such a pair of snuffers—however undignified, and of "base mechanical" derivation, the figure—was Samuel Taylor Coleridge: his office, as an interpreter of Shakspeare, to aid in the development of a burning and a shining light; to remove excrescences,§ *thieves*, and all and sundry hindrances to the full free radiation of illuminating power.

et ces traits ainsi corrompus et défigurés, qui ne sont autre chose que leurs propres pensées et leurs expressions, ils les exposent à la censure," &c.—LA BRUYÈRE: *Les Caractères*. ("Des Ouvrages de l'Esprit.")

* "The greatest number of the ichneumon tribe are seen settling upon the back of the caterpillar, and darting at different intervals their stings into its body. At every dart they depose an egg."—GOLDSMITH.

† Moore's "Fables for the Holy Alliance."

‡ "Guesses at Truth." First Series.

§ It must be confessed, however, that Coleridge was for removing as excrescences what his taste considered to be such, by a too summary and literal mode of procedure. His admirable daughter is constrained to own, that he seemed inclined to reject as not genuine in Shakspeare, whatever he thought was not worthy of Shakspeare. Thus he was for making a clean riddance of the Porter scene in "Macbeth"—that very scene upon which Mr. de Quincey has written a criticism of rare penetration and suggestiveness—too brief and fragmentary, indeed, but worthy to rank with Lamb's noble tribute to *Lea*r, in the essay on Garrick and Acting.

A MONTH IN THE CRIMEA, AFTER THE FALL OF SEVASTOPOL.

BY A CAVALRY OFFICER.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning, at some time during the month of January, 1856, and on the deck of the good steamer *Zebra*, that I sighted the long, bold range of cliff on the shores of the Chersonese, after an unusually rough passage of eight-and-forty hours from the mouth of the Bosphorus.

Sweeping the horizon with a telescope, the eye is first attracted by a white building in the bosom of the rock, which we are informed is the monastery of St. George; a bleak-looking spot from the sea, but, visited from inland, it forms a charming oasis on the wilds of the plateau. As we approach nearer, the castle and long running wall of defence at the mouth of the little creek of Balaklava becomes apparent; and beneath it, those wild, inhospitable-looking cliffs, at whose base the ill-fated *Prince* and her companions were dashed to atoms like cockboats in the great gale of November, 1854. Rising above, in the distance, are the hills of Baidar, foliage reaching to their summit, and still dotted with the snows of winter.

As we glide on we become aware of what appears nothing more than a creek in the rocks, but which we soon discover to be the now world-famous harbour of Balaklava. We had quite enough of the Euxine, and were delighted at the prospect of rest afforded us; but our desires were not so near their fulfilment. Many a sea-sick soldier has eagerly watched for the appearance of the flag on the summit of the ruined keep as a signal that his miseries on the deep were at an end, and, like ourselves, has been doomed to many more hours' knocking about in the heavy swell off the harbour before he could set his foot on Crimean soil. However, notwithstanding all delays, at about twelve P.M. we found ourselves, bag and baggage, in a boat, and about to set foot on shore.

The scene before us was well worthy a few moments' quiet observation. Beneath the long shed under which we landed, and which was used for debarking forage, were grouped some hundred individuals—Britons, French, Maltese, Sardinians, Greeks, and Turks—jabbering together, and, as far as I could make out, each trying to make himself understood in his neighbour's language. I defy any man unacquainted with the costumes of her Majesty's Crimean army to make out his countrymen in that motley group. However, the Crimean ribbon on the grey shooting-jacket of a hairy and rather navy-looking individual gave me a clue, and, accosting him, I requested him to direct me to the quartermaster-general's office. He replied by applying a kick to the nearest Turk, who was squatting unconcernedly on a sack, and in some Balaklava lingo directed him to guide me, adding, "Backsheesh, Johnnie." Away hobbled my friend, I following him as best I could, not being so familiarised, as he evidently was, with knee-deep mud.

Having presented the "backsheesh," and dismissed my guide, I was

ushered into a very cranky building, where resided the functionary I was in search of. There I found several officers at breakfast, and, after sundry civilities, was directed to go to the Telegraph-office (an order which sounded odd enough in that wild land), and thence communicate with the regiment I was about to join, in order that some conveyance might be sent down to take up myself and light baggage. After a certain delay, I got an answer to say that there was no way that evening of getting up to the front; and on returning to report this I was informed that an ambulance-waggon which had just deposited its freight was on the point of returning to camp, and that I was at liberty to avail myself of it. I was glad enough to do so, as the prospect of spending a night at Balaklava, with no very distinct notion where I was to sleep, was not inviting. We (for there were three of us) managed to bestow ourselves and traps in this most uncomfortable conveyance even for a man in robust health, the driver gave the mule a poke with a sharp stick, we waved our hands to our obliging Balaklava acquaintances, and at the rate of one mile and a half per hour we wended our way to the camp before Sevastopol.

What dark, gloomy reminiscences does not that long, dreary road awaken! One's thoughts involuntarily roll back one short year, and we seem to behold the endless dismal procession which day by day toiled to and from the camp; we think of those unhappy men who arrive at Balaklava exhausted from over-work and under-feeding; we picture them returning, without a morsel of food to sustain them, wading knee-deep through that endless mud, to die from disease and fatigue in their cheerless camp!

But let us dismiss for a while the sad thoughts which this road awakens, and look upon it at a more cheering period—viz., in the winter of 1855-56, when contentment shone upon every countenance, and when waggons teeming with the necessaries and even luxuries of life passed at each moment. Emerging from the town, the old familiar shriek of the engine greeted us pleasantly, and strongly contrasted with the wild and uncivilized appearance of every person and thing around us. Presently a motley group of individuals on little Turkish ponies, *alias* baggagers, pass us at a canter—at least as respectable a canter as they can both up on that miry road.

Though in England we might have considerable doubts and even suspicions as to their calling, we cannot question here that we behold about a dozen British officers. A little closer inspection discovers a rather queer-looking article of a white colour dangling from the saddle-bow of the foremost delicate-looking young gentleman of about nineteen summers. "That must be a loin of pork," exclaims one of my fellow-travellers in the waggon, "for I see a pig's face tied to his sword-belt." Look again at the officer whose forage-cap proclaims him a Guardsman. He carries a basket before him on the saddle. What visions of porter, and Bass, and perhaps some of Brooks's cognac, after that sixteen miles' gallop, peep from the hay. Alas, for a respectable *habitué* of White's, a sirloin of beef, in its ruddiest condition, adorns his saddle-bow! Suddenly, a shrill crow proceeds from the party, and the head of a doomed bird protruding from the pocket of one of the group leaves no doubt as to the originator of the disturbance. They pass on, and are lost in the distance.

As we creep forwards, I see with some surprise, at the door of a very seedy hovel (for politeness' sake I will call it hut), H——, that model

curate, whose well-cut whisker, unexceptionable white tie, and M.B. waistcoat were once considered rather thrown away on the Dublin garrison. Rather a sadder and perhaps a wiser man as chaplain to the Crimean army, a good deal of red beard on his chin, a fur cap on his head, and with a blackthorn of portentous size, he somewhat resembles the description of a midnight villain with which Mr. Reynolds delights to adorn his romances. "Hallo! sir," shouts a man of the Land Transport Corps; "you've dropped your telescope." And, on looking round, I saw a Frenchman in the act of picking it up, and tucking it with great *sang-froid* under his arm. I jumped off and darted after him. "Pardon, monsieur," I said, very politely, "that is my property." He returned it with a profound bow. An Englishman, under the circumstances, would have looked guilty and detected. Frenchman's Hill, about two miles from Balaklava and five from the camp, was a very curious sight. Thousands of little blue and red figures swarmed on it, reminding one of an ant's nest just disturbed. Our neighbours are certainly a remarkable contrast to ourselves; perhaps it is that their notion of *meum* and *tuum* is somewhat less distinct than our own that the fact is to be attributed that a Frenchman, on a campaign, is seldom at a loss for any necessary of life, if that necessary is procurable by any means whatsoever. For instance: the English soldier goes to the quartermaster of his regiment to draw his allowance of firewood; he is told there is none in store, he returns to his tent moody and dejected, and says he is sick of this d—d soldiering. The Frenchman, *au contraire*, when his day's duty is over, sallies forth with his clasp-knife and prowls far and near over the country, and returning with his fuel on his back, and anything else he has been able to lay hands on, cooks his ration-bacon, and heats the water for his ration-rum.

The whole valley of Balaklava was dotted with these little figures sauntering caselessly along, with their hands deep in the pockets of their Cossack overalls, but still with an eye to business. It was here, too, that I first saw those glorious Zouaves, those *enfants perdus* of the French army, first in advance and last in retreat, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them, with that devil-may-care swagger never seen in any other soldiery in the world, not excepting our own dashing Guardsman and jaunty Hussar. Even some time after, when disease and death were fast thinning their gallant ranks, and every French soldier who passed seemed to bear Fate impressed on his countenance, the spirits and gallant bearing of the Zouaves were but little affected; and though the step might be less elastic, yet the determined eye and dauntless look shone conspicuous as before.

And now, by the distant boom of an occasional gun, we are made sensible that we are gradually approaching near to the mighty city upon whose fate the interest of the entire civilised world has been concentrated for the last eighteen months. We get impatient at the slow progress of our team of mules, and strain our eyes anxiously in the direction whence the firing proceeds. Half an hour more and we are in the camp of the fourth division upon Cathcart's Hill. We gaze from beside the flagstaff upon the captured city, its battered palaces and churches looking bright in the evening sun, while the view is beautifully lightened by an occasional puff from the northern forts, or a shell rising in the air and bursting over the town. Notwithstanding the bitter cold we wander among the tombstones, under which repose all that is mortal of the heroes of Inkerman,

and many a trench fight besides; and here and there the record of an old schoolfellow meets my eye, whom I had lost sight of for years until I saw his name engraved on the humble monument, telling how he who lay beneath had fallen—one in the obscure trench skirmish, and another by the stray bullet on the ridge of Inkerman.

The hospitalities of the camp are profuse, and I am asked to dinner by a dozen different men, but being engaged to Colonel —, I refuse. It is amusing to a stranger to hear the way in which the invitations are couched. One man recommends a fresh round of beef to your notice; another a pig's face—the one, I shrewdly suspect, which I had encountered on the way up.

At dinner, being a new arrival, I encounter numerous questions about England, friends at the "Rag" and the "Junior," the prospects of peace, &c. Eventually I turn into bed—i. e. two horse-cloths and various coats and cloaks—and, in spite of the wind shrieking through the chinks of the hut, and long icicles hanging therefrom, the natural result of a thermometer at zero, I get to sleep, but awake at about three A.M. from the intense cold, my beard and moustache a mass of ice.

I internally execrate the Crimea, and for the first time since leaving England wish myself back in my barrack room. I turn round and try to get to sleep. Vain attempt. So up I get, put on about four coats, and, lighting a pipe, disconsolately await the dawn.

Will it be credited by those who have never experienced the almost supernatural changes of these regions, that by two o'clock next day the sun was shining almost oppressively! The bands were playing in the camps, and men throwing themselves on the ground as if it were a summer's day, and the thermometer had not been down to zero during the preceding night!

Our time now passed agreeably enough. Perpetual rides to Sevastopol, Kamiesch, Balaklava, the French and Sardinian camps, looking up old friends, all scattered within a circle of twenty miles; and then the morning's stroll to the Redan, the Malakhof, and the trenches, despite certain *désagréments*, served to make the hours hang lightly on our hands.

I was sitting one day in C——'s hut, after dinner, when an orderly entered and presented a sheet of paper, on which were printed orders to the following effect: "A brigade field-day, in light marching order, at nine o'clock, A.M. Three hundred men to be detailed for fatigue duty in the Redan, under a field-officer. Fort Nicholas to be destroyed at one o'clock, P.M." The last announcement, although we had been anticipating it for some time, took us quite by surprise, so little is known beyond one's own immediate neighbourhood in so large an army. It was a sight not to be missed, so we were in the saddle next morning by eleven o'clock, and wending our way towards the Woronzoff-road ravine, near which it was understood that the English commander-in-chief and his staff would witness the explosion. Nearly every one whom duty permitted seemed making his way thither also, and various were the rumours flying about. One report was to the effect that a telegraph had been received that morning from England instructing Sir W. Codrington to await further instructions on the subject; another, that an armistice was signed, and then in force. Twenty other stories were invented for the benefit of the credulous, but the appearance of Marshal Pelissier at this moment silenced our doubts, and prepared us for the great sight which was to follow.

The French marshal was in his low little phaeton, drawn by four greys, and accompanied by his usual escort of cavalry. Shortly after our own general appeared, with his unpretending staff of a couple of aides and an orderly, which was soon afterwards augmented by many an official and curious gazer from the camp. An engineer riding hastily past is eagerly questioned. General ——'s aide-de-camp comes in for a volley of inquiries from the various groups scattered about, which he silences by some awful "*shave*," and gallops forward. Men get tired of waiting, forgetting that, in order to be in time, they have anticipated the event by nearly two hours. The Russians, meanwhile, are popping pretty smartly at their former stronghold, and though we see where the shells burst, we are not near enough to watch the effect of the shot. General Codrington is a little in front of us, surrounded by a motley staff. Presently an officer rides up from the direction of the town,—we conclude to say all is ready, for several officers forthwith dismount and level their telescopes on their saddles at the fort. I can imagine nothing more like the intervening half-hour before an action than were those minutes of anxious expectancy. There is very little chaff bandied now. We look like men about to witness a great spectacle; every face pale from excitement; and, except the constant boom from the northern forts, not a sound is heard. An engineer is seen at this juncture to leave the outer trench and dive into the town. A round shot is sent after him. The sun shines brightly, and the reflexion of the doomed fort is plainly seen in the water; and, as we all observed afterwards, perhaps the town and harbour never looked more beautiful than on this bright wintry day. But the sure and silent destroyer is at hand; in a few moments that magnificent fort will be a heap of ruins, the very removal of which will be at a cost of more labour than the original building.

The moment has arrived. We hear and seem to feel a rumbling sound like the throes of an approaching earthquake; the eminence on which we stand absolutely quivers beneath our feet; and amid the din the massive walls of "Fort Nicholas" totter for a moment, then rise and burst asunder with a terrific crash, fragments flying into the harbour, the town, and the Black Sea beyond, while the smoke ascends to heaven in a round, compact body, the effect of which is singular to witness. The Russians open out from their forts as if to bestow a parting malediction on the destroyers of their fortresses; and, considering it unsafe to ride into Sevastopol that day, we turn our horses' heads towards the camp, and gallop back to lunch and talk over the destruction of Fort Nicholas.

One can scarcely be wrong in estimating the fall of this fine fort, preceded as it was by the destruction of the docks, as one of the most important in its effects of our operations against Sevastopol. The mistaken lenity which had induced the Allies to spare Odessa, while they played with it as a cat with a mouse, holding the ever-impending destruction over its head, but never allowing the cloud to burst, had scarcely prepared the Russians for the more decided line taken by the Allies after Sevastopol had fallen; and the feeling had gradually sprung up that the war was merely intended to act as a salutary check upon their encroachments, and that, content with saying your stronghold is in our hands, the Allies would proceed no further; but, as with Carthage of old, the fiat had gone forth, and Sevastopol *delenda est*. Fortifications, docks, barracks, all planned and executed under the fostering care of Nicholas himself, must successively fall under the very eyes of their defenders. It

was then, and not till then, when it had become evident that the war was rapidly becoming a war of extermination, that Russia began to show symptoms of yielding, and a fallen city, a sunken fleet, and the ruins of her fortifications staring her in the face, wrung from her terms to which she refused even to listen while Sevastopol still raised its head in unconquered pride above the waters of the Euxine.

The weather was now at its coldest: on the 10th of February it was several degrees below zero, and we heard of a good many cases of frost-bite in the camp. Men looked singular enough, with their long black beards transformed into a sheet of ice, with icicles depending from the ends of the moustache, and contrasting strongly with their bronzed and weather-worn features. It seems to have been a marvellous dispensation that the winter of 1854-55—that of the siege—was not marked by the bitter intensity of the succeeding one, though perhaps the wet was nearly as trying as the cold. I heard it often observed by old hands, "Fancy if we had to go down to the trenches to-night; we should be frozen to a man." I found a tent infinitely preferable to a hut on these bitter nights, for the blast which came roaring across the plateau penetrated at every creek and corner of the clumsily-constructed walls, while under canvas, if the pegs were properly fastened down, one's domicile was comparatively air-tight.

On several occasions during some of the coldest days, when writing, I have found my pen suddenly did not mark the paper, and have discovered a little lump of black ice in the quill. I have often seen people in this country smile incredulously when I have mentioned this circumstance—even Crimeans who returned to England before the last winter set in; but I make no doubt that by this time there are many at home who can bear evidence to the truth of my statement.

Hearing one morning that preparations had been observed on the heights of Inkerman for a grand Russian review, we mounted our ponies and started off to see it. Shaping our course through the light division and French camps, we found ourselves by about eleven o'clock on the ridge of Inkerman. The day, fortunately, was very clear, and with a telescope we could distinguish objects quite distinctly at three or four miles' distance. As far as we could make out, there seemed to be an army of some thirty thousand Russians on the opposite height, numbering a large proportion of cavalry. A body of Cossacks, remarkable for their tall caps and shaggy little ponies, were manœuvring near the edge of the ridge. We saw a large body of infantry deploy into line, advance down the hill, and then retire amid a cloud of skirmishers. The rifle-pits immediately below were always lined with riflemen, and many an eager sportsman, fowling-piece in hand, in eager chase after the woodcock, has, in his turn, been popped at, and in some cases mortally wounded by the bullet of his hidden foe. After watching the body of Russies for some time, we turned our horses' heads towards the two-gun battery, around which every inch of ground was disputed with desperate ferocity on the day of Inkerman. Colonel —, who had been wounded on that sanguinary field, gave us a very interesting description of what came under his observation. "The moment of attack," he said, "was certainly most beautifully timed, and the Russian information respecting our movements must have been marvellously exact, for at daybreak, immediately after the regiments had turned in to snatch a few hours repose before the next turn of duty, and the reliefs had just marched

off to the trenches, the Russian advanced guards might have been descried creeping up this ridge on which we stand, their grey coats mingling with the autumn leaves on the bushes, not, as it was too long supposed, an affair of outposts, but the attack of a mighty army. Like many others, I was half asleep when the firing commenced, and though I apprehended nothing of any consequence, I turned out and found the continued roll of musketry was attracting every one's attention. I got the —th under arms, and soon an aide-de-camp came galloping up ordering us to the ridge, on which the second division lay, saying that the enemy were attacking us in force. We hastened thither in column of companies, but I assure you, before we had been half an hour in action, we were split up into groups of twenties and thirties, some in the two-gun battery, others in the ravine by the limestone quarries, each man fighting desperately for life and rallying round some leading spirit, while every soldier was a hero. We were under a heavy fire when I saw a column of Guards approaching. The Russians seemed to know that these were our *corps d'élite*, and turned the fire from us upon the new comers: it was a sad sight to see those tall bearskins dropping like ninepins as they advanced. It was a proud and happy moment for the survivors of that hard-fought field when they beheld the dark masses retracing their steps across the bridge of Inkerman, for at one period of the fight the position was well-nigh lost, as, owing to the surprise, the reinforcements came up at long intervals, and in some instances by companies, and the brave band who still fought on the brow of the hill were several times well-nigh overpowered by the immense masses of their foes." The remains of the conflict still lay thick on the ridge. Rotten grey and scarlet cloaks, coats, caps, cartridge-boxes, and belts, were strewn far and near; this was especially the case in and about the two-gun battery, where so thick lay the slain that the Guards made a banquettes of their fallen comrades to fire on the advancing enemy. The ravine to the left is also thickly strewn with uniforms, and shot and shell in abundance.

The consummate daring and enterprise of the attack on our position at Inkerman ought, in my mind, notwithstanding its failure, to be equally ranked with its defence. The fact of bringing those immense masses and heavy guns up that almost perpendicular ascent, and in the very teeth of the foe, was as daring an effort as ever was attempted by a general, and nothing but the stubborn and dogged resistance of Englishmen could have saved the position.

Among the numerous objects of interest in the Crimea are the magnificent and apparently inexhaustible limestone quarries, out of which every stone which forms Sevastopol was taken. It is curious that these fine quarries have been unnoticed by nearly every visitant to the Crimea of late years; but I read the account of a traveller who, about the beginning of this century, ascended the Tchernaya in a boat from the harbour, and suddenly came upon the quarries, which he speaks of in strong terms of admiration. The Russians will certainly never be in want of materials to rebuild their city. Immediately below the limestone quarries is a quaint old bridge, at one time an advanced post of the Russians, who have left memorials of their presence in the shape of a variety of carvings, in their nature resembling those found on old vases, &c., at Pompeii, and leading one to conclude that some similarity of customs and tastes must have existed between the Russ and the ancient Italian.

On our return, we made a *détour* to see the French camps at Inker-

man, and the Fédouikhine heights towards Tractir. Never shall I forget the impression made upon me by that morning's ride. Much as I had heard of the disease and misery of that portion of the French army, the dire reality starting up on every side beggared all description. The wretched, melancholy objects that dragged themselves to the door of their tents to gaze imploringly at the passer-by; the ambulance mules in a long, sad procession, with their dead-alive burdens, the head sinking on the breast, and the arms dangling at the side like those of a corpee; and the wan, emaciated appearance of those who still remained at their duty, struck a painful and ineffaceable chill into the beholder, and contrasted sadly enough with the happy, healthy appearance of our own camps. I recollect the *Moniteur's* rather strong comments on our correspondents' letters to their papers on the state of the French army being read one evening aloud in a mess-hut, and the general conclusion arrived at was that the ire of the French paper was assumed, to prevent any more unpleasant disclosures.

How it arose would be, perhaps, difficult to define, but just at this period there was a decided coolness, to use no stronger term, between ourselves and our neighbours the French. The comments and discussions as to the cause of this were very general, and many and various are the causes I have heard assigned. There is no doubt that the French did not understand the bluff, uncompromising English manner, any more than we did the extreme politeness which lays down as a rule that every officer in the French service shall acknowledge another as naturally as he is himself saluted by the soldier. During the dark and gloomy days of the siege this courtesy was never, I am told, neglected by the French officers; but our people went plodding on, each man thinking of his own miseries, and of the few hours of existence which might remain, and gave but little heed to courtesy. The French, however, soon got tired of saluting men who did not return it, and so it was that, during the time I was there, I never saw a French officer take the initiative of politeness, though I am bound to say that the bow was immediately returned when offered. The French soldiers, on their part, when in their cups, were addicted to taunt our men about the Redan, totally forgetting the far more complete repulse which they had themselves sustained at the Little Redan. Whether this feeling would have continued had the armies taken the field and fought once more side by side, time only could have shown, but it became very evident that the sooner the inaction succeeding the siege was put an end to, the better. I have heard officers on the staff ignore this assertion of mine, especially those who had been associated in any way with the French *état-major*, but what I now speak of is the general feeling which existed between the mass of the two armies, and not of occasional acquaintances, for, as I myself found, it was only necessary to enter a French officer's tent and request some refreshment, and I was received, not with mere politeness, but with the kindness of a brother officer.

Much has been said and written relative to the mismanagement and want of ability which directed our attack upon the Redan, but it seems to me that sufficient allowance has scarcely been made for the extremely unfavourable circumstances under which the English assaulted the Redan, compared with the French simultaneous attack upon the Malakhof; and never, before I had crossed the open ground between the British advanced trench and the Redan, and stood upon the crest of the Malakhof, could I estimate the preponderating advantages on the side of our allies. When

the engineers had reported all ready for the assault, the British, owing to the nature of the ground on which they worked, could approach no nearer to their object of attack than two hundred and seventy-five yards, while the French had approached within fifteen yards of the Malakhof. This being considered the most difficult point of attack, and, moreover, a work without the possession of which all the others would have been untenable, it was arranged should be attacked first, in order to give the storming party the chance of a surprise, and that, when a footing had been established, more as a diversion than for any other motive, the British should assault the Redan.

In the mean time, it must be borne in mind that the most awful fire ever directed against a beleaguered city was being showered from the mouths of three hundred pieces of cannon upon the enemy's works. Not a Russian could show his head either in the Malakhof or Redan. Ensnconed behind their traverses they awaited the assault. I have often heard those few hours of inactivity previous to the assault, while the stormers heard the iron shower yelling and shrieking over their heads, described as the most trying moments of the whole war. At noon, the time appointed for the attack, the firing suddenly ceased, and at a single bound the nimble Zouaves crossed the intervening space, and were actually in the work *en masse* before a shot was fired. Up goes the flag, the death doom of so many gallant spirits, and our storming party issue from the trench into the open space. But, in the interval, the alarm of an attack has spread, and, unlike the defenders of the Malakhof, the Russians who hold the Redan are ready to sweep the open as soon as the stormers appear. Too effectually is that performed. Leaving half their number, the assaulting party reach the work, and here, cut to pieces, unsupported and surrounded by thousands rushing in from the Malakhof, they fight their way back foot by foot to the ditch. The repulse, it must be confessed, was complete. I was told by an officer who entered the Redan among the first, that one of the regiments who came out in support captured two Russians, who exclaimed, "Ingliš! Ingliš!" and, throwing up their hands, intimated by the gesture that an explosion awaited them within. There is no doubt that there was a very widespread impression among the troops that the Redan was extensively mined, and that those who stormed the place would never return. This, coupled with the failure of the 18th of June, created a desponding feeling among the men that the work would never be taken; and though, perhaps, British troops, individually, never exhibited more dauntless gallantry than on this occasion, yet it was scarcely sufficient to overcome the foreboding of mishap which seemed to have taken deep root throughout the army. When I visited the place an officer's guard was stationed there, and strong fatigue parties were constantly employed in digging out the guns and shell, some of which were embedded several feet in the earth.

The ground leading to the work, for nearly half a mile, was literally paved with shell, and I had to dismount to prevent my little baggager from tumbling on his nose.

It will be a curious tour a few years hence, for those who have seen the Crimea in the war time, to visit Sevastopol when peace has thoroughly resumed its sway. To ride down the Boulevards last seen strewn with round shot and shell; to attend service in that fine old church, so utterly sacked and dismantled; to hear the clang of the artisan and the bustle of trade resounding in those streets where scarcely a human being was seen,

except the occasional sentry pacing on his dreary post, and where the bursting of a shell or the whiz of a round shot alone broke upon the melancholy silence.

Seldom has war been more seen and felt in a captured city than it was a few months back in the dismal streets of Sevastopol. There one saw the suburban villa with its little portico, the green railing on the dwarf wall, its terraced garden and once pagoda-like summer-house, in which fancy might picture the prosperous merchant reposing after his bustling day, all bearing the marks of the deadly conflict which for eleven long months had raged without. A shell has burst apparently in the very portico and shattered one of the pillars; the same fate has befallen the summer-house, the roof of which has been blown bodily off; the square apertures in the walls alone are left to tell where the windows once were; shell, round shot, and grape, seem to have searched out every nook and crevice. It is, in truth, a city of the dead; and yet, as you stroll down to the harbour's edge, leaving the town behind you, the clear and pellucid waters seem to speak of nought but peace and tranquillity, except when a clear white puff from Constantine or Paul reminds one that the winged messenger of destruction is stalking abroad.

Our friends the Zouaves have very little respect even for the places of worship, for they are turned into the lowest uses. Nothing but the bare walls and roof remained of that magnificent church in the centre of the Boulevards; and, scarred and riddled with shot, they frowned gloomily on you as you rode past. The French appeared very jealous of our entering their side of the town up to the very last. I recollect, on one occasion, going down with Lord —, who had obtained a pass from Marshal Pelissier himself; but the sentries seemed to regard it with no respect whatever, and a stern shake of the head was all the answer they condescended to make. One man in particular was more civil than the rest, and qualified his refusal by remarking that the Russians had been firing heavily all day, and that it would be unsafe to venture on horseback. To this tender admonition we replied that we had no objection to run the risk of a shot. He then changed his tone, and said that our being killed was a matter of no possible consequence, but that it would be a much more serious affair to draw the enemy's fire on the town. There was a large and handsome building, resembling the Madeleine at Paris, which, from its exalted and prominent position, was a favourite mark for our artillery to practise at. No one seemed quite sure as to what it was, but it was generally believed to be the theatre. One day, when riding, we entered the area which surrounded it, notwithstanding the vehement ejaculations of two little sentries, who kept shouting, "*Ah! sacré Dieu! on ne passe pas là!*" until at last they could stand it no longer, and came rushing after us with fixed bayonets, perfectly scarlet with passion, and swearing most lustily. It was very evident they had little respect for the uniform. They are certainly very cool hands on guard, and with their arms slung at their back, and their Franciscan-looking cloaks, with the hood pulled well over their heads, one used to see them reclining in every position, with the never-failing clay pipe. Often have I been unpleasantly startled by the "*C'est défendu!*" of some hidden soldier, for in most cases one never knew where the sound proceeded from. It was very little use arguing with them, or swearing stoutly you were a general of division; they received the first with solemn silence, and the second with an incredulous shake of the head, and "*Cela m'est égal.*"

Perhaps the most melancholy wreck in the town were the remains of the once magnificent docks on the Kamabelnaia (British) side, now a shattered heap of masonry, and bearing little resemblance to the original dock, which had given berth to the fine fleet now sleeping beneath the waters of the harbour—a retribution following speedily on the massacre at Sinope. It served as a subject for serious contemplation to gaze on these shattered masts peeping above the dark waters under the batteries of the Russian forts, and to reflect that there lay all that remained of the impending war-cloud, which had gone on from strength to strength until it well-nigh overwhelmed the Ottoman Empire.

It was a pleasant contrast in every way, after visiting the French camp, to cross over to the adjoining one of our gallant allies the "Sardines," as they were jocularly called, and who for some time were rather grumbled at by the more hard-worked portion of the allied army as being kept hermetically sealed "in their little tin boxes," until they emerged from them to some effect at the battle of Tractir Bridge. The extreme politeness and gentlemanlike demeanour of their officers especially, attracted and won the kind feeling of all who came in contact with them. Several times, when prowling about their camp on the slope of the hill towards Balaklava, I have been addressed by a Sardinian officer, offering to show me anything I wished to see. Their stables were well worth a visit. They are extremely comfortable, being, as well as the huts, constructed with boughs of trees and brushwood. The horses are small, but hard, wiry-looking animals, and apparently just calculated for a campaign like the Crimean, where the greatest possible amount of work on the lightest possible diet was the great desideratum. The men's huts were equally comfortable, and had a picturesque look about them which one looked for in vain in either our own or the French camps. On a fine day every soldier's accoutrements were to be seen, well cleaned, hanging at the door of his domicile. They are indeed a fine little army, and do infinite credit to the nation who sent them forth to battle in the cause of European freedom.

The weather, having very much improved of late, gave us some encouragement to make an expedition to Baidar, a trip which we had looked forward to for some time, but which seemed out of the question as long as the snow-storms and cutting winds lasted. One fine frosty morning we freighted a mule-cart with "grab" of various descriptions, and a few extra coats, in case the weather should prove fickle, and, despatching it on early in the morning, prepared to follow it at the very reasonable hour of eight A.M. The sun was shining brightly as we rode down Cathcart's Hill and struck off across the Woronzoff-road to the right, dodging among the white tents and huts until we found ourselves on the ridge overlooking the plain of Balaklava. Immediately before us, and extending in a line across the valley, were the redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3, successively taken by the enemy from the Turks on the 25th of October, 1854. On the extreme right lay, encircled by hills, the town and harbour of Balaklava; to the left front circling the hill, at the base of which the light brigade charged, were the white tents of the French, and farther on was the Sardinian camp. We descended by a scrambling path into the plain of Balaklava, and put our horses into a rattling gallop across it, which brought us to the base of the French position, overlooking the battle-ground of the Tchernaya. Riding through the camp, we came upon a narrow gorge between two dwarf hills, and here it was that the hottest part of the fight was contested. Turning off to the left,

through the gorge, we rode up to the antique bridge, scarred with many a shot. It was here that the enemy made a last stand, and here the most sanguinary carnage took place.

Though it was rather out of our way to Baidar, we resolved to visit the once picturesque and still wild and interesting village of Tchorgoun, which lay in the centre of a range of hills on the extremity of the Sardinian position. To do this, it was necessary to cross the Tobernaya, which at that season, swelled with recent rains, and, moreover, under the fire of the Inkerman batteries, was no easy task. There were several French Chasseurs more than half across, in the act of watering their horses, so we thought we might venture the other half. In we dashed. We had got to the deepest and swiftest part of the stream, when some kind friend behind exclaims, "By Jove! the enemy are opening on us." We did not spare the spur, but it was as much as our horses could do to keep their legs, much less increase their pace, and we soon, with anything but pleasant feelings, perceived a round shot tear up the ground at about eighty yards from us, with the unpleasant reflection that the next might have a better direction. We, however, gained the opposite bank, and, once fairly in a gallop, our blood began to warm, notwithstanding another bad shot on the part of the Russkies. As we advanced into the open, I heard one of our party, evidently ambitious of tasting cold iron, observe, "Why the devil don't they fire?"

Another half-hour's riding, or rather scrambling, over wood-clad hills, on the precipitous sides of which no living quadruped, saving and except a Turkish "baggager," could, I believe, keep his footing, brought us to a defile once the site of a Russian encampment, at the end of which lay the village of Tchorgoun, a halting-place of our army on the march from the Alma. It was then a flourishing little hamlet, with a romantic old castle and tall cypresses, and, embosomed in surrounding hills, formed as pretty a picture as the pencil of an artist could desire. War had, however, told its tale upon Tchorgoun, as well as on its more important neighbour, Sevastopol. Blackened and shattered houses, stumps of the once stately cypresses, long since cut down for firewood, and a dismantled castle, were all that remained of the original Tartar village. While cogitating on the scene before us, and proceeding to explore the ruined castle, our reveries were interrupted by considerable shouting on our right, and, on turning towards the point from which the disturbance proceeded, we discovered that we had passed a Sardinian outpost on an eminence overlooking Tchorgoun, and were unpleasantly aware of two small personages in green coats and with feathers in their caps, one of whom was deliberately covering us with his rifle, while his companion was shouting at the top of his voice, as if wishing to give us a chance before his comrade fired. So pressing a demand we could not but comply with, and accordingly approached our new acquaintance, who, however, sturdily kept his piece levelled straight at us. In spite of Colonel ——'s best Italian, saying that we had not the smallest idea of going over to the Russians, we were ordered to retrace our steps under the *surveillance* of one of the sentries, who saw us safe within the French boundary. B—— was furious at this *contretemps*, the more so as he declared that the little devil would have shot us to a certainty; but R—— passed it off facetiously, remarking that these d—d fellows were accustomed to *potting*; a joke which we were not in the humour to see the fun of. Notwithstanding our various dangers from friends and enemies, we eventually found ourselves in the Woronzoff-road, *en route* to Baidar.

Cut for many miles out of the solid rock, and with a precipice of some hundred feet on the one side, and a mountainous range clothed to the summit with foliage on the other, the road passes through scenery unsurpassed by any in Europe. The road was originally made by Prince Woronzoff, when governor of the Crimea, as a means of communication between his palace and Sevastopol. It is in some places a very respectable thoroughfare. The beautiful mansion to which it leads has been utterly gutted. It was left just as it stood, with its libraries and furniture, even to the very piano in the drawing-room. Our allies and our own army, however, took care not to leave too much for the owner when peace should restore him his property. There is a story of several Frenchmen who had been for some time chasing a grey goose upon this spot, when it took to the water, but the bad luck of the bird brought him within range of an English officer, who was also on the prowl, gun in hand. The Englishman soon brought him down, and proceeded to possess himself of his lawful conquest, when the Frenchmen came up vociferating loudly, and claiming the bird, as they declared they saw him first, and had been hunting him for the last hour. The British officer, of course, strongly remonstrated, and ill consequences might have arisen, but it was referred to the senior English officer on the spot, who, I suppose, sacrificing everything to the *entente cordiale*, decided against his countryman, much to the satisfaction, and I should think amusement, of the French.

Before entering the range of hills, we see at some distance above us, to the right, the camp of the Highland division at Kamara, with hills rising around it on the south, east, and west. "There," said Colonel —, as he pointed out the camp, "lay the lucky dogs of the army who have come in for a good slice of renown, and comparatively little work to do for it. Lord Raglan's remark to Sir Colin Campbell, that the division had been laid up all the winter at Balaklava in lavender, was not unapt; but Sir Colin did not quite seem to relish the remark, for the story goes that he replied that if his lordship was to inspect his breeches he would not suspect them of having been in lavender; and as for the charge at Balaklava and the 'thin red line of steel,'" continued Colonel —, "it was a pretty piece of writing, and was an apt *finale* to a brilliant article, but those who knew Sir Colin Campbell would scarcely credit that so experienced an officer would treat with such dangerous contempt cavalry whom he had never before encountered in the field, nor have neglected so simple a measure for the preservation of his force as forming four deep when the enemy advanced; the real fact is, that the Russian cavalry never came near enough to render the movement necessary, but retired at the first volley."

It was evident that the reputation which the Highlanders had certainly rather cheaply acquired, was a "raw" with the gallant officer who had won his medal by eleven months roughing it in the trenches.

Our road thenceforward seemed to lie through a mountain garden. How a botanist would have revelled among the varied ferns and wild heathers which sprang up amid the rocks above and below our path! Here and there, looking down the precipice, we saw skeletons of horses or camels, many with their accoutrements still rotting on the carcases, who had probably during the snow storms missed their paths, and perished in the abyss. At some distance farther we came upon a ruined church, one of the French outposts, and also serving as a canteen. A *cantinière* was standing at the side of her pony, and giving a French soldier some drink out of a sort of bucket slung over her shoulder. We saluted her as

we rode past, to which she politely replied by a pretty little wave of her whip, and a gesture to come and partake of her flask, which invitation, after our ride and coming from a young and pretty woman, we were not loth to accept of. Barring the beard, she had a thorough Crimean appearance. She was much browned from continued exposure, and her dark blue jacket bore evidences of campaigning. Her dark hair was bound up in heavy masses, which appeared struggling to escape from the little cap set jauntily on one side, and notwithstanding her youthful and feminine appearance, there was a twinkle in her dark eye which seemed to say that she could take very good care of herself in any circumstances. In answer to our inquiries, she said that she came out very shortly after Inkerman, and had remained ever since. She spoke very vividly of the horrors of Tractir Bridge, and said that she was five hours on the field after the fight had concluded. She appeared to have no particular yearning for home, but seemed quite satisfied with the campaign as long as the canteen lasted. In company with her two comrades she rode some distance on with us, and I have seldom met with a more sociable or chatty young lady. We parted with expressions of regret on both sides, and many entreaties on ours that she would honour our dinner with her presence; which she declined, to our disappointment.

I had rather a curiosity to inspect a Tartar homestead, and so dismounted at a cottage under the excuse of getting a light for my pipe. The father of the family was smoking over some expiring embers, and a young girl near him, whom I should have taken for his daughter, had it not been for the disparity of age between herself and the little brats who were around her. The man rose when we entered, but she did not move, and only acknowledged us by a sort of nod. They had fine features, and dark hair and eyes, and would have been handsome had it not been for an undefinable heaviness of expression, which is the chief characteristic of almost every Tartar countenance. It appears to lay in the eye more than any other feature. They are very dark, but heavy and expressionless, and scarcely ever lighten with a smile or animation of any sort. The males wear the peculiar cap of the country, a high round one of black wool, and it was curious to see the youthful scions of the family in these caps, which at first struck one as a shaggy head of dark curly hair. I presented a half-crown, which was received, after sundry looks of doubt and curiosity, with apparent gratitude. We came in sight of the river and village of Baidar at about two o'clock in the afternoon, the former looking like a speckled snake curling at the base of the hill, the village standing out of the luxuriant green pasture-land which intervened, dotted with the yellow flower peculiar to Crimean soil, and refreshing to the eye so long accustomed to the barren plateau. We jogged on at a canter, a misgiving crossing our minds about the provision-cart, which happily was not realised, as at the turn of the hill we saw a speck on before us which set our minds at rest. Near Baidar we encountered a very drunken Frenchman, who appeared, by his gesticulations and vehement *sacrés*, to have a considerable difference of opinion with the mule he bestrode as to the pace they wished to go. As we cantered past, his mule brightened up and kept up with us, much to the delight of "bono Francis;" when, however, we drew rein, his obstinate beast stopped also, which was too much for the drunken mood of our friend to submit to, and he accordingly rode forward and proceeded to remonstrate on the

mistake of not keeping up our pace. Incensed at our not quite agreeing with his view of the case, and more so at our evident amusement, he selected me as his butt, and, riding up, growled in a voice hoarse with drink and anger, "Ah! sacré cochon! No bono Anglais! No bono Redan!"

We were more amused than inclined to quarrel with our tipsy ally, and fortunately meeting a French corporal, we consigned him to his care. Our provision-cart was unloading at the trysting-place, a clump of cypresses to the right of the road, and glad enough we were to picket our horses, having previously eased them of their saddles, which we converted into camp-stools, and proceeded to do justice to the salt beef and hard-boiled eggs with a zest such as a wild life only gives. Merrily did the horn-cup circle that fine afternoon, and far preferable was that dinner of herbs to the stalled ox, which I have often, both before and since, partaken of in more luxurious regions, aye, and even with fairer companions at my side. Many was the story which oozed out of the past campaign; many the kind remembrance, the word of warm feeling for the departed friend who slept a warrior's last sleep on the wilds of the plateau; and there were reminiscences of the dark, dreary siege-times, when the boldest felt their spirits droop a while, sweetened by the quiet repose of the present time. Tongues seemed suddenly untied, the *veritas vini* came out, and one sat and wondered to hear how —, who was continually mentioned in despatches, was anything but a hero, while the unlucky D—, who still held the exalted rank of a captain of foot, had remained at his duty during the whole siege, and had been foremost in every brave encounter, had received no brevet, no congratulatory addresses, but merely his Crimean medal and its four bars, with its killed warrior and his goddess on the one side, and her most gracious Majesty's effigy on the other. As story succeeded story and mingled with school-boy recollections; it was difficult to realise the fact that an enterprising foe lay within a short distance—who could say how short?—of that secluded spot; that it was far from impossible that a party of prowling Cossacks might form an uninvited addition to our party; and, more from prudence than from weariness, as the day waned apace, we remounted our horses, and slowly wended our way back to the camp. Our gallant little ponies, as we galloped across the heavy ground on the plain of Balaklava, scarcely showed the effects of a forty-four miles' ride. We were far more susceptible of fatigue than they seemed to be, and felt very glad to forego the nightly rubber, and turn in as soon as possible. Talking of Cossacks brings to my mind a story told of three officers of our cavalry, who, disobeying the strict order that no officer should leave his camp without his sword, one day took a long ride in the direction of the Baidar. At a wild part of the mountain road they were somewhat unpleasantly surprised by observing a little Cossack, who, mounted on his shaggy little pony, and lance in hand, was evidently keeping a "weather eye" upon their movements. Under any other circumstances he would have been looked upon as a very contemptible foe, but our friends had no other weapons than their riding-whips, and consequently a dignified retrograde movement seemed the only alternative to being summarily spitted. When, however, they showed signs of retiring, their attentive foe advanced, and the distance between them began rapidly to decrease. The Cossack, I suppose, seeing how matters were, turned their retreat into a rather undignified

flight, and for a considerable distance three English dragoons were pursued at full speed by the diminutive little soldier of the Don, lance in rest, and prepared to stick them at the shortest notice. I should imagine they were scarcely rash enough to venture abroad again without offensive weapons of some sort.

My stay in the Crimea was now drawing to a close. Rumours of peace were every day more rife, and though there were many ardent soldiers and young aspirants who expressed great discontent at the inglorious termination of the war, the majority were sighing after home, and did not look forward to a coming campaign with any great satisfaction.

There was a wide-spread feeling of dissatisfaction at the way in which honours, decorations, and promotion had been distributed, and many a bronzed campaigner, who had done his work right well, with scarcely a word of recognition, looked forward with no very exalted hopes to another period of unrewarded exertion.

There is a system, which has been adopted in a limited degree in the distribution of some of the decorations given by the Emperor of the French, which it is generally allowed would work well if acted upon in all cases of the sort, and would go far to undermine the system of rewards by favouritism which has been so long the bugbear of the army.

It is this: that after a general action or any other military operation, when promotion and decorations are to be bestowed, each officer, non-commissioned officer, and soldier, should be selected by the suffrages of the class to which he belongs as most worthy of the reward; for who can be such good judges of the individual merits of a man as those who have served with him under fire and in the thickest of the fight; who have seen and experienced how the ready thought and quick decision have turned the tide of contest; who have seen how the wounded soldier refused to be carried to the rear, and still unflinchingly fought by his colours; who have heard the rallying voice, and seen the waving sword inspiring all around with fresh confidence, or making the last stand on the hostile battery? These are the men whose deeds should be chronicled by rewards, and not the aide-de-camp who is sent to the rear to hasten up supports, or the senior of his rank whose merits consist in having succeeded to a temporary command in action. It may be urged, that if this system were adopted, that popularity or the reverse would have weight in such a distribution; but I do not in the least think so. I could name a most unpopular commanding officer, though a very good soldier, whose merits being overlooked, was made a cause of complaint, not only in his own regiment, but throughout the brigade he served in.

As rumours of peace multiplied, the prices of horses and other commodities fell. A pony at Balaklava, for which, when I landed, twenty pounds was demanded, on the report of a *corps d'armée* being sent into Asia under Sir W. Eyre, rose to thirty-five, and fell to twelve when the Parisian conference was reported, and for this sum he finally sold.

At length the day for my departure arrived, and after many a friendly farewell I mounted my pony in the teeth of a desperate gale, and started for Balaklava. I had previously an order from the quartermaster-general for a passage in a steamer then lying in the harbour, and immediately proceeded on board, but the violence of the gale blowing

right into Balaklava, prevented our putting to sea, and as it continued a good part of the next day, and we had a considerable number of sick and wounded on board, it was decided that we should not sail for another thirty-six hours. Several of us never having been to the monastery of St. George, we determined to take the opportunity of being wind-bound to explore it, and we set off on a Sunday afternoon, about two o'clock, in a boat, landing in Leander Bay, and taking a direct line across the hills. For about the first mile and a half the country seemed one vast vineyard, though untilled and uncared-for for the last eighteen months. Some way farther on, at the other side of the hill, we passed through the village of Karayni, at one time the cavalry head-quarters, and possessing a church and some few houses, of which the only habitable ones were used by the Land Transport Corps and a few Turks. The church had fared no better than the other buildings, and was utterly gutted, the altar-piece only being left standing, and an old cross, on which was a Greek inscription, which, as far as I could make out, was *ὁ ἀγῶν. φτ. μαχη. Βαβτ. . . . χορε.* And here I may remark, that among the numerous tombstones in Balaklava and its vicinity, I did not see one that was respected, or had been protected from disfigurement or destruction. Many were quite destroyed in making the railroad. None of those in the churchyard at Karayni were intact, and several on the slope of the hill, towards Balaklava, were shattered and disfigured; a square one in particular, near to which an officer of the artillery is buried, whose name I now forget, is almost entirely destroyed. I trust that the memorials of our own countrymen, who sleep uncoffined on Cathcart's Hill, with "their martial cloaks around them," may receive better treatment at the hands of our former enemies.

We continued our route on the southern slope of the hill, and from this to the monastery the road was literally strewn in one long thoroughfare with the bodies of horses, camels, mules, and donkeys who had sunk under their burdens. Perhaps there were few mute evidences of the war that spoke more strongly than did the bodies of these wretched animals, drawing as they did a picture of the continued starvation and overwork which overpowered the enduring camel and the wiry little Varna pony, and made them sink to rise no more on the dreary plain. In one spot in particular I saw four or five Turks who had dug a pit, around which I counted the bodies of forty-seven horses alone, and into which, I imagine, they intended to throw them, though their idle attitude and the perpetual chibouque did not show any symptoms of immediately executing their purpose. After a walk of seven miles we arrived at the monastery—a long white building, with a curious-looking old chapel on the plateau side. Walking through a sort of alley, I was quite taken aback with the charming little view which presented itself. A gravelled walk rose immediately before the building, bounded by a low railing overlooking the sea. The intervening space was a series of paths and terraces, with wild flowers and herbs of every description; and at the bottom was a shelving beach, along which were stretched numbers of convalescents of both armies, enjoying the *dolce far niente* to perfection. The subsiding gale left a considerable swell, and the waves kept dashing furiously on the beach, their white foam playing in the evening sunshine. It was altogether a sweet spot, singularly well adapted for the sick or wounded soldier during the campaign, and a delightful interregnum of ease and comfort before he returned to the

dismal trenches. Indeed, it is pretty roundly asserted that it was a sort of refuge for many a shirker in those dark times. We met Miss W——, one of the lady nurses, a very motherly person, extremely popular both with officers and men; she came cantering up on her little pony with an officer's wife who resided at the monastery. The chapel is a curious grotto-looking place. With its dark, antique-looking pillars, one might almost fancy oneself in the ancient vaults of the Inquisition. I made my bow to two of the Russian monks who were *détenus* there during the war. They seemed well contented with their lot, and expressed no very great interest in the changes of affairs. We could not accept any of the various offers of entertainment lavished upon us with true Crimean hospitality, and, as the sun was gradually sinking into the Black Sea, we turned our steps homewards.

It was nearly dark before we reached the hill overlooking Balaklava, when, in the gloaming, we suddenly came upon two enormous wild dogs, who very strongly resembled the Canadian wolf, feasting upon the dead body of a horse. One was so engaged that he did not see us, his head being completely hidden in the horse's carcase; the other gave a growl and bounded forward, crouching on the earth, his head resting on his paws, and his little deep-set eyes glaring most offensively at us. To retreat would have been to invite pursuit; so, taking the initiative of combat, I rushed forward, waving a stout walking-stick over my head and giving a loud whoop. For a moment the beast held his ground, but the next they both turned and scampered off at a pace defying pursuit. They are most magnificent animals. I know no sort of dog in this country to compare with them. One, the male, I conclude, was marked with black across his back, while the belly and legs were of a yellowish colour; the female was nearly all yellow. They have beautiful heads and powerful loins, and appear well adapted in every way for sporting. I think, if a few were to be brought over to this country, a very good cross with a setter might be obtained. They are said to be fierce and untractable even if reared up from puppies.

We reached Leander Creek late in the evening, and, after hallooing for about half an hour, got a boat to put us on board the steamer. I turned into bed, and woke to find myself gradually moving towards the mouth of Balaklava harbour, and once more *en route* to Old England. Every one crowds upon deck to catch a last look at each well-known spot, and the fast receding castle and hospital as they disappear over the dark waters. Odds are laid freely that they will never see Balaklava again, and these anticipations have since been happily realised. Nevertheless, there will be few more interesting excursions for the "roving Englishman" than to visit the Crimean peninsula, to stand on the ridge of Inkerman, immortalised as the ground where two nations, so long foes, fought as brothers side by side, and, while gazing from the remains of the Malakhof on Sevastopol, to pray that the firm alliance which eventually delivered the Crimean capital into our hands, may be perpetual, and that its united strength may be ever exercised in the cause of freedom.

THE JOINT-STOCK BANKER.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XVII.

FINAL PREPARATIONS.

THE shock which Léonie had experienced did not pass away with the moment that gave it birth. The more she reflected on the sacrifice she was called upon to make, on the character of the man whom she had tacitly consented to marry, the gloomier seemed the future, the darker his character. Pale, silent, and restless, she was no longer her former self: she trembled every time the door opened, lest Mr. Powell Jones should appear; and if her purpose could have been accomplished by flight, she would not have remained another hour beneath his roof, though she threw herself upon the world to beg her bread. But not to fulfil to the letter the compact into which she had entered, would have left her father's position unaltered, and it was solely to save him that she had ventured so deeply.

Oppressed by the weight of an evil from which she saw no means of escape, Léonie's health began to fail, and her nervousness increased to such a degree that Madame Rodeck, who watched her every movement, under cover of affecting the sincerest interest in her welfare, thought it necessary to interfere. She guessed, rightly enough, that as long as Léonie remained at Wessex House, the interests of Mr. Powell Jones would not be very materially advanced, and this opinion, after Léonie had kept her room for three days, she expressed to her pseudo cousin, proposing to him that she should take her and Madame Brochart into the country,—not to Château Belmont, for the reasons already given, but to some quieter and more accessible place, where the Joint Stock Banker could present himself when Léonie's nerves had recovered somewhat of their tone. Mr. Powell Jones mused over this proposition for a minute or two, and then agreed to it, naming the sea-side on the coast of Kent as the locality he should prefer.

It was with tears of joy—the first time for many a day they had flowed from such a source—that Léonie listened to the plan, and moved by gratitude towards Madame Rodeck, she forgot all the repugnance to that lady which she had originally experienced. To leave London was to free herself—at all events for a time, brief though it might be—from the presence of the person whom she dreaded most; to go to the sea seemed drawing nearer to her father, who, Madame Rodeck told her, would shortly rejoin her. There was but one regret which arose to mar this arrangement. In her distress, Léonie's thoughts had more than once reverted to Herbert Vaughan, in whom she felt she had more than a common friend, but his absence had precluded the possibility of appealing to

him for advice. Monsieur Lepage, engrossed by his own affairs, had never mentioned the connexion with Mr. Powell Jones which Herbert had adverted to when the Inventor discoursed of his patron, and Léonie remained perfectly ignorant that any such connexion existed. She knew not when he was expected again in town, but a secret hope suggested that he might, perhaps, call at the lodging in Greek-street when he did arrive, and she resolved to take the chance of leaving a letter for him there, in the care of Mrs. Wilmer, the person of the house, who had always treated her very kindly, for, besides a personal liking for the young and beautiful French girl, she was aware that the rent so punctually paid was the fruit of Léonie's unaided exertions.

"Forgive, sir," she wrote, "that I importune you with words of sorrow. To write to you at all I should not dare, if my grief had not been great. Strange circumstances have caused much change in my situation—in that of my father—since the day I was" (the pen was run through the two last words, and "we were" substituted) "so happy to see you last. A cruel embarrassment, of which I cannot more clearly speak, obliges me to leave London, and already my father is in France, but quickly, I hope, to return;—ah! he would not have gone if the present he could foresee. I do not know why I thus address you, or what it is I desire to ask, but you have shown interest in the poverty of my father (who now is going to be rich again), that makes me consider you his friend. Never would he accept of favours—even of liberty—if he knew the price his daughter pay for it. Ah! sir, there is my great infortune; but, for it, where is the remedy? It is that which I desire to learn! Pardon, sir, that I trouble you, but I could not go away without offering thanks for your kindness.

"L. L.

"My aunt would charge me with compliments, but I do not disclose to her that I write."

This letter, which, it must be confessed, did not throw much light on her actual situation—though a lover might have divined its meaning—was taken by Léonie herself to Greek-street. Mrs. Wilmer noticed Léonie's altered appearance, and asked after her health with some solicitude.

"I hope, miss," she said, "you're not fretting about Musseer Lepage. What with his handiness I'm sure he'll do wherever he goes. It's hard for to be in a strange country when one's parent ain't there, only you mustn't take on about it; Musseer Lepage can't come to no harm. But this London air don't agree with you. Seldom does with foreigners. Yet you was always well and rosy when you was staying in this house. Maybe it's the change of living and late hours as has took away your bloom."

Mrs. Wilmer's bald, disjointed chat might have trickled on for ever, if Léonie had not stopped her.

"Perhaps, madame, you are in the right. London is not very healthful for me or too agreeable now, and because I leave it it is that I am here. I go from London to-morrow."

"But your aunt, miss, and the little dog?"

"Oh, yes," replied Léonie, faintly smiling, "my aunt and Azor accompany me, and the lady who invite us from your house. We go to the sea-side, where I wait till my father come."

"Ah! the sea air will do you good. Whenever I want a change——"

"But, madame, pardon me. I have so little time to speak with you. The motive, besides to say adieu, for which I come, is to ask of you a favour."

"I'm sure, miss, I shall be happy to do anything I can to serve you."

"Here then, madame, is a letter. The object of it is very serious. I wish it to be placed in the hands of—of—of—the gentleman,—you may remember him,—a tall gentleman,—not old—who call one time upon my father. I think perhaps he shall come here again. Should that not be, then you will kindly keep it till I ask it again."

If Léonie had not looked so sad Mrs. Wilmer might have ventured on something jocose respecting the "tall gentleman" who was "not old," but perceiving that the tears were standing in her eyes while she spoke, she merely replied that she perfectly remembered the visitor, and would not fail, if he called, to deliver the letter. Léonie then took leave, with a heart somewhat lightened, and Mrs. Wilmer was left to meditate on the nature of the communication which had been entrusted to her charge. Of course she put a woman's interpretation upon it. "Poor thing," she said, as she looked after Léonie from the door, "I see now what's the matter. 'Tisn't the air of London nor nothing of the sort. She's not happy in her love. A fine, handsome gentleman, too, as ever I saw!"

On the following day, Madame Rodeck and her "sweet young friend," as she delighted to call Léonie, together with Madame Brochart, the inseparable Azor, Miss Wilkins, the lady's maid, and one or two other servants, took their departure from Wessex House. Mr. Powell Jones had been most obsequiously attentive to Léonie, endeavouring by all the means in his power to obliterate from her recollection those antecedents which had impressed her so unfavourably; and, as an earnest of the good faith with which he acted, gave her at the last moment a letter, which, he said, he had only received that morning from Monsieur Lepage. It told her, with reiterated blessings invoked on the head of "his benefactor"—words which sent a sudden chill to Léonie's heart—that the difficulty in which he had been involved with his creditor was now entirely removed; that the money which he had received from Mr. Powell Jones had not only set him free, but had enabled him to obtain the ear of certain official personages whose assistance would greatly advance the success of his project; it told her that he was once more happy—it hinted mysteriously at *something which would give him the greatest satisfaction* when he returned to England, and then it ended with eulogy of the man who had befriended him, so strongly worded that Léonie could scarcely fail to perceive that her father was pleading while he praised. The imitation of Monsieur Lepage's writing was as well executed on this as on the former occasion, but the Joint-Stock Banker's desire to stand well with Léonie had carried him beyond his mark; and it was in vain that she tried to reconcile phrases almost servile in the expression of her father's gratitude with the manly independence which had always been so marked a feature in his character. Admitting all the circumstances under which the letter was written, its tone was painfully perplexing; her father's hand was there, but were those her father's thoughts? Yet the doubt by which she was troubled was too vague and indefinite to lead her to any conclu-

sion save this—that she was still supremely unhappy; and when Mr. Powell Jones pressed her passive hand on parting, and whispered his hope of seeing her “a changed person” in the course of a few days, it was all she could do to preserve the forced composure beneath which her real feelings were shrouded. Madame Brochart, however, made up for Léonie’s coldness; she was, as usual, all smiles and affability, having made an excellent breakfast, and carrying in her hand a small basket (which no consideration could induce her to part with) that held a very substantial luncheon.

“That old woman,” muttered Mr. Powell Jones, “won’t be got rid of, I’m afraid. Well, I must leave her to Martha.”

Left to himself once more, the Joint-Stock Banker had now to consider his own immediate course. He was aware that an uneasy feeling had begun to show itself in the City with respect to the Companies which he had pushed so far. As many of the “Royal Scandinavians” as the market would bear were already in circulation, and Ephraim Broadcast and others—his brother-in-law, Mr. Vaughan, included—held more, that might be let loose at any moment. The “Central Africans” also had run up—like a bean-stalk—as high as they could ever be expected to reach, and sellers on ‘Change began to be more frequent than buyers.

“Here’s an article,” said Mr. Powell Jones, taking up the *Times*, “that would do me more damage than I care to think of, if I waited to witness its effect. I see by its tone, though no particular speculation is named, that the ‘Central African’ won’t be long before it gets a hard rap. Those fellows always hit the right nail on the head. When once they have a good subject, they never leave it till it is thoroughly exhausted and their end accomplished. I must be jogging, as the Scotch say, ‘while my boots are green.’”

A note which was brought in while he was laying down the paper, tended not a little to confirm this opinion. It was signed “H. C.,” and ran as follows: “His case is more rapid than I expected. I don’t think he can live over to-day. I will call on you this evening at eight.”

Mr. Powell Jones rang the bell and sent for his butler. “I dine at the Club,” he said, “to-day; but place the dessert in the library, with some of the ’34 Port, at a quarter to eight. Mr. Coltsfoot is coming.”

Out of doors, in the course of the day, Mr. Powell Jones ascertained that there was more than one feverish pulse in the share market. People said they didn’t know what the *Times* was driving at;—there was something in the wind, they were sure;—what did *he* think of it? Mr. Powell Jones replied with a smile and tapped his breeches pocket, as much as to say that he was safe, let what would happen. But he has extended his walk nevertheless, and penetrated the dim regions of the City as far as Fog-alley, where, in one obscure tavern into which he entered, as if the place were quite familiar to him, he found a rough seafaring man smoking his pipe alone in the parlour, with a large silver watch, like the segment of a six-pounder, lying on the table before him.

“Five minutes more,” said the sailor, “and I should have been gone for the rest of the day.”

“I’m lucky, then,” replied Mr. Powell Jones. “For the rest of the day you will have to be occupied on my account. Get the crew on board this afternoon, up with your steam at daylight to-morrow, and take the

Goshawk round to Ramsgate. As soon as you get there call for a letter at the post-office, and repeat the visit twice a day till you receive one. Here is some money."

He put a bank-note in the man's hand, nodded at him, received a nod—with a supplementary wink—in return, and then walked out of the parlour of the Blue Anchor.

At "The Regenerator" that afternoon he had a word to say to every man he met in the Atrium. To one he made a shrewd suggestion, to another he gave a word of advice, a third he gladdened by telling him that he had spoken of him in a certain quarter—and half a dozen of the *élite* of the club men were made happy by an invitation to dine with him that day week at Richmond. He then sat down to his solitary cutlet, carefully looked over the evening papers, and returned to Wessex House about five minutes before the arrival of Mr. Coltsfoot.

In spite of his habitual self-command, the impassive man felt his heart beat quicker as the surgeon entered the room. He motioned to him to take a seat, poured out two bumpers of port in large claret glasses, drank off one himself, and then, falling back in his easy-chair, uttered the monosyllable, "Well?"

Mr. Coltsfoot raised his glass to his lips, emptied it at one turn of his wrist, and, as he set it down, answered as briefly, "Gone!"

"The devil!" said the Joint-Stock Banker. "That's sharp work. But you won't catch me napping."

"I thought not," returned Mr. Coltsfoot, "if I gave you a hint in time."

"When did he die?"

"At ten minutes past seven."

"I was at dinner then, at 'The Regenerator.'"

"For the last time, I suppose."

"Not at all. I mean to dine there again to-morrow. I shall have a good deal to do in the course of the day, but that is a part of the programme. What arrangements have you made?"

"I am to give the woman the sum I promised her, this evening, and to-morrow night, at ten o'clock, the subject will be handed over to me. I shall have a cab ready, I know the driver—and *he knows me*,—and then we are under your orders."

"Very good. Now then where to deposit the body. Some spot, lonely at night, but likely to be visited in the morning. Would Primrose-hill do?"

"No. That's too near. Besides, the cab can't get close enough up, on account of the palisades."

"What do you say then to Hampstead-heath?"

"The very place. There are roads across it in every direction. If no early bird makes the discovery, the Sunday folks, keeping holiday, are sure to do so."

"I know that part very well," said the Joint-Stock Banker; "so do you, I think."

Mr. Coltsfoot replied that he did.

"I'll meet you there at eleven o'clock at the first milestone on the Finchley-road, just beyond a house called 'The North Star,' built for a tavern, but not occupied."

"I remember it."

"Before you go this evening—in fact, you may as well do it now—I must get you to write an order on some chemist, in professional language, for a bottle of the right sort of stuff."

"Acidum hydrocyanicum," said Mr. Coltsfoot, with a grin. "Powerful odour, instantaneous detection. No mistake in that. Save the fools a world of speculation."

"Prussic acid be it, with all my heart," replied Mr. Powell Jones, laughing in his turn.

"There is another thing necessary," observed Mr. Coltsfoot. "I shall have to dress the body before I remove it. You must make me up a bundle of clothes, linen marked, coat and waistcoat, and so forth, which you are in the habit of wearing, everything that will assist identification; a card also in a pocket-book or spare case will make recognition certain."

"You shall have them," said the Joint-Stock Banker; "and this I suppose is all we have to settle?"

"All," replied Mr. Coltsfoot,—"all but one small matter. As we are not likely to meet again—except once—on this side the grave, the balance of our little account would not be disagreeable. You see I haven't put you to the expense of the *extra* we talked of. Nature has stood your friend."

The unholy bargain was then and there sealed, and Mr. Coltsfoot, with a heavy bundle concealed beneath his cloak, stole away that night from Wessex House five hundred and some odd pounds richer than when he entered it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DEED DONE.

THE Joint-Stock Banker rose early on the day that was to be his last in London, for he had a great deal to do before the sun went down.

At no time familiar with those about him, unless they were in his secrets, he was this morning more reserved than usual, and only spoke in monosyllables to his servants. At breakfast he sent everything away untouched except a single cup of coffee, of which he took only a small quantity, and when his butler inquired if he were not well, he gave him an angry look, and muttered something which the man could not distinctly hear. In the Bank, where he made his appearance according to custom, a degree of irritability was perceptible in his manner, the orders he gave were contradictory, and the clerks felt one and all persuaded that "something had gone wrong with the governor," but what it was they tried in vain to discover, for the business transactions of the day indicated nothing unusual. After occupying himself for a couple of hours "in a restless sort of way," as the clerks remarked to each other, Mr. Powell Jones withdrew to his private apartments, from whence he presently sent a message for Mr. Rigby Nicks, the manager, to attend him.

If the aforesaid clerks were surprised at the apparent flightiness of their principal in their presence, they would have been still more so had they witnessed the perfectly calm, collected, business-like manner in

which he discussed, when alone with Mr. Rigby Nicks, all the concerns of the Joint-Stock Bank of Central Africa. That gentleman was much too closely allied to his schemes to admit of any concealment being practised with him, and, accordingly, in his conversation there was no reserve. The principal subject under discussion on the present occasion, was the amount of the cash balance down stairs, and the best mode of withdrawing as large a part of it as could be effected, without exciting the suspicions of the head cashier. It was hard to leave anything in the till, but appearances must be kept up to the last, and a certain sum was, therefore, left untouched; an order for the rest, officially signed and countersigned, was drawn up, ostensibly for the purpose of investment, but in reality for mutual division when they met at a later hour.

"Which way shall you go, Rigby?" asked Mr. Powell Jones, when this point was arranged. "I, you know, as soon as I have picked up my freight, am for the nearest port in Sweden."

"I have been thinking over the matter," replied Rigby Nicks, "and have made up my mind now to go at all."

"How do you mean?"

"I intend to stand the racket. The experience I have about things of this sort satisfies me that I can fight my way through the smash without coming to harm. The affairs of the bank are in such a devil of a mess, that I defy the best accountant in London to put them in order. We shall go into the *Gazette*, of course; there will be examination after examination in the Court of Bankruptcy, with no result; and the end of it all will be an order to wind up without a dividend."

"And the criminal part of the transaction?"

"Oh, that will fall upon you. A sufficient motive for 'the rash act,'—as the newspapers will call the remarkable dodge you are about to put in practice. I—as you are aware—always acted under your orders."

Very pleasant was the mirth which followed this abstract account of future proceedings, but with a grave face Mr. Rigby Nicks went back to cheat his cashier, and with one still graver, though nobody now was by, Mr. Powell Jones sat down to write repentant, self-accusing, despairing letters to his most intimate friends. The following, which he addressed to his brother-in-law, may serve as a specimen of the rest:

"WESSER HOUSE, Saturday.

"MY DEAR VAUGHAN,—With a heavy heart, with dim eyes and a faltering hand, I write these lines—the last I shall ever pen. Long before this reaches you the mortal career of Meredyth Powell Jones will be run. Yes, Vaughan, I have resolved to take the only step that can release me from the embarrassments by which I am overwhelmed. This night, with my own hand, I place the barrier of the grave between the world and my wretched self. I dare not think of the name I shall leave behind, but if a friend remains to one so guilty, let him—if you, Vaughan, are the man, I beseech you—be compassionately silent. Yet was not all evil in my intention. I laboured principally, it is true, for my own personal advantage; but I would have served others also by the means I took to enrich myself. I grieve to tell you that the proceeds of the Central African shares are all absorbed,—all within a very trifle

with which the bank will have to meet its engagements on Monday,—that Monday I dare not live to see. Of ‘Royal Scandinavians’ you are, to my sorrow, a great holder; they may recover themselves in time—to a certain extent—but I have been compelled to make a large over-issue beyond the authorised number which formed the capital of the Company, and I greatly fear that those which were allotted to you are of the class which may be considered—if not spurious—at least unproductive. I strove to avoid this, for personal reasons, but it was impossible. Of the lead mine at Bryn-Mawr, I can only say that I *hope* it may eventually turn out well, though this hope is dashed by the reflection that any profits which may accrue must be absorbed in the liquidation of the debts of my separate estate. Such, Vaughan, is the state of things which a sense of justice obliges me to disclose. I do not ask you to forgive the injury my improvidence has inflicted, but do not curse the memory of one who can never forgive himself. Farewell—and for ever.

“M. P. J.

“There is a dog at Ty Gwyn, a favourite setter—his name is Carlo. The creature has loved me: suffer it not to starve!”

“This last bit of pathos,” said the Joint-Stock Banker, when he had ended, “will read well, whether it touches my friend or not. In point of fact, there is no such animal in existence. Let me see,—whom shall I write to next? Lord Leatherhead. It will go into the papers, of course. That’s the way people are compensated when any great misfortune happens. I may as well do Rigby Nicks a good turn, and take all the blame myself. Besides, I may want him again some day.”

Half a dozen epistles of a similar tenor to the preceding constituted the farewell correspondence of Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones. As soon as they were written he went out and paid visits at several houses of business in the City, at all of which—save one—he put on the gloomy, occupied manner which had already told in his own establishment. The exception was the counting-house of Ephraim Broadcast, whither he went with the most cheerful countenance for a little more of that accommodation which the Quaker freely dispensed when the security offered was marketable. He must have thought that such was the case now, for he took a three days’ bill from the Joint-Stock Banker, and gave him a cheque for fifteen hundred pounds in exchange, which the latter immediately got cashed. With this and a sum rather larger in amount, the produce of his division with Mr. Rigby Nicks, the Joint-Stock Banker wound up his monetary affairs. His social proceedings completed the part he was acting. Again, as he had said to Coltsfoot, he went to “The Regenerator,” where he dined in a way that made up for his early abstinence, attracting attention, not by sullen behaviour—that is only too common a club feature—but by loudness of voice and an air of excitement which, after he was gone, was the general subject of conversation. On his way home he looked in at a hairdresser’s where he was not known, and, having ascertained that the shop would be kept open till a late hour, gave an order for a travelling-bag filled with toilet necessities, for which he said he would call, and then, about half-past eight in the evening, returned to Wessex House.

On his arrival there he desired the butler, Mr. Goffe, to bring the tea-

things to the library, and when they came, he said, of his own accord, that he felt unwell and very much fatigued, and wished to have a prescription made up which he thought he should take. In half an hour Mr. Goffe returned with the medicine. The chapter of accidents had favoured the Joint-Stock Banker. The chemist's "young man," his master being out, was only too well satisfied to show off before an elderly customer; he read the Latin in a conceited tone, asked if "the party" was "bilious," looked as wise when he heard the reply as if he were a member of the Royal College, took down the bottle which contained the prussic acid, and supplied Mr. Goffe with a dose of the "soon-speeding geer" strong enough to have carried off, not the Joint Stock-Banker only, but every one of his co-directors. At the expiration of another half-hour, Mr. Powell Jones rang the bell, sent away the tea-things, ordered a chamber candlestick to be left at hand, and dismissed the butler for the night, with the observation that he did not wish to be called before nine o'clock next morning. Alone once more, he waited for a few minutes until all was still; then putting on a large loose paletot and a hat, in the crown of which his initials were pasted, he glided down stairs, opened the street-door far enough to ascertain that no policeman was near, stepped outside, closed the door without noise, and then walked briskly away. At the hairdresser's, he desired that his hair should be cut quickly and as short as possible, "as he was going to travel," ordered some "instantaneous dye" to be put up with the other things, paid for them, and left the shop. As he passed a hatter's, it struck him that he should want a travelling-cap, and he accordingly provided himself with one. It was now a quarter past ten, so he hailed a Hansom and ordered the driver to take him to the church near the Eyre Arms Tavern. There he discharged the cab and walked quickly down the Finchley-road. At the Swiss Cottage the college clock struck eleven, and he hastened on. In a few minutes he reached "The North Star," and turning the angle of the road descried in the darkness the outline of a carriage drawn close up to the footpath by the milestone. He coughed, as he drew near, and the signal was answered by a tall man in a cloak, who came towards him.

"Tuss?" he whispered, abbreviating, as agreed upon, the Latin term for the surgeon's name.

"All right," was the answer.

"Will you ride?"

The Joint-Stock Banker shuddered at the thought.

"No, thank you. I'll walk."

"I must then," said Coltsfoot, "to keep our friend steady."

He got into the cab as he spoke, Mr. Powell Jones went first to show the way, and the vehicle slowly followed. About a couple of hundred yards beyond the second milestone they came to a clump of beech and fir-trees, where there was a cross-road.

"This way," said Mr. Powell Jones, turning to the right; "a quarter of a mile more, and we shall get on the heath."

At a point in the road where there was a short, steep ascent, he desired the driver to stop, and spoke to Coltsfoot.

"Between these high banks," he said, "the load can be removed without risk of being seen should any one be on the heath."

"I'm glad of it," returned Coltsfoot; "my companion has not been very amusing. He *would* keep jobbing his head against the window

We've given him the honours of a funeral pace if we can't complete the ceremony. Now then, cabby, get down from your box and just walk over the top of the hill. If you see nothing, you know you can swear to nothing, should any question be asked."

"I asks about nuffin," said the cabman—" 'ceptin' of my fare."

"My friend will double the amount agreed on," said the Joint-Stock Banker, "if you keep quiet."

"All serene," said the cabman, leaving the colleagues to themselves.

Between them, though with some difficulty, the corpse of the consumptive patient, dressed up in the costume which Coltsfoot had carried away the night before, was conveyed to a hillock at a short distance from the road, and placed in a reclining position.

"We must give him his medicine," said Coltsfoot, who seemed greatly entertained by the proceedings. "I'm a man of expedients, you know, and for fear you should have had any difficulty about getting the essence of bride-cake, brought a bottle of it myself, and another of laudanum. A man of your station would of course do the thing out and out, so we can give our friend here as much as his mouth will hold; it won't go much lower."

"But I am supplied; here it is," said Mr. Powell Jones.

"Never mind," replied Coltsfoot, "this will do. You can keep your allowance till you really want it. Just hold his head."

They knelt on the ground, and by the sickly light of the waning moon, which gleamed upon the dead man's pallid face, Coltsfoot contrived to administer the poison. They then replaced the body on the hillock—the hat which the Joint-Stock Banker wore was thrown on the heath, as if it had accidentally fallen, and with a stealthy pace they crept down to the cab, where they were rejoined by the driver.

"Which way now?" said Coltsfoot.

"Round the heath and down by Golder's-green, and so across to Cricklewood, along the Edgware-road and through the Kilburn-gate; that will be the best way to break the trail."

This route was taken. When they reached Oxford-street the confederates separated. The surgeon was driven home, and Mr. Powell Jones walked to the nearest stand and shaped a new course by himself. As they parted, Coltsfoot pressed something into his friend's hand, whispering, "It may be useful."

It was the phial of laudanum.

"Good-by," he said. "God bless you."

The Joint-Stock Banker gravely replied, "Amen."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRAIN FIRED.

It has already been intimated that the faith of Herbert Vaughan in the eligibility of his father's speculation was not the very greatest. It was, indeed, chiefly for the purpose of expressing a *vivâ voce* opinion respecting them that he left town so suddenly, and he took the first opportunity after his arrival at Glâs Llyn of speaking on the subject.

Herbert knew by Mr. Vaughan's letter that he was "deep" in transactions with Mr. Powell Jones, but he had no idea how deep, and to his

astonishment and dismay he learnt, when his father had made a clean breast of it—which he did in the most exulting manner—that he was “in” to an extent which his whole fortune, if matters unfortunately went wrong, would fail to cover.

“But,” said Mr. Vaughan, when Herbert hinted at possible danger, “this view of the case is utterly absurd. Intimately acquainted as I am with the progress of affairs from first to last, since Jones undertook the management of the ‘Central African,’ and being, as it were, on the spot with respect to Bryn Mawr—to say nothing of my general knowledge of mining—it would be ridiculous to suppose that any harm could happen to us on account of the advances which I have made.”

“My dear father,” replied Herbert, “I have not the least doubt that the assurances which you have received represent everything in the most satisfactory light, but what I want you to do is to examine matters a little closer yourself, and ascertain from inquiries of persons not interested in the success of these projects how they are really estimated.”

“Why, in Heaven’s name, Herbert,” impetuously exclaimed Mr. Vaughan, who had a tolerable share in the hasty choler of his countrymen,—“in Heaven’s name what would you have me do! Shall I put an advertisement in the papers, requesting advice on the part of a gentleman not thought capable by his son and heir—a young man too clever by half—of managing his own affairs? Shall I go about proclaiming myself a fool, and begging the world to endorse my—or your—opinion? Upon my heart and soul I think you had better write to the Lord Chancellor and ask him to issue an order for a commission of lunacy upon me! Examine for myself! As if I had *not* examined! Inquire! As if I had *not* inquired! You must take me for a positive ass, Herbert, to talk in this sort of way!”

Perhaps, if Mr. Vaughan had not entertained some slight misgiving—such as all men have who suddenly embark on a sea of speculation—he would not have resented his son’s advice with so much irritability. Herbert took no notice of this phase of mind—being accustomed to similar outbreaks,—but steadily pursued his theme.

“About the Bryn Mawr mine,” he said, “it is known perfectly well to all the country, that no one ever yet tried to work it that did not heartily repent having done so. Everybody says it is full of water—a subterranean lake, in fact.”

“Everybody, then, is no wiser than yourself,” retorted Mr. Vaughan. “Water there is, of course, but not more than enough to be useful when what has run the lead is drawn off. Why, that’s the very thing the manager is occupied with at this moment. He tells me—I have it in black and white—there’s his letter, you can read it,—he tells me that when once he gets the new centrifugal steam-pump into full action, he can clear the water away—he knows it from the soundings they have taken—in six or eight weeks at the furthest.”

“In the mean time the expenses are heavy.”

“To be sure they are. You can’t lay down tramways on such a mountain side as Bryn Mawr without some outlay. Then there are the works, the furnaces, and all that sort of thing, besides the number of people we employ. Yes, it costs something, sure enough, but it will pay, Herbert,—pay handsomely, when we begin to raise the metal.”

"Well," said Herbert. "But, leaving the mine for the present, I presume you are equally sanguine about the African Company?"

"I should be very hard of belief if I couldn't trust the evidence of my own senses. You don't mean to doubt the share-list?"

"No. I give it credit for all it represents, just as I recognise the scale of the thermometer. But I remember that, like the mercury in the glass, shares are apt to fall as rapidly as they have risen."

"Nobody denies that. But people who have their wits about them can tell to a nicety when a change is at hand. As I mentioned when I wrote, I do *not* mean to keep my 'Africans' after they have touched five-and-twenty. There's no expense in holding on these. I have but to give the word and I realise at once."

"Yes. But at the distance you are from the scene of action, you must depend on special information. Suppose that were delayed four-and-twenty hours and the shares went down, and then suppose what people call 'a panic' seized the market! Where would your profits be then? My advice, my advice, my dear father,—and I can have but one motive in offering it,—our mutual advantage,—is, that if the shares are, as you say, very high, sell out at once and make money while you can."

"That's all very well, Herbert, but you forget that I *must* make a certain sum to put me straight. If I sell on a rising market, as Jones says, I have my labour for my pains; whereas, by waiting and watching for the critical moment, I gain enormously. Besides, what reason is there for apprehension? Jones has a great deal more at stake than I have, and he don't dream about selling—yet,—if at all. Look, moreover, at his position,—his knowledge of business. Do you think a man would throw away chances like his? I venture to say there is not a capitalist in the kingdom that has a greater hold on the public mind than Powell Jones."

"But, my dear father, you are not bound up in his fortunes, I hope. Better men than he, you know, have gone to the wall. Look at St. Lawrence, the railway king—look at almost all the men who have risen suddenly: they tumble to pieces like a house of cards when once their credit is shaken. But I must tell you the truth. I don't know what you really think of your *quondam* brother-in-law—for he is no uncle of mine, though you thought fit to call him so—but as far as I have any capacity for judging, I look upon him as a most unsafe person to have anything to do with."

"And pray, sir,"—Mr. Vaughan's anger was kindling anew,—"*pray*, sir, what may be your particular motive for thinking so?"

"Why," replied Herbert, "in the first place, I have always believed that the countenance is, to a certain extent, an index to the mind——"

"My heart to good-ness," spluttered Mr. Vaughan, "you suspect a man's principles because you don't like the cut of his face! If you can give no better reason than that, I advise you to hold your tongue altogether. Have you anything more?"

"Yes, sir. I may be deceived in the expression of Powell Jones's features, though I feel certain I am not,—but about his associates—his most intimate friends—there can be no mistake. At the head of the list of the directors of this African scheme is Mr. Rigby Nicks."

"Well, sir, what of him?"

"If he be anything better than a broken-down attorney, set up again for a purpose—if he be not an adventurer in the fullest sense of the word—an adventurer and something more—never believe another word I utter. I have it from sure authority. And this person is the close confidant of Powell Jones, employed in all his business, active in all his operations. Then there is a woman with whom he is connected—a daring, impudent creature, who passes for a relation. She calls herself Madame Rodeck, but her real name—a man told me at the Club who knew her well—her real name is Ruddock, the widow of a marine officer who died somewhere here in Wales; she keeps a boarding-house of no very good reputation at Cotswoldham, and her antecedents are as doubtful as her present position. Well, this woman is now staying at Powell Jones's house—the Bank in Wessex-square—and, for anything I know to the contrary, is under his protection."

Herbert had touched upon a tender point in his father's character. Forgetting his own conduct in early life—or, it may be, remembering it only too vividly—Mr. Vaughan had long laid claim to the distinction of being a highly moral man, and, taken somewhat aback by this intelligence, could offer no excuse for his enterprising colleague. A private reason, moreover, had its weight. The name of "Ruddock" had awakened associations which, however pleasant they might once have been, were not such as he desired to recal. "The handsome Morgans"—more especially Martha, the elder—did not spread their nets in vain when, in years gone by, he was a visitor to their part of Wales, and more of his money had melted beneath their glances than he liked, at that distance of time, to acknowledge even to himself. He remembered Martha's rapaciousness—he needed no reminder that she was thoroughly unscrupulous,—and—was it a pang of jealousy?—the last allusion made by Herbert grated upon him more unpleasantly than all he had said beside. He turned from the oriel-window in the old library of Glas Llyn, where the above conversation had taken place, and walked hastily up and down the room. At one end of it his eyes rested upon his family pedigree emblazoned over his hearthstone; at the other, they fell upon the heir to his name and fortunes. Between the two, combined with the original misgivings by which he had been beset, he came to the conclusion that he had not acted altogether with perfect wisdom in placing unlimited faith in the representations of Mr. Powell Jones. Mining adventures were at all times hazardous; joint-stock companies were, sometimes, synonymous with bankruptcy; the moral view of the question did not greatly mend the matter, and one of those cold sweats came over Mr. Vaughan which people experience when they think of an accident from which they have narrowly escaped.

After half a dozen hasty turns he suddenly stopped where Herbert stood.

"I am," he said, with some hesitation of manner, "a good deal—that is to say—greatly shocked at what you tell me about Jones's connexion with—that—that person; and, certainly, if Mr.—Mr. Rigby Nicks is not a man of character and fortune, it might be advisable to—to withdraw the capital I have invested in these concerns, provided I can—um—get out of them with advantage."

"I think, sir," returned Herbert, "you had better do so without

reckoning on any possible profit. I should begin with the African shares. Why not write at once to your broker?"

Mr. Vaughan stammered rather more than before. He was ashamed to let Herbert know the length to which he had trusted Mr. Powell Jones.

"My—my broker," he said—"ah, yes—my broker. The—the fact is, Herbert—I have not got—exactly—a broker of my own. This Mr. Rigby—Rigby Nicks has been the—the medium through which my—my operations have been effected, but of course he—he has employed a proper person."

"Rigby Nicks!" exclaimed Herbert; "this is worse than I thought. However, it does not matter who did the business if you hold the shares. You have them in your possession?"

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Vaughan, eagerly, "I have the shares safe enough. Here they are. You shall see them."

He applied a small Bramah key that hung at his watch-chain to a despatch-box which stood on the library-table, and took out two bundles of papers.

"Those, marked 'A,' " he said, "are my 'Central Africans,'—these, labelled 'B,' are some—some very excellent things—'Royal Scandinavians.' Come here and sit down; we will go over them together."

The papers formed a goodly pile, and represented a moderate fortune: a colossal one, indeed, if what they represented could then and there have been realised at the premium quoted in the last Saturday's share list, two days before; but between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning events may occur to lessen many supposed values. Herbert had never before handled or even seen so many "securities," but he was not so much impressed with the respect which most men feel for property as with astonishment to think that his father, a plain country gentleman, should have become their possessor. But Mr. Vaughan had them all at his fingers' ends, and ran over their numbers in more than one series. There they were, printed documents of the most unimpeachable quality—none could doubt it,—all duly signed by Chairman and Vice-Chairman,—negotiable paper if ever any were. It really seemed to do Mr. Vaughan good to look at them, and for the moment he forgot that his most urgent desire was to get rid of his shares as speedily as he could. If one little word had been whispered in his ear just then! Would the same expression of exultation at the sight of wealth, of regret that he should part with it before he made it more, have lingered on his features? But the little word was not spoken, and Mr. Vaughan continued still the complacent dweller in a fool's paradise.

He was disturbed in it, however, by the representations of Herbert, who, seeing how much money had been embarked in these "securities," became more desirous than ever that Mr. Vaughan should cease to hold them, and at length he wrung from his father a reluctant consent for him to return to London provided with the necessary authority for effecting an immediate sale. So much, indeed, was Herbert impressed with the necessity for acting promptly, that he took leave of his father on the spot, and immediately set out on his journey. Having reached the nearest railway by a cross-country coach, he slept at the hotel that night, and proceeded next morning by the first train to London.

For more than half the distance he was quite alone, but at a small

station about forty miles from town he was joined by two other travellers. One of them was a small, wiry, bristly, sandy-haired, eager-looking man; his companion, whom he addressed as "my lord," presented a totally different appearance, exceedingly bulky, perfectly bald, and very slow of speech—the sort of person, in fact, who conveys the idea to a stranger of being particularly heavy on hand.

The little man burst into conversation before he had well taken his seat; he was talking, indeed, as he followed "my lord" into the carriage.

"Very annoying," he said, "not to be able to get a paper here; they ought to be obliged to sell them all the way down the line."

"So they ought," said my lord. "I wonder they don't."

"So near your place, too, my lord! If I was your lordship, I should compel them to accommodate me—that is to say, the public."

"Don't you think five miles rather far to come to read the papers? Besides, I always get mine in time to read it after dinner."

"After dinner, my lord! If I was your lordship, I'd take care to have a copy of the *Times* on my breakfast-table every morning. See how invaluable it would have been to us at this moment; we should most likely have known all about it. But, my lord, what I mean is, that Smith—he's the person, I believe—should be obliged by his contract to supply every station in the kingdom with the daily papers the moment they are published. I think his conduct actionable. I've a great mind to take counsel's opinion on the subject. How far, my lord, is it to Diddlecot?"

"About thirteen miles from my house, if you go round by Chum-
pington; but if you like the lower road——"

"No, no, my lord—by the rail; stay—perhaps Bradshaw—yes—here it is:—'Diddlecot, twenty-seven and a quarter.' Ah, there's a mile-post!"

The speaker pulled out his watch, thrust his head out of the window, and kept glancing alternately from the dial to the side of the rail. At the next post he jerked himself back into his seat.

"A quarter of a mile in five-and-twenty seconds. That's a mile in one minute forty. 'Bull-rush Bottom'—that's where we got in—'to Diddlecot, eight and a half'—say six now—six times one forty—we shall be at Diddlecot in ten minutes, or less; then, I suppose, we *shall* get a paper."

"Ah!" said my lord.

"Has anything very remarkable happened, sir," asked Herbert of the little bristly man, "that you are so anxious to see a newspaper?"

"What, haven't you heard the news?" answered the party addressed, turning sharply round.

"I have been travelling across the country," replied Herbert, "and my 'latest intelligence' is already three days old."

"Three days! Then you know nothing, for it only happened on Sunday morning, or late on Saturday night."

"I thought," observed my lord, "you told me yesterday."

"Yesterday, my lord, was when I read the account in the *Times*. I shall never forget what I felt. I was scorched, blistered, completely shrivelled up. 'Thus go fifty thousand pounds of my lord's money,'

were the first words I uttered. What did I do? Started at once to communicate with your lordship."

"Yes, Perks, you did," stolidly observed my lord, "and glad enough I was when I saw you, for that letter was a puzzler."

"And here we are," said Perks, without noticing his companion's remark, "going up to see what turn affairs are taking. Lord Leatherhead, sir," he went on, addressing Herbert, "has the finest estate in this county; but fifty thousand pounds is a blow, sir, to any man, I don't care who he is. Rothschild wouldn't like it."

"Certainly; it is a large sum. Your friend—his lordship—has lost this money by some person's defalcation?"

"Defalcation, sir!" cried the impetuous Perks—"downright swindling—unmitigated knavery—villany of the deepest dye. And the worst of it is we can't get hold of him."

"Fled the country, I suppose," conjectured Herbert.

"If that had been all there might have been a chance. No, sir,—the fellow has prussic-acid-ed himself. Committed suicide on Hampstead-heath,—found lying on his back,—bottle in his hand,—body cold and stiff,—without his hat!"

"Without his hat!" repeated Lord Leatherhead, as if that were the worst part of the affair; but then his lordship was quite bald.

"To think of a man in his position doing such a thing!" continued Perks. "I should have as soon expected it of the Bank of England.—*Two millions* at least is what they say the public are let in for. I'm afraid you're over fifty thousand, my lord!"

"Ah! Over am I? God bless me! To be sure! He was our chairman."

"And pray, sir," said Herbert, "may I ask——"

But the steam-whistle extinguished the question, and before he could repeat it, the train stopped at Diddlecot.

"Mornin' peeper. Last mornin' peeper!" cried the newsvender.

"Here! give it me!" shouted Mr. Perks, and the next moment he was buried in its voluminous folds. After hastily glancing down the columns of a very long report on which his eye instinctively fastened, he turned to Lord Leatherhead and said: "Inquest adjourned: particulars *most* interesting;" and then eagerly gave himself up to the details without appearing to be aware that such a person as Herbert existed. As for Lord Leatherhead, he seemed quite content with the information he had received, and senatorially composed himself for a nap, which certain unmistakable sounds presently showed he fully enjoyed. Between a sleeping man and one absorbed in a newspaper there was not much difference as regarded companionship, and although Herbert's curiosity had, for the moment, been roused, a subject of deeper interest speedily took possession of his thoughts. With the vision of Léonie before him, and the hope of seeing her, perhaps, before the day was over, the fate of an unknown swindler soon vanished from his recollection, and when he left the train at the London terminus he had not the slightest notion that he was still united in a common interest with two persons so utterly uninteresting to him as Mr. Perks and Lord Leatherhead.

In less than half an hour, however, he found that all London was in commotion at the suicide of Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones, the Great Joint-Stock Banker.

MADAME VESTRIS.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

SOME twenty years since, the poet Wordsworth sat by his home on Rydal Mount—from whence had issued such grave yet cheerful wisdom—and thought of the many friends whose sun had gone down behind the distant hill. In addition to other rare spirits, Scott had departed, and the funereal calendar of a year or two included the name of Crabbe, of Coleridge, and of Lamb; and the old man plaintively sighed—as the melancholy phantoms haunted his memory—

How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!

We seem again to have fallen upon cheerless days, the poets giving place to the players, whose brightest lights are being fast extinguished. Within the last few months we have lost Braham, to whose songs a previous generation had listened; the chaste Young, the link that held us to the Siddons and the Kemble; and now—"last, but not least in our dear love"—we have to chronicle the demise of the Vestris, the witching actress of our younger days.

Innumerable times have we been asked the age of this most popular of London's favourites—whose fame was little short of European—and generally has our reply been received with an apparent shrug of doubtfulness. "I am not so very old," said Madame herself, a few years since, on taking leave of a provincial audience; but the world had been so long familiar with her fascination, that it was fain to exaggerate her age, and place her in the list devoted to far more matronly ladies. Let us again repeat her age, with some few records of her professional career.

The lovers of art cannot fail to remember the pleasure they have derived from the exquisite specimens of engravings bearing the name of an academician, Francesco Bartolozzi. The son of this artist, Gaetano Bartolozzi, married a German lady of great musical acquirements, Madame Teresa, from which union sprang the charming actress now lost to us, Lucia Elizabeth Bartolozzi, who was born in London, in the January of 1797. In the course of a liberal education, she evinced an early talent for music, as well as a most retentive memory; she soon became mistress of the French and Italian languages, and, we are pleased to add, had not forgotten the purity of her own. At the age of fourteen she was a visitant at the principal places of fashionable resort in the metropolis—her brilliant eyes attracting towards her considerable notice. With the symmetry of youth and the grace of mien, there were blended in her

The glance that wins us, and the life that throws
A spell that will not let our looks repose,
But turn to gaze again, and find anew
Some charm that well rewards another view.

In an evil hour, whilst mingling in the circle of gaiety, the young Lucia was introduced to M. Armand Vestris, who was then turning the heads

of the frequenters of the Opera by his unrivalled dancing. Armand was the grandson of the Vestris whom the enthusiastic Parisians styled "*Le Dieu de la Danse*," and appeared for the first time in England at the Opera, in 1809, dancing a *pas de deux* with Madame Angiolini. He was known as a man of pleasure, and dissipation was stamped upon his features. After a short acquaintance, Armand Vestris was united to the bright-eyed Bartolozzi, at the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where a theatrical heroine of a former day—the warm-hearted Nell Gwynne—found interment, Archbishop Tenison (at that time the vicar of St. Martin's) preaching at her funeral a sermon of forgiveness.

The marriage ceremony was performed on the 28th of January, 1813, the bridegroom being then just twenty-six, whilst the attractive bride had numbered but sixteen summers. We have said that Armand Vestris was a gay man. Moving in a fashionable sphere, he discovered, soon after his marriage, that a life of pleasure brought with it liabilities which his own income failed to meet, and he therefore proposed that his young wife should venture for a prize in the lottery of the stage. The gifted descendant of the old engraver was nothing loth; and so, after some preliminary training—not having been educated with a view to the stage—she stepped upon the boards of the Opera House, the great temple of the lyrical drama which still graces the Haymarket. This was on the 20th of July, 1815, the part in which she first appeared being *Proserpina*, in Winter's "*Il Ratto di Proserpina*." This character was repeated several times, a favourable impression having been created, the public accepting youth and elegance for more artistical accomplishments. *Susannah*, in "*Figaro*," and a few other performances, followed; and subsequently Madame Vestris accompanied her husband to Paris, where she first appeared, at the Théâtre Italien, on the 7th of December, 1816, as *Proserpina*. Whilst in this gay city, she found herself neglected by her liege lord, with but little inclination to pine in solitude. The licentious metropolis beckoned her with its smiles, and for a time she revelled in its giddy maze. She had constant thoughts, however, of the profession to which she had been introduced, and, being a perfect mistress of the language, frequently played at the French theatres both in tragedy and in drama.

Returning to England in the winter of 1819, Madame Vestris was introduced to the English stage, upon the boards of Drury Lane, on the 19th of February, 1820, in the character of *Lilla*, in the "*Siege of Belgrade*." *Adela*, in the "*Haunted Tower*," was her second performance; and after a few other impersonations, she fascinated the town by her inimitable assumption of *Giovanni*.

It was about this time we first met Madame Vestris, a period in our career when the heart was young, and when the stage, with its bright eyes and glowing forms, dazzled the imagination. At one of our first meetings, Madame warbled, with all her pristine witchery, the forgotten ballad of "*Who'll buy a heart?*" It was then we became conscious of the full extent of our poverty, for, alas! the means of effecting such a purchase were denied us.

The success of Madame Vestris in *Giovanni* led to the revival of other pieces in which she figured in male attire, the list including *Captain Macheath*, *Apollo*, *Hypokito* ("*The Kind Impostor*"), *Cherintus* ("*The*

Fatal Urn"), *Young Malcolm* ("Lady of the Lake"), and *Paul* ("Paul and Virginia"). Much was said at the time of the impropriety of actresses appearing in the garb of the opposite sex, and the justness of many of the strictures must be acknowledged. There was a charm, however, in some of these assumptions to which much of Madame's popularity was then due. *Letitia Hardy*, *Lydia Languish*, and other "legitimate" characters, were played by her; but the enthusiasm of her admirers, it must be confessed, was reserved for the occasions when she appeared in male habiliments. The beautifully-fitting blue surtout of the amorous *Don* was of itself deemed worthy of a visit to the theatre; and whilst the critics were preaching morality, the idol of the town was attracting a host of worshippers.

In 1825 our fair artiste lost her husband, from whom she had dwelt apart since their first separation in Paris. During the same year, Mr. John Poole gave to the Haymarket Theatre his comedy of "*Paul Pry*," which became a perfect passion. In this piece Madame Vestris, in the character of *Phoebe*, introduced "*Cherry Ripe*," the song *par excellence*, which was echoed from one end of the land to the other. During the next year, poor Weber brought to Covent Garden his opera of "*Oberon*," in which she divided the honours with Braham, Miss Paton, and other operatic celebrities.

The first ten years passed by Madame Vestris upon the English stage was one long triumph; her London engagements were principally confined to Covent Garden and the Haymarket, whilst in the provinces she was an immense favourite. Engaged once for "a few nights only" at Norwich, during her performance of *Apollo*, the audience (with the solitary exception of an old gentleman in the boxes) was intent upon the repetition of the air, "Pray, Goody, please to moderate." The songstress stood for a while in a most unpleasant position, the stentorian lungs of the dissentient exercising themselves with "No, no; off, off," to the great annoyance of the actress and the countless "ayes." At length she advanced to the footlights and recommenced the song. Arriving at the lines,

Remember, when the judgment's weak
The prejudice is strong,

Madame turned to the side-box, gazed for a moment at her noisy opponent, whose gallantry had evidently been left elsewhere, and dropped him a graceful curtsy. The tremendous burst which followed acknowledged the witchery of the siren.

The year 1830 exhibited Madame Vestris in a new character, that of a most artistic manageress—or "*wo-manager*," as Leigh Hunt would pleasantly write it. On the 3rd of January, in that year, she undertook the direction of the Olympic Theatre—at one time the Elba of the dethroned Elliston, when the sceptre of imperial Drury had been wrested from him. This little bandbox was soon rendered by her the most fashionable and attractive theatre in London. Surrounded by a host of talent—herself the Queen of the Revels, enjoying the smiles of her subjects and winning their "golden opinions"—Madame exhibited a taste at once correct and classically elegant. To aid her efforts, popular authors brought hither their favourite trifles; whilst the mythological drama was seen in its most sunny aspect, decked with a lavish profusion.

Let us look into this little boudoir of a theatre. It is the evening of the 7th day of December, 1835, and the house is densely crowded. The performances, we perceive, include two novelties, respectively entitled the "Humpbacked Lover" and the "Old and Young Stager;" but prior to the commencement of the first-named piece, Liston appears with a countenance so serious that we fancy his old love of tragedy has returned to him. No! he has a young friend to introduce, in whose welfare he is deeply interested. Listen to his opening words:

Oh let me beg this night with you and here
 One moment to be serious and sincere:
 Serious and Liston? you will pause and ask—
 Mathews and friendship made me drop the mask.
 'Twere useless now to dwell on days long past,
 Yet with that spirit's humour mine was cast,
 And something of your kindly-yielding fame
 Came to me, blended with his bright'ning name.
 Forgive this recollection, but he leaves
 One who would fain, on these your joyous eves,
 Try on the buskin which—the word's a spell—
 Fitted the father, as I know, so well.
 With a right spirit, and a crowning name,
 He spreads his sail out in the wake of fame.

We need scarcely say that the subject of this address is Charles Mathews, received with so much cordial welcome, and tended with almost parental care by the old stager whose introduction we have quoted.

Intimately associated as Mr. Mathews has since been with the subject of our present sketch—as we shall see, "anon, anon, sir"—we may here place before our readers a few items from his own bill of fare.

Charles Mathews, only son of the actor of the same name, celebrated for his inimitable monodramatic entertainments, was born at Liverpool on the 26th of December, 1803. Attaining the age of twelve, he was placed on the foundation at Merchant Tailors' School by the Recorder of London, with the intention of educating him for the church. The close air of the City, however, ill agreed with his health, and he was removed to a school in the Clapham-road, where he was prepared for college. The genial Charles, it seems, manifested a greater preference for architecture than for the pulpit, and, instead of proceeding to Oxford, was placed in the office of an architectural draughtsman, being articulated to Mr. Pugin, and subsequently studying in the office of Mr. Nash. In 1822 he performed—with some private friends at the English Opera House—a character in French, *Le Comédien d'Etampes*, in professed imitation of Perlet. Shortly after he accompanied the Earl of Blessington to Naples, prosecuting the study of architecture at the Palazzo Belvidere. In 1826 he was professionally engaged in Wales, in erecting Hartsheath Hall, with a bridge, &c.; but being little pleased with his labours, he returned to the school of the arts, and for four years travelled through Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Sicily, &c. In 1828 he was elected a member of the Academies of Milan and Venice; and in the winter of that year, at Florence, joined the private theatricals of Lord Normanby and Lord Burghersh, where a few but varied characters were played by him. In 1830, whilst at Venice, a fever deprived him of the use of his limbs, and confined him to his bed for six months. He was at length enabled to reach

England, with limbs wasted and useless, and for months was carried in the arms of a servant. Upon the recovery of his health he obtained the surveyorship of the district of Bow; but some three years later, finding architecture slow in its returns, he commenced the study of oil-painting, and exhibited a picture at Somerset House. Upon the death of his father in 1835 he became part proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre, which he managed for a short time, and then sought the ordeal of public suffrage at the little house in Wych-street.

Charles Mathews would seem to have inherited a turn for mimicry and rapid personation of character. Though spared the servitude of the actor's art by the usual initiatory process, he soon fought the way to public approval, and has long been hailed a comedian of the highest finish. An actor of such consummate ability might truly represent the higher walks of comedy, but comedy now-a-days we seldom hear of. Writers care little now for the precepts of Horace or the practice of the elder dramatists; and our gay neighbours across the Channel have taught us the abbreviation of plots and acts. We have now a species of drama, too trivial and unreal to be called comedy, and yet by no means to be classified with farce. In these vaudevilles, or French adaptations, occasionally sparkling with brilliant costume, the English stage has no such hero as Charles Mathews, possessing as he does an elegance and delightful ease of manner, with peculiar fluency and volubility.

Returning to the path from which we have slightly deviated, we may remark that the old and young stager whom we saw together upon the Olympic boards in 1835 did not then meet for the first time. Seven-and-twenty years previously (in 1808) the late Charles Mathews was the occupant of a pretty rustic cottage in one of the retired lanes of Colney Hatch. There friends of the rarest talent revelled in rural freedom once a week. Harriet Mellon—not dreaming then of a coronet—was often seen in the group, a slim and beautiful creature; whilst Liston came and danced with him who is now a mourner, at that time a delicate boy of five summers.

At the termination of Madame's eighth season at the Olympic, she bade farewell for a time to her patrons, liberal offers from America having induced her to venture across the Atlantic. This was a long journey, and the lady required a protector. Death had robbed her of one husband, but she had seen no reason why she should throw

The garnered glories of her flowered face
Upon her lover's tomb,

and therefore sought out for a new one. She had not far to look, for Charles James Mathews, we have already shown, was a member of her company. We can offer no interesting details of the preliminary proceedings, but we know that on Wednesday, the 18th of July, 1838, the star of the Olympic was united to her clever comedian at Kensington Church, the happy pair starting immediately for the far west, full of hope and anticipation. Success, however, is not to be commanded; and, as Robert Burns once sang,

The wisest schemes of mice and men
Gang aft awry.

On arriving at New York, and finding the weather insufferably warm,

they passed a few weeks in cool retirement, during which time a portion of the press was industriously employed in "writing them down." In this the parties so well succeeded that a persecution was commenced upon their public appearance, sufficient to destroy their professional prospects, and to undermine the health of the lady. From these attacks she was removed by her husband, who took his farewell of an American audience, on the 13th of November, in one of the most manly addresses upon theatrical record.

Madame Vestris—Mrs. Mathews we should now call her, but the pen clings with affection to the old name—reappeared at the Olympic on the 2nd of January, 1839, in a new burlesque entitled "Blue Beard," and Wych-street heard the plaudits with which her return was greeted.

At the close of her ninth season the Olympic was finally forsaken for Covent Garden, which was opened by her on the 30th of September, 1839, with Shakspeare's comedy of "Love's Labour Lost," in which she herself played *Rosaline*. At this house Madame Vestris presented to her patrons a class of entertainments more suited to the lordlier temple over which she presided. She was herself, for instance, the *Lady Teazle* of Sheridan's brilliant comedy; the *Amarantha* of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Spanish Curate;" and one of the merry wives of Windsor, the true *Mrs. Page* of the poet's fancy. The company selected by the fair lessee formed a goodly array of talent, and many novelties were brought forward; but on the 30th of April, 1842, the third and last season of this management was brought to a close, the undertaking having been the reverse of prosperous.

The later career of Madame Vestris is too recent to require being closely followed. After the closing of Covent Garden she played for a time with Mr. Macready at Drury Lane, and subsequently at the Haymarket, the Princess's, the Surrey, as well as at the principal towns in the provinces, ultimately becoming located at the Lyceum, where her friends were introduced to her on the 18th of October, 1847. The old Olympic Revels were here renewed, the well-known name forming one of the principal features in the playbills. Brilliant extravaganzas from the prolific pen of Planché and other sparkling productions were brought forward, and placed upon the stage with a degree of taste on the part of the fair director that was truly remarkable. "I am not yet put upon the shelf," we remember her pleasantly saying in one of these fairy exhibitions, in which her rich *contralto* voice was heard with much of its original charm. It was evident, however, to those who remembered her in the zenith of her beauty, that the eye had lost some portion of its lustre, that the step had less of its graceful sprightliness—a change which forced upon our thoughts the truthfulness of the adage, that "things will last long, but not for ever."

Illness at length assailed the fascinating star of the theatre, and compelled her to succumb. Her last public appearance was on the 26th of July, 1854, in the comedietta of "Sunshine through the Clouds," on the occasion of Mr. Mathews's benefit. It was nearly forty years previously that she first stepped upon the boards—a girl of surpassing loveliness—for a husband's benefit, and her last professional hour won from her a similar favour. From that night the sunshine was seldom seen through the clouds by poor Madame. Her malady was accompanied by increasing

physical agony, through which she lingered in hopeless suffering until the night of Friday, the 8th of August. Six days later her remains were interred at the cemetery of Kensal Green, where rest many who mixed with her in the busy scene. Two of her old managers are there, Charles Kemble and Morris, of the Haymarket; with Liston, too, one of her chief props when the Olympic was under her golden sway.

Madame Vestris was long acknowledged the most charming actress upon the English stage, and for nearly forty years lived in the full blaze of public favour. She was a woman of undoubted talent, whether judged as an English, French, or Italian comic actress, or as a charming natural vocalist; and blended with her former efforts was an indescribable fascination not easily to be shaken from remembrance. Time, as was once observed by an admirer, appeared for many years to stand still, gazing upon her attractions; and so gently did the great despoiler of beauty deal with her in face, figure, and voice, that there is scarcely a female on record who so long retained unimpaired her professional fame. Acting and singing with her was an impulse; she had none of the learning of a school, but trusted to her own innate feeling and taste, her performances receiving a considerable charm from the melody of her voice. The stage has heard no such voice since the days of the splendidly-gifted Jordan, whose joyous tones imparted a warmth around, whilst her laugh was the most enlivening thing in nature. The lower notes of the Vestris were of a richness rarely surpassed, and the symphony to one of her songs created in her audience a manifest gratification. It may be questioned whether she was equal to the personation of the higher class of theatrical heroines, requiring for their due embodiment an intellectual subtlety; but for the vaudeville and the extravaganza, with which her name is so intimately associated, she possessed every graceful accomplishment, and was the very spirit of this species of light comedy. To her sumptuous fancy and refined taste we are indebted for the great improvement in our scenic representations, her talent for dramatic effect exercising an influence which will long be observable upon our stage.

This gifted actress, in the morning of her day, had no monitor to direct her course, and heard no other voice than that of flattery. The young beauty consequently imbibed a love of display which became her characteristic through life. Those who should have taught her to avoid temptation led her to its fearful brink, covering the abyss with a gilded and a glossy web. Hence, in after days, came rumours of failings to which the world too freely listened. Of those failings we will speak gently, remembering her early training, and knowing that the narrow tomb is now her home. With great endowments, and with lavish praise constantly ringing in her ear, she knew nothing of affectation. Her generosity and kindness of heart was frequently exhibited, and received its reward in affectionate and unwearied attention in her own hour of suffering, over which Providence kindly spread the healing wing which hid her from our sight. We owe her much for refined entertainment, and shall often think of her—

Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well she's fled and gone;
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found—
So let it be!

THE EUPHRATES VALLEY RAILWAY AND INDO- EUROPEAN TELEGRAPH.*

THERE is no existing or projected railroad that can for a moment compare, in point of interest and importance, with that of the Euphrates Valley. It brings two quarters of the globe into juxtaposition, and three continents—Europe, Asia, and Australia—into co-relation. It binds the vast population of Hindustan by an iron link with the people of Europe, it inevitably entails the colonisation and civilisation of the great valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, the resuscitation in a modern shape of Babylon and Nineveh, and the reawakening of Ctesiphon and Baghdad of old.

What is there in any other railway that can compare with results of such magnitude, fraught with so many interests to various nations, as can be here obtained; and who can foresee what ultimate results such communication may give rise to in the relations of these nations—the comparative condition of Hindus and Chinese, and of Europeans? In all such cases it is distance and difficulties of intercourse that uphold distinctions. Annihilate space, and the great barriers that separate people, and the differences of manners and customs, of modes of thought and feeling, of doctrines and dogmas, of precept and prejudices, that keep up these barriers, gradually disappear, and an approach to unity is more and more realised.

A route once established between the Mediterranean Sea and the Persian Gulf, not only would the shortest and most rapid means of communication between the capitals and emporia of the West and East be at once open for political and commercial purposes, but the grand impediment to the improvement of the Sultan's dominions, the want of the means of intercommunication, would be removed, and no line would promote more effectually their good government and prosperity than that which would lay open to the energy and capital of the emigrant of the West the expansive and fertile plains of the Tigris and the Euphrates. It is not too much to say that it would double the population, the resources, and the wealth of the Ottoman Empire in less than a century.

To England, not only is the possession of a short route to India of inestimable value, more especially when the actual lineal distance will be reduced by about a thousand miles, but still more so is this the case where rich fields are offered to the genius of her statesmen and the enterprise of her merchants, by giving back to commerce, through the civilising influence of steam, those countries which were "the cradle of the human race, and the theatre of the most important events in the Jewish, Pagan, and early Christian histories."

* The Scinde Railway and its Relations to the Euphrates Valley and other Routes to India. By W. P. Andrew, Esq., Chairman of the Scinde Railway Company. W. H. Allen and Co.

London to Lahore, by Steam and Telegraph, *vid* General Chesney's Euphrates Valley Route. Reprinted from the *Railway Record* of May 24, 1856.

The World's Highway. Reprinted from the *Calcutta Review* for March, 1856. Weale.

The Euphrates Valley Route to India. By a Traveller. Stanford.

Of the proximate accomplishment of this great project, so long the dream of the philosopher and the statesman, there can be no longer any real doubts entertained. The obstacles which were opposed to it were never of a physical, but of a solely political, nature. These have now been removed at the cost of some of the best blood of France and England. It is not our object here to enter into geographical or topographical minutiae, or details of imports and exports, we would wish to confine ourselves to a popular, and yet correct, statement of the objects proposed. The scheme, in its whole and comprehensive bearings, belongs to Mr. W. P. Andrew, a gentleman who has been destined to inaugurate measures fraught with political, commercial, and social progress of world-wide import, and who, it is to be hoped, will be enabled by a liberal and enlightened government, aided by an enterprising and discerning public, to carry out his projects and convert ideas—entertained in many instances in common with others—into so many realities.

The importance of the Euphrates as a more expeditious route to our Indian possessions, is only a portion of this great and comprehensive scheme. It projects that the whole of Central Asia and of Northern India, from the banks of the Caspian to the gates of Delhi, and to the palaces of Calcutta, shall shortly have an outlet by the Valley of the Indus, and thence shall communicate by that of the Euphrates with Europe. It must be premised that railway communication from Calcutta to Delhi, from Delhi to Lahore, and from Lahore to Peshawur, is in existence, or when not so, the existence of such is assured. The construction of a railway of 200 miles would perfect the communication between Lahore and Mooltan on the Indus. The distance from Mooltan to Hydrabad is 570 miles of water-communication. The principle proposed of conducting the traffic by water, when available, in connexion with railways on other sections, is one which has been so frequently and so ably contended for by Mr. Andrew, that the prudence and judgment of the recommendation are admitted on all hands. So far back as 1846, Mr. Andrew suggested that railways should be introduced into Bengal in connexion with river navigation, so that the new mode of transit, instead of superseding, should co-operate with the old—at all events, in the first instance—whether on the Indus or the Euphrates; and the same views and arguments are as applicable to these rivers as to the Ganges. “The railroads and the steamers,” say the local authorities, “are the crying wants of the Punjaub, in the department of public works. These provided, the produce and commerce of these territories will be turned to their due course—viz., the Indus and its feeders; and to their natural outlet, the port of Kurrachee.” At present the traffic is carried round by Calcutta—an awful sacrifice of time and money.

The Scinde Railway is a line of 110 miles in length, extending from the port of Kurrachee on the westernmost point of Hindustan, to a point on the Indus at which that river becomes navigable for all commercial purposes for large craft up to Mooltan, and from which place the construction of a railway to Umritsir and Lahore would complete an uninterrupted line of railway and water-communication from the port of Kurrachee to the frontier of our north-western possessions in India. There has, it may be observed, been a regular communication established

between Kurrachee and Mooltan, a distance of 800 miles, for the last three years by government steamers. The Scinde Railway will place Kurrachee in communication with the Indus at Hyderabad, a point where the river becomes free from the intricacies, dangers, and delays of the navigation of the Delta.

The capabilities of the port and harbour of Kurrachee have been attested by the very highest authorities. That port is, indeed, avowedly the gate of Central Asia. "From the Sutlej to the Oxus," says Thornton, in his *Gazetteer*, "whoever wishes to communicate with any place beyond the sea, must pass through Kurrachee." It occupies a position scarcely less favourable to commerce than Alexandria. It is the only land-locked harbour on the coast between Bombay and the Red Sea; it is on the sea-coast of the Indus Valley, and is the nearest safe port to the Persian Gulf. It is perfectly safe, and easy of access for large ships during the height of the south-west monsoon. The average of the shipping is from 90,000 to 100,000 tons yearly, of which about 40,000 tons were, last year, square-rigged vessels. Mr. Frere, the present distinguished chief commissioner of the province, has lent his sanction and influence to the scheme of inland communication from Kurrachee, and to that advocated by the late Sir Charles Napier, of making the same port the point of departure of future communication between India and Europe. Indeed, all the high authorities in India—Lord Dalhousie, Lord Elphinstone, and Sir John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner in the Punjab, entertain this view of the subject.

As to the more extended range which will be offered to our commerce by thus opening up the markets of Central Asia, we shall quote Mr. Andrew's own words:

A proper system of transit, once established through Scinde and the Punjab, a few enterprising European merchants at Kurrachee would soon afford a medium for extensive shipments from the Punjab and provinces to the north-west of Delhi, and the distribution of our manufactures to the remote parts of Central Asia finding customers along the valleys of Afghanistan as far as Herat, and in Balkh, Khiva, and Bokhara.

I will now point for a moment to the extensive provinces of Central Asia, which are now our near neighbours, and explain briefly how those important and comparatively far advanced countries have been supplied with merchandise, and have disposed of produce since the course of the Indus was comparatively closed to commerce by the exactions of the native princes. To follow the description the reader must refer to a large map of Asia. First, he will find to the north-east of our frontier, in the immediate vicinity, the celebrated valley of Cashmere, inhabited by a people renowned for their great skill and ingenuity. Beyond that lies Thibet, famous for its fine goat wool, and the manufacture of yarn for the shawls woven in Cashmere. To the west and south-west we find the Afghan territory, with the large towns of Cabul, Ghizni, Kandahar, and Herat the *Gate of India*; in the same direction, the northern provinces of Persia. In a north-westerly direction we find the extensive and fertile countries of Turkestan and Bokhara, with the large central towns of Balkh, Khiva, and Bokhara; and, at a great distance westerly, we find the Caspian Sea.

The commerce of this vast territory is now carried on by so circuitous and expensive a route, that it will be easy to restore it to the ancient and natural channel of the Indus, and by that means how much it is likely to be increased, now that it is freed by the supremacy of England from the political obstructions and exorbitant demands of the turbulent and semi-barbarous states on its banks, may be readily conceived.

"In former times the Indus was the great highway of commerce between India and Central Asia; but upon the dismemberment of the empire of the Great Mogul, the river fell under the power of a multitude of petty chiefs, whose exactions gradually extinguished the traffic. One consequence of this revolution was, that Cabul, Bokhara, and Persia, instead of being supplied from India with manufactured goods, as had previously been the case, received most of their supplies from Russia, which, from the facilities of conveyance afforded by the Volga, running into the Caspian Sea, was enabled to come into the markets of the East upon eligible terms. These advantages possessed by Russia have, it is understood, been latterly augmented by the establishment of steam-vessels upon the Volga and the Caspian; and the Russian are now supplanting the English manufactures in the Punjab, and even threatening to do so in the north-west provinces of Bengal."

It is not, however, as we have before said, our object here to enter into the details of the imports and exports of Central Asia. These will be found examined with much care in Mr. Andrew's work. It is clear that Russia commands a great commerce with that populous region, even in English goods. This could not only be affected *viâ* the Indus, but also *viâ* the Euphrates and Tigris, whose upper tributaries are geographically connected with Persia, Armenia, and the Caspian. The trade of India with Central Asia amounts to about one million sterling. With reference to this country, the importation of the raw productions of Asia are regarded as even of more importance than the export of the more expensive and less bulky articles of British manufacture. Our trade with India, it has been justly remarked, is only in its infancy. In 1834, it scarcely exceeded 4,000,000*l.*, while it now amounts to nearly 20,000,000*l.* Holding, as we now do, the Indus from Cashmere to the sea, we have a power which, "if well understood and wisely improved, puts us in possession of the key of the whole commerce of Central Asia, and which cannot be pursued without adding to the prospects and productiveness of our new territories," as they would also loosen the political hold which Russia possesses over Central Asia, by her commercial relations with that country.

A mere glance of the map will satisfy the most superficial inquirer as to the commercial and geographical advantages of the position of Kurra-chee, both in relation to the existing route by the Red Sea and Egypt and the projected one by the Valley of the Euphrates. Upon this subject Mr. Andrew cites an article from the *Madras Athenæum*, written during the progress of the war:

"The Indian government contributes 70,000*l.* a year towards the charges of an extended communication with India and China, and the intercourse with England, by way of Egypt, is now regular and rapid. The prejudices, and even the imperial considerations, which favoured the old circuitous communication by way of the Cape of Good Hope, have given way before the irresistible desire for rapid locomotion and intercourse with all parts of the world. This influence is still exerting itself with full force. As soon as the war with Russia is over, and Turkey becomes settled down into a state of peace, and is gradually brought within the range of European enterprise, improvements, and civilisation, we are satisfied that the desire to secure *the shortest route to India will be revived in full force, and that eventually we shall penetrate through Asia Minor to the Persian Gulf, so as to make that mighty river once more, as in ancient times, a highway to the commerce of the East.* If any one had predicted three years ago, that an English railway would be constructed from Balaklava to Sebastopol, the

notion would have been quite derided. It is, indeed, far more probable that this generation will not pass away before a railway is perfected, so as to unite the Euphrates at some accessible point with the Mediterranean, and thereby shorten and render still more easy the overland communication with the East, through the Persian Gulf."

Mr. Andrew himself, who has long considered the subject in relation to the opening of Northern India and the Punjab by the Valley of the Indus, did not hesitate to state his opinion at an early period of the inquiry, that "steam transit in the Valley of the Indus, once fairly established, the overland route, turning from the Nile to the Euphrates, Aleppo, and Seleucia, will supersede Cairo and Alexandria. With a rail from Seleucia, by way of Aleppo to Bussorah, and a steam service across to Kurrachee, our mails will reach that port in fifteen days, and with the aid of improved steamers and the rail, passengers and goods will reach Lahore in a tenth part of the time now occupied.

The route from Europe, *viâ* Suez and Kurrachee to Lahore, is about 2700 miles shorter than the route *viâ* Suez and Calcutta to Lahore; and by the opening of the Euphrates Valley route, the distance will be reduced in all by 3594 miles, *viz.* :

	MILES.
London to Lahore, <i>viâ</i> Trieste, Suez, Aden, and Calcutta . .	9615
London to Lahore, <i>viâ</i> Trieste, Suez, Aden, and Kurrachee . .	6908
London to Lahore, <i>viâ</i> Trieste, Seleucia, the Euphrates Valley, and Kurrachee	6021

Independently of the foregoing considerations, the value of the line of intercourse proposed to be established from the northern coast of Syria to the Euphrates, and thence to Bussorah and the Persian Gulf, will appear still greater when we estimate it as combined with the commercial importance which the four great rivers of Western Asia must add to it. In this respect, General Chesney observes, that "the elevated plateau, which extends from the base of Mount Ararat into Northern Armenia, Kurdistan, and part of Asia Minor, contains the sources of four noble rivers, having their estuaries in three different seas; and thus, from Armenia, as from the centre of a great continent, giving an easy communication to the nations of Europe and Asia." A reference to General Chesney's map will show, "that by following the *Kiril-Irmak* through Asia Minor, we reach the Black Sea; from whence there are inlets into Russia, Austria, Turkey, &c. In the same way, the *Aras*, by terminating in the Caspian, opens several routes towards Great Tartary, as well as towards the rest of Central Asia and China; while the Tigris and Euphrates, with their numerous ramifications, afford abundant means of communicating with Persia, India, Arabia, and the continent of Africa." With these regions, an extensive commercial traffic is maintained to this day, through the medium of very large and numerous caravans, which, from a very early period, have provided the countries traversed by those four rivers with the produce and merchandise of Eastern Africa, and furnished the latter with those of Asiatic and European origin.

The substitution of land carriage for water carriage, or rather, the substitution of overland cuts for long sea circuits, is, as the *Times* stated in a leading article some little time ago, the one simple principle of the present undertaking.

"The sea stages of the present route to India," according to the *Times*, "exclusive of the trip across the Channel, are two: one from Marseilles or Trieste to Alexandria; and the other from Suez to (Kurrachee) Bombay, or Calcutta. These stages constitute by far the longest part of the journey, being 5075 miles performed by steamers; from which an average speed of some ten

miles an hour is all that can be expected. The longer again of these two stages is that from Suez to Hindostan, as it includes a circuit round two sides of the triangular territory of Arabia. The first object, therefore, is to get rid of the detour by Aden; and this is to be done by carrying the passengers to the mouths of the Orontes, instead of the mouths of the Nile, and forwarding them across the Turkish territory to Bussorah, at the head of the Persian Gulf. The railroad required for this purpose would run along the Euphrates Valley, and its length would not exceed 900 miles; whereas, its completion would reduce the distance from London to Calcutta by more than *one-half*,—by twenty days, in fact, out of thirty-nine! This project, it is conceived, could be accomplished in five years' time; and the route would then lie through Ostend, Trieste, by the Mediterranean Sea, to the Orontes, thence to Bussorah, and by the Persian Gulf to Bombay (or rather to Kurrachee), where it would meet the Indian railroads now actually commenced, and by that time completed to Calcutta (and north-west provinces). We have thus got rid of the Red Sea circuit, and substituted a land route for 900 miles of the distance. There remains now the straight run from Bussorah to Bombay (or Kurrachee), and the circuitous reach from Trieste to the Orontes, to be commuted for the facilities of direct railway transit by land."

By the arrangements now proposed, India would be reached in fifteen days, or about half the time now occupied, viz. :

	DAYS.	HOURS.
London to Trieste by rail, and from thence by steamer to Seleucia	8	6
Seleucia to Jaber Castle (80 miles)	0	3
Jaber Castle to Bussorah by steamer (935 miles)	3	3
Bussorah to Kurrachee by steamer (940 miles)	3	0
	<hr/> 14	<hr/> 12

It is understood that a company of rich landowners of Hungary have agreed to prolong the railway from Vienna to Raab, as far as Belgrade in Serbia, and have made the necessary applications on the subject to the authorities. An Anglo-French company has undertaken, on the other hand, to construct a line from Constantinople to Belgrade. This double line will place the capital of the Ottoman Empire in direct communication with Ostend or Calais. When a trans-European line of so comprehensive a nature is established, a line of railway connecting Constantinople or Scutari with the Euphrates line at Seleucia or Antioch will inevitably suggest itself as a desirable and highly remunerative enterprise.

Several schemes have been projected of railways across Asia Minor—a country of very remarkable physical configuration—being in fact a great central upland, interrupted by mountain chains, and chequered by more or less isolated culminating points, cut on its confines by deep river-bearing glens and ravines, or sloping off more or less precipitously to the lower maritime or littoral band. The most wild and visionary of these schemes was one propounded some time back in the *Calcutta Review*—in a sketch which has been since reproduced in the form of a pamphlet. The absurdity of the project, and the utter ignorance and indifference to geographical details exhibited in its discussion, have been so fully exposed by an anonymous traveller in a pamphlet entitled "The Euphrates Valley Route to India," that their further discussion need not detain us here.

The author of the latter pamphlet sums up in a conclusive manner of the project :

It appears, then, from the summary here given, that Mr. R. M. Stephenson's scheme of a direct railway to India, which has been trumpeted to the public as the grandest which has yet been proposed, will not bear the ordeal of even a superficial discussion. That part which refers to the connexion of Belgrade and Constantinople has already been in the hands of many projectors, and it is to be hoped will soon be carried out. That part which refers to a line across Asia Minor is only the revival of the crude suggestions of others, and is projected in utter ignorance of the physical conformation of the country; an ignorance which attains its climax when it describes the country occupied by the Taurus chain of mountains as a perfect level. In that part of the line which refers to the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, the projector, by mixing up with his project the Sinjar Hills and Tekrit, leaves us in doubt whether he means the one river valley or the other, or the central plains of Mesopotamia; and lastly, for that part of his project which concerns the coast line of Fars, Laristan, and Mekran, he is indebted to Sir Justin Sheil. Of the surveys made by her Majesty's government and the Honourable the East India Company, of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris and their tributaries, as well as of their adjoining territories, he makes no mention whatsoever. They are obviously too insignificant to be noticed in so magnificent and so visionary a scheme.

On the other hand, as far as practical suggestions are concerned, the fact is, as long ago pointed out by General Chesney, and since by Mr. Andrew, that the valley of the Halys, now called the Kizil-Irmak, presents a great natural opening across the central upland of Asia Minor, and affords an easy approach from Taurus to the Black Sea, or to the great Constantinopolitan road from Scutari to Armenia and Persia. The positive and practical details of the first part of this route from Scutari, by the pass of Hajji Hansah, to the valley of the Halys, have been described in a communication laid before the British Association, at its meeting in Belfast in 1852. The central portions of the valley of the Halys present no engineering difficulties whatsoever. The valley is one of exceeding beauty, pastoral in its lower part, the towns and villages lying at the foot of the hills at some distance from the river bed; higher up it still continues expansive, but becomes wooded and dotted with picturesque towns and villages, which only want roads and more available means of intercommunication to impart to them the life and animation of Europe. The valley narrows in its upper part near Yarpason, and at a point a little beyond this the line would leave the Halys by the valley of a small tributary called Injeh-su. Passing thence along a natural opening that presents itself between the foot of the giant Arjish Tagh and the town of Injeh-su, on to the plain of Nigdeh, it would gain the Cilician Gates, now called Kulak Boghaz, or "narrow pass," by which it would descend into the fertile and populous plains of Cilicia, from whence Seleucia could be reached by a littoral line, or Antioch by the pass of Bailan.

By the time that such a junction would be effected, it is also to be hoped that the Euphrates railway would extend the whole length of the river valley. In such a case the time occupied in the transit would be reduced to a journey of a few days only, and when the navigation of the Persian Gulf could be superseded by a Persian littoral line of rail, as suggested by that distinguished geographer, Sir Justin Sheil, the whole

journey from Ostend or Calais to Kurrachee will be performed in an incredibly small space of time. It is more than probable, however, even should uninterrupted railway communication be carried out with India, that the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean would still remain the line of traffic for heavy goods, and that the lower part of the Euphrates and Seleucia would still be the commercial harbours of the commercial transit between the East and the West. This would be particularly the case with regard to Australian traffic. It is a common mistake that the road *viâ* the Isthmus of Panama is the shortest from London to Sydney. The two routes stand in the relation of 8400 geographical miles from London to Sydney *viâ* the Euphrates, and of 9900 geographical miles *viâ* the Isthmus of Panama, or 1500 geographical miles in favour of the first-mentioned route. It would probably remain for a long time cheaper to ship goods that had been conveyed to Seleucia from India, China, or Australia, *viâ* the valley of the Euphrates, at all events such as are destined from Great Britain, France, and Western or North-Western Europe generally, than to convey them along extended lines of railway belonging to different countries, and subject to various tariffs. With passengers it would be different. A certain increase in expense might be deemed to be counterbalanced by greater rapidity of transit.

Awaiting, however, the completion of the Indo-European line of railway, the more immediately feasible part of the plan, as now before us, would free the voyage of all its difficulties and inconveniences, and exempt the passenger from most of his previous pains and penalties. The transit from London to Kurrachee would become indeed a mere pleasure excursion. From Trieste the traveller would speed his way along the Adriatic, the navigation of which is proverbially easy and safe. The bold and picturesque shores of the opposite coasts are visible throughout on both sides. Entering the Mediterranean, he would pass the Ionian Islands, Candia, Rhodes, and Cyprus, rich in picturesque beauties and historical associations, never at the same time losing sight of the shores of the Morea and of Asia Minor, till the lofty peak of Mount Casius would announce his entrance into the Bay of Antioch and at the old port of the Macedonians—Seleucia Pieria.

Probably few points on the face of the earth can compare with the Bay of Antioch in point of scenic beauty. No wonder that the city of Seleucus Nicator, the port of the kingdom of Antioch, and the place of embarkation of the most gifted of the Apostles, should have been once an opulent, flourishing, and exceedingly populous city. Let us hope that its old harbour will be restored, as it is proposed to do, and that modern steam-ships will awaken the echoes which were once roused by the galleys of the Romans in the neighbouring fastnesses of Mount Rhosus.

Issuing from the bosom of this lovely valley, teeming with the fragrance of myrtle and box, and everywhere clad with a rich and luxuriant vegetation, over which, here and there, as at Seleucia, surnamed the "Stony," and over the Orontes, smiling on its way to woo and win the island-nymph Melibœa, rocks and crags topple in wild disorder, the traveller will pass Mount St. Simon, a relic of old monastic seclusion and penitence, and gain the open, wooded, and ever fair valley of An-

tiach, once the seat of the luxurious and seductive Daphne, and still the site of a town once renowned as the residence of the Syrian kings, as one of the largest cities of the world, and as the chief station of the Christian religion.

Beyond this, a green slope with the river on one side and hills on the other, will lead him to where the Orontes is crossed by the Jisr Hadeed, or Iron Bridge, the well-known *Pontisfer* of the Crusaders—the line of passage being marked by the marshes of the lake of Antioch on the one side, and available green sward on the other. It is the same marsh that determined the fate of the Palmyrean light horse when combated by the cohorts of Aurelian. The great plain of Antioch is still called Emk, a corruption of Emma, the Roman name of a site, now marked only by some ruins upon the Em-guli-su, or water of the lake of Em. At this point, or at Herem, where another rivulet flows into the plain, the traveller would probably leave the lower levels to gain the stony tracts that extend, with a few interruptions, thence to the Euphrates. Not that these woodless stony tracts are void of interest. Much to the contrary, they are exceedingly picturesque in their rocky disorder; green fig-trees sprout out from between the great limestone slabs, and tall bustards stalk along their rough surfaces. At the outset of the journey, the ruins of churches, monasteries, and private dwellings, with great reservoirs hewn out of the solid rock—remains of an early and persecuted Christianity—abound amid these wildernesses of stone.

Amid these same stony tracts also, like an oasis in the desert, is the fertile plain of Danah, surrounded by the ruins of Christian villages; and beyond this is Aleppo, occupying with its extensive suburbs eight small hills of unequal height, the intermediate valleys, and a considerable extent of flat country, the whole comprehending a circuit of about seven miles, and that again surrounded by gardens and orchards of pistachio, fig, pomegranate, orange, lemon, olive, vine, mulberry, cotton, tobacco, castor, sesamum, and an infinite variety of fruits and vegetables. The long time metropolis of Syria is shorn of its pristine magnificence, but it is still a great city, of very considerable commercial importance from its central position in relation to other Syrian towns, and of no mean resources within itself.

The traveller quitting Aleppo would probably first touch the river Euphrates at Balis, in the time of Cyrus the seat of a park and palace of Belesis, the governor of Syria, and where some lofty ruins still represent the Barbalissus of the Romans. Having thus gained the open valley of the "Great River," the traveller would henceforth have little to complain of as to the wearisomeness of his journey. Almost every bend of the stream would present him with a new scene—the same great river under a new aspect—its waters narrowed at one time almost into rapids, at another stretching out into lake-like expanses, and then again rolling lazily along in many silver streams separated by as many burnished golden islands. The banks would present him with alternately vast expanses of level green sward interrupted by low rocky ridges that advance towards the river bed at the salient points, or long belts of tamarisk and other shrubs or trees, or pastoral lands dotted with the tents of nomade Arab tribes, or cultivated plains with the villages of a sedentary and agricultural people, or wildernesses of wormwood, as they were in the days of Xeno-

phon and still are in part, or rocky hills as at Zelebeh, or level sandy plains as in Babylonia, or ultimately marshes and endless groves of dates, as they become in their lower or Chaldean portions. Ruins of olden cities, castellated buildings, and modern towns and villages, with occasional wooded and inhabited islands, diversify this long valley. Jaber Castle, the proposed terminus of the railway, is the first to attract attention. Little is known of its history. It is called Kalahi Jaber by Abulfeda, but we learn from Golius that it was called Dauser, after its founder, one of the princes of the Mundar dynasty. Stephanus of Byzantium also notices the castle by the name of Dausara; and it is related of the Emperor Julian, by his historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, that he visited Dauana, "a presidential castle." The *Equites Mauri Illyricani Dabane* are also mentioned in the "Notitiæ Imperii," as under the Duke of Osroene; and Procopius enumerates the castle of Dabanas among others on the Euphrates. Sulinam, chief of the Ughuz Turks, who was drowned in the Euphrates, was buried here, and hence D'Herbelot says it was called Mizari Turk. Knoller, in his history of the Turks, calls it Ziebar Cala. Sultan Selim erected a mausoleum at the spot where the remains of his great ancestor reposed, and a monastery of dervishes was also founded at the same place by the Sheikh Abu-Bekir.

Opposite to Kalah Jaber are the Abu Bara hills, with two or three Sheikhs' tombs and towers on their crest, and the plain beyond is cultivated by the Wulda Arabs. Beyond Jaber an extensive forest district, known to the Arabs as the Zor, stretches as far as to where the river, bending to the eastward, spreads out into a magnificent lake-like expanse, having the mounds of Sura—" *Flavia firma Sura*"—and the ruins of Thapsacus—Tiphseh of Solomon—the most renowned of all the passes of the Euphrates, at one end, and the Nikephorum of the Macedonians, the Callinicus of the Romans, and Rakka of the Khalifs, at the other. A more impressive and striking scene can scarcely be imagined; and it would take a volume to place on record all the points of historical interest that are associated with it.

The plain of Siffin, the scene of a long and disastrous conflict between the first successors of Muhammad, and a long line of jungle and forest called the Aran, are followed by a ridge of basaltic hills, which stretch all the way from Palmyra to a point on the river, where is also the site of another Palmyrean town or port on the Euphrates—a most interesting and remarkable mass of ruins—a castle of the Persians occupying the summit of a hill nearly opposite to it. A more open and cultivated country, studded with quadrangular mud forts and the villages of *Mudan*—agricultural Arabs—extend from Zelebeh, the Palmyrean ruin, to Dair, "the monastery"—a little town of some importance among the Arabs. Not far—some thirty miles—beyond, the river Khabur—the Habor of the Captivity—flows into the Euphrates at the site of Carchemish of the Scriptures, afterwards Cercusium, the limitrophal town of the Romans.

Beyond this, again, we have Zaita, "the olive grove," and Mayarthin, an Arab town, with the old castle of Rahabah in the background; and a little further on, where some cliffs advance perpendicularly upon the right bank of the river, the ruins of the town and citadel of Salahu-d-din, "the defender of the faith," as Yusuf, the son of Ayub the Kurd and

the Saladin of the Crusaders, designated himself. The ruins of Werdi, once a great and opulent city on the Euphrates, and Al Kayim, the station at which the Damascus and Baghdad caravans touch the river, lead the way to Annah, incomparably the most picturesque town on the river. Lastly, a low hilly country, once generally cultivated, and still partially so, and diversified by villages of sedentary Arabs; and a river intersected by islands, once the seat of colonies of captive Jews, and now the home of well-disposed agricultural tribes, lead the way, past Hit or Ixannesopolis, celebrated for its bitumen fountains, to the great plains of Babylon and Baghdad.

The traveller may be disappointed in the present aspect of a city endeared to him by romance and history; the mausoleum of Zobaide may not, although a very remarkable remnant of Arabian architectural skill, equal what he may have anticipated of the wealth and power of the Khalifs; the schools and colleges, the coffee-houses and bazaars of modern Baghdad, and still more so of Bussorah, once its rival in learning, in literature, and in commercial prosperity, may not come up to his preconceived ideas of the wealth and wondrous art of these cities so famed in story. Babylonia and Chaldea, once the seat of powerful empires, covered with great towns and cities—the centres of riches and consequent corruption—with plains once clothed with vegetation, well peopled, or dotted with lowing herds, are now mere clay or sand, green sward or marsh, with here and there an Arab village, or a mound, from whence the curious archæologist extracts the sculptured remnants of olden times, or slabs engraven with the names of Babylon's ancient monarchs. Times have sadly changed from the days of terraced palaces in Babylon, of renowned schools of arts and sciences at Baghdad, or of sumptuous caravan-serais at Bussorah. The modern Sinbads of commerce are a degenerate race. But minarets and domes still glitter from among forests of date-trees, and a motley population from all quarters of the globe, busily engaged in commercial operations, soon satisfy the traveller that the ancient glory of Baghdad and of Bussorah is not entirely departed. Above all, there remain those two great and noble rivers—the Tigris and the Euphrates—uniting into one grand calm and expansive Shat, or Firth, which must always offer the ready means of resuscitating all the populousness, the prosperity, and the glory of bygone days.

The Persian Gulf lies beyond this, land-locked and diversified by islands like another Adriatic—but an Oriental Adriatic—its sparkling, translucent waters displaying shells and corals of such bright and vivid colours as to rival those of the brilliant fish that dart past along its clear depths. There can be no pains or penalties in such a journey as this; the sun may be hot, but there is a sea breeze to cool the wayfarer, yet not strong enough to lift the wave; and the very sight of those bright green waters, their brilliancy enhanced by torrid sandy plains, or relieved by fringes of dark date groves, is always refreshing.

We have been so carried away in depicting the pleasures of a trip from London to Kurrachee, that we have left little space to devote to the consideration of the Indo-European Electric Telegraph, a project not only of the deepest import in itself, but one which derives a more immediate interest from its not having to wait the time necessary for laying down a line of rail, and establishing steam-boats on the river Euphrates, to be carried into execution. The formation of a company to carry out

such an important object has been encouraged, if not positively necessitated, by the East India Company having on the one hand come to a resolution to lay down a telegraphic submarine cable from Kurrachee to the head of the Persian Gulf, and by the Austrian government having established a company, with the requisite capital, guaranteed by the state, for laying down a submarine telegraph, in connexion with its land lines, from Cattaro or Ragusa, on the coast of the Adriatic, *vid* Corfu, Zante, and Candia, to Cyprus and Seleucia direct, or to Alexandria, and thence by Jaffa and Beyrut to Seleucia.* When the submarine and Indian systems meet at Seleucia, the connexion between the East and the West will be complete, and England, the Continent, and India will be placed in hourly communication. Three modes have presented themselves of establishing the proposed connecting link : one has been by the ordinary system of wires suspended in the air upon posts or standards of wood, iron, or stone, and insulated by earthenware rings ; a second has been by means of a subterranean cable, insulated by a gutta percha tubing, or by earthenware pipes, such as are used for drains ; and the third by a subaquatic cable, or a cable carried along the bottom of the river Euphrates. It is obvious that the two last-mentioned systems present the greatest security, but the latter would be exposed to danger in a river navigated by steam-boats, and the subterranean telegraph is always exposed to the drawback of the difficulty attendant upon discovering the seat of an accident and in remedying it. There seems to be no valid reason why the connecting link should not be established by the ordinary telegraphic system. As to physical difficulties, there are none whatsoever. Whatever difficulties do exist, are connected with the more or less lawless and semi-barbarous state of the country through which the wires would have to be conveyed. But the Arab, although in some instances by education and by profession a robber, does not appear to be wantonly destructive. No instances of the kind will be found in the books of travellers. The untouched ruins and monuments of different kinds, met with along the banks of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, attest rather to a conservative feeling. There are castles on the Euphrates which date as far back as the time of the Khalifa, the rooms of which are perfectly inhabitable. There are fresco paintings in the halls of Birjik Castle of the times of the Crusaders, and inscriptions at Rakka of the time of the first Sultans, that have never been injured save by time. The Arabs do not even appear to destroy animal life wantonly. They detest pork, yet they do not trouble themselves to destroy the innumerable boars that fatten in their *hawis*—the rich alluvial plains of the rivers. In fact, from all that can be gathered, they appear to rob but not to destroy. Were they wantonly destructive, so as to fire encampments, cut date-trees, break down dykes, or ravage corn-lands, olive-groves, and gardens, the consequence in such countries would be very disastrous. Providence seems not to have given to them such an evil propensity in addition to others. But, supposing even that the contrary were the case, and that the Arabs were wantonly destructive, those dwelling along the banks of the Euphrates are for the most part of sedentary habits, pastoral or agricultural, and they would be among the least disposed to injure property the destruction of which would be of

* A line of submarine telegraph will, it is expected, be also established shortly between Constantinople and Seleucia.

no advantage to them. They might entertain some superstitious ideas in connexion with a system of wires carried across their lands, but these would be easily dissipated by proper explanations made to them of the meaning and purport of the wires; and the most perfect security would be obtained for them, by its being in the power of the Company's agents to say that they were used not only by Europeans, but also to carry the messages of the Sublime Porte and of the Sultan himself—the actual Khalif and head of their religion.

The British government and the Honourable the East India Company duly appreciate the power of supervision and control put into their hands by the telegraph, binding, as it does, the isolated and distant dependencies of the empire to the mother country, and they are understood to be prepared to extend their countenance and support in a fair and liberal spirit.

The merchant and the shipowner are also well acquainted with the inestimable value to them of the power of imparting and receiving prompt information. But even this is not to be compared with the interest attached to such a means of rapid intercommunication of ideas by relatives and friends, more especially by members of families when at a distance from each other—parents and children, husbands and wives. The electric telegraph becomes in such instances a real boon to humanity.

The Indo-European telegraph is undoubtedly one of the most valuable and important series of projects brought before the public by Mr. Andrew, and it is calculated, with the opening of the Euphrates and Indus to passengers and goods traffic, to most materially enhance the development of the resources of our vast Indian Empire. Nor can it for a moment be doubted but that a line of electric telegraphs between Europe and India must be a successful commercial enterprise, putting altogether out of sight the important moral effects which such means of rapid communication must of necessity bring about. It may, on the contrary, be doubted whether any more efficient means could be adopted to develop the resources of India, and to consolidate British power and strengthen British rule in that country, than by the formation of the proposed system of railways in Central Asia, and the carrying out of the proposed telegraph communication with Europe. These are undertakings which are not only eminently calculated to promote the immediate objects in view, facility and rapidity of intercommunication, as also of connecting India with Europe by a means of communication the most extraordinary in its character of the present age, but also to assist most materially in bringing more prominently before public attention the very wide and lucrative field for enterprise of varied forms which the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, as well as the Indian Empire, offer to British capitalists, merchants, colonists, and others.

Were any person (it has been most pertinently remarked) asked to point out the greatest proof and grandest monument of British power, genius, enterprise, perseverance, and constructive skill, he would most probably name our Indian Empire. Imagination can hardly picture anything more wonderful than that splendid aggregate of rich and populous kingdoms, acquired, subjected, consolidated, and brought by indomitable courage, by consummate art, by profound policy, beneath the benignant sway of the constitutional sovereign of the British

Iales. When one contemplates that vast territory, with its myriads of industrious inhabitants, its fertile fields, its flourishing cities, its various products, its countless treasures, and its inexhaustible sources of wealth, and recollects that all that is the fruit of fortunate commercial enterprise and well-directed practical ability, civil and military, one is at a loss to find words to express the magnitude of such an achievement. History affords no precedent of an empire of such magnificence constructed by such means, and brought within the dominion of a monarch, the principal seat of whose government is distant thousands of miles. British India stands alone in its majesty, the glorious monument of British commerce. Arms have undoubtedly done much, and diplomacy has done a great deal, but commerce has been the origin and the great constructor of this matchless dependency of the English crown. In reviewing the administration of the late Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, his annexations, his acquisitions, and his policy, we recently had the opportunity of surveying, as a whole, the state and condition of our Indian territory, and of marking the extraordinary advance made by our heterogeneous Asiatic subjects towards civilisation. The President of the Board of Control, too, a few days ago, marshalled in detail the results of our Oriental labours, and made plain to every understanding that our policy had been triumphant, and our achievements, whether of peace or war, had been unparalleled. Officially vouched facts and incontestable figures establish beyond controversy that the march of improvement throughout our Indian dominions has been extraordinary, and that the material and moral progress therein made has been so rapid as to outstrip all precedent example. But two things were wanted to complete the work we have carried on thus far, and to accomplish that triumph over mind and matter, over natural obstacles, ignorance and prejudice, which it is our manifest destiny to secure—the perfection of a direct railway system between England and India, and the establishment of an unbroken chain of electric communication, going straight from the head-quarters of Queen Victoria's government to every extremity of her eastern empire.

It ought not to be omitted, in considering the auspicious circumstances under which these great and public and imperial works have been inaugurated, that the return of peace is not one of the least. Indeed, the circumstances under which the railway will be now constructed, steam navigation established, and telegraphic communication opened, are infinitely better than we could have found them to be if no Russian war had taken place. The relationships between the Porte and the Western Powers have assumed a totally new aspect since the Allies interposed to save the "sick man" from the designs of the Czar. The Turks have now abandoned their jealousy, and forgotten their bigoted contempt of Frankish visitors; while we, on our part, as we became better acquainted with the government and inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire, have learnt to respect them more highly and value them more, whether as allies or as customers. What is of immediately practical consequence as regards the establishment of railway and telegraphic communication with India, and of reopening the navigation of the Euphrates, the counter-influence of Russia will be now unavailing; and we are now sure of obtaining all the facilities and co-operation which it may be in the power of the Porte to bestow. To use the words of the projector, Mr. Andrew, "Now that the Temple of Janus is closed for a season, let us stamp in Asia the impress of our genius and our power: let us render the invasion of Asia Minor by Russia for ever impossible, by throwing open to the world, by the irresistible power of steam, the rich and forgotten plains of the Euphrates and Tigris—the once famed granaries of the East—and

subduing to industry their wild inhabitants. This would be a greater triumph than the recapture of Kars, and at once a colossal and enduring monument of our science and enlightenment, as well as of our energy and might as a people."

When this is done, then, indeed, will time be vanquished and distance be overcome. Then will the civilisation of the West be spread in hourly currents over the East; then will the dream of the poet be more than realised, and to "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole" will be the simplest of performances. Laying aside all commercial advantages and political considerations, who has not a friend or relative in India to whom sending a message in a moment, at any hour of the day, would not be a most welcome privilege and advantage, which no money could adequately represent? Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the distinguished originator of the telegraphic system in India, tells us that the number of native correspondents in that country is increasing daily. Not only do they use the lines for financial business, but on the most delicate and secret matters, affecting family arrangements, betrothals, marriages, and other domestic affairs, of which they treat with an absence of all disguise which is almost beyond belief. Are the Turks, the Persians, the Arabs, or the Christian races, under Turkish or Persian rule, less intelligent and less likely to avail themselves of the telegraph than the Hindoo? Contemplating the subject in all its bearings, without any misgiving that imagination may be leading reason astray, we cannot but consider the projects now being inaugurated as among those mighty changes which are permitted at various epochs in the world's history to exercise a powerful influence over the destinies of the human race.

AYTOUN'S "BOTHWELL."*

APART from other claims to distinction, Professor Aytoun's new poem is sure of a special welcome, as a "relief by contrast" to the mysticism, spasmodics, and namby-pambyism which have lately been rife amongst us. "Bothwell" is of the Scott and "Marmion" school, with hardly a feature of resemblance to the "prevailing poets" of a later generation. It is a ballad poem, rehearsed in lively, fluent ballad style—too lively and lithe-some, indeed, to suit the character and condition of the gloomy captive who is supposed to utter it line by line, in the dungeon of a sea-beaten fort. There is no affectation, no mannerism, to mar the reader's enjoyment; some monotony there may be, arising from the circumstance of Bothwell being his own historian, and narrating from his own point of view, and in language tinged by his own feelings, which of course are bitter enough, the ups and downs, the successes and crosses, of his stormy career—a monotony which might have been avoided, if objectionable it really be, by the Edinburgh Professor conducting the narrative in his

* Bothwell: a Poem. In Six Parts. By W. E. Aytoun, D.C.L., Author of *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, &c. Blackwood and Sons. 1856.

own person, as an impartial yet not unsympathising minstrel, instead of entrusting it to the arch culprit, the Duke of Orkney himself. Not that the duke is permanently in the dumps, or makes but dull company; quite the reverse. He is even inconsistently sprightly in the matter and manner of his *souvenirs*, and changes his metre with an ease most facile, if not always most felicitous: at times he runs on with an almost colloquial freedom, injurious to the effect of his grave recitative, and thereby enhancing our respect for those passages of terse, graphic, picturesque reality, instinct with life and inspiration, which occasionally give such power to his record. Of the latter kind, and eminent in its kind, is Bothwell's account of his meeting Elliott face to face, within the Billhope glen, when the sun was sinking in the west, and of the single-handed fight that followed, then and there; and again, Ormiston's description of the brawl between the Liddesdale lads and Edinburgh citizens, and of the growing disaffection in that "troublous town." There is true dramatic energy in the story of Darnley's fate, and Bothwell's part in bringing it about. And there is true pathetic beauty in more than one or two passages in the life-story, old tale indeed and often told, of her whose bane and ruin this bold bad Bothwell was, Mary, Queen of Scots. Nor do we know whether more to admire the force of sarcasm and stinging invective which burns in some stanzas, or the melodious calm, soothing and dainty sweet, which steals over or exhales from others. There is a very impressive contrast sustained in the opening of the first and second cantos respectively—between the howling winds, and driving sleet, and angry sea of the one, and sunny tranquillity and clear blue skyey influences of the other—each in its turn colouring and prefiguring the events we are to hear recorded.

After the battle of Carberry, Bothwell fled northwards, seeking refuge in his own dukedom, Orkney, but spurned thence by his nominal vassals. Pursued hotly and closely, he bent his course farther and farther northwards—casting his anchor at last in Bressay Sound. Forced to the open seas again, he was taken prisoner by a Danish man-of-war, apparently on suspicion of piracy—a suspicion engendered or confirmed by his want of regular papers or passports, and his natural reluctance to confess his name and office. In Denmark he remained for some months under *surveillance*, though allowed to be at large, until the Regent Murray applied to the King (Frederick II.) to have Bothwell delivered up, as a convicted murderer. Frederick compromised matters by declining the extradition, but at the same time sending Bothwell to the fortress of Malmoe, there to be kept in close confinement, and, as it turned out, to die raving mad.

O faithless were the waves and wind!
Still the avenger sped behind.
No rock so rude, no isle so lone,
That I might claim it as my own.
A price was set upon my head,
Hunted from place to place I fled;
Till chased across the open seas,
I met the surly Dane.
These were his gifts and welcome—these!
A dungeon and a chain!

From this dungeon in the fortress of Malmoe it is, that Bothwell sends

forth the wailings of remorse, and at the indignant protest, in the poem now before us. The poem is in the form of a monologue, and so contrived as to introduce in one succinct narrative all the salient events in the career of Mary, Queen of Scots, from the day when first upon the Scottish shore

She, like a radiant star,
Descended, bringing hope and mirth
From those bright realms afar;
When all men's hearts were blithe and glad
To greet their youthful Queen,
And once again within the land
A happy face was seen,—

down to the day of her parting from Bothwell at Carberry Hill. In conducting this narrative, Professor Aytoun wishes it to be distinctly understood, that, except in minor and immaterial matters, necessary for the construction of a poem of this length, he has not deviated from what he considers to be the historical truth. It may be questioned whether this course is likely to be applauded by genuine lovers of poetry, for poetry's own sake; while dry and dogmatical students of history, on the other hand, will probably demur to the poet's presentment of his leading historical personages, as far more poetical than historical, more romantic than true.

His idea of the character of Bothwell is professedly founded on the descriptions given by Herries and Throckmorton; of whom the one represents the "fiery duke" as a man "high in his own conceit, proud, vicious, and vainglorious above measure,"—and the other as "glorious, boastful, rash, and hazardous."

Men deem, Lord Bothwell, you were born
Beneath a rash and fiery star
That ever prompted you to scorn
All prudent counsel—

"Oh many a deed that I have done," the fevered captive exclaims, in the opening of these his Confessions, "weighs heavy on my soul;

For I have been a sinful man,
And never, since my life began,
Have bowed me to control."

He owns to himself that whenever his name is heard in Scotland, from Orkney to silver-winding Tweed, men shudder at the sound. In accusing himself he is made explicitly to excuse Mary. "I myself," he declares, when recording the charge brought against her of complicity in the death of Darnley—"I myself,

The devil's bondsman, though alive,
Whom not for charity nor pelf
The meanest priest that crawls would shrive—
I would not, though she brought a crown,
Have ta'en a murderess to my bed;
The Borgia won such wide renown
As well might warn a pillowed head!—
But, fie on me, to mix the name
Of one so tainted and so vile
With hers, the pure and spotless Dame
Who tarries in Lochleven's isle!

Her noble soul, ^{at} ^{as} ^{few} no taint,
 Was far too trusting, and sincere;
 She was, in purity, the saint,
 With all that makes the woman dear.
 And when I pass before the Throne,
 To reckon for my deeds on earth;
 When every secret crime is known,
 And every thought that gave them birth;
 I'll answer truly for my Queen,
 What she, in error, did for me;
 And, though a gulf lie broad between,
 I'll vouch her, as an angel, free!"

Notwithstanding the warmth of Bothwell's voucher, we fear there are those who, taking a cold "tradesmanlike" view of the matter, may object, like Master Dumbleton the silk mercer, in the case of Bardolph's proffered assurance for Sir John's short cloak and slops, that they "like not the security."

If Bothwell's character too frequently appears over refined, and well-nigh tenderly susceptible, in the chances and changes of this poem—a result perhaps inevitably due to the form in which it is cast—at least the poet takes care to exhibit him under that aspect which in tradition and popular recognition he most familiarly bears,—that of a rough-riding, rough-spoken, rough-dealing man of war.

—A rugged border lord,
 Unused to courtly ways,
 Whose tongue was never tutored yet
 To lisp in polished phrase;
 One who would rather on the heath
 Confront a feudal foe,
 Than linger in a royal hall
 Where lackeys come and go.

Telling the tale of Rizzio, and alluding to the feud between Rome and the Scottish Reformers, Bothwell avows:

Right little cared I for the creeds
 Of either Church, I trow;
 I recked not which should win or lose,
 And more—I reck not now."

And elsewhere, in a most characteristic passage, he declares:

Now, were a reverend father here—
 For such there are, I know,
 Good men and true, who preach the word,
 Without invoking fire and sword
 To lay the temples low. . . .
 Had I such ghostly counsellor,
 He'd tell me straight to throw
 All angry feelings from my breast
 To bless my deadliest foe—

(Lethington for instance, or Murray, or Douglas—to pray for them, while they are yet alive:)

The older faith enjoined a mass,
 A requiem to be said
 Above the bier, or for the sake
 Of any foeman dead.

That may be priestcraft, idle sound,
 As modern preachers say,
 A lie, that neither saint in heaven,
 Nor guard on hell, obey.
 But to forgive them, while they live;
 To breathe a prayer for them,
 The traitors who have robbed their Queen
 Of state and diadem—
 Have shut her in a lonely isle,
 To pine, and waste, and die—
 A prayer for villains such as these
 Were insult to the sky!

Here, again, is a passage with the true ring in it, considering what metal Bothwell is made of:

They prate of murder—'tis a word
 Most odious to the ear,
 Condemned alike by God and man:
 But peer may meet with peer.
 If laggard laws delay redress
 For insult or for wrong,
 There is no arbiter like steel
 So steady and so strong.
 Then they contend on equal ground,
 And equal arms they wield;
 What does the knight or captain more
 Who strikes in tented field?
 And—by the sun that shines above!—
 Had fate ordained it so,
 That I and Darnley might have met
 In combat, foe to foe,
 One half my life, when life was prized,
 Were ransom all too poor,
 For one bare hour, 'twixt dawn and mirk,
 Of combat on the moor!

Darnley, that "weak and worthless boy," is one of the most striking portraiture in the narrative—"a fool in whose insensate hand, the fairest jewel of the land, lay a neglected toy"—"with scarce the wit to be a knave if born in low degree," but made knave and traitor by loose comrades of the baser sort, who whispered lewdness in his ear, and pandered to his pride, till the wretched perjured boy came at last to leave his queenly wife, despite her tears and prayer—

Left her, with base, unmanly threat,
 Alone to weep and pine;
 That he might lie in harlots' laps,
 And hiccup o'er his wine—

becoming, ere the curtain dropped on the tragedy, a "wretched leper,"

Stricken, and sick, and ill at ease,
 Worn out with base debaucheries
 Broken in body and in mind—
 A wretch, who paradise resigned,
 To wallow in a sty!

The Regent Murray fares with Aytoun much as Marlborough fares with

Macaulay; Bothwell's denunciations are virtually endorsed by the poet—and between the two James Murray is stigmatised as the "falsest villain" that ever Scotland bred—false to his faith, false to the crown, false to his blood:

False to his sister, whom he swore
To guard and shield from harm;
The head of many a felon plot,
But never once the arm!
What tie so holy that his hand
Hath snapped it not in twain?
What oath so sacred but he broke
For selfish end or gain?
A verier knave ne'er stepped the earth
Since this wide world began;
And yet—he bandies texts with Knox,
And walks a pious man!

As Professor Aytoun's affinity to Scott in the spirit and structure of his poem is patent enough, so has he followed Sir Walter in the plan of appending to it a large collection of notes, which, however interesting in themselves, were on the whole as well away. They only come in at the close to confirm what we feel at the announcement in the preface—something more akin to regret than gratitude, for the poet's adherence, as he believes and endeavours, to historical accuracy.

A careless expression, due to slip (or perhaps slide) of pen, or error of press, is noticeable here and there.

When all, save I, am free (p. 3),

is most likely the compositor's construction. Not so the objective case in the line,

There's none so deep debased as *thee*! (p. 194).

On the other hand the objective case is the one wanted in a following line—

But vain it were for you *and* I, &c. (p. 199).

As the poet is himself aware: witness the proper construction a few pages farther on—

Look not aghast! There's no retreat
For you or *me* (p. 205).

Might he not, too, advantageously eliminate those antiquated *supers* in the use of poetry, the family of "did" and "do," dear to Waller and his age, but now reckoned out of date, and mere incumbrances? For example—

. . . . No anger did her look betray.
Now, in the midst of mirth and song,
Her loving nature did not yield, &c. (pp. 85-6).

Or this—

And so, because in quietness
Her secret soul she did possess (p. 110).

We would not end with a petty cavil—but lo! *enter* Printer's devil, and swears, as only he can swear (*you* don't know him, reader), that we **MUST**.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.*

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

XXXVI.

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

GAGE's reappearance at Monthermer Castle created an extraordinary sensation amongst the neighbouring gentry, and indeed throughout the whole county. No one expected to find him there again,—at all events, not in the quality of lord of the mansion, and such he was still, to all appearances. Tidings of his utter ruin had of course been received. Such news flies quickly. Moreover, it was rumoured that the whole of his estates had been seized by Fairlie; and though this report wanted confirmation, it obtained general credence, being quite consistent with the steward's known character for rapacity.

Precisely at this juncture, when everybody supposed him shut up in the Fleet, or some other debtors' prison, Gage suddenly returned, having travelled from town (it was said) in his usual magnificent style, and accompanied by his usual attendants. He did not appear to meditate any change in his extravagant mode of living. His first business on his arrival was to issue invitations to all his acquaintance, announcing his intention of keeping open house for a week; the festivities to be concluded by a grand entertainment, to which the honour of their company was requested.

The recipients of these invitations were naturally filled with astonishment. Not being in the secret of Gage's arrangement with Fairlie, they knew not what to make of it. One said to another, "Have you heard that Monthermer has come back to the Castle, and has begun again at his old rattling pace?" And the other replied that he *had* heard it, but could scarcely believe it, so he meant to ride over on the morrow and satisfy himself. Whereupon they both agreed to accept Gage's invitation.

Their example was generally followed. Many went from curiosity—many more because they felt certain of getting surpassingly good dinners—and some few because they liked Gage personally, and were really glad to welcome him home again. So great was the influx of guests, that on the third day every room in the immense mansion was occupied, except such as had been set apart for visitors expected from town. Those who looked

*  *The Author of this Tale reserves the right of translation.*

for good cheer were not disappointed. Heretofore, the lord of the Castle had been renowned for profuse hospitality; but his present banquets surpassed all previously given, both in excellence and splendour. Nothing was wanting that the greatest epicure could desire; while the hardest-drinking foxhunter got enough—and something more than enough—burgundy and claret.

As may be supposed, the best of Gage's neighbours held aloof, and would take no part in his festivities, but the boon companions who did rally round him persuaded him he was better without such high and mighty folks. Good fellowship and good wine would be thrown away upon them. He himself was worth the whole set put together. He was the best and most hospitable fellow in the world, and deserved a dozen fortunes. Let the reader picture to himself a score of old toppers (some of them six-bottle men), a like number of gay and dissolute youths, former associates of our hero, together with a sprinkling of the miscellaneous class of gentry who throng a hunting-field, and he will have some idea of the class of company now assembled at the Castle. From morn to night, and from night to morn, it was one continued round of revelry and enjoyment.

On the fourth day the party was increased by the arrival of Sir Randal de Meschines, Mr. Freke, Lord Melton, Brice Bunbury, Nat Mist, and Jack Brassey, with their attendants; and later on the same day came Mrs. Jenyns. The last visitor was a surprise to Gage—he had not expected her.

"You won't find me in the way," she said to him, perceiving his embarrassment as he endeavoured to give her a smiling welcome; "and I beg you not to stand on any ceremony with me, but to put me just where you please. Fairlie told me there would be no room for me, and that you didn't want me; but I knew better, so here I am. But, bless me, how ill you appear! What's the matter? I declare you look ten years older than when I saw you last."

This was said in jest, but it was not far wide of the truth. Gage had, indeed, entirely lost his youthful expression of countenance. He looked frightfully worn and haggard. Since his return to the Castle he had known little rest. He occupied a large bed-chamber, which had formerly been used by his father, and fancied he heard strange sounds within it. On the night before Mrs. Jenyns's arrival he had been more than usually restless. After tossing to and fro for hours upon his pillow, in the vain attempt to court sleep, and fancying he heard mysterious voices and footfalls in the room, he hastily attired himself, and, full of superstitious terror, stepped forth into the long gallery, lined with full-length portraits of his ancestors.

Pictures no longer, but fearful spectres. The moon shed its pale radiance through the opposite windows, and, thus illuminated, the

figures of the old Monthermers seemed to start from their frames like ghosts. The first phantom that Gage encountered was the awful shade of Radulphus, a mail-clad baron of the time of Edward I., and founder of the line. Then came Sir Lionel, who had been knighted by Edward III.—then Kenric, the wise, Randal, the proud, and Redwald, the gigantic—and many more: Oswald, who flourished in the reign of Edward IV.; Egbert, a galliard page in the days of Henry VIII., a crafty statesman in the time of Elizabeth; Sigebert, who was knighted by James I.; Arthur, the cavalier; Vernon, Gage's grandsire; and lastly, Warwick, his father.

Close beside the shadowy form of Warwick floated the semblance of a young and beautiful woman. Gage knew that this was his mother. Her regards were fixed tenderly and sorrowfully upon him—so tenderly that his heart was melted. What agonising thoughts racked him at that moment—how bitterly did he reproach himself. He had never known the caresses of a mother, had never received counsel from her lips—but would it have profited him if he had? Could a mother have rescued him from destruction? No—no. He deserved to perish. He had forfeited all claim to compassion. Overwhelmed by dark and despairing thoughts, he glanced along the line of phantoms, and meeting their regards with looks stern as their own, gave utterance to a terrible resolution he had formed. But the spectres frowned, and seemed to mutter that even in the tomb he should have no place beside them.

Suddenly he was roused from the state of stupefaction into which he had been thrown, by the sound of laughter and revelry arising from below. A large party of his guests were passing the night in carousing. In their society he might find forgetfulness, and without waiting a moment he hurried down to them. But, on gaining the room where the party was assembled, he was completely disgusted by the scene presented to his view. Prostrate forms were lying across the room—some so overcome with wine and punch as to be unable to rise—some fast asleep—their attire disordered, and their perukes scattered about. Some few were still able to maintain their seats at the table, and these valiant toppers hailed Gage with tipsy shouts, and called upon him to join them; but unable to conquer his repugnance, he hastily retreated, and rousing up a groom, proceeded to the stable, and bidding the man saddle his favourite hunter, Hotspur, he mounted him, and rode forth into the park. The groom thought he must have taken leave of his senses.

He went forth alone, and into the most secluded part of the park—but black care was on his track. A troop of ghostly horsemen overtook him—and rode by his side. In vain he urged Hotspur to his utmost speed—still the ghostly company kept up with him. He knew them all—Redwald the gigantic, Kenric with his towering brow, Randal with his lofty port, Arthur with his

flowing locks;—and his father—yes, his father headed the troop. Go where he would, they went with him. If he swept along a glade at full speed, the spectral horsemen were beside him—if he drew the rein on an eminence, they paused likewise. He closed his eyes, but when he opened them again they were still there. “What would ye with me?” he exclaimed. “Why do you follow me thus?” The figures made no reply, but seemed all to point to the Castle. “I know what you mean,” he continued. “You upbraid me with having lost it. But be at peace. Ere many days my faults shall be expiated.”

As he uttered the exclamation the figures melted away into the mist, and he rode back slowly and without further disquietude to the Castle.

As the groom took his horse to the stable, he wondered what the young squire had been at. He had never before seen Hotspur in such a condition—he hadn’t a dry hair upon him—but looked as if he had been drenched with water from head to heel.

The occurrences of this night had so changed Gage’s appearance as to warrant Mrs. Jenyns’s remark that he looked full ten years older.

XXXVII.

HOW GAGE WAS AGAIN PREVAILED UPON TO PLAY, AND WHAT SUCCESS ATTENDED HIM.

SIR RANDAL and Beau Freke came down to Monthermer Castle in the hope of winning back their money, but in this expectation it seemed likely they would be disappointed. Play—and pretty deep play, too—had been going on every night, but Gage had taken no part in it. The fact was, he had no funds, and was therefore compelled to be a mere spectator. It was an additional mortification to him to be reminded by his newly-arrived guests of his promise to give them revenge. He made the best excuses he could, but he felt they looked upon him as a shuffler—of all characters the most despicable in his esteem—and he writhed under the fancied imputation.

“This used not to be the case when we were here last, Monthermer,” Sir Randal said. “Then you could not resist a game at piquet or glee, and were my constant antagonist at hazard. Why not sit down with us now? What say you to a game at two-handed putt?—or, if you prefer it, lanterloo?—I am for anything—tick-tack—in-and-in—passage—or what you will. Only sit down.”

“Excuse me, Sir Randal, I don’t play to-night.”

“Why, ’sdeath! man, have you made a second vow against cards and dice? If so, I counsel you to break it like the first. I would fain lose a few more thousands to you.”

"And so would I," Beau Freke added. "We will absolve you from any new vow you may have made, Monthermer. And no doubt you will have as good luck as you had a short time ago at the Groom Porter's."

Just then, Lord Melton, who was engaged with a party at five-cards, called out: "I'll bet a hundred pounds, Monthermer, that I win all the cards."

Gage felt desperately inclined to rejoin, "Done!" but he restrained himself, and merely said, "I don't bet now."

"Why, what the deuce prevents you?" his lordship cried. "See!" he added, displaying his cards, "if you had taken me, you would have won."

Not liking to be further troubled, Gage soon afterwards quitted the card-room, and did not return to it that night.

On the following evening, however, Mrs. Jenyns managed to lure him to the hazard-table. He had been excusing himself as before, when she took him aside, and urged him to try his luck once more.

"I must have money to play with, Peg," he said, with a forced laugh.

"Why, so you shall," she replied. "Take my pocket-book. It is full of bank-notes. I want you to play for me, and don't be afraid to stake highly. We will divide the winnings as before."

"Have you lucky dice with you?" Gage rejoined, glancing at her significantly.

"You broke those I most relied on," she replied; "but I have another pair, and you may try them, if you like."

"Let me have them," Gage rejoined. "To what extent must I go?"

"That pocket-book contains almost all you won for me at the Groom Porter's—about 17,000*l*. I am willing to risk it all."

"You had better not trust me."

"Pooh! I haven't the slightest uneasiness," she rejoined, slipping a pair of dice into his hands. "I know you will win. Come along!" And leading him towards the table, she called out, "Gentlemen, I am happy to inform you that I have induced Mr. Monthermer to play."

The announcement was received with acclamations, and a place was instantly made for Gage at the table. Both Sir Randal and Beau Freke asked how much he meant to stake. A thousand pounds was the reply. The dice rattled, and Gage lost. Mrs. Jenyns, who stood at his elbow, looked surprised, but whispered him to double his stakes. He did so, and lost again. The actress bit her lips with vexation, but signed to him to go on. He obeyed, but without better luck. The stake was now eight thousand pounds, and he paused before laying down the money, but Mrs. Jenyns would have no cessation. The run of luck was still against him.

The eight thousand pounds was swept off by his opponents. Altogether he had lost fifteen thousand pounds—within two thousand of the contents of the pocket-book.

"Stake what is left," Mrs. Jenyns whispered; "and play with care," she added, significantly. Gage strove to comply with her injunctions—but he was beaten, and the pocket-book was empty! His adversaries urged him to go on, but he shook his head, and left the table.

"I am sorry to have played so badly," he remarked to Mrs. Jenyns, who had followed him hastily. "But I might perhaps have done better if I had used the dice you gave me."

"What! didn't you use them?" she cried, with an explosion of rage. "This accounts for it! Fool that I was to trust you! You have ruined me."

"But, Peg——"

"Don't talk to me. I am out of all patience. Give me the dice, and let me try. But no—no—I cannot play. All my money is gone. Have you none to lend me? A hundred pounds will do."

"I have not the hundredth part of that amount left," he answered.

Mrs. Jenyns looked as if she could annihilate him—but her anger seemed suddenly to abate.

"Something must be done to repair this error," she said, in a tone of forced calmness. "We must confer together to-morrow about Fairlie."

"About Fairlie!" Gage exclaimed. "What about him?"

"Not so loud," she rejoined; "the servants are all his spies, and some of them may overhear you. I fancied that man was listening," pointing to Pudsey, who was standing at a little distance from them. "To-morrow I will open my design to you. You owe me reparation for the mischief you have just done me—and I will show you how to make ample amends. But let us separate. I am quite sure that man is listening. To-morrow!"

And she left the room, while Gage walked back to the hazard-table, and watched the play.

"I did right not to use her dice," he thought. "Better lose, than win unfairly."

XXXVIII.

AN INTERVIEW IN THE IVY TOWER.

THE last day but one of his term had now arrived, and in a few more hours Gage must for ever cast aside his borrowed honours, and cease to be lord of Monthermer.

Another day, and all would be over! Well, what matter! Had

he not exhausted all the enjoyments of life? had he not feasted and caroused to satiety? had he not drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs?—He could now throw it aside without regret.

Without regret, perhaps,—but not without compunction—not without remorse. He dared not review his frenzied career—he dared not reflect upon the innumerable follies he had committed—such acts would not bear reflection—but he vainly sought to stifle the cries of conscience within his breast. These cries would be heard even in the midst of riotous indulgence; they chilled his blood, and banished sleep from his couch; they drove him at times almost to the verge of madness.

But there would soon be an end, and till then he would know no restraint—no pause. If his career had been brief and brilliant as that of a meteor—its close should be like the meteor's sudden disappearance.

Such thoughts agitated him as on the morning of the sixth day after his return he crossed the broad velvet lawns of the garden, and mounted the stone steps of the terrace leading to the ruins of the ancient Castle. He was unaccompanied, for not one of his numerous guests was yet astir. The hour was too early for them after their prolonged debauches overnight, and many of them would not rise before noon, and would then require fresh stimulants to set them going for the day. But as their host could not sleep, he quitted his couch betimes, and sought to cool his throbbing brow and fevered limbs in the fresh morning air. Besides, he had another motive for his early walk. On retiring to his chamber on the previous night he had found on his toilet-table a note, in a female hand, with which he thought he was familiar, though he could not assign a name to the writer. The note bore no signature, and contained only a few words, begging him to come early in the morning to the Ivy Tower, where a friend desired to see him. Strictest secrecy was enjoined. Time was when such a billet would have piqued his curiosity, and flattered his vanity with the idea of a conquest, but no such idle feelings now excited him. Still he resolved to go; and it was to keep the appointment that he now shaped his course towards the ruins of the old Castle.

He had not proceeded far along the terrace, when, raising his eyes, which, owing to his melancholy musing, had been hitherto fixed on the ground, he perceived a man advancing to meet him, and at once recognising Mark Rougham, halted till the latter came up, thinking him very much in the way at the moment, and considering how he could get rid of him.

“Good day to your honour,” Mark cried, taking off his hat as he drew near—“you be well met. I were comin’ down to the Hall to try and get a word wi’ you. But my errand’s done, since you be on the way to the Ivy Tower.”

"Ah! you know I am going there!—Perhaps you are aware that I got a note last night?"

"Aware of it! why, I brought it myself, sir—and got one o' th' women servants to place it i' your bed-chamber, where you would be sure to find it. You can guess who it be from, I suppose? Lord bless her! I couldn't ha' believed in such goodness and devotion, unless I'd seen it. My heart has been like to burst wi' what I ha' witnessed since yesterday—so much consideration for others, so little care for self. Sure I am, if there be any one able to save a sinful soul fro' destruction, it be she. There ben't such another on earth."

"Such another as whom, Mark? Whom do you mean?"

"Why, whom else can I mean but Miss Fairlie! What I've said couldn't be true of any other of her sex—not that I mean to speak against the dear creators—but she be a paragon."

"You lead me to suppose she is here, Mark—but that is impossible, unless her health has greatly improved."

"She may be a trifle better than she has been," Mark replied, "but her life still hangs by a thread, which may be snapped at any minute. Howsomever, in spite of illness and fatigue, she is here; and a wonderful thing it be that she can have gone through so long a journey; but her brave and good heart supported her—and no doubt Heaven leant her aid."

"What has brought her here?" Gage cried.

"Can you ask, sir? She be come to see you—to speak wi' you—to try and move your heart; and I hope, by Heaven's grace, she may succeed in doing so. Your honour wrote to her, didn't you, afore you left Lunnon?"

"I sent her a few hasty lines, telling her I was going down to Monthermer Castle for a week. I scarcely knew what I wrote, I was so hurried."

"Whatever you did write, sir, your letter caused her to follow you. In spite of all remonstrances, she set off on the same day as yourself, with my daughter Lettice, and travelled by slow stages to Bury St. Edmund's. There she took rest; but, while doing so, she sent on a messenger to Muster Gosnold, the head gardener, to prepare the rooms in the Ivy Tower for her reception."

"I remember hearing she had taken a fancy to the old tower, and had had it furnished," Gage remarked.

"Ay, that was after Muster Arthur Poynings had the ill-luck to get wounded, and were removed there," Mark continued. "A sad affair that, sir, and might have turned out worse than it did. I thought the young gentleman would have died, and I'm pretty sure he would have done but for Miss Fairlie's care. She watched by him the whole night, tendin' him like a sister, and never left him till he was removed on a litter to Reedham. No doubt she took a liking to the old tower, because it gave shelter to Muster

Arthur on that occasion. But, as I was sayin', while she rested at Bury, a messenger was sent over fro' Bury to Muster Gosnold to get the rooms ready for her—and at the same time Lettice despatched a man to me at Reedham to let me know they were comin'. As luck would have it, Sir Hugh and the family had just returned fro' Lunnon, so I could not help mentioning the circumstance to Muster Arthur,—and, as a matter of course, he tells Miss Lucy—and what does she do, but decide at once to come here and nurse her friend. A good deal was said against it, as your honour may suppose, by Muster Arthur and my lady, but the long and the short of the matter is, she comes."

"What! is Miss Poynings here, too?" Gage exclaimed, in amazement.

"Ay, in good truth is she, sir," Mark replied. "She and her brother joined Miss Fairlie at the cross-roads, half way betwixt this and Reedham, and Muster Arthur brought 'em here last night, and saw 'em comfortably settled afore he left—and that's all about it—no, it's not quite all, for Miss Lucy wrote the note to you, which I myself conveyed, as I've already told you. And now, sir, shall I conduct you to her?"

Gage remained for a moment irresolute, and then, as if nerving himself for the interview, he said, "Lead on, Mark."

Not a word more passed between them.

When they reached the tower, Mark went in, while Gage waited without till he received a summons to enter, and then following his conductor up a short spiral staircase, was admitted into a lofty circular chamber, which had been fitted up with considerable taste, and with every needful attention to comfort. The furniture was cumbersome and old-fashioned, but in harmony with the room. A copper lamp was suspended from the groined roof, and a dim mirror, in an ebony frame, was placed over the ancient chimney-piece. The stone walls were hung with old tapestry, and the deep embrasures were shrouded by thick curtains. A wood fire was burning cheerily on the hearth, and its blaze illuminated the room. On a sofa near the fireplace, and covered by shawls, reclined Clare. In close attendance upon her were Lucy Poynings and Lettice Rougham. Mark did not enter with Gage, but having ushered him to the door, shut it, and remained outside.

For a few moments there was a profound silence, broken only by half-stifled sobs proceeding from Lettice. At length, a low voice was heard to say, "Draw near, I beg of you." And Gage approached the sofa on which the sufferer rested.

"Sit down beside me for a moment," Clare continued, in her soft feeble accents, "and let me tell you why I am here. I am come in the hope of serving you. I had thought never to see you again, but compassion for you has overcome all other feelings, and I have resolved to persevere to the last. I will not reproach you

with having broken your promise to me. For that I freely forgive you, and pray Heaven to forgive you likewise."

She then paused for a few moments, after which she resumed in a firmer tone:

"And now let me ask you a question—and I entreat you to answer it sincerely. Have you repaid my father the money he advanced for your debts? Nay, do not hesitate—I must know the truth—I have a right to know it."

"Since you press me thus, I am compelled to admit that I have repaid him," he rejoined. "By doing so, I hoped, in some degree, to atone for my conduct to you."

"If you had listened to me, this new distress might have been spared me," Clare exclaimed, in a tone of anguish. And she sank back for a few moments on the sofa, while Lucy flew forward to support her. "Oh, it is hard to bear," she exclaimed, after a while—"but it must be righted, if possible. Now tell me, Gage—and tell me truly—for what purpose have you come here?"

"To be lord of Monthermer for a week," he replied.

"But how came my father to consent to your return?"

"Oh! I found means of persuading him—to be plain, I made it worth his while to let me have the place for a few days. My term ends to-morrow at midnight."

"And then what do you propose to do?" Clare continued.

Gage made no answer; and, after a brief silence, arose and said abruptly, "It is useless to prolong this interview. It can lead to nothing. I am past redemption. Do not concern yourself further about me, Clare. Farewell!"

"Stay!" she cried, detaining him. "You must not go thus. You have formed some terrible resolution. I read it in your glances. Do not add guilt to folly. Do not destroy your eternal weal. Oh, listen to me, Gage—listen to me!"

"It is too late—my resolution is taken!" he exclaimed.

"Oh! say not so. You may yet be spared for many years of happiness. Join your prayers to mine, Lucy—speak to him—speak!"

Lucy tried to obey her, but her voice was choked by emotion.

"All your prayers are in vain," Gage cried. "Nothing can turn me from my purpose. Farewell, Clare—farewell, Lucy. Think the best you can of me!" And breaking from them he rushed out of the chamber.

"Oh! what will become of him!" Lucy exclaimed, falling on her knees beside Clare.

"A last effort must be made to save him," Clare murmured—"a last effort."

CHARLES READE'S "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."*

THIS "matter-of-fact romance," as Mr. Charles Reade designates it, starts with a group of no common characters. There are George and William Fielding tilling "The Grove," as poor a little farm as any in Berkshire, needless to say, without success. There is Mr. Meadows, a clever scheming villain, who wields men and money to his own egotistical purposes. There is Susanna Merton, a country lass, beautiful and good, beloved by the two brothers and by Mr. Meadows too. There is Isaac Levi, a Jew in all the senses of the word, with a touch of Orientalism in him, as a relief to European Judaism. There is Peter Crawley, a miserable attorney—Meadows's unscrupulous tool. There is Robinson, a convict—last from California—but what would the shade of simple honest Isaac Walton say to the desecration?—for the time being, a quiet angler in the village. Lastly, there is the Rev. Francis Eden, a man of infinite feeling and wisdom—a thorough practical Christian in every sense of the word.

With this group of characters to work upon, then, what is to be their distribution in life—what features of modern society are they best calculated to illustrate? Robinson, detected and conveyed off to a model prison, is one great theme; George and William Fielding quarrelling about Susan and the farm, and George going off to Australia just before the time when gold-washing succeeded to wearisome and unprofitable grazing; and Meadows left behind to scheme against all and everybody, with one great object in view, the bearing away the village belle from her betrothed George,—such are the main features of this life-like and interesting story.

The sources from whence the fearful and too true pictures of abuses of prison discipline are derived are known to all. The humane but weak theorist, Captain O'Connor; Mr. Williams, the "Shallow and Slender" justice; the brutal Hawes, the efficient chaplain, are all real personages. It is much to be wished, for the honour of the country we live in, and for the credit of the age, that it were not so. When we consider how much has been said by some of these very persons of literature abetting crime, what must they (the administrators of the law) think of themselves after having abetted murder? Robinson, on his arrival, is treated to the black-hole for venturing a whisper to a fellow-prisoner. Here is a description of the place and of its effects on the human frame:

The darkness in which Robinson now lay was not like the darkness of our bedrooms at night, in which the outlines of objects are more or less visible; it was the frightful darkness that chilled and crushed the Egyptians, soul and body; it was darkness that might be felt.

This terrible and unnatural privation of all light is very trying to all God's creatures, to none more so than to man, and amongst men it is most dangerous and distressing to those who have imagination and excitability. Now Robinson was a man of this class, a man of rare capacity, full of talent and the courage and energy that vent themselves in action, but not rich in the tough fortitude which does little, feels little, and bears much.

* "It is Never Too Late to Mend." By Charles Reade. Three Volumes. R. Bentley. 1856.

When they took him out of the black-hole, after six hours' confinement, he was observed to be white as a sheet, and to tremble violently all over, and in this state at the word of command he crept back all the way to his cell; his hand to his eyes, that were dazzled by what seemed to him bright daylight; his body shaking, while every now and then a loud convulsive sob burst from his bosom.

The governor happened to be on the corridor, looking down over the rails as Robinson passed him. He said to him with a victorious sneer, "You won't be refractory in chapel again, in a hurry."

"No," said the thief, in a low, gentle voice, despairingly.

The day after Robinson was put in the black-hole the surgeon came his rounds: he found him in a corner of his cell, with his eyes fixed on the floor.

The man took no notice of his entrance. The surgeon went up to him and shook him rather roughly. Robinson raised his heavy eyes, and looked stupidly at him.

The surgeon laid hold of him, and placing a thumb on each side of his eye, inspected that organ fully. He then felt his pulse; this done, he went out with the warder. Making his report to the governor, he came in turn to Robinson.

"No. 19 is sinking."

"Oh! is he? Fry" (turning to a warder), "what has 19's treatment been?"

"Been in his cell, sir, without labour since he came. Black-hole yesterday, for communicating in chapel."

"What is the matter with him?"

"Doctor says he is sinking."

"What the devil do you mean by his sinking?"

"Well, sir," replied the surgeon, with a sort of dry deference, "he is dying—that is what I mean."

"Oh, he is dying, is he; d—n him, we'll stop that: here, Fry, take No. 19 out into the garden, and set him to work: and put him on the corridors to-morrow."

This was only one form of torture adopted at a prison with which the inquisition is the only thing that will bear comparison. A second was the crank:

The next morning Fry the morose came into Robinson's cell with a more cheerful countenance than usual. Robinson noticed it.

"You are put on the crank," said Fry.

"Oh! am I?"

"Of course you are. Your sentence was hard labour, wasn't it? I don't know why you weren't sent on a fortnight ago."

Fry then took him out into the labour-yard, which he found perforated with cells about half the size of his hermitage in the corridor. In each of these little quiet grottos lurked a monster, called a crank. A crank is a machine of this sort: there springs out of a vertical post an iron handle, which the workman, taking it by both hands, works round and round, as in some country places you may have seen the villagers draw a bucket up from a well. This iron handle goes at the shoulder into a small iron box at the top of the post; and inside that box the resistance to the turner is regulated by the manufacturer, who states the value of the resistance outside in cast-iron letters. Thus:

5 lb. crank.

7 lb. crank. 10, 12, &c., &c.

"Eighteen hundred revolutions per hour," said Mr. Fry, in his voice of routine, and "you are to work two hours before dinner." So saying, he left him, and Robinson, with the fear of punishment before him, lost not a moment in getting to work. He found the crank go easy enough at first, but the longer he was at it the stiffer it seemed to turn. And after about four hundred turns he was fain to breathe and rest himself. He took three minutes' rest, then at it again. All this time there was no taskmaster, as in Egypt, nor whipper up of declining sable energy, as in Old Kentucky. So that if I am so fortunate as to have a reader aged ten, he is wondering why the fool did not confine his

exertions to *saying* he had made the turns. My dear, it would not do. Though no mortal oversaw the thief at his task, the eye of science was in that cell and watched every stroke, and her inexorable finger marked it down. In plain English, on the face of the machine was a thing like a chronometer with numbers set all round, and a hand which, somehow or other, always pointed to the exact number of turns the thief had made. The crank was an automater, or self-measurer, and in that respect your superior and mine, my little drake.

It is not our object here to detail how many extra-judicial murders were committed in this model prison, or how the chaplain succeeded in exposing the turpitude and horrors of the system. It is a long story, full of harrowing interest, and told in the bold and fearless language of a man who can feel for his fellow-creatures, even if they happen to be criminals.

The scenes and events that attend upon Australian life are not only by their nature of a more lively and agreeable character, but they are also told with a degree of spirit and truthfulness which would lead one to believe that the author must write from practical experience. George Fielding, as a squatter with five hundred sheep, twenty cows, ten bullocks, two large sheep-dogs, and his faithful companion, Carlo, was upheld by as keen an incentive as ever spurred a man—the hopes of winning 1000*l.* and the hand of his betrothed. He is seconded in his efforts by Abner, a white native, and by Jacky, a black one; but his cattle are stolen or run away, the scab breaks out among his sheep, he himself is laid, by over-work and anxiety, on a bed of sickness. Abner deserts him, when disease brings with it the threefold labour of shearing, washing, and anointing; and Jacky himself, terrified at the contact with death, leaves his benefactor, as he thinks, in the last agonies. At such a crisis Robinson makes his appearance, to nurse and bring the young man through his dangerous illness. This worthy had been living some time at Sydney, where, notwithstanding the lessons and advice of the chaplain, he had got into bap company, and was soon so far compromised in his old tricks, that it was convenient for him to get away to the back settlements.

Matters were in this stage, George as far from his 1000*l.* as the first day he sat down as a squatter, when Robinson came and declared, from his Californian experience, that there must be gold in the neighbourhood. The idea was treated at first as an illusion; but accident throwing them a short time afterwards in contact with a small party of diggers, that which was at first mere suggestion became a reality. George Robinson, with Jacky, who had returned, but rather to hang on their skirts than to be really one of them, were exploring a new run, when they came to a brook. Robinson took the lead, and giving himself the benefit of a run, cleared it like a buck; but as he was in the air, his eye caught some object on this side the brook, and making a little circle on the other side, he came back with ludicrous precipitancy, and jumping short, landed with one foot on shore and one in the stream. George burst out laughing.

"Do you see this?" cried Robinson.

"Yes; somebody has been digging a hole here," said George, very coolly.

"Come higher up," said Robinson, all in a flutter; "do you see this?"

"Yes; it is another hole."

"It is: do you see this wet too?"

"I see there has been some water spilt by the brook side."

"What kind of work has been done here? Have they been digging potatoes, farmer?"

"Don't be foolish, Tom."

"Is it any kind of work you know? Here is another trench dug."

"No? it is nothing in my way, that is the truth."

"But it is work, the signs of which I know as well as you know a ploughed field from a turnpike-road."

"Why, what is it then?"

"It is gold washing."

"You don't say so, Tom."

"This is gold washing as beginners practise it in California, and Mexico, and Peru, and wherever gold-dust is found. They have been working with a pan, they haven't got such a thing as a cradle in this country. Come lower down; this was yesterday's work, let us find to-day's."

The two men now ran down the stream busy as dogs hunting an otter. A little lower down they found both banks of the stream pitted with holes about two feet deep, and the sides drenched with water from it.

"Well, if it is so you need not look so pale: why, dear me, how pale you are, Tom!"

"You would be pale," gasped Tom, "if you could see what a day this is for you and me, ay! and for all the world, Old England especially. George, in a month there will be five thousand men working round this little spot. Ay! come," cried he, shouting wildly at the top of his voice, "there is plenty for all. GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! I have found it. I, Tom Robinson, I've found it, and I grudge it to no man. I, a thief that was, make a present of it to its rightful owner, and that is all the world. Here GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!"

Though George hardly understood his companion's words, he was carried away by the torrent of his enthusiasm; and even as Robinson spoke, his cheeks in turn flushed, and his eyes flashed, and he grasped his friend's hands warmly, and cried, "GOLD! GOLD! blessings on it if it takes me to Susan; GOLD! GOLD!"

The poor fellow's triumph and friendly exultation lasted but a moment; the words were scarce out of Robinson's mouth, when to his surprise George started from him, turned very pale, but at the same time lifted his iron-shod stick high in the air and clenched his teeth with desperate resolution. Four men with shaggy beards, and wild faces, and murderous eyes were literally upon them, each with a long glittering knife raised in the air.

At that fearful moment George learned the value of a friend that had seen adventure and crime; rapid, and fierce, and unexpected as the attack was, Robinson was not caught off his guard. His hand went like lightning into his bosom, and the assailants, in the very act of striking, were met in the face by the long glistening barrels of a rifle-revolver, while the cool, wicked eye behind it showed them nothing was to be hoped in that quarter from flurry, or haste, or indecision.

The two men nearest the revolver started back, the other two neither recoiled nor advanced, but merely hung fire. George made a movement to throw himself upon them; but Robinson seized him fiercely by the arm—he said steadily but sternly, "Keep cool, young man, no running among their knives while they are four. Strike across me, and I shall guard you till we have thinned 'em."

"Will you?" said Black Will. "Here, pals!"

The four assailants came together like a fan for a moment, and took a whisper from their leader. They then spread out like a fan and began to encircle their antagonists so as to attack on both sides at once.

"Back to the water, George," cried Robinson, quickly; "to the broad part here."

Robinson calculated that the stream would protect his rear, and that safe he was content to wait and profit by the slightest error of his numerous assailants; this, however, was to a certain degree a miscalculation, for the huge ruffian we have called Jem sprang boldly across the stream higher up, and prepared to attack the men behind the moment they should be engaged with his comrades. The others no sooner saw him in position than they rushed desperately upon

George and Robinson in the form of a crescent, and as they came on, Jem came flying, knife in hand, to plunge it into Robinson's back. As the front assailants neared them, true to his promise, Robinson fired across George, and the outside man received a bullet in his shoulder-blade, and turning round like a top fell upon his knees. Unluckily, George wasted a blow at this man, which sung idly over him, he dropping his head and losing his knife and his powers at the very moment. By this means, Robinson, the moment he had fired his pistol, had no less than three assailants; one of these George struck behind the neck so furiously with a back-handed stroke of his iron-shod stick that he fell senseless at Robinson's feet. The other, met in front by the revolver, recoiled, but kept Robinson at bay, while Jem sprang on him from the rear. This attack was the most dangerous of all; in fact, neither Robinson nor George had time to defend themselves against him even if they had seen him, which they did not. Now as Jem was in the very act of making his spring from the other side of the brook, a spear glanced like a streak of light past the principal combatants and pierced Jem through and through the fleshy part of the thigh, and there stood Jacky at forty yards' distance with the hand still raised from which the spear had flown, and his emu-like eye glittering with the light of battle.

Jem, instead of bounding clear over the stream, fell heavily into the middle of it, and lay writhing and floundering at George's mercy, who turning in alarm at the sound, stood over him with his long deadly staff, whirling and swinging round his head in the air, while Robinson placed one foot firmly on the stunned man's right arm, and threatened the leader Black Will with his pistol; and at the same moment, with a wild and piercing yell, Jacky came down in leaps like a kangaroo, his tomahawk flourished over his head, his features entirely changed, and the thirst of blood written upon every inch of him. Black Will was preparing to run away and leave his wounded companions, but at sight of the fleet savage, he stood still and roared out for mercy.

"Quarter! quarter!" cried Black Will.

"Down on your knees!" cried Robinson, in a terrible voice.

The man fell on his knees, and in that posture Jacky would certainly have knocked out his brains, but that Robinson pointed the pistol at his head and forbade him; and Carlo, who had arrived hastily at the sound of battle in great excitement, but not with clear ideas, seeing Jacky, whom he always looked on as a wild animal opposed in some way to Robinson, seized him directly by the leg from behind and held him howling in a vice.

The scenes that inaugurated the discovery of that great source of universal demoralisation—gold—were almost daily repeated. Crowds of people hurried from all parts to the diggings, and drunkenness, rioting, robbery, and murder grew rampant. Old Isaac Levi plays a part in this gold-digging tragedy as a buyer. Peter Crawley also arrives, charged with a mission from Meadows, who has heard of his rival's success by intercepting his letters to Susan, to get him put out of the way. For this purpose he hires two or three needy ruffians. George and Robinson are attacked in their tent, robbed of their gold, and tracked through the scrub; the narrow escapes which they make are full of breathless suspense. But success awaits them; the faithful Jacky finds a colossal nugget. Robinson and George make off just as their tent is fired, and, with the old Oriental Jew, arrive in England in time to save Susan, who has been deceived by false representations of his death, and then of his faithlessness, into an engagement with Meadows, and to discomfit the villanous machinations of that unparalleled scoundrel: that, however, not till after another robbery had been effected. Mr. Charles Reade was resolved that his story should not flag for want of incidents up to the very last page—it is, indeed, as exciting as a horse-race, and for talent, interest, and vigour, stands out as incomparably the best novel of the season.

IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

BY PÈLE-MÊLE.

II.

Is Imagination the same with creativeness, or is it a faithful copyist of things *ab extra*, of outlying objects, upon which it draws, and by means of which it works its work and lives its life?

A poet may describe that which has no being, but—as an anonymous essay, some three lustres old, puts it—unless a reader comprehends that which the poet has imaged forth, how can he know whether the poet has a fine imagination or not?—for, true as it is that a poet may describe scenery which those to whom he describes it have never beheld, yet they know at least the elements of which it is composed, and can so far ascertain its fidelity—as indeed there can be no better test of the poet's imagination, than his power of making objects visible to the mind's eye. This being so, the question arises, "Wherein does imagination differ from reality? and what is the distinction between seeing a landscape, and a poet's description of it, if the merit of the description be tested by its power of bringing reality before the eye?"

Imagination differs from reality, in that, like Love, it

—adds a precious seeing to the eye.

It is not invention, says our anonymous essayist, but the power of calling up before the mind's eye objects with which humanity sympathises; and that so vividly, that they excite sympathy, and a living emotion strong enough to be able to communicate itself to others through the medium of words. "He, therefore, who would vividly picture anything to another, must strongly image forth the object in his own mind,—there must be a deep sympathy with the object he describes, a sympathy with the life of it:" and this goes towards explaining why many poetical epithets, which, on their first use, really *were* poetical, and indicative of imagination in him who used them, having become common,* are repeated without feeling, and now show a lack of imagination.

The same writer notices the proneness of our multitudinous poetasters

* The *reverse of imagination*, Mr. Leigh Hunt has shown to be specially illustrated in such works as Addison's "Cato," which is full of conventional metaphor, or imagery and phraseology reduced to common property and commonplace—e.g.

"Passion unpitied and successful love
Plant daggers in my breast."

"I have sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt."

"The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex."

So again, for another case of e.g. (which may here stand for, not *exemplum gratia* only, but *ejusdem generis*), the villanous phrases, as every staunch Anti-Cato rates them, "courting his yoke," "working every nerve," "calling up all one's father in

to consider imagination as an inventive faculty, because they image but imperfectly themselves, and fail to see one-half of what is within the range of their vision. "Another points it out, and awakens their sympathy, and they fancy that he creates that which he only reveals." According to this doctrine, it is not true that Shakspeare

Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new,—

"he did not exhaust one world, nor had his imaginings anything to do with any other than the visible and existing flesh-and-blood world we live in."

Right as it may be, however, to distinguish between Imagination and creativeness, in the use, or abuse, or liability of abuse of the latter term, it is also expedient to guard against the denial of the creative power of Imagination.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,

to question this its right divine, to doubt this its *mens divini*or.

Hear M. Gustave Planché: "Imaginer, ce n'est précisément ni voir ni se rappeler, c'est quelque chose de tout cela, mais c'est plus que tout cela; c'est apercevoir ce qui n'est pas, ce qui n'a jamais été, ce qui pourrait être; c'est regarder face à face l'idée aperçue avec une foi vive; c'est croire pendant quelques instants à la céleste vision comme au monde qui nous environne."

Incompatible with the view of the "anonymous essayist," you perhaps say? Yet not undeserving of collation and comparison with it.

Something like half a century since William Taylor wrote the treatise on British Synonyms referred to in our opening page, another work on the subject of "English Synonyms" appeared, edited by Archbishop Whately; in which the first characteristic ascribed to Imagination, as distinguishing it from Fancy, is, that "it implies more of a *creative* power."

And here, our business being with the relations and antagonisms (if any) of Imagination and Fancy, it may be as well to quote *in extenso* the passage in which this latest analyst of English Synonyms discriminates between the two powers. With Archbishop Whately for sponsor, there need be little enough fear of a too imaginative, or fancifully creative, treatment of the vexed question.

"'Imagination' and 'fancy' are frequently confounded together, but are, nevertheless, very distinct in their signification. In the first place, 'imagination' implies more of a *creative* power than 'fancy'; it requires a greater combination of various powers, and is therefore a higher exercise of genius. 'Fancy,' on the other hand, is more an employment of ingenuity and taste, though it also requires inventive power. Secondly, 'imagination' implies a longer flight; 'fancy,' rather a succession of short efforts; the one is a steady blaze, the other a series of sparkles. An epic poem would require an exercise of the first; a ballad, or other lighter production, of the last. Hence we may see that, as it has been

one's soul," &c.,—in fact, and in short, if we will take LæONTIUS's word for it, the whole play is one *e.g.* to the purpose, relieved now and then with a smart sentence or turn of words.

well remarked, the difference between the two is, in some measure, one of subject-matter; for the same power which we call 'fancy' when employed in a melody of Moore, would be called 'imagination' in the works of Dante or Milton. In short, the efforts of 'fancy' bear the same relation to those of 'imagination,' that the carving and polishing of a gem or seal does to sculpture. In the third place, *vit* may come into works of 'fancy,' and could not be admitted into the province of 'imagination.' The same with what are called *conceits*."

Some creative power is claimed in this definition for fancy as well as for imagination. And Wordsworth himself, while teaching that fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our nature, and imagination to incite and to support the eternal, allows it to be not the less true that fancy, as she is an active, is also, under her own laws and in her own spirit, a creative faculty.

The foregoing allusion to Thomas Moore, as peculiarly a *fancy* poet—the very pet of the fancy—reminds us of the remarks of one of his critics, in respect of the presumed distinction of imagination and fancy, as entirely separate attributes, so that a poet may be deficient in the first and full of the second: which presumption the critic rejects as a manifest though ingenious error—the difference being, he contends, one of degree, not of nature. "Fancy is imagination, but imagination of inferior power and range; and they bear precisely the same relation to each other as the graceful and the pretty do to the noble and the beautiful." As an example is given Moore's description of the coming on of evening:

'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves,
At its calm setting, when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last
Bright hours atone for dark ones past;
And whose sweet tears o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine as they fall with light from Heaven.

With which compare the following lines of Milton on a kindred theme:

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird
These to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk: All but the wakeful nightingale:
She all night long her amorous descant sung.
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires. Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent Queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

It cannot be seriously denied, the critic asserts, that imagination is displayed in both these extracts; the difference being, that in the first it is dwarfed and enfeebled to fancy; in the last, it is exalted and kindled

into inspiration. The extract from Milton, however, is one redolent rather of the Miltonic fancy than of the higher (and κατ' ἐξοχὴν Miltonic) quality, and indeed forms but a doubtful illustration of the sort of distinction to be enforced—of the “main line” of demarcation between Imagination and Fancy—between the characteristic attributes of Milton and of Moore—of him that mastered the solemn organ and all its stops, as of trumpets also and shawms, and of him that discoursed excellent melodies from the Irish harp, even though turning it, as some allege, into a musical snuff-box.

Coleridge describes Fancy as “the aggregative and associative power.” It is the faculty, he says, of bringing together images dissimilar in the main, by some one point or more of likeness. Wordsworth objects to the definition, an “aggregative and associative power,” as too general. To aggregate and to associate, he argues, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the Imagination as to the Fancy; but either the materials evoked and combined are different; or they are brought together under a different law, and for a different purpose. He proceeds to show, that Fancy does not require that the materials which she makes use of should be susceptible of change in their constitution, from her touch; and that, where they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if it be slight, limited, and evanescent: whereas directly the reverse of these, are the desires and the demands of the Imagination. “She recoils from everything but the plastic, the pliant, and the indefinite. She leaves it to Fancy to describe Queen Mab as coming,

‘In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman.’

Having to speak of stature, she does not tell you that her gigantic Angel was as tall as Pompey’s Pillar; much less that he was twelve cubits, or twelve hundred cubits high; or that his dimensions equalled those of Teneriffe or Atlas;—because these, and if they were a million times as high it would be the same, are bounded: the expression is,

‘His stature reached the sky!’

the illimitable firmament!” Again: the law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on is, Wordsworth remarks, as capricious as the accidents of things, and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined. As he regards her, Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images; trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value—or she prides herself upon the curious subtilty and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities. She is a younger sister of Imagination, as Leigh Hunt describes her, without the other’s weight of thought and feeling. “Imagination indeed, purely so called, is all feeling; the feeling of the subtlest and most affecting analogies; the perception of sympathies in the nature of things or in their popular attributes. Fancy is a sporting with their resemblance, real or supposed, and with airy and fantastical creations.” To exemplify Imagination, we

are referred to a passage in "Troilus and Cressida," where we see the strong mind sympathising with the strong beast, and the weak love identified with the weak dewdrop:

— Rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

For Fancy,—to an excerpt from "Love's Labour's Lost," exhibiting a combination of images not in their nature connected, or brought together by the feeling, but by the will and pleasure; and having just enough hold of analogy to betray it into the hands of its smiling subjector:

Oh!—and I forsooth
In love! I that have been love's whip!
A very beadle to a humorous sigh!—
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,—
This whimped, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans, &c.

From Coleridge himself, whose definition of Fancy constitutes the "base of operations" so happily worked out, *more suo*, by Mr. Hunt, the latter quotes a line and a half, instinct with the higher or *imaginative* power:

Silent icicles
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

This, says the genial critic, is imagination;—"analogical sympathy; and exquisite of its kind it is:" while, to exemplify the lower or *fanciful* power, a fragment from Shakspeare is appended, à propos of icicles: "You are now sailed *into the north of my lady's opinion*; where you will hang *like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard*, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt." That is fancy, says Leigh Hunt; "one image capriciously suggested by another, and but half connected with the subject of discourse; nay, half opposed to it; for in the gaiety of the speaker's animal spirits, the 'Dutchman's beard' is made to represent the lady!" Such are the freaks of Fancy. She, the younger sister, is at times a Little Pickle, a Miss Hoyden in her way. The elder sister could as soon grow, and would as soon wear, a beard of her own, as play with a Dutchman's after this rompish fashion.

RIGHT AT LAST.

I.

A LADY and her son sat one day in the morning-room of the former, in a handsome house of a fashionable square of London. Marks of agitation were on both countenances. To little wonder: for she and her husband had united together in forbidding that son's marriage, having previously consented to it. A most reluctant consent. The young lady, an orphan, was not his equal, they said: and that was true, for she possessed but a few hundred pounds. But in point of family she was not inferior to them, all being sprung from the middle classes of society, and her education and beauty would not have disgraced the highest rank in the kingdom. They had risen in the world, and achieved good fortune; wealth had been bequeathed to them; and the husband, a physician, was in lucrative practice; moreover, he had knelt down before her Majesty Dr. Elliot, and had risen up Sir Thomas. So when this attachment of their son's first became known to Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot, they, with inward repining and outward ungraciousness, gave a reluctant assent, and for a few weeks William Elliot and his betrothed were the happiest of the happy. But then unpleasant circumstances came to their knowledge, touching on the character of the late Dr. Goring, the young lady's father, and Sir Thomas and his wife instantly rescinded their unwilling consent, and ordered their son to break off the negotiations. So, on the day this was finally communicated to him, there he sat in his mother's boudoir, in a state of rebellion, indignantly remonstrating. Never, until now, had William Elliot been aroused to indignation against his parents, for he was a dutiful son, and fondly attached to them.

"Why persist in attributing our conduct to caprice, when we are only actuated by a desire for your honour and happiness?" urged Lady Elliot. "There is no help for it, William. You cannot marry one whose father's name was stained with sin."

"I have made it my business to inquire the particulars of the prejudice against Dr. Goring," returned Mr. Elliot. "When my father stated last night what he had heard at Middlebury, I determined to seek out a fellow I know, who comes from there. Stone his name is; he is reading for the Bar; his chambers contiguous to mine, in Lincoln's Inn. I have been with him this morning, and heard the details of the affair, perhaps more fully than my father did, and I would stake my life on Dr. Goring's innocence."

"As if a London law-student, young and credulous like yourself, could know anything of such particulars!" slightly spoke Lady Elliot.

"He was at home when it happened," retorted William, his pale but handsome face flushing with pain at his mother's tone. "His father, Stone of Middlebury, was solicitor to Dr. Goring; they lived within a few doors of each other; the families were on terms of intimacy, and young Stone knows all, even to the minute details. Do not cast ridicule on what I say, mother. Dr. Goring was a cruelly aspersed man."

"No," said her ladyship.

"Yes," persisted Mr. Elliot. "Were I a perfectly uninterested party, I should say the same. I look at the facts dispassionately, and my reason tells me so."

"How very obstinate you are, William! Do you dispute that Mrs. Goring died the death she did?"

"No. On that point, unhappily, there is no room to doubt."

"Or that some one residing in the house must have dealt her death out to her?"

"So it would seem."

"Then who was that person?"

"Not her husband. There was another."

"The governess. But Dr. Goring afterwards made that woman his second wife. Was there no crime, no dishonour in that, William?"

William Elliot sat silent, his brow contracting. "He cannot be defended there: it was an unseemly connexion: but Dr. Goring never would, or did, credit aught against her. I tell you what, mother—had you and Sir Thomas not been secretly averse to my marriage, yourselves, I should never have had Dr. Goring's conduct brought up as a plea against it."

"You are prejudiced and unjust," said Lady Elliot. "If we argue till night we shall not agree."

"I am sorry for that," observed William. "For, if so, only one course is open to me."

"What is that?" cried Lady Elliot, quickly.

"Though I assure you, my dearest mother, it will be with the very utmost reluctance that I adopt it.—That of marrying without your consent."

Lady Elliot half sprang from her chair, and a sound of pain, too sharp for a groan, escaped her.

"My happiness, my very life, are bound up in Miss Goring," he resumed. "To separate us now, after allowing the intimacy, sanctioning the measures for our marriage, would be cruel injustice. I will not submit to it."

"William!" she uttered, in visible agitation, "you cannot marry in defiance of your father and mother. You dare not."

"Not without deliberation, and in grief and great repugnance, have I formed the resolution; but I owe a duty to Miss Goring, as well as to my father and mother. The proposed allowance to me I shall not expect or ask for. The house I had taken I must give up, and look out for a smaller one, and we must make my own income suffice for our wants, until I can bring my profession into use."

"You speak of duty to Miss Goring," she resumed, with emotion; "have you forgotten that to your parents lies your first and foremost duty? A duty ordained of God."

"Mother, I have forgotten nothing. I have debated the question with myself, upon all points. And I believe that I am doing right in marrying."

"In defiance," she repeated, "of your father and mother? *In defiance?*"

"I am sorry that they drive me to it."

For several minutes Lady Elliot's agitation had been increasing, and it appeared, now, to rise beyond control. Two crimson spots shone on her

pale cheeks, her slight frame shook, as with agitation, and her hands were cold and moist as she grasped those of her son.

"Listen, William," she said; "I will tell you a painful tale. You may have gathered something of it in your boyhood, but not its details. *Will* you listen? Or are you going to despise even my words?"

"My dear mother! You know I will listen: in all reverence. If you would but afford me the opportunity to be reverent in all things!"

"I was a happy girl at home. My mother died, and then I owed my father a double duty. I was but a child, barely eighteen, when a young man, handsome, William, as you are now, was introduced to us. He was extravagant, random; but he loved me, and that was all I cared for. Our attachment became known to my father. He deemed this gentleman no eligible match for me: he doubted his ability, in many ways, to render me happy; and he put a stop to our meetings. He forbid me to think more of him: he said if I did, in spite of his veto, pursue the acquaintance, he would discard me from his house for ever. On the other side, the friends were equally averse to it; and *his* parents bid him, though in all kindness, shrink from the fruits of disobedience. His father, a clergyman, begged of him not to brave it: he told him that deliberate disobedience to a parent was surely visited on a child's head. Happy for us both had we attended to their counsel, but youth, in its ardour, sees not things as they are: in after years, when soberness, experience, judgment have come to them, they look back, and marvel at their blindness. We, he and I—oh, William! that I should have such an avowal to make to you!—set our parents' interdiction at nought, and I ran away from my home with him to become his wife. That man was Thomas Elliot, your father."

She was excessively excited. Her son would have begged of her not so to disturb herself, but she waved away his interruption.

"We gloried in having deceived them. Not so much for the deceit, in itself—we had not quite descended to that—as that we had obtained our own will. But, William, how did it work? How does such sin always work?"

She paused, almost as if she waited for an answer. He did not speak.

"Look abroad in society and watch the results: scan narrowly all those who have thus rebelliously entered upon their own career. Sooner or later, more or less bitterly, retribution comes home to them. It may rarely be attributed to its right cause, even by themselves, and many there are who would laugh at what I am now saying. None have had the cause, that I have, to note these things; and it is from long experience, from repeated and repeated instances I have witnessed of the confirmation of my opinion, that my firm conviction has been formed. Some are visited through poverty; some in their children; some in themselves, in their unhappy life. We, William, had a taste of all. In the early years of our union, it was one struggle to live: perhaps you remember, yet, our pinchings and contrivances. My children died off, save you, one after the other; and she, Clara, who remained to us"—Lady Elliot sank her voice to a whisper—"were better off had she followed them. I, and he whom I chose, have had no mutual happiness, for we found that we were as unsuited to each other as man and wife can be. My father never forgave me, so for his remaining years, and they were many, I was an alien from him. Thus I have dragged through life, trouble

upon trouble pursuing me, and the consciousness of my sin ever haunting me. William, before you talk of marrying Mary Goring, you should know what it is to brave, and live under a parent's curse."

William Elliot did not reply, but his face wore a look of keen anxiety.

"At morning, at the sun's rising; at evening, when it sets; in the nervousness of the dark night; in the glare of mid-day, was my disobedience present to me, heavily, heavily it pressed upon me: I would have forfeited all I possessed in life, even my remaining years, to have redeemed it: and—William—I prayed to God that he would in mercy keep my children from committing the like sin."

Lady Elliot paused for breath, and her face, a sufficiently young face still, in years, was blanched, and her eyes were strained on her son.

"I prayed it as the greatest mercy that could then be accorded me: I have never ceased praying for it. William, will you, my ever-loving and dutiful boy, be the one to set that prayer at naught?"

No answer. His lips were white as her own.

"You were my first-born, my first and dearest; in you rests all the hope left to me: what other comfort have I in life? I have said to myself, now and then, 'The closing years of my existence shall be brighter than the earlier ones, for my darling son shall be my stay and solace!' Oh, William, William! give me your promise now! I kneel to beg it. Say that you will never marry without our consent."

The lines of his pale face were working; it seemed that he would speak, but could not. Lady Elliot had shrunk down at his feet, and would not rise.

"If you bring upon yourself this same wretched fate, which has been our bane, I shall never know another moment's peace. I shall repine that you did not die in infancy; I shall wish, more than I have ever done, that I may die, and be at rest from the trouble and care of this weary world. William, it is your mother who pleads to you. Promise that you will never marry in disobedience."

How could he resist such pleading—he, with duty and affection implanted in his heart by nature, and hitherto fondly cherished? It was not possible. "Mother, I promise it," he uttered, "as long as you and my father shall live. After that——?"

"After that? Nay, I will not extort a further promise. You will then be your own master. But until that time—you pass your word, William?"

"I do. You have it."

"Thank God. Now I am at rest."

"Which is equivalent to undertaking never to marry at all," murmured the unhappy young man, as he rose and quitted the room. "Oh, Mary! how shall I break with you?"

Thus it occurred that Mr. William Elliot, following on the steps of his father Sir Thomas, who had been down in the morning at Halliwell House, went there also himself, and took his leave of Mary Goring.

II.

LAST winter was a dreary winter for us. Poor Mary, who was pining and drooping, had changed, since the parting in the autumn with William Elliot, from a lovely, healthy girl to a very shadow. She had returned to her studies in the schoolroom with our other pupils, and pursued them

with regular monotony. She never complained, she never uttered the name of William Elliot, or made any allusion to past events, but we saw her grow paler and thinner day by day. In that bitter weather which we had, just before Christmas, she caught cold and grew very ill. A new name they have got now for the malady which attacked her: bron— something: I never can remember it, but it was plain inflammation of the windpipe, in my early days. She was confined to her bed for a fortnight, and when she at length got up, she was more like a shadow than before.

January went by, and February came in, and we began to have fears for her eventual recovery. There seemed to be no positive complaint, for the symptoms of her illness had left her, except a cough, but she gained no strength. A remembrance of the way in which her father had gone off, would come over me, at times, with a shudder. No decided complaint, yet he had gradually wasted away to death. Was it to be the same case with Mary?

It happened, in this last month, that I had business in town. It was connected with the property of my brother-in-law's children, rendering it necessary for me to seek an interview with the agent of Lawyer Stone of Middlebury, who made Dr. Goring's will. He was a Mr. Eccckington, and lived in a part of the Temple, so I went up by the omnibus, the first thing after breakfast. I got into the Temple, that is, into its mazes and windings, and went dodging here and peeping there, in search of my way, for I had never been at Mr. Eccckington's but once, and did not readily remember it. However, I reached the right spot at last: I knew it by a neighbouring pump, whose handle was padlocked: and went mounting up the stairs, a great height, for he lived on the top story. I stood a minute or two to recover my breath: I cannot run up seventy or eighty steps as blithely as I once could: and then turned the angle and knocked briskly at the black door. And after I had done that, lo and behold! there stood some great white letters staring me in the face "Serjeant Pyne."

Serjeant Pyne was not Mr. Eccckington, that was certain, but before I had time to deliberate, a boy flung the door open. I asked for Mr. Eccckington.

"In there," was the answer, opening an inside door, and I entered the office. I knew the room again directly, though its furniture was different, and I saw the tops of the pleasant green trees that were in view from the window. A gentleman in a grey coat, with a pen behind his ear, rose from a desk and came forward.

"Sir," I said, "I am in search of Mr. Eccckington."

"Mr. Eccckington! Oh, the former occupant here. He has removed, ma'am, to chambers in Lincoln's Inn."

The gentleman gave me the address, indeed took the trouble to write it down on a card for me, and directed me the best way to go. I thanked him for his civility, which I thought extremely condescending for a serjeant: though it has occurred to me, since, that possibly he was only the serjeant's clerk. I went away, blaming Lawyer Stone's negligence in not having informed me of the removal of his agent, but had only gained the pump when my steps came to a halt, for it flashed across my mind that the address and number in Lincoln's Inn, just written down for me, was that of Mr. William Elliot.

I toiled up the stairs again, when Serjeant Pyne (or his clerk) assured me the address he had given was that of Mr. Eeckington: he knew nothing about Mr. William Elliot.

I got into Lincoln's Inn (where I nearly lost myself), and to my dismay found Mr. Eeckington was out. "Gone before the Master of the Rolls," the clerk said, "and might not be in till late." So all I could do was to go back home again, and write and appoint an interview. I had proceeded but a few steps, when I came in view of a young gentleman sailing towards me in a grey wig and black gown, which flew out on all sides with the wind as he walked. I cannot say but I look on the wearers of these gowns with awe (not that I have ever seen many of them), and as there appeared scarcely space on the pavement for that gown and me to pass each other, I turned off it. If either of us was to give way, it seemed right that it should be poor, humble me. Imagine my astonishment when the gentleman stopped and held out his hand! I drew back, thinking he mistook me for somebody else, and I believe I dropped a curtsy in my humility.

Positively it was Lawyer Stone's son, Bob! And though I had nursed him many a time when he was a child, coaxed him, and kissed him, and once—if I may now confess it—whipped him, I hardly presumed to let my hand meet his in his new dignity.

"You were going to pass me," he said.

"How was I to know you in that fine plumage?" I returned. "I thought it might be nothing less than a judge coming along, and stood aside to get out of his way. So you are called!"

"Oh, thank goodness, yes, the worry's over. I'm precious glad of it."

"I went to the Temple to find Mr. Eeckington this morning, and heard he had moved here," I observed. "Your father ought to have informed me."

"Eeckington is in Elliot's old chambers: took them off his hands," replied Mr. Robert. "Elliot gave up the law, and is going to travel. I did hear he was red-hot for the Crimea, but now the war is over, he would be a day too late for the fair, there, so he is off somewhere else. He is up to his ears in preparations for his departure, for he purposes being abroad for years, if not for the term of his natural life—as the Bench says by our transports. Hope it may be my luck to say it, some time."

"What is the cause of Mr. Elliot's going?"

"He is in tantrums with his governor. The old folks put a stopper on his marriage with—— I declare, Miss Halliwell, I beg your pardon! I forgot, for the moment, how nearly you were connected with the affair. I suppose you know more than I can tell you."

"Indeed I know very little, beyond the fact that he and my niece are separated, Robert." (I brought the name "Robert" out with difficulty: it seemed too familiar so to address a personage in a wig and gown. Though, indeed, I used to call him nothing but Bob.)

"They first, Sir Thomas and the old lady, retracted their consent to the marriage," he continued, "and then wormed an undertaking out of Elliot not to marry without. Which was like what the school children say to their companions, when they have got a cake from home and want to gormandise it all to their own cheek: 'Them as ask shan't have any, and them as don't, don't want.'"

The barrister laughed, and so did I. In spite of his fine gown, he was Bob Stone still. It set me more at ease.

"So Elliot gave his word, and of course will stick to it," he resumed; "but afterwards, when he came to reflect upon the thing, in cool blood, he felt that he had been harshly dealt by—tricked, in short, into promising away what we may call the subject's right of liberty. Altogether, he was disgusted with everything, threw up his profession, and means to throw up Old England. Good morning, Miss Halliwell. I'll tell the governor of his negligence when I write to Middlebury."

Now it may sound like a made-up incident, like those we read of in a romance, when I assert that soon after parting with Mr. Stone I met William Elliot. But I only state the truth. I was standing in the great thoroughfare looking out for the right omnibus, when he came tearing along, pushing straight forward and looking at nobody, in as much bustle as if he had all the business of the City on his shoulders. I caught his arm to stop him. He looked ill and careworn: my heart ached to see him.

"What is this I hear, Mr. Elliot, about your quitting England?"

"Why remain in it?" was his answer. "What have I left to look forward to?"

"Your profession," I faltered.

"I have lost interest in it. Men strive to get on, not only to attain eminence, but to win a home. They think of a wife; of children; of domestic happiness. They may gain the very highest honours of the land, but without ties of the home and heart, such distinctions are cold and valueless. So I abandon a country where hope is denied me."

"This must be as a death-blow to your father and mother," I uttered.

"A blow I believe it is. I wish Fate had been kinder to all of us."

"When do you go?"

"I leave London to-morrow night for Southampton. The steamer for Malta starts the following day. I visit the East first."

"To remain abroad—how long?"

"Probably for ever. Certainly for years."

"Oh Mr. William!" I exclaimed, "if I could but persuade you to relinquish your purpose!"

He smiled—a sickly smile. "As others have sought to persuade me—ineffectually. How is it at home? Well?"

"Not very well," I replied, knowing to whom he alluded. "Men can wear out regrets with bustle and travel, as you are about to do; but women, who are condemned to inactivity, retain remembrance more keenly."

"God be with you, dear Miss Halliwell," he said, preparing to move on, "and take my dearest love and blessing to her. I dare say I shall never see either of you again."

He wrung my hand, in his emotion, till I thought he would have wrung it off, and a ring, which I happened to have on, cut right into my finger. But I was too troubled to care for the pain. It seemed to me that Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot had much to answer for.

That same night I walked about my bedroom till the little hours of the morning. I was debating a question with myself. What right, human or divine, had Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot, in their obstinate pride and prejudice, to condemn two of their fellow-creatures to despair, even

though one was the son to whom they had given birth? Did it not lie in my duty to point out to them their sin—to make an effort to awaken their own minds to it? Firmer and firmer became my conviction that it was so; and when my mind was at length made up, a feeling came over me that neither my own strength nor my own spirit was urging me to this.

There was no time to let the grass grow under my feet, and the next afternoon found me at Sir Thomas Elliot's. Lady Elliot was pitifully subdued by sorrow, and would have given her own life to keep her son in England. I entered upon the matter, giving my opinion unshrinkingly, but she was blind to all sides of the case, save her own, and spoke up, passionately complaining.

"No joy have I had in my life; no peace; nothing but despair: before one affliction yielded to time, another arose. I had nothing left but him; nothing else to comfort me on the wide earth, and now he is going away for ever, for he is resolved not to return to England. To-night he comes to take his leave, and I shall see him for the last time."

"And thankful I am, ma'am," I said, "that I am not in your shoes. If that young man decamps into unknown regions, among infidels and Hottentots, and rushes into sin, and everything that's bad, to drown his unhappiness, you and his father must answer for it to his Maker, for you alone will have driven him to it."

"Oh, of course, of course," she answered, in a tone of the bitterest sarcasm; "it has been my fault through life; everything; nobody's but mine. I wish it was ended!"

"I think a great deal has been your fault, Lady Elliot," I replied. "Various afflictions have come to you, *as they come to all*, and yours have not been worse than many others are. But have you striven to avert them, to turn them away? Have you been patiently submissive under them, and, accepting them as chastisements sent by God, resigned yourself fully to His good will? Have you endeavoured to make sunshine out of the blessings they have been mixed with?"

"What blessings?" rejoined Lady Elliot. "I know of none."

I stared at her in surprise. The fact was, she had so accustomed herself to live a life of repining, that her mind was perverted, and she could see no good in anything.

"Does your ease count for nothing, your freedom from the cares of the world, your luxurious home?" And I directed her eyes round the room. "Do you forget the ample means you possess of gratifying every imaginary wish, and the golden opportunities afforded you of bestowing a tithe of your superfluous wealth upon those steeped in poverty? Above all, ma'am, do you never reflect how rich you are in your son? What good gifts are there, whether of person or of mind, that have not been dealt out to him with an unsparing hand? No blessings, Lady Elliot!"

"I *was* blest in him," she answered, "I *was*, I *was*. And I shall be so no more."

"Oh, Lady Elliot," I uttered, "how blest you might still be! Believe me, God's mercies are given to you abundantly. If you could but see them! If you would but tear the scales from your mind, and convert its gloom into sunshine! Did it ever occur to you to ask what children are bestowed upon us for?"

"For our punishment," perversely answered Lady Elliot. "Mine have been."

"They were bestowed on us that we might promote their happiness here, and so lead them to Heaven through their gratitude, their thankfulness of heart," I said. "Not that we might selfishly crush their innocent hopes and thwart their wishes, driving them into rebellion, and so on to deceit, recklessness, and evil."

"Then, when my father opposed me in my wish to marry," she resumed, almost in a sullen tone, "you would say he ought to have consented to it? Is that your argument? It is a new one."

"No, ma'am, I hope such an argument is not mine. Your father was right. The objection was to Thomas Elliot: and it was not a frivolous chimera, as in your son's case. Mr. Freer thought he was not calculated to make you happy, and his worldly circumstances were against any marriage. The error there lay with you, Lady Elliot. Your duty was to bow to your father's decision, and submissively wait, hoping that time would subdue the objections. You and Thomas Elliot were both young enough."

"You seem to be pretty well acquainted with my family affairs, Miss Halliwell!"

"I am not a total stranger to them. I was once on the point of marriage with your husband's cousin, the Reverend George Archer: but I think you have heard this before. I have had my sorrows in life, Lady Elliot, as fully as most people: sorrows of the heart, of the inward life; as also of the outer one. But I have striven, by patient resignation, to make the best of them, and they are sorrows to me no more. Yours will pass away, if you so choose, and the world become pleasant to you—always remembering to walk in it as your probation to a better. Try it, Lady Elliot."

"Try what?"

"To make your own happiness; to make your husband's, *which you have never yet heartily striven to do*; to make your son's. You will live to thank me for having suggested it."

She burst into tears, and laid her head on the sofa cushion. And at that moment Sir Thomas Elliot appeared at the door, and stood quietly rooted to it, in surprise. Lady Elliot, from her position, could not see him, and I pretended not to. I thought it well that he should hear a bit of my mind, as well as his wife.

"William is going forth into exile," I resumed to her, "a lonely, miserable man: he voluntarily separates himself from you. Would he do this if you were true to him, a loving mother? And you, what will remain to you after his departure? Discontented repining, bitter self-reproach, a yearning for him whom you cannot then bring back. You say that a curse—though, I assure you I shrink from repeating such a word—has followed you through life, follows you still. Break it, Lady Elliot."

She raised her head and looked at me.

"Keep William by you, a son to rejoice in and be proud of. Let him make his own happiness, and help him in it: take an interest in his plans, in his profession, and be to him a tender friend. Diffuse a pleasant spirit in your home: make the best of poor Clara, and win back the affections of your husband, as you strove to win them in your girlhood:

and, more than all, cherish in your heart a thankful spirit to ONE, who has put all these blessings in your way, a repentant, submissive, hopeful spirit—and none were ever submissive to Him in vain. Where would the curse be then? Gone, Lady Elliot.”

“If I could think—if I could think it has been, in a measure, my own fault, in thus encouraging a murmuring spirit of rebellion!” she wailed, clasping her hands in intense anguish. “Oh! if I *could* change this black despair for peace! If I could indeed retain William at my side! If I could find happiness in what has been a thankless home!”

“I’ll help you,” cried Sir Thomas, coming forward. “If you will only manage to keep William in his own country, and give us a bit of cheerfulness at home, instead of gloom, I will do my part towards it.” He looked, as he spoke, more like the merry Tom Elliot of her girlhood than he had done for years. Hope leaped up into my heart: I thought I saw my way becoming clear, and I explained the purport of my visit to Sir Thomas.

“In point of family, Mary Goring is not inferior to yours: and you and I, Sir Thomas, only narrowly escaped being cousins, in early life.”

“Through Georgy Archer, the booby!” uttered Sir Thomas. “You would have saved him, Miss Halliwell. But it was not Miss Goring’s family we objected to.”

“Oh yes it was; in reality. Excuse my speaking freely, Sir Thomas, the subject justifies it. You and Lady Elliot were mortified because William did not choose a wife from the higher ranks of life. But you cannot, Sir Thomas, you, a sensible man, believe that Dr. Goring was guilty. It is impossible that you can do so, if you have dispassionately examined into the details of the affair. Imprudent he was; infatuated; nothing more—and he paid the penalty. Do you think if he had indeed committed a crime so awful, and upon my own sister, that I would come here to excuse him, to protest there was no stain on his character? No, Sir Thomas: I have my own high and responsible duties in life to perform, and I would not say or do a thing that my conscience disapproves. When I assert Matthew Goring’s innocence, I assert what I believe to be as true as that there is a heaven above us.”

He made no reply.

“Think not I come, as a petitioner, to urge my niece’s claims, or to protest against her wrongs. No, I come here because it was essential for some one to point out to you both how grievously you were erring, and I believed that the task was allotted to me. To drive William away from his country and destroy his prospects in life, is a heavy sin to lay to your door. How will you atone for it?”

Sir Thomas Elliot began pacing the room with uneasy strides. Presently he spoke, but in a reluctant tone.

“Since I first heard of the affair at Middlebury, I have learnt more of its particulars. And I confess that I now think it possible Dr. Goring was—so far as regarded his wife’s death—an innocent man.”

“Then act upon it, Sir Thomas,” I briskly said. “Stop your son’s voyage, now at the eleventh hour, and restore things to their former footing.”

“Louisa, what do you say?” he asked of his wife. “I told you once before that in this matter I would abide by your decision.”

"I do not know what to say," sobbed Lady Elliot. "If I could think——"

"Think that you are going to be happier than you have been for many years," I interrupted. "Think that your dear son, whom you grieve as lost to you, will remain to comfort you with his love; think, Lady Elliot, of the merry romps you will have with his children: and, when the time arrives that you are laid on your dying bed, think that he will be there to bless you, instead of beyond your reach, hundreds of miles, over the salt sea."

She rose from the sofa, and the tears were streaming down her cheeks, as she held out her hand to me. "Miss Halliwell, you have conquered. Thomas," she added, turning to her husband, "we may have done wrong to William. Let us repair it."

"With all my heart," he replied. "Anything is preferable to the gloom which has latterly overhung the house. Miss Halliwell, we have to thank you for this. But if we are really to turn over a new leaf, and look out for—what was it?—sunbeams, you must come often, and repeat your lessons: otherwise, we may forget the way, and lapse back again."

"Oh yes, I will be sure to come. And I assure you, Sir Thomas Elliot, I never felt so proud in my life. To think that my poor, homely pleading has effected this great purpose! But it was not mine. There was One—greater than we are—who put it in my heart to come, and has helped me through with it."

They pressed me to stay to—I forget whether it was tea or dinner. The latter I think, but, if so, it must have been kept waiting a considerable time, for it was past seven o'clock. Not I. I was too anxious to get home, and impart the joyful tidings to Mary Goring.

Sir Thomas sat down by his wife as I left the room. "I will do my part towards it all, Loo," he whispered—"on the old faith of Tom Elliot. Here's my hand upon it."

She smiled pleasantly as she put her hand in his, and he leaned forward and kissed her. The first happy smile, the first voluntary kiss they had exchanged for years.

As I was passing by the dining-room door, Clara Elliot saw me, and with a scream of delight came jumping round me, like a little dog. Poor child! her mind was no stronger. But of that there was no hope. Miss Graves looked out also, very much astonished to see me.

"Why do I never go to your house?" Clara exclaimed. "It is such a long while! Why don't you send Mary to see me?"

"Mary has been very ill, my dear," I said. "She cannot go out now."

"Mary ill! Let me come and see her to-morrow."

"Yes, dear child, you shall," interrupted Lady Elliot, advancing. "And I will go with you. Oh, Miss Halliwell!" she whispered, shaking hands with me once more, "I think you are right. You don't know what a load is taken off my heart."

As I left the street-door, who should be stepping out of a cab but William Elliot. I waited while he paid the cabman, and took him by surprise.

"I have just left your father and mother," I said to him.

"Indeed!"—looking almost incredulous. "This is my farewell evening with them, Miss Halliwell. I go down by the night train."

"So you persist in leaving England?"

"I sail to-morrow."

"Now which would you rather do, Mr. William: go abroad in that horrid steamer—no disparagement to it in particular, but all steamers are horrid—from which you will wish yourself out again before you have been a couple of hours at sea, or step at home and marry Mary Goring?"

"Oh," he evasively answered, while the red colour flushed into his face, "I am so overwhelmed with preparations for the start, that I can think of nothing else just now."

"But just ask yourself the question: *and answer it as you will.*"

Perhaps my tone struck upon him, even more forcibly than the words. He grasped me by the shoulder—what *did* I mean?

"Go in, dear Mr. William," I whispered. "I have paved the way for you with Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot. I think if you do prefer Mary to the steamer, you may have her."

I don't know whether I got home on my head or my heels. A dilatory omnibus, which was given to stopping, took me, I believe, but I am really not clear upon the point. Lucy exclaimed at my long absence, and inquired if I had taken tea.

"No. I should like a cup."

I went up-stairs to the best bedroom, which had been given up to Mary for her illness. She had fallen into a dose, as she lay on the sofa. Quietly taking off my cloak and bonnet, I sat down and looked at her. Nothing of her could be seen but her face; for she had wrapped a shawl round her, and Lucy, or some one else, had thrown a covering over her feet. Her brow was contracted, as with pain, and her mouth stood slightly open—often the case in illness—but the young face, in spite of its whiteness, was lovely still. "We will soon have that fair brow smooth again, my child."

Presently I thought I heard a noise, as of talking, down stairs. It mounted to the drawing-room, which adjoined the chamber which I was in, and then Lucy appeared carrying my cup of tea. I started from my seat in amazement, for, stealing in after her, was Mr. William Elliot. The idea of his coming down that night! And how quickly he must have followed upon me!

"I could not help it," Lucy whispered, in a tone of apology. "He would see Mary, and when I urged that she was in her bedroom, he said what did that matter? Oh, Hester! he says she is to be his wife after all!"

The bustle woke her, and the hectic crimson rushed into her cheek when consciousness fully came to her. She would have risen up, but Mr. William prevented it. He was shocked to terror at the change he saw in her, and has since said that he believed her to be dying. He leaned over her with his gentle tenderness, and his hot tears fell upon her face.

"Oh Mary!" he whispered, as he laid his cheek to hers, "I see how ill you have been, but you must bear up for my sake. Our separation is over, my darling: my mother will be here to-morrow to tell you so. Very soon, very soon you will be all mine."

"And what about the steamer, Mr. William?" I asked, making believe to be very serious.

"The steamer must go without me."

"But your preparations, your outfit, and your great strong boxes! Are they to be wasted?"

"I will give them to you if you like, Aunt Hester. I am in a generous mood."

"And go back to the law again?"

"Of course. Hoping in time to lord it over you all, on the woolsack." Who knows but he may?

I snatched a minute to drink my tea. Mary, always thirsty now, glanced at it with eager eyes. Then Mr. William pleaded for some: to put him in mind of old times, he said, and convince him he was not dreaming. Lucy also thought she should like a cup instead of supper. So we actually had the round table drawn before Mary's sofa, and held a tea-party in the bedroom! I hope nobody will reproach me with its being improper. When Frances Goring came in to say good night, there we were, seated at it, with a great plate of buttered toast, and Frances looked as if she never meant to recover her astonishment. She stood just inside the room staring at Mr. William.

"Ah, Frances! how do you do?" he said, holding out his hand.

But Miss Frances, like a schoolgirl as she was, stood immovable.

"Whatever have you come again for, Mr. Elliot?" she brought out.

"I? To have another of your aunt's housekeeping lessons," he merrily answered. "Touching the apple-tarts and legs of mutton, you know. She must give it to me especially to-night. Mary is too ill."

"Oh!" cried Frances, clasping her hands, "I am so glad! It seems like those famous evenings back again. If you could but make Mary well as she was then!"

"I'll try," said Mr. William.

"You see how ill she looks," I whispered, as I went down stairs with him when he was leaving. "Do not set your mind too steadfastly upon her."

"Change of prospects may do much for her," was his reply, "and change of air may do the rest. She shall have that with me."

"With you, Mr. William!"

"Yes. And you know what that must imply," he returned, with a smile of very decided meaning. "So if the former preparations are done away with, you had best set about some more. We have suffered too much to risk another separation; and I promise you that, flit or well, Mary Goring shall soon be Mary Elliot."

III.

WE had a jolly wedding. Which word, I beg to intimate, is not mine, but Mary's brother's, Master Alfred Goring, who was invited to it. And my brother Alfred took a journey all across the country and came to marry them, as he had taken a similar journey, once before, to marry her unfortunate mother. It took place the last week in April. I was for deferring it to the Midsummer holidays, when our house would be free, and Mary stronger; but Mr. William Elliot asked me, banteringly, if I would not prefer to defer it till Midsummer two years. So it was of no use to hold out: they fixed it for April, and in April it was. Frances Goring was bridesmaid: the result of which is, that her vanity has been up, ever since, like the mercury in a thermometer in the dog-days, and we have been able to do nothing with her. Mr. William

proposed myself and Lucy; though I don't know whether in jest or earnest; but as we felt rather ancient for the necessary dress, we resigned the honour to Frances. Talk about dress, anybody should have seen Lady Elliot's! It was a mass of satin and gold, throwing Mary's plain white silk into the shade, and causing every eye in the church to water.

I never could tell how I comported myself at the breakfast, except that it was very badly. I took the top of the table, and the Reverend Alfred Halliwell the bottom. Sir Thomas, who sat on my right hand, made merry over my nervous mistakes, and kept everybody alive with laughter. I think he *was* doing his part of the bargain, as he had promised Lady Elliot. She looked happy too, really happy; I had never seen her look so, before. Miss Graves was in high feather, and sat next to Master Alfred, whom I begged her to keep in order. She had not gone to church, having remained with Clara; for we did not venture to take the latter. Poor Clara! she was dressed out as splendidly as her mother, laughed, by starts, all breakfast-time, and nearly had one of her eating-fits, but Mr. William had her by his side, Mary being on his other hand, and restrained her. As to our pupils and teachers, we gave them holiday and a handsome dinner, so I trust everybody was pleased, and the day passed off delightfully.

They left early in the afternoon, the bride and bridegroom, in one of Sir Thomas Elliot's carriages, for the London-bridge station, intending to reach Dover that evening, and France the following day. Purposing to remain on the Continent all the summer, and perhaps the autumn. "It will be of benefit to Mary," Mr. William Elliot had said, "and we both deserve a holiday." I was the last to shake hands with him in the hall, whilst Sir Thomas was handing Mary to the carriage.

"You will take care of her, Mr. William?" I whispered, the tears, which I vainly endeavoured to pass off as nothing, falling from my tire-some old eyes. "She is not well yet."

"You know there is no need to give me the injunction," he answered, whilst the ingenuous flush stole into his face, and the sweet, earnest look to his truthful eye. "When I bring Mary home again, she will be so improved you will none of you recognise her."

And I think his words seem likely to be verified. For in a letter I received from Mary this very morning (five days it had been coming from the outlandish place they are stopping in, the name of which I cannot give here, being incompetent to spell it; and sixteenpence postage to pay, Mary having insufficiently stamped it), she says she is quite well and *too* happy, and that her colour has all come back again. With a few merry words of postscript from Mr. William, himself; hoping we (I and Lady Elliot) are getting on swimmingly with the furnishing of their new residence, and that I shall undertake the setting-up of the house-keeping department.

So bright days have come upon us, and I feel that we have MUCH to be thankful for. As to Lady Elliot, she does not know how to express her gratitude to me, for awaking her, as she calls it, to what she had never awoke to before. But let every one of God's creatures be fully assured that they possess, within themselves, the power to make or mar, in a great measure, their own happiness; *that upon the state of the mind and heart depends life's sunshine*. I, Hester Halliwell, tell it them.

Pressings by Fleetwood

ABOUT THE ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS.

X.—A QUARTET OF QUARTERLY REVIEWERS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT figures prominently in the rise and progress of both the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. To the early numbers of the former he took pains and pleasure in contributing papers quite in his own line, and written on subjects closely after his own heart; on Southey's *Amadis of Gaul*, for example; and Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*; and Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*; and Ellis's *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry*; and the *Life and Works of Chatterton*; and Todd's *Spenser*. Jeffrey was gratified with copious illustrations of the *perfervidum ingenium Scoti* (*Gualteri*), in the varying shape of contributions now on the theme of Froissart, and now of a modern Sporting Tour—this quarter, of Godwin's *Fleetwood*, and the next, of the Highland Society and Ossian—in one number, a critique on the Honourable William Herbert; in another, a humorous *précis* of certain cookery books, sappy and savoury stuff,—now again an analysis of Ritson's *Ancient Metrical Romances*, followed by the facetious jeremiad on the *Miseries of Human Life*. But in the six-and-twentieth number of the Blue and Buff agitator, appeared Brougham's celebrated article on Don Cevallos and the usurpation of Spain; and one of the most observable and immediate results of that essay was the secession of Sir Walter from all fellowship with such a concern. Already he had paused in his contributorship, vexed by the polemics of Judge Jeffrey's gang. Now he struck his name off the subscription-list, and avowed himself clear of the Edinburgh Whigs and all their works, and would henceforth have neither part nor lot in the matter. For some length of time their increasing violence of tone had made him ill at ease in their company; but Don Cevallos was the final *coup*—the Don was a case for voluntary and peremptory *ipso facto* excommunication, for incontinent schism from a communion so corrupt at the core and alien from the faith. Brougham's Don was the occasion of Scott's doffing the buff and blue livery which had long been troubling him as a misfit. "The *Edinburgh Review*," he writes to the publisher, "*had* become such as to render it impossible for me to continue a contributor to it.—Now, it is such as I can no longer continue to receive or read it." * He fastened on the reviewer's previsionary assurance, "We foresee a speedy revolution in this country as well as Mr. Cobbett,"—and

* Lookhart tells us, accordingly, that the list of then subscribers (1808) exhibits, in an indignant dash of Constable's pen opposite Scott's name, the word—"SHORT!!!"

believed that he could trace a systematic tendency to ensure the fulfilment of that piece of "foresight," in the tactics of Jeffrey's *corps d'élite*, as shown by their degrading the person of the sovereign—exalting the power of the French armies, and the wisdom of their councils—and holding forth peace as indispensable to the very existence of the British nation.

Could not a counter-agent, then, be contrived—contrived with skill, and executed with triumphant success—in the form of a directly similar periodical, as to price, literary design, and *corps d'esprit* organisation,—which should act once a quarter as antidote to this pernicious bane? Might not an active mixture be made up on the premises of the Glorious John of publishers, if not as a prophylactic, at least as a sound and stringent remedial "exhibition," to neutralise the bitter bad concoctions dispensed by Constable and the Longmans?

The circulation of the obnoxious Review was more than enough to encourage such a scheme. "Of this work," Scott tells George Ellis, "nine thousand copies are printed quarterly, and no genteel family *can* pretend to be without it, because, independent of its politics, it gives the only valuable literary criticism which can be met with. Consider, of the numbers who read this work, how many are there likely to separate the literature from the politics—how many youths are there, upon whose minds the flashy and bold character of the work is likely to make an indelible impression; and think what the consequence is likely to be." Now, to Scott's thinking, there was balm in Gilead for all these wounds and bruises and putrifying sores; the cure lay, he maintained, simply in instituting such a Review in London as should be conducted totally independent of bookselling influence, on a plan as liberal as that of the *Edinburgh*, its literature as well supported, and its principles English and constitutional. Provided it was once set a-going, by a few dashing members, he had no fear as to difficulty in procuring regular steady contributors. Accordingly he exhorted Mr. Ellis, for one, to hang his birding-piece on its hooks for the nonce, and take down his old Anti-Jacobin armour, and "remember his swashing blow;" not that he would have the projected Review to be exclusively or principally political—which would quite counteract his purpose of purveying to all lovers of their country a periodical work of criticism, conducted with equal talent, but upon sounder principle than that blue-and-yellow abomination which for six years past had been carrying all before it. "Is not this possible?" demands the zealous projector; and then with a pawky compliment, more Scott-like than Scottish in its homage to the Southrons, he assures his friend, "In point of learning, you Englishmen have ten times our scholarship; and as for talent and genius, 'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than any

of the rivers in Israel?' Have we not yourself and your cousin, the Roses, Malthus, Matthias, Gifford, Heber, and his brother? Can I not procure you a score of blue-caps who would rather write for us than for the *Edinburgh Review* if"—another unkind cut at his brither Scots—"if they got as much pay by it?" On the whole, there was ample reason, he thought, to rub his hands gleefully, and adopt the cheery notes of Harry Hotspur, "A good plot, good friends, and full of expectation—an excellent plot, very good friends!"

In this present year of grace, 1856, we are not far from the Jubilee of the *Review* at whose conception Sir Walter was then "assisting" with might and main. In February, 1809, the first number appeared, with three articles from his pen—one on the Reliques of Burns, a second on the Chronicle of the Cid, and a third on Carr's Scottish Tour. A rival organ was thus fairly started to that of Edinburgh's High Constable and his *posse comitatus*—a work in which Scott the Tory might pay off old grudges on Jeffrey the Whig; for, on the eve of its publication, we find Sir Walter telling his brother Thomas, "I owe Jeffrey a flap with a fox-tail on account of his review of Marmion, and thus doth 'the whirligig of time bring about my revenges.'" For a series of years he was one of the most active contributors to the new journal, and continued his connexion with it, by occasional papers, to the end of his days. To his industry and hearty good services it owes, among other articles small and great, substantial and superficial, grave and gay, the notice of Southey's Kehama—a notice characteristic of the critic's good-natured tact, in throwing as much weight as possible upon the beautiful passages, and slurring over the absurdities*—and miscellanies so curiously miscellaneous as those on Church History, Military Bridges, Childe Harold, Mr. Samuel Pepys, the Life of Kemble, the Planting of Waste Lands, Ornamental Gardening, Sir Humphry Davy's Salmonia (the three last abounding, as Lockhart remarks, in sweet episodes of personal reminiscence), Miss Austen's novels,† and Morier's Hajji Baba in England.

Mr. Prescott, who accounts the origin of the *Quarterly* to have been more imputable to Scott's exertions than to those of any, indeed all, other persons,‡ pronounces the result highly serviceable to the interests of both morals and letters: not that the new *Review*

* "This said Kehama," Scott observes in a letter to another member of the *Quarterly* staff, "affords cruel openings to the quizzers, and I suppose will get it roundly in the *Edinburgh Review*. I could have made a very different hand of it indeed, had the order of the day been *pour déchirer*."

† Scott's review of Miss Austen is in No. XXVII. of the *Quarterly*. That in No. XLVIII., also attributed to him, is by Archbishop Whately. But Gifford probably had a finger in the pie on both occasions.

‡ Prescott's Biographical and Critical Miscellanies.

was conducted with more fairness, or, in this sense, *principle*, than its antagonist, the *Edinburgh*; but that, although the fate of the individual reviewed was, to a certain extent, a matter of caprice, or rather prejudgment in the critic,* yet the great abstract questions in morals, politics, and literature, by being discussed on both sides, were presented in a fuller, and of course fairer, light to the public. "Another beneficial result to letters was—and," says the North American Reviewer, "we shall gain credit, at least, for candour, in confessing it,—that it broke down somewhat of that divinity, which hedged in the despotic *we* of the reviewer, so long as no rival arose to contest the sceptre. The claims to infallibility, so long and slavishly acquiesced in, fell to the ground when thus stoutly asserted by conflicting parties. It was pretty clear that the same thing could not be all black and all white at the same time." In short, as he adds, it was the old story of pope and anti-pope; and the public began to find out that there might be hopes for the salvation of an author, though damned by the literary popedom—besides that Time, by reversing many of its decisions, must at length have shown the same thing.†

The matter of Sir Walter's reviews is always full of information and interest, conveyed in a manly, unaffected style, which is open on all sides to all comers. If we hold with those who say that a style which goes at once to the point, which is felt to "get through business," and which carries with it no affectation, either real or apparent, is always a good style; that merit must be generally and emphatically conceded to Scott, who attends to business like a man practised in its spirit and its details, though not without an eye the while to *by-play*, where that can be indulged in without prejudice to the main *work*.

* Mr. Prescott instances the very case of Southey's *Kehama*, as reviewed by Scott, to which we have just now referred—Scott dealing tenderly with that poem, because the "order of the day" was so to do—and quite prepared, notwithstanding, to rend it in pieces with pitiless scorn, had the "order of the day" been *pour déchirer*—that is to say, had Southey belonged to the opposite camp.

† It may be worth mentioning that Southey claims for himself the merit of being, virtually or suggestively, the founder of the *Quarterly Review*. In the recent issue of his *Select Correspondence*, edited by his son-in-law, Mr. Wood Warter, there is a letter to his brother, Dr. H. H. Southey, in which, alluding to Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, then (1837) in course of publication, he remarks: "I could add some explanatory notes to the second volume. I wish he had printed that part of one of my letters in which my reasons for not accepting his proposal of introducing me to the *Edinburgh Review* were given; for I never doubted that that letter laid the foundation for the *Quarterly Review*. Not as proposing any such scheme (for I dreamt of no such), but because it made Scott dissatisfied with his own conduct in still contributing to the *Edinburgh*. I kept no copy of the letter, but very well remember that, after it was gone to the post, I half repented of having sent it, lest Scott should be hurt by the manner in which I had expressed myself."—*Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*, vol. iv. p. 510.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, as Essayist and Reviewer, in which capacity alone we have here to do with him, has been appraised as follows by Coleridge—who also claims for him success in every one of his poetical enterprises, from the political song of the day, thrown off in the playful overflow (so S. T. C. designates it) of honest joy and patriotic exultation, to the wild ballad; from epistolary ease and graceful narrative, to austere and impetuous moral declamation; from the pastoral charms and wild streaming lights of the *Thalaba*, and from the full blaze of the *Kehama*, to the more sober beauties of the *Madoc*, and the culminating excellence of the *Roderic*: “For reflect but on the variety and extent of his acquirements! He stands second to no man, either as an historian or as a bibliographer; and when I regard him as a popular essayist—(for the articles of his composition in the reviews are, for the greater part, essays on subjects of deep or curious interest rather than criticisms on particular works)—I look in vain for any writer who has conveyed so much information from so many and such recondite sources, with so many just and original reflections, in a style so lively and poignant, yet so uniformly classical and perspicuous; no one, in short, who has combined so much wisdom with so much wit; so much truth and knowledge with so much life and fancy.”* “Southey,” said James Montgomery, in 1838, “is not only a delightful poet, but the best English prose writer we have; at least in his line of subjects: and these have been so numerous and miscellaneous, that he is probably, next to Scott, the most voluminous—certainly the most diversified—author of his day.”†

Having made election of literature as the business and pleasure and pride of his life, he laid himself out with hearty endeavour to magnify his office, and approve the wisdom and honour of his choice.

Enamoured of the books on his shelves, and the pens, ink, and paper on his table, he appeared to others, indeed, coldly laborious only, and by no means of a genial enjoying nature. A page in Rogers's *Table-talk* runs thus: “In all his domestic relations Southey was the most amiable of men; but he had no general philanthropy; he was what you call a *cold man*. He was never happy except when reading a book or making one. Coleridge once said to me, ‘I can't think of Southey, without seeing him either mending or using a pen.’ I spent some time with him at Lord Lonsdale's, in company with Wordsworth and others; and while the rest of the party were walking about, talking, and amusing themselves, Southey preferred sitting solus in the library. ‘How cold he is!’ was the exclamation of Wordsworth—himself so joyous

* *Biographia Literaria*, ch. iii.

† *Memoirs of Montgomery*, vol. v. ch. lxxx.

and communicative.”* But there was good store of latent heat beneath this seeming coldness; the hard-working penman had a warm heart within, whatever the temperature of the surface—a heart constant and glowing in its warmth as the fire by which he sate and wrote in all weathers, and throughout the four seasons. Thus seated, and thus writing, he reminds us of the pleasant picture old Stephen Pasquier draws of himself, in a letter to Achille de Harlay: “J’ai d’un côté mes livres, ma plume et mes pensées; d’un autre, un bon feu tel que pouvoit souhaiter Martial quand, entre les félicités humaines, il y mettoit ces deux mots : *focus perennis*.”†

Southey himself called it a very odd, but a marked, characteristic of his mind—the very nose in the face of his intellect—that it was either utterly idle, or uselessly active, without its tools. “I never enter,” says he, “into my regular train of thought unless the pen be in my hand; they then flow as fast as did the water from the rock in Horeb, but without that wand the source is dry.”‡ Only give him the tools, and let him cut out his own work in his own way and beside his own hearth, and you have a working man happy as the day is long, though working like one who must work while it is called day, knowing that the night cometh wherein he cannot work—a night that came to him with a gloom as of sudden eclipse, with chills that no *focus perennis* could dispel, with darkness that, in solemn Hebrew phrase, might be felt. “If Gifford could see me,” he writes to Grosvenor Bedford, in his thirty-fifth year, “by this fireside, where, like Nicodemus, one candle suffices me in a large room, he would see a man in a coat ‘still more threadbare than his own’ when he wrote his ‘Imitation,’ working hard and getting little,—a bare maintenance, and hardly that; writing poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul; one daily progressive in learning, not so learned as he is poor; not so poor as he is proud; not so proud as happy. Grosvenor, there is not a lighter-hearted nor a happier man upon the face of this wide world.”§ It must be added that the joyous scribe in no way scribbled off reviews “with his whole heart and soul,” but sorely against both, if we are to take him literally at his word. To pen an article was as much against the grain as to compose an epic was delightful. So at least it came to be when a Quarterly review was set down for him as a regular quarterly task. At the institution of Mr. Murray’s great *novum organum*, Southey was pleased enough with the rôle of well-received and well-salaried contributor. “I am impatient,” he writes, “to see the first number. Young lady never felt more desirous to see herself in a new ball-dress, than I do to see my own performance

* “Recollections of the Table-talk of Samuel Rogers,” pp. 204-5.

† Œuvres choisies d’Etienne Pasquier.

‡ “Life and Letters.” (1804.)

§ Ibid. (1808.)

in print, often as that gratification falls to my lot. The reason is, that in the multiplicity of my employments, I forget the form and manner of everything as soon as it is out of sight, and they come to me like pleasant recollections of what I wish to remember. Besides, the thing looks differently in print." Even here, however, he significantly adds: "I hold it good to make everything a pleasure which it is possible to make so."* And the possibility, in the case of the *Quarterly*, seems to have become small by rapid degrees, and unbeautifully less, until it merged in a mere negation, and lost itself in the impossible.

It was review-writing that brought grist to the Keswick mill, however; review-writing was Southey's bread-winner, and therefore must be pursued as a trade, though never so irksome; it was his staff of life, and as such must be used in daily exercise, and not exchanged for a broken reed like epic poesy or ambitiously designed history, on which if a man like Southey lean, sure he is to pierce his hand, or worse. So he had to cultivate the quarterlies on economic principles and with periodical punctuality, instead of cultivating the muses on a little oatmeal. He was ill at ease under the yoke; but gall and fret him as it might, it must be borne. He kicked against the pricks, but they kept him in the right way, and urged him onwards whither he would not. All the time spent on "articles" for Albemarle-street he accounted so much time lost; lost from those colossal poems which, in his heart of hearts (truly the heart is deceitful above all things), he believed to contain a full solution of the problem,

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?

Review-writing was an accursed obstacle to a yearly-renewed lease of immortality; for it prevented his producing *per annum*, as he felt himself willing and able to do, an epic as long every whit as *Madoc*, as fluent as *Thalaba*, as fanciful as *Kehama*. "My history as an author," he complains to W. S. Landor, "is not very honourable to the age in which we live. By giving up my whole time to worthless work in reviews, magazines, and newspapers, I could thrive, as by giving up half my time to them, I contrive to live. In the time thus employed every year I could certainly produce such a poem as *Thalaba*, and if I did I should starve." This is what Coleridge calls, in the *Biographia Literaria*, Southey's "generous submission to tasks of transitory interest, or such as his genius alone could make otherwise."

In 1827, overtures were made to our willy-nilly Reviewer to write for the *Foreign Quarterly*. Willingly, he (no doubt unwillingly) answered—as willingly as for John Murray (an equivocal assent), "at the same price." The free will was directed by fate;

* "Life and Letters." (1809.)

for fate compelled Southey to write reviews, in order to make both ends meet at Greta Hall; but only money could make the mare go, on so weary, stale, flat, but then *not* unprofitable, a route. Hence, when the managers of the *Foreign Quarterly* attempted to (what Southey calls) "wheedle" him into giving them an article* for their first number at ten guineas a sheet—he waxed wroth. Well, then, they would screw up their price to fifty pounds for the article. Would that do? Not at all: Southey answered them in no mealy-mouthed or soft-nibbed penmanship, that he wrote such things literally for lucre, and for nothing else, and that if they had screwed their price up to the sticking point, he certainly should not lower his to meet it. "This," he told Henry Taylor, "brought an apology for tradesmanlike dealing, and a hope that I would be pleased to accept the 100l." How essential it was to the poet's exchequer and home department, that *he* at least should conduct these negotiations in a tradesmanlike spirit, may be inferred from a fragment in his correspondence with G. C. Bedford in the following year, where he writes: "Now from the said public my last year's [1827] proceeds were,—for the Book of the Church and the Vindiciæ, per John Murray, *nil*; and for all the rest of my works in Longman's hands, about 26l.,"—"so that if it were not for reviewing, it would be impossible for me to pay my current expenses."†

Southey was a jibbing horse in the *Quarterly* team. He had a dislike to the driver, who had the whip-hand of him, and sometimes touched him on the raw. In 1822, and afterwards, he was quite disposed to take part in an opposition Review, to the extent even of editing it, if proper terms could be come to, which they never could. When Gifford died, and himself was passed over by John Murray, Southey's hope was to secure the Albemarle-street editorship for John (now Mr. Justice) Coleridge, with whom he could work more harmoniously than with the deceased despot. But to his intense chagrin, the berth was assigned to Lockhart, under whom Southey worked grudgingly and of necessity, noway

* The subject being the Moorish History of Spain.

† Two or three years later, he writes to another correspondent (Mrs. Hodson, 1830): "And thus my life passes; little employments elbowing worthier and greater undertakings, and shouldering them aside; and the necessity for providing ways and means preventing me from executing half of what I could and would have done for other generations." And yet, he adds, how much better was this than pleading causes, feeling pulses, working in a public office, or being a bishop, with all the secular cares which a bishopric brings with it, not to speak of its heavier responsibilities. So that, afflicted as he was by his subjection to *Quarterly* pains and periodical penalties, he would not, after all, change places with a Harry Brongham, toiling onwards and upwards to the woolsack; or a Harry Southey, his brother beloved, feeling pulses at a guinea each; or a Rickman or Wynn, his tried and trusty friends, prosperous in official life; or a Right Reverend whom you will, patronage, and palace, and place in parliament, and all other perquisites notwithstanding.

as a cheerful giver. His personal antipathy to Lockhart is freely enough expressed in the series of his letters last published. Murray, of course, got deeper than ever in his bad books. "Murray," he tells his uncle Hill, in 1825, "has not written to me since the change of administration, feeling, no doubt, whenever he thinks of me in connexion with that subject, like a dog when he has his tail between his legs. He has got himself sufficiently into disgrace with all parties concerned." In 1827 he complains of "the cavalier behaviour of Lockhart," which, he says, made him think it very likely that he must withdraw from the Review. And in 1835 he writes, that Lockhart and Murray between them have contrived to affront him to the point of secession: "The story is not worth telling; it was a piece of disrespectful ill-usage, which I resent not upon either Lockhart or Murray, but upon the 'Review' personified,"—a *façon de parler* with a good meaning, morally rather than critically speaking—a charitable construction, and there an end.

Before he seceded, however, Southey had contributed to the *Quarterly* a prodigious variety of articles, written in that conscientious spirit of industrious research, and with that unlaboured grace of style, *simplex munditiis*, which made him so important an ally, and hence so constant a communicant to the Tory oracle. First and last he wrote upon themes so various that they seem to be the epitome of the age, in matters political, economical, and literary. Aikin's George III., and Massena's campaign in Portugal; Alfieri and Byron; La Roche Jaquelein in one number, John Bunyan in another; now an *éloge* on Michael Sadler, and now on Mrs. Bray; a flight to the Tonga Islands, a dash through Evelyn's Memoirs, a dip into Lopez de Vega, a turn at the Copyright Question, a defence of Marlborough, a descent into the Catacombs, a plea for New Churches, a thrust at Huntingdon's Sinner Saved, another at French Theophilanthropy, a discourse on Bishop Burnet or the Chevalier Bayard, an account of Camoens or Hayley, an inquiry touching the Church Missionary Society, a View of Lisbon, an examination into Lord John's Europe and Mr. Hallam's Constitutional History, a visit with Dr. Gilly to the Vaudois, a memoir of Wolfe, a *résumé* of the Sœur de la Nativité's "Revelations," a report on the *Εικον Βασιλική*, a treatise on Colonisation, warnings by the score about Ireland and Popery, and the Reform Bill and Liberty of the Press, miscellanies ranging from Captain Beaver to Oberlin, from John Hampden to Lucretia Davidson, from Prince Polignac to Felix Neff, from Sir Thomas Browne to Thomas Telford, from Dr. Bell to Ebenezer Elliott,—these are but hints of the "diversities of operations" wherein Southey thus laboured year by year continually. Truly *hic labor, hoc opus est*—and *superest* too.

EARL STANHOPE occupies a conspicuous place in the historical department of the *Quarterly Review*. His contributions in the form of Historical Essays are widely known and fitly valued. How important a feature the Historical Essay is in the "head and front" of our Review literature, may be seen in the estimate set upon articles of this class, when furnished by choice spirits whose vocation that way lies. That number of a quarterly review (be it published by Murray or Longman, by Hamilton and Adams, or by Jackson and Walford) is safe to be voted a "crack" number;—that number of a monthly magazine (come it from George-street, Edinburgh, or West Strand, London) is sure to be in request—which contains a genuine specimen of the Historical Essay, in its gloss and glow, in its free inspiration and fulgent colouring, with its energy of life within it, and all its blushing honours thick upon it. Macaulay leads the way, perhaps, by all but one consent of all the earth; for as they call to mind his monographs on Chatham and Frederick the Great, on Temple and Clive, even those are constrained to hail him prince of historical essayists who yet deny him to be historian at all. Of other instances—very unequal, maybe, one with another, in respect of brilliancy, philosophical acumen, and native vigour, but all more or less distinguished in this line of composition—it is enough to remind the reader how Sir James Stephen has dealt with Hildebrand and Saint Francis; how Carlyle has written of Mirabeau and the Revolution; how De Quincey has discussed the Cæsars, and the Philosophy of Roman History; how Napier has handled Raleigh (more recently handled by Charles Kingsley, in a very different style of manipulation); how Anthony Froude has "essayed" on Wolsey and Mary Tudor,—so successfully as to win a prepossessed audience for that History of England which is now giving the critics work, or play, or pause—according to their constitution and character.

As Lord Mahon, the present Earl Stanhope worked out, in good hard-working man's style, a title in literature fully equal in lustre to the title in nobility which he now graces. The author of a smart series of Political Portraits in a well-known weekly paper, considers it questionable if there has ever been in politics a great man among the peers—peers by birth—since the king-maker's time; and certainly incontestable, that, Byron excepted, there has not been a clever literary lord since Chesterfield's time. "Certainly," our radical reformer asserts, "certainly, as lecturers and litterateurs, they are terrible mediocrities in our day. Lord Mahon stands first; and he is about as clever and profound among historians, as Mr. Macfarlane, or Miss Strickland."* Of what other nation, nevertheless, is the aristocracy so distinguished as ours, in well-won literary honours? "We Germans," says Goethe, by the

* Whitty's Political Portraits.

mouth of *Wilhelm Meister*, "deserve that our Muses should suffer in the contempt they have so long incurred, since we are unwilling to appreciate men of rank when from various motives they dedicate themselves to literature. Foreign nations have taught us that birth, rank, and fortune are quite consistent with genius and taste, for the names of many noblemen are on the list of their most distinguished authors." In Germany, on the other hand, he complains, it has been a wonder hitherto that a man of birth should devote himself to literature, and few celebrated names have sought to become more renowned by their love of art and science, though many have risen out of darkness and have shone like unknown stars in the horizon. "But it will not," he predicts, "always happen so, and if I am not greatly mistaken, at the present moment the first classes in the nation are beginning to devote their talents to the task of contending for the fairest garlands of literature. Nothing, therefore, can be more distressing to me than to see the bourgeois sneer at the nobleman who loves the society of the Muses, and even men of rank with thoughtless levity deterring their own equals from a career where honour and happiness are the portion of all."* Mr. de Quincey, in his essay on the Aristocracy of England, reprobates the habit, in some quarters, of speaking of the English nobility as an indolent class: from the limited number of our nobility, he observes, and consequently the rare opportunities for really studying their habits, it is easy to see that in representations of this kind (whether libellous among mob-orators, or serious in novels) the pretended portrait has been founded on a vague romantic abstraction of what may be supposed peculiar to the condition of a patrician order under all political circumstances. "Haughtiness, exclusiveness, indolence, and luxury, compose the romantic type which the delineator figures to his mind; and at length it becomes evident to any man, who has an experimental knowledge of this order, that probably the ancient Persian satraps, or the omrahs of Hindostan, have much more truly been operatively present to the describers than anything ancient or modern amongst the realities of England."† It is five-and-twenty years ago, now, and upwards, since Christopher North exclaimed at the *Noctes*, "You mentioned Lord Mahon, Timothy—I have read his *Belisarius*, and all his speeches, and hang me if I don't think he's a man."‡ A quarter of a century has confirmed Sir Kit's impression, and shown how possible it is for an English nobleman to be a man, as well as noble, and none the less because noble, and all the more noble because a true working man. "When men," says Addison, "are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they

* "*Wilhelm Meister*," book iii. ch. ix.

† "The Aristocracy of England." (*Blackwood*, 1843.)

‡ *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. No. LVII.

should fail of receiving additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.”* Earl Stanhope has taken care so to accomplish himself; and the result is a plain and patent *fait accompli*.

Alison justly ascribes to his lordship remarkable power for individual narrative—referring, for an example, to his story of the gallant attempt and subsequent hair-breadth escapes of the Pretender in 1745, which has been praised by Sismondi as by far the best account extant of that romantic adventure. Sir Archibald also† does full justice to his fellow-essayist and fellow-historian’s fair and equitable judgment, his discrimination, his talent for drawing characters, and that upright and honourable heart, which is the first requisite for success in the delineation, as it is for success in the conduct of events. “His industry in examining and collecting authorities is great; he is a scholar, a statesman, and a gentleman—no small requisites for the just delineation of noble and generous achievements.” Favourable opportunity was afforded for the exercise of these qualities in several of the essays contributed by Lord Mahon to the *Quarterly*—the *élite* of which have since been republished in a compact volume: we need but mention the history of Joan of Arc, in whose life and works he traces a thorough and earnest persuasion that hers was the rightful cause—that in all she did she was doing her duty—a courage too that did not shrink before embattled armies, or beleaguered walls, or judges thirsting for her blood—a marvellous serenity amidst wounds and sufferings—a most resolute will on all points that were connected with her mission—perfect meekness and humility on all that were not—a clear plain sense, that could confound the casuistry of sophists—an ardent loyalty, such as our own Charles I. inspired—and a dutiful devotion, on all points, to her country and to God. Of equal ability is the narrative-essay on Mary, Queen of Scots—the most thorough conviction of whose guilt can scarcely steel the breast against compassion for her fate—on the Marquis of Montrose, loyal in days when loyalty was no mere effect of reasoning, but an impulse, an instinct, a natural affection like that which binds a child to a parent, and calling as little for any previous proofs of exalted merit—and on Frederick the Great, in his last years, a study to be profitably studied together with that by Macaulay, of his early ones.

No name is more intimately connected with the fortunes of the *Quarterly Review* than that of JOHN WILSON CROKER. If of another it may be said, we all know that fine Roman hand; of him it may be said, we all know that smart, slashing style.

* “The Guardian.” No. CXI.

† Alison’s *Life of Marlborough*.

Mr. Croker's innumerable articles teem with examples of what is most microscopic in captious criticism. Some men, it has been remarked by Archbishop Whately, are so excessively acute at detecting imperfections, that they scarcely notice excellences: in looking at a peacock's train, they would fix on every spot where the feathers were worn or the colours faded, and see nothing else. Mr. Croker may see something else in the peacock, and with both eyes; but he has the trick of seeing, with half an eye, every spot or blemish or any such thing in the plumage *in pleno*. The exultation with which he lights on a slip of the pen, or shows up a misprint, or turns inside out a distorted fact, or turns upside down an inverted inference, is supreme. He might thus far have sat for the portrait of a continental critic of whom it has been said: "Il a de l'invention en critique, une invention très-inquisitive et très-destructive. S'il a pu dire un *non* bien net à quelque opinion vague et reçue, s'il a pu déconcerter une chronologie ou prendre en flagrant délit de fabrication, &c., il est content." Or rather, perhaps, for that of a transatlantic one—unnamed, indeed, and possibly unhonoured, but not unsung:

A terrible fellow to meet in society,
 Not the toast that he buttered was ever so dry at tea;
 There he'd sit at the table and stir in his sugar,
 Crouching close for a spring, all the while, like a cougar;
 Be sure of your facts, of your measures and weights,
 Of your time—he's as fond as an Arab of dates;—
 You'll be telling, perhaps, in your comical way,
 Of something you've seen in the course of the day;
 And, just as you're tapering out the conclusion,
 You venture an ill-fated classic allusion,—
 The girls have all got their laughs ready, when, whack!
 The cougar comes down on your thunderstruck back;
 You had left out a comma,—your Greek's put in joint,
 And pointed at oost of your whole story's point.

Sir Thomas Browne* refers to quotation mistakes, inadvertency, expedition, and human lapses, as making not only moles but warts in learned authors, who, notwithstanding, being judged by the capital matter, admit not of disparagement. Sir Thomas would unwillingly affirm that Cicero was but slightly versed in Homer, because in his work, *De Gloriâ*, he ascribed those verses to Ajax, which were delivered by Hector. What if Plautus, in the account of Hercules, asks the good knight, mistaketh nativity for conception? Who would have mean thoughts of Apollonius Sidonius, for seemingly mistaking the Tigris for Euphrates? "Though I have no great opinion of Machiavel's learning, yet I shall not presently say that he was but a novice in Roman history, because he was mistaken in placing Commodus after the Emperor Severus.

* Christian Morals.

Capital truths are to be narrowly eyed; collateral lapses and circumstantial deliveries not to be too strictly sifted. And if the substantial subject be well forged out, we need not examine the sparks which irregularly fly from it." But so think not critics of the captious class, who, as those sparks do upwards fly, bring a portentous apparatus to bear upon them, turning atomic theory into painful practice.

Hans Christian Andersen complains, in his "Story of my Life," of people who, to his knowledge, read his poems through merely for the purpose of finding faults in them—noting down, for instance, how often he used the expression "beautiful," or some such word. One reverend censor of this tribe he mentions, who "was not ashamed," says the remonstrant Dane, "in a company in which I was present, to go through several of my poems in this way, so that a little girl, only six years old, who heard with surprise his strictures on everything in its turn, took up the book, and, pointing to the conjunction 'and,' remarked, 'There is still a little word, sir, that you have not scolded about.'" Great is the pugnacity of him who *pugnat nudis armatus*.

Mr. Croker is commonly reputed to be *par excellence* the "slashing" critic. *MacGrawler*, in Sir Bulwer Lytton's romance, when imparting to his protégé, young Paul, the mysteries of the critical craft, thus explains the meaning of that term: "To slash is, speaking grammatically, to employ the accusative, or accusing case; you must cut up your book right and left, top and bottom, root and branch." Mr. Disraeli's portraiture of *Mr. Rigby* gives full prominence to that gentleman's slashing powers. We are introduced to him in the opening chapters of "Coningsby," in his "classical retreat," where, surrounded by his busts and books, *Mr. Rigby* wrote his lampoons and articles; "massacred a she-liberal (it was thought that no one could lash a woman like Rigby), cut up a rising genius whose politics were different from his own, or scarified some unhappy wretch who had brought his claims before parliament, proving, by garbled extracts from official correspondence that no one could refer to, that the malcontent, instead of being a victim, was, on the contrary, a defaulter. Tadpole and Taper would back Rigby for a 'slashing reply' against the field." Elsewhere in the same pungent and personal fiction, these "slashing articles" are characterised as things which, had they appeared as anonymous pamphlets, would have obtained the contemptuous reception which in an intellectual view no compositions more surely deserved; but whispered as the productions of one behind the scenes, and appearing in the pages of a party Review, they were passed off as genuine coin, and took in great numbers of the lieges, especially in the country. They were written, the caustic novelist goes on to say, in a style apparently modelled on the briefs of those

sharp attorneys who weary advocates with their clever commonplace; teasing with obvious comment, and torturing with inevitable inference. What follows in the description is ludicrously, maliciously, mercilessly *like*,—witness any one number of the *Quarterly* for almost any given term of years: “The affectation of order in the statement of facts had all the lucid method of an adroit pettifogger. They dealt much in extracts from newspapers, quotations from the *Annual Register*, parallel passages in forgotten speeches, arrayed with a formidable array of dates rarely accurate. When the writer was of opinion he had made a point, you may be sure the hit was in italics, that last resource of the Forcible Feebles. He handled a particular in chronology as if he were proving an *alibi* at the Criminal Court. The censure was coarse without being strong, and vindictive when it would have been sarcastic. Now and then there was a passage which aimed at a higher flight, and nothing can be conceived more unlike genuine feeling, or more offensive to true taste. And yet, perhaps, the most ludicrous characteristic of these factious gallimaufreys was an occasional assumption of the high moral and admonitory tone, which, when we recurred to the general spirit of the discourse, and were apt to recal the character of its writer, irresistibly reminded one of Mrs. Cole and her prayer-book.” Equally like, and not the less amusing because not so bitter in manner, is Mr. Disraeli’s later description of the Right Honourable Nicholas, shut up in his villa, and concocting a “very slashing article,” which was to prove that the penny postage must be the destruction of the aristocracy: a grand subject treated in *Rigby’s* highest style—his parallel portraits of Rowland Hill the conqueror of Almaraz and Rowland Hill the deviser of the cheap postage being enormously fine. “The whole article was full of passages in italics, little words in great capitals, and almost drew tears.” But after all, there is good stuff in Mr. Croker’s compositions, with every allowance for the bad and the indifferent. And as it will take something more than a stinging article, a very “slasher” in its way, by Macaulay, to upset the credit of Croker’s Boswell; so will it take something more than a Disraelitish caricature, *vraisemblant* and salient-pointed as that may be, to extinguish the vitality of the (in a twofold sense) well-read veteran’s contributions, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, to the *Quarterly Review*.

FROM STAMBOUL TO PESTH.

BLESSED is the man that invented sleep, says honest old Sancho Panza. Never was the truth of this more appreciated than after a weary trip by water and land across the European continent. Auph! I wearily stretch myself, and rise under the melancholy delusion that I have slept my sleep out; but all in vain. The future wanderer may lay it down as an axiom, uncontroversial as any of old Euclid, of wearisome school and blackboard memory, that two nights' rest (Heaven save the mark!) in a railway carriage require ninety and six hours of consecutive feather-bed practice before the human frame is restored to its proper equilibrium. There is such a confounded angularity about a railway—such a tendency found among the cushions to establish a raw on the person of the sleep-desiring traveller—such a draughty predisposition on the part of the doors and windows, that rest, in the proper acceptation of the term, is impossible. But even supposing that by dint of elaborate scheming and absolute disregard of comfort, the traveller succeed in snatching those forty winks in which our grandams indulged, he will surely be disturbed (supposing him to be bound across the Continent) by periodical visits from a gendarme, who can by no possibility be induced to believe that the traveller's passport is *en règle*, but that some deep design has been hatched to defraud his imperial royal master (or as the case may be) in some artistic manner, which only his (the aforesaid gendarme, I mean) remarkable talents can counteract. Then, again, the constant changes from motion to rest, entailed by the succession of stations, where the train must stop, if only that the conductor may drink his choppin of beer; the sudden inroad of frouzy, sleepy, bad-tobacco-puffing Germans, who make it a point to smoke themselves, as they do their hams, by shutting out the external atmosphere; the shrill-sounding horn of the guard; and, worse than all, the palpitating motion of the carriage, when any acceleration of speed is attempted, and which makes one speculate on the advantages of the Railway Insurance Company,—a combination of all these renders it extremely difficult for the Continental traveller to snatch that fearful joy of sleep which his habits and education render a necessity of existence. After this preliminary outbreak of what the French would be disposed to call "English spleen," but what I term just complaining, I may as well proceed to tell my readers how it was that I underwent the above-described pleasing torture.

No very long time had elapsed since the post had borne away to England the account of the winter I had spent in Kertch, before the supposition, hitherto whispered in a doubtful accent, that the Turkish Contingent was on the eve of dissolution, became converted into a certainty. This was decidedly a most unpleasant fact, for no one cares to see his labour thrown away; and after working hard to convert the Turks into something bearing the appearance of an army, it was indubitably galling not to have an opportunity of seeing how the system worked in the field. Many officers deluded themselves for a time with the anticipation that the option would be given them of entering the Turkish service under English guarantee, and in this they were supported, strange to say, by

the opinion of men high in command. In fact, this was the season for "shaves," wonderful in their audacity, and unparalleled in their success. No information of an authentic nature could, of course, be obtained in Kertch as to the future fate of the Contingent, and all we knew was that the troops were being taken away as rapidly as possible, while the English regimental officers were kicking their heels about Kertch, and soothing their feelings with champagne. At length our eyes began to be opened; general orders were crowded with the names of officers whose services were dispensed with, and passages provided for them to Constantinople, when they would hear further. Eventually the lot fell on myself, and one morning about nine o'clock I received the pleasing information that I was to sail at twelve on the same day. Now, as I was troubled with various *impedimenta*—not the least being a wife—it may be assumed that the time was none of the longest; however, by various artful schemes known to campaigners, the most successful being to place the fragile articles at the bottom, the heavy goods at the top, and then dancing upon them with a severe aspect and indomitable energy, our trunks were strapped and at the wharf by the appointed time, and I said good-by to Kertch, I sincerely trust for the first and last time. In truth, I may consider myself fortunate in getting off so well, for many officers were driven from pillar to post in the most wonderful manner. Until you were safely on board ship you could not be certain of getting off, and even in some instances officers were removed into other vessels, after they had made themselves comfortable. In short, want of management was the rule, and not the exception; and the beautiful system of routine and red tape, I, as an Englishman, proudly assert was maintained in its pristine vigour, and even with some new offshoots, until the last moments of the Contingent.

Suppose us then safely on board the transport—let us call her the *Sparrowhawk*—built in Sunderland, and great in the coasting trade. The shady back slums of Wapping are probably the favourite haunts of her crew during their leisure hours; she possesses accommodation, somewhat scanty it is true, for captain and mate, though it is whispered that even their cabins are now and then laid under embargo, to be filled with wares, hard or soft. Of course she is the very vessel for a troop-ship; she can carry at a stretch two hundred tons of merchandise in her hold; then why not a regiment? It is all nonsense saying there is no accommodation for officers; a paternal government has dispensed with their services, and they ought only to feel too happy to get to Constantinople at all. So in we all struggled, some twenty-seven officers, into a cabin with accommodation for six; and it was only owing to the kindness of the captain, who gave up his own berth, that my wife was able to sleep at all. There was certainly one other lady on board, but in addition to having her cabin choked up with husband, grandfather, father, mother, four children, and a nurse, she was addicted to smoking cigarettes, which in a confined bunk is, to say the least, unpleasant to a lady still strongly addicted to English prejudices. I may as well remark that the lady with the family party belonged to the chief of the police in Kertch, who had received an amicable message from the Russians that he had better make himself scarce at once, or else they intended to hang him—what for, of course I can't say, but looking at the immense quantity of baggage,

strongly suggestive in shape of pianofortes and bedsteads, I was led to presume that he, too, had been despoiling the Egyptian.

Our regiment of Turks behaved admirably on the passage down: it is true that their officers occupied the whole of the poop as dining apartment by day, and sleeping ditto by night; but that was nothing, for the English officers were too busily engaged at their one all-engrossing pursuit by day and night to require any fresh air. I don't know how the Queen's army got on before Sebastopol, but if the demon of play nestled there as comfortably as he did in Kertch, he must be quite a millionaire by this time. As for the troops, they lay about the decks, indulging now and then in a hard biscuit and a draught of water, but always smoking or sleeping. Nor did they display the slightest vitality until they arrived in the neighbourhood of the Balta Liman palace, where the Sultan was then resident; but there, to the great horror of the captain of the vessel, who was carefully conning the ship through the Bosphorus, they began a diabolic charivari with the united strength of their drums, fondly imagining it to be a salute. It was not till the captain threatened to carry them back to Biyukderéh, far from their beloved Stamboul, that they consented to hold their noise.

On our arrival in the Golden Horn, we had the first specimen of what the end of our twelve-million-costing Contingent was to be. Ships lay all around us crowded with Turks that had left Kertch many days before. The only anxiety appeared to be to get them away from the Crimea: what became of them after was not of the slightest consequence. Here and there a small tug-steamer might be seen dodging about with some two hundred troops aboard, and landing them appeared to be considered a capital day's work. As for any attempt to make the troops comfortable, that was too absurd: the war was over, and they were no longer required. What cared D.A.C.G.s, and such worthy gentry, for a parcel of Turks, whose occupation was gone, as far as England was concerned? It was not of the slightest consequence if they had only salt pork to eat—and knowing the decided preference Muhammadans entertain for such food, it was rather doing them a kindness than otherwise. Such is, indeed, the general way in which Englishmen render themselves beloved in the East: they are themselves so unprejudiced that they naturally strive to render all with whom they come in contact of the same mode of thinking as themselves. However, all things must have an end, and so eventually we got rid of our troops, and had time to look out for ourselves.

Of course we had to find lodgings of some sort, as we could not sleep in the streets; and this was a matter of some difficulty, considering that Pera hotels have no expansive power, and were already uncomfortably crowded. However, after making the grand tour of the hotels, the L'Europe had compassion on us, and allowed us the divided possession of the landlord's own bedroom,—that is to say, it was already occupied by a vast quantity of quadrupeds, whose room is decidedly better than their company. The heat, too, was intense, and this, combined with bad food, such as can only be procured in Constantinople, very soon laid my wife on a bed of sickness. Considering, too, that we could have lived at the Clarendon at rather a cheaper rate than we were paying, it was decidedly advisable to look out for transport home. As the Golden Horn was so

crowded with ships that accidents were of daily occurrence, I was foolish enough to suppose that there would be no difficulty in obtaining passage to England; but I was still innocent of that peculiar institution known among us as the Transport Service. I found, for instance, after three days' diligent inquiry in various dark nooks in Galata, that, although it was perfectly true transports of nearly two thousand tons were lying empty in the Horn, that was no reason English officers should obtain passage in them. They would probably be employed in taking home horses belonging to staff officers, and so on; but if I didn't mind waiting till the said horses were comfortably housed at home, why, perhaps,—and so on. A very slight acquaintance with officials at times suffices to understand their meaning, so I politely bowed, and didn't trouble them again. As I did not suppose that the English government was going to establish a balloon correspondence for the service of Contingent officers, and as, moreover, my hotel bill was growing apace, I made frightful efforts, and after dodging the chief paymaster for two days, I at length had two minutes' conversation with that dread functionary. From him I received the information that I should be paid forty pounds for the passage of self and servant to England, and must do the best I could. Whenever my papers were signed I should receive the money I was entitled to, and there would be an end of my military services.

I trust I may be allowed to say a few words, even at the risk of being tedious, about the way we have been treated, as a warning in future wars for my readers aspiring to military fame *not* to go and do likewise. It is well known that the government was in sad want of officers when the Contingent was formed, because sufficient Indians could not be procured at a moment's notice. Promises costing nothing, we were fed with hopes, and many of us were fools enough to believe in them. We are forced to purchase an expensive outfit, and live seven months in a frightfully expensive place; for though, theoretically, rations may be very good fare, practically, the War department would not like to live on them for a day. We have no opportunity for saving money, consequently, and at the end of the period we are told our services are dispensed with; we receive two months' pay, and are got rid of like a set of scabby sheep. Verily, England encourages her soldiers admirably: we go out of the kingdom, give up our various avocations, live in bodily fear of daily attack from the Russians, half starve ourselves, become morally and physically weakened, do our duty to the best of our ability, perform regimental functions which require great forethought, as we are mixed up with a set of demi-savages whom it is imperative to keep in good humour; bother our brains with learning a language which never can be of any use hereafter, save by accident; endure the horrors of a Constantinopolitan hotel, and for all this, and much more, we receive—two months' pay, and a polite bow from the chief paymaster, as her Majesty's representative. After this, we are left to our own resources, and, if at all of a cynical temper, can amuse ourselves by visiting Scutari, to look at the German Legion, who never saw a Russian, except as a prisoner. But the mere pecuniary loss is not so hardly felt, although I know many officers who have had a sad deficit in their exchequer owing to their having joined the Contingent; there is one other point in which the English government has behaved most unwarrantably to us. By the conditions of the

general order issued after the fall of Sebastopol, no officer was to receive a Crimean medal who had not entered the Crimea before the 8th of September, *unless engaged in presence of an enemy, or in an expeditionary force*. Could any one but the members of an English government pretend to assert that we had not fulfilled both conditions by our winter stay in Kertch? We were constantly in the presence of an enemy, constantly awaiting an attack. Cossacks prowled round us, and made prisoners of officers who ventured beyond the lines; our cavalry was engaged with the foe, and yet, forsooth, by some quibble, we are mulcted of our medal, which, by all principles of justice, we are entitled to. But even supposing that the Crimean medal ought not to fall to our share, because the newspapers chose to run down a force they had never seen, and so bully a weak government into ignoring us, why should we be forbidden the acquisition of the Medjidié, which the Sultan would gladly give us, and we would gladly wear as a mark of distinction? One more point, and I will drop the subject. Why were we deliberately fed with falsehoods prior to leaving England? Why was it distinctly told us in Whitehall that the Contingent would be a permanent institution, and that whether the war continued or not we were sure of employment in the East? Why, as soon as peace is proclaimed, should we be dismissed as if under a cloud, and told we have no further claim on government? These are questions which might be asked in the House, and I rather fancy would be found difficult of answer. I am happy to find, however, that the non-Indian officers are not disposed to put up tamely with such treatment. The letters which have recently appeared in the *Times* prove that I am not alone in drawing attention to the injustice we have received.

Supposing, then, that ten days have elapsed, during which I have been running about to obtain the necessary signatures to my papers, for, although all the offices at Pera are within a radius of a quarter of a mile, it must not for a moment be supposed that business can be done at a railway pace in the East. Routine must be maintained at any risk: one office is only open between ten and twelve; another between two and three, and so on. You appear regularly each day: on the first, the officer you wish to see has gone to visit Lord Stratford, and won't be back that day; you put your name down as the hundred and nineteenth on the list, and hear that, if you call again in a week, your business, consisting in obtaining one signature, may be attended to. Good; you wait a week, and then discover the gallant officer has actually devoted forty-two minutes during the week to his duties; he has been to Biyük Chekmedje to cheapen a horse; he has attended the Bâïram festival; the next day is Friday, and how could he miss the Sweet Waters? And so it goes on. Then, again, you nail your man; he is in his sanctum, and you swear a bitter oath you will not leave until you see him. *Victoria!* your turn has arrived; now, all delays are over; but hold, a large brigadier, or such a one makes his appearance, and you are shoved to the wall with a polite, "Call again to-morrow!" All the while—pray don't forget that fact—your hotel bill is running on faster than Jack with his seven-league boots, and you mentally resolve the problem: Given two months' pay, how long will that last against an hotel bill, which is as the x^{th} power of your diurnal receipts?

But supposing all the signatures of the respected and respectable staff-officers have been obtained, and that Mr. Smailes, of the smiling countenance and affable address, has, with his usual promptitude, handed you over the pounds sterling which dissolve your connexion with the British government, and that you have in return affixed your sign manual to a document disavowing any further claims on your part upon that benignant and paternal government, you are not to suppose you are yet at liberty to leave Constantinople. That dearly beloved Destumiano, of the European Hotel, still holds you firmly in his clutches, for you can't get away. You hear a myth that the Messageries Impériales will bear you half-price to Marseilles, and in that way your twenty-five pounds may be made to eke out; so off you hasten down that blessed institution, Galata Hill, at the imminent risk of ruining your nose by falling on it. You inquire about the truth of the story: "But certainly, yes!" says the civil clerk, "by the production of a certificate from General Storks, you can travel half-fare." You bless the Emperor, and hurry to Scutari to obtain the all-important document; you rush back with it, rejoicing at the idea that you will leave Pera next Thursday afternoon. The clerk is still the cream of politeness; you produce your money, and have the satisfaction of hearing that if you will give yourself the pain of attending three months later, you may have the possibility of acquiring the refusal of a berth. But you naturally object; very few officers have hitherto left the Crimea, how then can the boats be so filled already? You appeal to the clerk's feelings as a Frenchman, a man, perhaps as a husband (at least, such was my excuse), and you hear that the French government certainly carries English officers at half-price, but infinitely prefers full-price passengers, who can always be procured in the shape of generals, staff-officers, and *commis-voyageurs*. He is of course *désolé* that he cannot arrange the affair, but, *que voulez-vous?* In despair, you repocket your money, leave the office, and do anything but bless the Emperor of the French.

In gloomy anticipation that for your sins you are compelled to remain during the term of your natural life a convict in Constantinople, you moon along the pleasant street of Galata, celebrated for its fragrant odours and agreeable society: you descend savagely into dark passages, on the extremest confines of which ship-brokers take up their residence, apparently from some predilection; you spend a day wandering about the Horn in a caique; you tie your tongue in a knot trying to explain to the boatman what ship you want to visit. At last, just on the point of giving up the chase in despair, you suddenly find the vessel you are in search of, the tenth of a tier, jutting out into the Bosphorus; you ascend the side by an ingenious mechanism of hanging ropes and wooden steps; you feel as if your arms had been dragged out of the sockets, and you entertain doubts how you will ever get down again without tumbling into the water, or at least upsetting the caique. But what matter?—you have found the object of your search! You go down a fearful companion-ladder, and are assailed by scents not emanating from Araby the Blest. In passing, you notice vaguely that the decks are crowded with lumps of coal, pleasantly suggestive of dirt. But what matter?—you must get away at any expense of annoyance and inconvenience. You enter the cabin, you find the captain, you deliver the card handed you by the

broker—pray take a glass of rum—you obey, you light a cigar, for the odour is, if possible, rather stronger than what you are used to at Galata, and you unfold the purpose of your visit. The skipper is very sorry—you can have half a sofa, or a berth under the table for thirty pounds—every other place is bespoken. You faintly whisper, “We are three, and one of them a lady,” and somehow you find yourself on board your *caïque* again, gracefully bobbing up and down over the short, crisp waves of the Bosphorus, on your way to Top Khanéh Steps. You make up your mind that, although a transport is bad enough, a private merchant vessel is infinitely worse, and, in utter desolation of spirits, you recklessly order a bottle of champagne, and wake up next morning with a fearful headache, which you naturally attribute to sugar of lead.

At last, on an ever blessed Wednesday, you see light! you hear there is still a way of release—there is a delightful institution called Austrian Lloyd’s, which has a weekly communication with the Danube, *viâ* Varna, every Tuesday. You go in at once for the chance. What matter, be Galata hill ever so steep—what care you for smells of bad drainage—what odds the clove of garlic, your usual detestation, which insidiously finds its way into your hollow tooth in your slice of mutton? You can look M. Destuniano, of dear memory, boldly in the face—you can afford to smile, though languidly, I confess, at the thought of your nocturnal visitors—you can forgive all, in the consciousness that you are in a fair way of attaining your liberty. The next morning you rise with the sun, and rush down to the office—of course it is not open yet—but you wait patiently; you distribute *paras* to the throng of Greek boys who congregate around you; you roll your cigarette in comfort, for are not your days numbered?—you are sure to leave Constantinople in five days. The doors are at length opened: you obtain your tickets; you are not the least anxious about the *agio*, even if you lose thirteence on each sovereign. You pay fifteen pounds for each ticket to Pesth; you hear mistily that you will be obliged to pay for your food as far as Galatz, but thenceforward you will be free. What matter! take my *porte-monnaie*, take all I possess, only let me leave Pera before I die!

Your tickets once paid for, you feel a different man; you can afford to walk about the town; you can even make up your mind to go and see sights. You visit the Bezestan; the wife of your bosom invests capital in Brusa silks, which can be bought half-price in London; you find yourself laden with bundles composed of pearl-sewn slippers, yellow bathing *papouches*, attar of roses, and, perchance, if you have behaved yourself, a *faz* for yourself as an encouragement; you are cheated right and left, of course; but you pay willingly, for are you not to leave Pera next Tuesday? Then, again, you go by night to the artillery barracks at Top Khanéh; you submit yourself to the blows of the *Khavasses*, who lay about them furiously with their white wands; you take one of the culprits by the ear and whisper the magic words, *Zabti Ingliz*, and lo! they fall on their knees and howl, *Amaun, Bey Zadeh!* You forgive them, for you leave Pera in four days now; you mildly threaten the *bastinado*, but are pacified by the gates being thrown open, and you enter with all the pomp of a Briton, combined with the dignity of a *pacha*. Then you hear that the Sultan is visiting the mosque; you take your place behind various French officers, who scowl at your uniform, and puff smoke in your face savagely from a *brûle-gueule*, regardless that a

lady is with you; the said lady stands on tiptoe to see the sight, and of course can see nothing but the oil dripping from the tulip-shaped lamps on her dress. Suddenly you observe a large pacha of your acquaintance, German by birth, Turk by habits and appearance; you shout in your joy and in his native dialect for his assistance; he takes no notice apparently, but soon returns with half a dozen Khavasses and a still bigger pacha: "*Place pour une dame, messieurs!*"—the Frenchmen scowl still more ferociously, but give way. The lady obtains a chair and a body-guard of Turks, whom she regards curiously and pityingly as some unknown animals, whose brothers she has seen in the Zoological Gardens. You wait an hour, two hours, *que sais-je?* except that I am horribly thirsty, and the prayers appear fearfully long. At length the Padishah comes past; you recognise him by his pictures, but can that seedy-looking individual in the shady cloak and fez be the majestic Sultan, whose ancestors were the terror of the Christian world? But the Sultan has taken boat. "Long live the Sultan!" and so on. You next wander about the gardens and admire the Turkish taste for illumination. You see trees formed of coloured lamps, exquisite in design, and looking like a fairy scene in the "Arabian Nights." You stand lost in amazement at the extravagant display of fireworks, of designs quite unknown in England, and you think how lucky the Sultan must be in being able to go into the English market to borrow millions, which he expends in smoke; you mentally calculate whether, if you were a reigning prince and could also borrow millions, you would not expend them in establishing schools and popular institutions; then, as a Briton, you consider yourself guilty of impertinence in daring to criticise any act of a reigning prince, and you cry, "God save the Sultan!" with as much fervour as any benighted Turk then present in the gardens.

But a sudden sinking warns you that you had better leave the gardens at once, if you wish to obtain any supper, for M. Destuniano, though a very dear man, is withal despotic, as it is only fit for a Pera hotel-keeper to be, and locks up his larder at ten o'clock. It is of no use knocking at that door, if you are only five minutes late; the verdict is, "Serve you right," and no compassion. You emerge through the iron gates, and find yourself in a dense throng of persons, whose appearance does not allow them access to the garden. You strive to force your way through the crowd, but in vain: no amount of objurgations or blows will help you on. A Turk bears the closest resemblance to a donkey of any European race I know. A pleasant variety is here and there occasioned by the passage of a carriage belonging to a great diplomatic card, and surrounded by mounted Khavasses: shrieks are heard at intervals, as people are knocked down and trampled under foot, but what does our diplomatist care—is he not the representative of a reigning prince, and, of course, can do no wrong? At length, after waiting an hour or so, and having drunk up the establishment of a perambulating lemonader, you light your paper lantern, and make a bold attempt to force the crowd: you succeed in your design, but apparently your memory of locality has been squeezed out of you in the process, and you find yourself eventually, by the fitful light of your lamp, wandering about the *Petit Champ des Morts*. Of course, your lamp goes out at the most interesting moment, and you go stumbling over tombs, and barking your shins against grave-stones, until a watchman takes compassion on you. Such, or of such

nature, are the evening amusements at Pera. Of course, I don't expect that you can be so verdant as to visit the Opera : nothing would induce me to believe that any one belonging to a nation flatteringly supposed to possess a more than average amount of common sense, could consciously endure three hours of such melody, under the pretext of amusing himself. Even a British ensign, the popular representation of folly *à tout prix*, would not be guilty of extravagance like that.

But I should do wrong were I here to omit mentioning the lamentable fate of the Contingent. It must be borne in mind that the English government had thoroughly clothed 15,000 men, and made the Turks a present of 13,000 stand of Minié arms, which had been obtained from Balaklava. Well, the batteries and regiments were handed over, and we indulged in the pleasing delusion that, at any rate, Turkey had been benefited by our temporary employment of the troops. How were we mistaken ! Not three days after No. 3 Battery had been given over to the Turks, I was walking with Captain F——, the English commandant, up Pera-street. We met his Binbashi, as woebegone as that interesting individual who drew Priam's curtains at the dead of night. On seeing us, he positively burst into tears ; and then told us the battery had received no rations since it had been handed over, that all their new clothes had been taken from them, and that they had been forced to dress in their old rags. Captain F——, as an energetic Briton, naturally loving justice, proceeded straightway to the Seraskier, but only obtained temporising answers ; and he might have spared his visit, for we found afterwards that the whole of the regiments had been treated in the same way, and the clothes and rifles sold to the great profit of the Turkish pachas. Such a practical satire on the outlay of twelve millions rarely comes to the knowledge of the English publicist, but I can vouch for it as a fact publicly known and spoken about in Pera.

At length the wished-for morrow makes a vigorous attempt to break through the hazy sky, but I am far from being absorbed in silent sorrow, for I know that I shall be released from purgatory by twelve o'clock precisely,—so the clerks told me on the twenty-fifth visit to make inquiries, and they cannot be mistaken. At an early hour I summon friend Destuniano : I demand his bill ; I eat my last breakfast, all the while said bill is being prepared : I shudder at the thought how long that bill will be : I shudder still more as I turn over the pages and arrive at the sum total ; I strive vaguely to knock off items, but I can see that my host has his soul in arms, and is eager for the fray. Discomfited, I try to escape by examining the mystery that renders me responsible for many pounds sterling, but the attempt is futile. Can *extuat* mean extras ? I suppose so, and sigh as I suppose. I pass over sundry bottles of champagne, as they have the kindness to term it ; but what can *2 do d'al* mean ? Did you ever drink *al*, beloved reader ? I have journeyed over many lands, and many a clime I've seen, but up to the present I know not the spot where *al* ever was, or ever could be, an emblem, &c. With the sternness of a British paymaster, I demand an explanation. The mystic *al* is then converted into *bière de portaire*. This item I pass, for I own to the soft impeachment of being given to beer, no matter whether of Barclay, Allsop, or Bavaria. I should have to invoke the woodcutter's art, did I wish to lay before my readers the next item to which I made exception, but eventually I found it out to be

three teas. 2 *longe* I also pass, as representing bread-and-cheese, although I mildly repine at paying five shillings for the articles, without anything to wash them down. A *comiake*, too, I also make no objection to, although charged at two shillings, because I drank that interesting draught at a moment when I was apprehensive of cholera. The long and short is, I pay, and then wage desperate war with the waiters, who cannot be brought to agree to my ideas of what their service is worth. I can only remember that a bottle of beer always demanded seven peals at the bell-rope before I could obtain it, and any one who has experienced Constantinople in June, will agree with me in regarding that as a *casus belli*. But I pay, pay, pay—what else can I do? and, besides, I leave Pera at twelve o'clock.

The Hammals are summoned: they perform sundry acrobatic feats with our luggage: they descend Top Khanéh Hill at a *pas de glissade*, for it has been raining all night, and the street is as slippery as glass. We reach the wharf: we dismiss the porters, after an awful amount of slang: we call a *kaikji*: we explain to him that we propose going on board the good ship *Bratwurst* as speedily as possible: we demand the fare; he answers, many piastres: we mildly object; he is steadfast: we begin to grow angry: we make allusions to his descent from a porcine race: finding this of no avail, we make further allusions to little dogs and his father's and mother's grave: we condemn himself to the mild tortures of Jehannum: in a word, we go through the whole *copia verborum* of Turkish slang, and end by giving him what he asks, for shall we not leave Pera at twelve o'clock precisely?

Still, in the midst of my troubles, one star of hope gleamed brilliantly before me; on that same Top Khanéh wharf, in the midst of rain and vociferating boatmen, I had found one sweet item of consolation, for I had finally bidden adieu to that faithful but stupid servant, who had been the bane of my existence since leaving England. To him must I attribute the loss of unnumbered handkerchiefs and shirts, for was he not honest, and did he not credit other servants with the same divine characteristic? Through him, too, my dinner was always ruined, for he was too honest to forage, and a great deal too stupid to cook. Then, his honesty induced him to lend money to other servants, which he never got back; not forgetting articles of my camp equipment, which went the same road, for his stupidity led him to lend them without my leave. Then, again, out of fear of the Turks, he would lay up a private armoury of weapons only dangerous to himself, and fancy the rats gambolling over his faithful but stupid countenance, to be fly-blow reminiscences of happy days in England. How often have I been locked out of my own quarters by that amiable youth, who began by being stupid and ended by growing deaf! But I shall reserve further allusion to this interesting subject until I write my analysis of army servants, which I intend to publish in the Philosophical Transactions.

After a certain amount of bobbing up and down the Bosphorus, imagine us—and by us I mean several fellow officers and jolly fellows who made the same tour—climbing up the side ladder of the *Bratwurst*. We introduce ourselves to Captain Cassel, a Dalmatian by birth, an Everything-arian by education—a species of Jack-of-all-trades and master of none in philology, who speaks a polyglot of languages, but none of them in a manner to be comprehended of the Gentile. Our luggage is

safely deposited in the hold, and we amuse ourselves with eating strawberries till twelve o'clock strikes, and yet the ship does not move. What can be the meaning of this? I rush frantically to the captain, and find he cannot start till the mail comes on board. "When will that be?" I demand. "*No sabbe*," is the reply, with an intense grin. We prow about the deck—we indulge in bad language—but for all that the mail does not come; we pathetically entreat the captain to depart without the mail. "*Impossibile*," is the reply. At length four o'clock arrives, and with it the mail, just as I had begun to give up faith in everything; we slip from our buoy, cannon against various ships lying in our wake, at length find a clear track, and go down to dinner with an intense sign of satisfaction, for are we not leaving Constantinople at last?

Is there an old saying somewhat to the effect that you must not commence ejaculating or shouting *Evviva!* until you have left the forest safely in your rear? Such was our case; we ate our dinner—rather worse, by-the-way, than at the Europe—and began to feel the vessel grow lively. The ladies disappeared one after the other, and, just as we left the Bosphorus, two persons were still seated at table. A heaving, stretching, tearing of bolts from their sockets, told us the Black Sea was striving to render itself worthy of its old name *afavor*; and, after a desperate struggle with the elements, we found ourselves compelled to put back and take shelter in the Bay of Biyukderé. The next day we met with the same fate: the sea was still rough, and there was a strong head-wind, and as the Austrian Lloyd only allow their steamers forty-eight hours' coal, it was not advisable to be left to our sails alone in the centre of the Black Sea. At last, however, all was propitious, and we really left the Bosphorus for good. As the weather, moreover, was most favourable and serene, we had an opportunity of seeing our other passengers, of whom we had hitherto only obtained fitful glances as they rolled in agony about their cabins. Of course, there was no lack of princes and princesses, for those individuals swarm all over the Principalities; they certainly did not come up to our preconceived notion of those exalted characters, for they looked rather seedier than those Italian Principi who eke out a miserable existence in England by giving music lessons: they indulged largely in caviare, pickles, and pudding, and performed gymnastic exercises with their knives and forks which could never have been intended by the original inventor of those useful household articles. Their luggage, too, appeared somewhat scanty, but that was amply compensated by the gorgeous apparel of the ladies, who displayed every hue of the rainbow in silks and velvet. Jewellery also formed a heavy item of expenditure, but I did not notice that any great attention was paid to the design as long as the article was heavy, no matter how clumsy it might be. I know a nation, I fancy, far more civilised, in which the same principle holds good. I try to enter into conversation with these fair dames, but am balked at once; they inquire whether I am going to Bucharest, and on my replying in the negative, they regard me as an outer barbarian. They describe to me the pleasure of that town in glowing colours; it evidently ranks in their idea next, and only next, to Paris. As for London, I am told (in bad French) that it is well adapted for the Rosbifs, but no good can come out of Nazareth. I turn the conversation to politics, the late war, and so on. I speak of portions of the globe which they have evidently never heard of; all they know

of geography is comprised in Paris, Petersburg, Bucharest, and Constantinople. They speak many languages, but all equally incorrectly; they appear to my unaccustomed eyes somewhat forward in manner. I regard them as a rare and interesting branch of the human family, which I am bound to *approfondir*. In the midst of my researches I stumble across an Hungarian, who is eminently acquainted with Moldo-Wallachia, and from him I learn many new and remarkable particulars. I find, for instance, that the man with the very dirty face and no whiskers, whom I took for the manager of a perambulating theatre, is a very great Moldavian Boyar. I am sure he is a patriot, and has sworn to debar himself from the use of water till his fatherland is freed from the yoke of Mahound. I learn again that these princesses are contented, at home, to live in houses where we should object to put a favourite dog; that their principal amusement is running in debt wherever they can procure credit; that their education is limited to a study of the French fashions, as published monthly; and as for their morality, the less said about it the better. As for the vaunted Bucharest, it is a thoroughbred Turkish town, with an external varnish of Gallicism; when dust does not blind you, mud suffocates you, and *vice versa*. There is certainly an hotel, popularly supposed to be maintained on European principles, but unfortunately these have been grafted on Turkish ideas, and the only difference the traveller perceives is in the exaggerated proportions of the bill, which would drive Biffin into a state of frantic rebellion. As we have not yet crossed the Austrian frontier, I venture to allude to politics. I find that the Moldo-Wallachians have astounding ideas of their importance, and aspire to the establishment of an independent kingdom—a regular Utopia, where no taxes will be paid, but each will do right in his own sight. I am not quite certain whether the first law of the constitution will not be that each Boyar will have his debts paid for him, and be at liberty to commence afresh. At any rate, he will maintain unlimited power over his serfs, buy them, sell them, flog them, murder them, according to his good pleasure; and, probably, after a few years of self-government, sell his country to Russia. He will then become a respectable member of society, and spend his days and his pension in strong drinks and gambling. For my own part, I don't see what better end could be devised for the Moldo-Wallachian Boyar.

During the time that I have been collecting these data, we have been bowling along merrily towards Varna, which interesting spot we reach at four in the morning. It takes us till ten to coal, for no one puts himself out of the way in the least, even supposing we are thirty-six hours behindhand, and stand a great risk of missing the boat at Galatz. In the interval we go on shore, and telegraph to the agent *viâ* Bucharest, stating that many British officers have been detained by the weather, and the ship must be kept from starting until we make our august appearance. Of course the Austrians, through their love for the English, will do anything to oblige officers who have been fighting against Russia. At any rate, Hope tells the flattering tale, and we believe it; hence we start again with renewed spirits, partly attributable to the stock of porter we have laid in at Varna. By the next morning we arrive off the Sulina mouth, and receive a striking impression of the beautiful results of protection, by the sight of the countless wrecks that block up the passage.

We spend an hour, profitably we trust, in speculating on the benefits which would accrue to Europe by Russian ascendancy; we realise the blessings of the continental blockade system, which would be so speedily introduced, and wonder what would then be the price of the bottle of English porter with which we are now moistening our matutinal clay. We enter the bocca, and turn our eyes to the right bank, and gaze over the boundless expanse of marsh and plain which will so soon be handed over to the Turks; we think of the period when those grey-coated statues, who line the bank at distances of two hundred and fifty yards, and form a living telegraph, will disappear, probably for ever, and the Danube once again become the silent highway of nations. How much of that corn, now stored up in the countless *entrepôts* of Bulgaria and Wallachia, will soon find its way to England, and bring down the price of bread to what bakers will call starvation prices, but which, this winter, will save many a hollow-eyed wife a march through rain and slush to her only friend in the time of need—the pawnbroker? Come, war is not so bad after all; and when I think that the next time I go up or down the Danube, I shall have my choice of various competing steam companies, and save several pounds through honest rivalry, I fancy that I too, in my humble way, have done my share towards promoting the comfort of my fellow-man.

On Sunday night we arrive at Galatz, and find that we are in time for the steamer. We go through an interesting process at the office of having our luggage weighed, and pay an exorbitant sum for its carriage to Pesth; I, as the only German scholar, have a fearful wordy combat with the ragged youths who have carried our luggage, twenty yards from one steamer to the other: I offer a rational amount, while they demand an exorbitant one; the dispute suddenly takes a favourable turn, by the violent outrush of a uniformed clerk with a rope's end, who starts the ragamuffins from the yard, and leaves me in peace.

The Danubian steamers are certainly very magnificent vessels: the saloon is brilliant with gold and painting; the food is excellent, and appears even better than it really is to a traveller recently arrived from the East; but why on earth should the sleeping room be in the hold? Why should fifty berths be squeezed into a space hardly large enough for twenty-four? And why should there be only one washing-basin and towel for so many? Water, too, one would imagine easily to be obtained from the river on which you are floating, then why should the cistern be always empty? It is strange that, though so many thousand travellers yearly traverse Germany from one extremity to the other, there is still the same lack of that virtue which is currently supposed to rank next to godliness. At Galatz we received a vast accession of company; many more princesses, all most magnificently dressed, and a number of Russians who had arrived with the corresponding boat from Odessa. The presence of the latter had a very quieting effect on the Moldo-Wallachians, who left off laughing in a very loud key. I heard from my Hungarian friend that this Danubian trip was their one great event of the year; they can earn enough ready money to pay their expenses up and down the river for a week, during which time they throw off their fine clothes, and then return home in perfect happiness to their pigsties. Among the Russians, I found one very interesting acquaintance in the secretary to Prince Gortschakoff; he

was a captain in the navy, but his ship having been sunk at the commencement of the siege, he had occupied a military post. Speaking English most fluently, it had devolved on him to examine the deserters, and make *résumés* of the contents of the English papers. I found from him that many more deserted from our army than from the French, and that these were principally Irish. The work in the trenches, joined to want of food, drove them to desperation. Of all our troops, the Russians appear to entertain the best opinion of our riflemen, who bothered them sadly, and were such excellent shots that it was highly dangerous to draw near an embrasure. It appears that Sebastopol could have been repeatedly taken during the last spring, for many times there was not twenty-four hours' ammunition in the fort—but where fresh supplies were obtained from he declined to tell. Now here was a simple captain, who was better acquainted with our institutions, civil and military, than probably nine-tenths of our staff-officers. Not a book of importance was published in England of which he did not receive a copy, and he was as well up as any government hack in the House. I should like to know why information of the same nature about Russia and the European nations could not also form a part of our military education? Why we so obstinately persist in rendering the finest raw material in the world so unavailable, as was the case in the last war? Are officers' commissions such sacred objects that we dare not entrust them to any one but the members of a favoured clique, and know-nothingism must always be the first recommendation to a military appointment? It is all very well saying we live and learn, but I am sadly afraid we don't go the right way to work to profit by our learning.

There is nothing worth seeing on the Danube till you reach the Iron Gates and New Orsova. I must say the Austrian Douaniers do their spiriting gently; all they appear to be anxious about being Turkish tobacco. Before leaving Stamboul, we had purchased an okka, or three pounds of Turkish tobacco for our use on the voyage; by the time we reached Orsova, it had shrunk to one-half. This remainder I had to declare, and was requested to pay nine shillings duty on it. I explained that we were not going to smuggle it, and that it would be used up by the time we reached Pesth; but all of no avail. I then stated very particularly that I would not pay a halfpenny duty, but that they might confiscate it. That they could not do, but I was requested to throw it overboard. Casually inquiring whether none was allowed for my personal use, I heard I might keep two ounces; on pursuing my inquiries, I found each passenger might keep the same quantity; I, therefore, very quietly divided my tobacco into fourteen lots and requested the passengers to help themselves. They entered into the joke, and the tobacco was saved, much to the disgust of the Douanier, who walked away in the midst of a general shout.

The whole scenery of the Danube is comprised in about four hours' steam after leaving Orsova, and is certainly very fine, but whether it can compensate for a week spent in the company of Moldo-Wallachian princesses, I leave my readers to decide for themselves. For my part, I was excessively glad to reach Pesth, where there is more opening of trunks, and have a quiet night's rest.

THE JOINT-STOCK BANKER.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XX.

THE INQUEST.

ON the morning after it became known that the dead body of a gentleman had been found in one of the most public places of resort around London, the principal room of "The Black Boy and Horse-shoe," the inn nearest to the spot, was filled with an eager and expectant crowd.

Rumour was, as usual, very busy with wrong descriptions of the individual who had suddenly excited so much curiosity. Some said he was the Prime Minister; others, the Speaker of the House of Commons; others, a distinguished Hebrew capitalist; others, a leading member of the Bar; and there were actually some who went the length of believing that the deceased was an eminent author, whose head had been turned by too much prosperity! There was a glimmer of the truth in all these varying accounts, but it was not the real truth. The defunct—or the man he was taken for—had a spice of the qualities which go towards the making up of a Statesman, a Legislator, a Jew, a Lawyer, and a Writer—as well as a Speaker—of fiction, but the component parts did not centre where the public expected. Neither were they quite right as to the manner of death. Murder and suicide claimed equal voices: of these, the majority were in favour of the pistol—a strong party stood up for the razor—and a few held out for drowning, though this idea was scarcely compatible with the fact that the body was discovered on dry land.

All these doubts were, however, to be immediately removed by the approaching inquest. The coroner's jury was to settle the whole question.

The first witness examined was John Staggers, a labouring man, who deposed that he was crossing the heath near Clay Bottom, on the Sunday morning, when he saw a hat lying on the grass, and as he happened to be in want of one—having only twelve shillings a week and seven mouths to feed, a wife and six little 'uns, and the four-pound loaf at elevenpence-halfpenny—he went to pick it up. Just as he was stooping down for that purpose, his eye fell on a pair of boots with the toes turning right towards him——

"You thought to have them too," said the coroner, facetiously; and the court was convulsed with laughter. The witness continued:

——But it warn't boots only; there was a owner to them, laying down flat as if he was asleep. John Staggers went a pace or two in the direction where he lay, and then he saw his face, all of a whitish-blue like a herring, and then he dropped the hat, turned tail, and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him, and about a quarter of a mile further on,

when he was pretty nigh blown, turning of a corner he came full butt agin a policeman, and then they went back together to the place where he fust see the body.

Policeman Henry Gotobed, B 250, confirmed the account of his meeting with Stagers, and added :

"On approaching the spot sworn to by the last witness, I perceived a body slightly elevated on a small hillock."

"How do you mean?" said the coroner, with a knowing look at the jury. "Slightly elevated on a hillock! You don't intend to say, do you, that the body was tipsy?"

More roars of laughter. When they had subsided, the stolid, matter-of-fact functionary went on :

"I closed in upon it immediately. It was a dead body, quite cold and stiff. The face was turned up, so that any one might have seen it——"

"If not too far off," interposed the facetious coroner.

——"who walked along the path. On the right hand of the deceased, a little way on one side, I found the small bottle I now produce."

Mr. Merryman, the coroner, desired the witness to hand him the phial. He smelt at it, and it was handed round to the jury, who each took a sniff.

"In his pockets, which I then proceeded to investigate, for the purpose of ascertaining the identity of the deceased, I found this card-case, a purse containing two sovereigns in gold and seventeen shillings and a fourpenny-piece in silver, a Wharcliffe knife with three blades, a small corkscrew, and a green silk pocket-handkerchief with yellow spots, marked in the corner with the letters M. P. J."

These articles were all displayed. In the case was a card bearing the following address:

MR. MERRYDITH POWELL JONES, M.P.,

Wessex House,

St. Jacob's Square.

Examination continued :

"The hat of the deceased"——Mr. Merryman here exchanged glances with the foreman of the jury, who was obliged to conceal his face in his pocket-handkerchief——"which was soiled with dirt, as if it had fell into the mud,"——the foreman went off again,——"was also marked inside with the same initials, so as to leave no doubt in my mind that they belonged to the same individual. His boots, however, was not soiled,——so that he must have been a very clean walker; neither was his dress in any ways disarranged. I perceived no marks of struggling, nor was there any signs of a body having been dragged along. In my opinion, he must have took and laid himself down after swallowing the contents of the bottle, which smelt strong of bitter almonds. I then, assisted by the last witness——"

"Who staggered under the load, I suppose," said the coroner,——

——"conveyed the body to the station, and made a report of the circumstances in the proper quarter."

Superintendent Bluff concisely deposed to the facts last stated, and then Mr. Wormy, a medical man, came forward. All that he said need

not be reported here, though it told with tremendous force upon the jury, but a summary of his evidence may be given.

From the appearance of the limbs, which were characterised by general rigidity,—from the entire absence of vital warmth, the animating fluid having decidedly ceased to flow,—from the fact of the total extinction of the pulse,—from the unnatural pallor of the face,—from the opacity of the retina when the palpebræ were distended,—and from other unmistakable diagnostics, Mr. Wormy came to the conclusion that, when he saw the body, the deceased had been dead some hours, but he carefully guarded himself against saying how many. As to the cause of death, that was a point on which he entertained little doubt: it arose, not from the natural cause of events, for there was nothing in the appearance of the deceased to warrant the supposition of apoplexy, as in the case of persons of full habit, or of pericarditis or disease of the heart, where the patient was of feeble constitution, but was clearly and distinctly to be traced to the agency of an active and paralysing poison, in all probability that which the now empty bottle had originally contained, and which, from its having the peculiar odour of the *Amygdalus communis*, he had little hesitation in saying was what was generally known as prussic acid.

So imminent an exposition as this was quite enough for the jury, who would willingly have returned an immediate verdict, but they were reminded by the coroner that, although there could be no doubt the deceased had destroyed himself, it was necessary to place his identity beyond dispute.

"When a gentleman leaves his card at my door," he observed, "I take it for granted that the owner of the card has done me the honour of calling; but when a gentleman only leaves *himself* there, the card I find on his person does not exactly establish an acquaintance between us. We must, therefore, if you please, adjourn the proceedings until some relatives or friends of the deceased can be produced."

This was the point at which Mr. Perks had at last been compelled to fold up his newspaper. At the resumed inquiry Mr. Goffe was examined.

Having attentively considered the features of the deceased, he said the body was that of his late master, Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones; the clothes in which he was dressed were, moreover, those which he had been in the habit of wearing; as well as he remembered, his master had them on a day or two before his disappearance from home, but witness could not positively state whether Mr. Jones wore them or not the last time he saw him, which was on the previous Saturday evening.

"Until very recently," continued Mr. Goffe, "I had not noticed anything remarkable in the manner of my master, but on the morning of Saturday he seemed angry, and gave it me without no particular cause. I also remarked to a fellow-servant that master hadn't eat no breakfast, though his appetite was always uncommonly good, and we both agreed it was extraordinary."

The witness then described the return of Mr. Jones to his house on Saturday evening, when he complained of feeling poorly, his ordering tea, and sending him (Mr. Goffe) to the chemist's with a prescription, which was made up and given by witness to his master. At about a quarter to ten Mr. Jones told him he might go to bed, desiring to be called at

nine next morning, and that was the last time he ever saw his master alive.

"On Sunday morning I went up to my master's apartment and knocked several times without receiving any answer, and thinking he might be ill, on account of the medicine, I gently opened the door and went in. To my surprise, I found the room was empty, the bed not having been slept in. This was not usual, but I thought it merely accidental, though I could not account for it. During the night I heard no shutting of doors, and can form no notion what time my master went out, but suppose it was somewhere between ten on Saturday night and nine on Sunday morning, having been up myself at seven. I forgot to say that early on Saturday my master gave me several letters for the post. I did not particularly remark to whom they was addressed, supposing them only on business—except one of them, which was for a peer of the realm; that I did look at. If I remember rightly, the nobleman's name was Lord Leatherhead, knowing the noble lord by sight, from his coming frequently to the bank, where he was always let in at the private door, and behaved most affable. His lordship was stout and bald—perhaps a balder-headed-er gent was not to be met with—"

Recalled to the subject before him, witness said, "I am not able to say more, being ignorant of what has since taken place, until I read the account of the inquest in the *Morning Post*, after which I received the coroner's summons to attend."

Augustus Sprout, the chemist's assistant, said "he was sixteen years of age. Was acquainted with drugs, generally. Knew prussic acid from rhubarb. Both, he believed, were good for inward complaints. Supposed that six ounces of prussic acid was a full dose. Its effects would depend on the constitution of the patient. Some people were stronger than others. Had a grandfather who was a very strong man, when he was alive. Remembered the last witness coming to have a prescription made up. It was in Latin. Knew Latin. Had learnt it at school. Recollected where the prussic acid was kept. Had never served any customer with it before. Was rather glad than not of the opportunity of doing so. Filled a good-sized bottle and gave it to the gent, who paid for it half a sov. Did not write 'Poison' on the label. Wasn't aware that prussic acid was poison. Knew it was used by confectioners. Didn't think confectioners put poison into their things. Was very fond of sweets himself; they never did him any harm."

The last witness called was Mr. Perks, who attended to produce a letter received from the deceased by his client Lord Leatherhead, on the day after the body was discovered. It was read by the coroner, and ran as follows :

"Saturday.

"MY DEAR LORD,—An inevitable fatality pursues me and destroys the best-conceived projects that ever entered the mind of man. At the last meeting of the shareholders of the Central African, I announced, as you are aware, that a dividend of thirty per cent. would be declared in August. Owing to unavoidable circumstances—the harrowing details of which, I feel assured, your lordship will kindly spare me—that dividend cannot be realised. On the contrary, the man in the moon has embargoed all our effects, the till is empty, and a civil war must infallibly break out, unless your lordship——"

Here the letter broke off abruptly without a signature, but the contents were proved by a clerk in the bank to be in the handwriting of the deceased, though the witness professed himself totally unable to account for the incoherence of the last sentence: he admitted, however, that the affairs of the Central African were supposed to be in a bad way,—but hoped he should get his salary, there being now two quarters due.

The coroner then summed up—most lucidly, of course—and the jury, without retiring from their box, returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased, Meredyth Powell Jones, had destroyed himself by swallowing prussic acid, while labouring under temporary insanity.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS.

ON the afternoon of the day when the inquest was brought to a close, a large party assembled at Wessex House.

That they had not met for purposes of festivity was tolerably apparent from the universal length of their faces, a peculiarity of feature which is at once accounted for by stating that the meeting consisted entirely of the shareholders in the Joint-Stock Bank of Central Africa.

Lord Leatherhead—accompanied by his legal adviser, Mr. Perks—was there, in a mood not quite so “affable” as heretofore, having at last arrived at the conclusion that he had lost his money. There, too, were Sir Ajax Smasher,—Major-General Buncombe,—Browne Browne, Esq.,—Mr. Rhys-Ap-Rhys, of Rhiadar-Dhu,—Mr. Latham Pickles,—Sir Flyman Kyte,—Messrs. Sickle and Gleanum, the solicitors,—Mr. Julius Smirke, the secretary,—Mr. Rigby Nicks, the vice-chairman,—and a room full of claimants, not the least interested amongst whom was Herbert Vaughan.

After about half an hour had been consumed in the usual desultory hubbub, Lord Leatherhead, on account of his rank and weight, was unanimously voted into the chair. His lordship—or Mr. Perks, who sat at his elbow, prompting—addressed the shareholders.

They had met, he said, that was to say he believed—he was told—he understood—to inquire into the affairs of the company which he was given to understand—in fact, he had good reason for supposing—were not altogether so prosperous as—as—they might have been; and it was for them and the gentlemen by whom he was—surrounded—who took an interest in the—the proceedings—to ascertain and—and—decide upon—the line of conduct which it might be necessary to—to pursue. He would not detain them by any observations of his own—more particularly as he came there, himself, for information, being only imperfectly aware of how they all stood—he meant in a pecuniary point of view—but would call upon the gentleman on his right—his honourable friend, if he might be permitted to term him so—to move the first resolution.

The personage alluded to, whose fiery countenance betokened violent indignation or recent brandy—perhaps something of both—was Browne Browne, of Browneville Castle, in the county of Sligo, M.P., who started up like a jack-in-a-box, and prefacing his observations by a heavy blow with his clenched fist on a large ledger that lay on the table before him, spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, in a choice Connaught accent, pitched as high as the human voice is capable of reaching, "our noble chairman has told you, with his accustomed eloquence, what it is that has brought us all here to-day: I only wish we knew what to do now we are here! But we must make something of it, and in the first place I rise to denounce the unprincipled conduct of the man and his abettors who got us into the hobble in which we are now standing, for a hobble it is as sure as there's water in Lough Gill. (Hear, hear.) But for the representations of that man,—whom I blush to say I once called my friend,—oh! I eternally repudiate the association,—but for his beguiling tongue, I myself, and many a one now present, would have had our money safe in our own possession. This assassin of our property,—it's the act of a dastard to do what a man won't face,—has gone to his account, leaving us to make up ours the best way we can. (Question.) Question is it? Is there any question at all, at all? Isn't it a fact that we haven't a shilling we can call our own? (A Voice, 'Who knows that?') I hear somebody ask, 'Who knows that?' Oh that the dead could spake! He'd tell you! But, sure, we all of us know it, or what's pretty nearly the same thing, we can give a good guess at it. (Oh, oh.) I defy the individual to come forward and show the contrary. Here's a book (a tremendous thump fell on it) can reveale a good dale, and I have some one in my eye at this moment (here the orator glared fiercely at Mr. Rigby Nicks) who can prove a dale more! I move, my lord chairman, that the General Manager of the Company be called upon to offer the fullest and most unqualified explanation of the state of the Company's affairs!"

Another thump, and down he went, amidst vociferous cheering.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. Rhys-Ap-Rhys, who, if possible, was in a more furious passion than the mover. At all events, he was more unintelligible, for he betrayed himself into using his native dialect, and it may be imagined what chance he then had of being understood at a business meeting in London. In the midst of his splutter, however, he was recalled to the English language by the stentorian voice of Sir Ajax Smasher, and—as well as his rage permitted—performed his allotted function.

Lord Leatherhead having received an admonitory dig, with a whisper from Mr. Perks, put the resolution to the meeting. A forest of hands instantly appeared, but before the question could be carried, Mr. Latham Pickles rose. It was some time before he could succeed in making himself heard, but when the general din had somewhat subsided, he said:

"I hope your lordship and this most respectable meeting—(Hear, hear)—will not think me presumptuous if I interpose a few words between the resolution itself and what is, apparently, the general wish. Indeed, I owe it to myself, as one of the directors of the Central African Banking Company, to throw no obstacle in the way of a thorough and complete investigation of the Company's concerns. On the part of many—I trust I may say of all my co-directors—though my sentiments may be less forcibly conveyed than those of some amongst them—I court the most absolute inquiry. (Hear, hear.) But while I unhesitatingly challenge the closest scrutiny into the actions of every one of us—including those of the unhappy man who has hurried himself into another—dare I hope a better world?—(an incredulous howl from Browne Browne)—I venture to hope that the good sense of this meeting will at once perceive that

clamorous invective—(Oh, oh)—and loud-voiced accusation—(Oh, oh)—I beseech your patient attention—are not the safest steps by which to attain the object it desires to accomplish. (Hear, hear.) That the General Manager will cheerfully, as I am firmly persuaded he can satisfactorily, explain everything personal to himself, is beyond a question. The honourable character of my friend Mr. Rigby Nicks—('Hear, hear,' from Sir Flyman Kyte, who had borrowed money of him)—renders a contrary assumption absurd, and it is only with the view of superinducing a spirit of impartiality, one not likely to lead our footsteps from the track we are endeavouring to follow, that I attempt—may I hazard the comparison of oil upon the waters?—to allay whatever angry feeling certain unpremeditated, nay, hasty expressions, have given birth to. (Hear, hear.) I speak, therefore, to the resolution, when I ask for your most dispassionate attention to the explanation of my friend—and I call him so because I believe him to be yours—my friend, Mr. Rigby Nicks." (Cheers.)

Oil upon the waters! Yes; palm-oil. A crisp bit of silver paper, with some very legible letters in black imprinted on them, the property of Mr. Rigby Nicks when he rose that morning, now in the pocket-book of Mr. Latham Pickles, a friend at need—for a consideration. A hundred pound-note has often been less profitably laid out, for Mr. Latham Pickles stands high—high in public estimation; and, for that matter—but the meeting forgot to make the comparison—so did Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones.

The resolution was then carried *sem. con.*, and Mr. Rigby Nicks came forward. He took a line which may be called "the melancholi-ly impressive."

"My lord and gentlemen," he said, "deeply as every person here must lament the recent deplorable catastrophe which has fallen, as it were, like a thunderbolt upon society, no man, I am bold to say, laments that event so much as myself, whether I look at the severance of a tie which I believed to be based on the purest principles of honour, at the pecuniary loss sustained, or at the false position with regard to the Company in which, to a certain extent, I must of necessity be placed. To our late Chairman I was, at the outset of my own career, more than commonly indebted; and though he finally repaid the devotion with which I served him, and the confidence I reposed in him, with treatment which from others might deserve a harsh, even a severe appellation, the recollection of former benefits must prevent me, at least, from uttering a word to blacken his memory. I may weep, gentlemen, but my tears shall fall in silence; I may mourn over human frailty, but my voice shall never asperse!"

For this high-mi-nded sympathy the audience of Mr. Rigby Nicks did not seem greatly to care, and at the pause which he made at the close of the last sentence, Sir Ajax Smasher gave an audible growl. The General Manager saw he must proceed on a different tack.

"At the same time, gentlemen, that I refrain from personal animadversion, it is my intention to be strictly just, and no sentimental consideration shall prevent me from exposing, to the utmost limits of my ability, whatever of nefarious in itself or injurious to the interests of this Company there may be in the conduct of our late Chairman, which in the course of inquiry I shall discover. (Hear, hear.) My lord," con-

tinned Mr. Rigby Nicks, turning to Lord Leatherhead, "no man shall have it in his power to accuse me of wilful concealment. Gentlemen (here he turned the other way), I will open my heart to you."

So saying, he threw open his waistcoat, which, with Mr. Rigby Nicks, signified exactly the same thing. He gained upon his audience by the act, and they applauded.

"It is said, gentlemen, that intense labours, when coupled with severe mental excitement, will cause the hair to turn grey in a single hour. If this were true in all cases, my locks would at this moment be silvered with the hue of age, for neither have I broken bread nor closed my eyes since the sad calamity which has summoned us hither befel the Company. A continuous vigil has been mine since the fatal news first reached my ears, and the whole of that period, until the instant of my entering this room, has been devoted to a thorough examination of the accounts of the Bank. (Hear, hear.) I am enabled, in some degree, to make a statement of the result—(Hear, hear)—and with your permission will do so. (Hear, hear.)

"This Company, as you are well aware, was formed in November last, under auspices the most flattering. The proposed capital was One Million sterling, with a power of further extension. It appears that the issue of shares on the 1st of January of the present year—that is to say, within about two months from the formation of the Company—was 10,000, on which a deposit of 50*l.* per share was paid, the amount thus realised being 500,000*l.*—a very large sum, gentlemen—('You may say that,' shouted Mr. Browne Browne)—and amply sufficient, with careful management—(a groan from Sir Ajax Smasher)—to establish securely the objects of the Company. (Hear, hear, and marks of assent.) Of this sum there have been expended as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Parliamentary and other expenses	2,431	1	6
House and offices	40,000	0	0
Alterations in ditto	1,473	14	2
Furniture, liveries, &c.	3,428	3	9
Administration	2,104	18	1
Salaries	18,466	19	7
Present to the Sultan of Soodan for permission to establish Central Bank	5,000	0	0
Ditto to the Prime Minister of his Highness	2,000	0	0
Ditto to the native princes of Darfûr and Kordofan, on account of branch establishments	7,428	16	4
Ditto to the Negus of Abyssinia	4,000	0	0
Camels for conveying the gold	7,684	2	2
Wages of native drivers for six months	3,640	0	0
Elephant hunters, for elephants (uncaught)	65,226	10	0
Washing of dust in rivers Niger, Gumssoo, and Shab-gany (when begun)	83,148	6	4
Deposit for slave emancipation	100,000	0	0
Die-sinking for African Mint	3,608	11	11
Negro lecturers on the principles of banking at Saccatoo, Muddago, Shaboon, &c.	12,000	0	4
Carriage, insurance, and shipping charges	15,211	19	0
Interest on general account	328	2	10
Commission to brokers, &c.	1,165	15	6
Interest on share capital	15,000	0	0

"These items, gentlemen—I have not spared myself in ascertaining the amount of each—('Hear, hear,' from Mr. Latham Pickles)—represent the gross sum of 383,044*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*, leaving a balance, which I regret to say is quite unaccounted for, of 116,955*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*"

At this announcement arose an outcry in which even the Irish howl of Mr. Browne Browne, the Welsh scream of Mr. Rhys-Ap-Rhys, and the British roar of Sir Ajax Smasher, were only indistinct accompaniments to the general melody, and the universal voice shaped itself into the question, "Where has it gone to?"

"You ask me," said Mr. Rigby Nicks, "where this vast, this unparalleled deficiency has gone to! Gentlemen, at the commencement of these proceedings, I thought only of personal losses, and was content to bear them without a murmur against their author; but in the sight of so much human suffering, when I behold the throes of so many manly hearts, all other considerations vanish, and I hesitate not to proclaim, in terms as bitter as language can frame them, the perpetrator of this fearful defalcation. Yes, gentlemen, the black-hearted villain,—the cold-blooded demon,—the pernicious fiend,—the artful, designing robber into whose bloated pockets this vast deficit has gone, is he whose corpse will to-morrow be borne to the grave without a tear,—the late Chairman of the Bank of Central Africa, Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones!"

Mr. Rigby Nicks, exhausted by his feelings, threw himself into a chair, amidst loud cheers from Sir Flyman Kyte, Mr. Latham Pickles, and some others. He had turned the tide of opinion in his favour—in all save one or two quarters—but matters remained pretty much as they were at first, with the exception that the shareholders' notions of the losses sustained by the Company were somewhat more precise than when they entered the room. In one respect, however, Mr. Rigby Nicks had proved a true prophet. Notwithstanding his impromptu balance-sheet, nothing determinate could be agreed on respecting it. Everybody had some proposition to make, and nobody proposed anything to the purpose. The more the matter was discussed, the further the question was removed from a settlement. At length, on the suggestion of Mr. Latham Pickles, who appeared conscientiously resolved to earn his money, the meeting was adjourned for the purpose of obtaining the professional assistance of Messrs. Rugg and Bullet, the celebrated accountants, and after a vote of thanks to Lord Leatherhead for his dignified conduct in the chair, the shareholders dispersed, Herbert Vaughan endeavouring, as he walked back to his club, to calculate how much his father had lost by this particular transaction. It was useless, however, for him to calculate while the report of Messrs. Rugg and Bullet was in abeyance, and he threw aside the perplexing question to take up another which was little less so.

What had become of Léonie?

CHAPTER XXII.

ON THE RIGHT SOENT.

HERBERT'S reason for asking that question arose from a simple circumstance.

With only a few minutes to spare on the first evening of his arrival in town, he had called in Greek-street, to inquire after Monsieur Lepage

and family, and Mrs. Wilmer being out, had only seen the smudged-faced servant-maid, who being generally absorbed in the engrossing pursuits of hearth-stoning and grate-blackening, was unable to give him any information, beyond the fact that "the French people was gone away somewheres."

"She couldn't tell where?"

"Not if it was ever so; but she b'lieved they was gone into the country."

"Did her mistress know?"

"Well, perhaps she might; but missis warn't at home, and wouldn't be till late, as she had gone to Hashley's."

Herbert was, therefore, left in suspense until the next day.

As soon, however, as he had written to his father to tell him the result of the meeting at Wessex House, with all the particulars that had transpired respecting the mysterious death of Mr. Meredyth Powell Jones, he paid a second visit to Greek-street.

On this occasion Mrs. Wilmer was at home. She had no difficulty in recognising "the tall gentleman, who was not old;" and, after stating that the family had really gone away, she gave him the letter which Léonie had left in her care.

Herbert asked permission to read it there, and hastily ran through the contents, which left him in greater perplexity than before. He put the same question to Mrs. Wilmer that he had asked of Smudge: "Did she know where Mademoiselle Lepage was gone?"

Her answer by no means tended to relieve his anxiety.

"When Musseer went to France," she said, "a lady which come to see Miss Lepage, invited her and madam to go on a visit to her in St. Jacob's-square—a very fine house I believe it is, one of the finest in the square, but I can't say so of my own knowledge, never having seen it myself, only having been told so. And after about a fortnight, one afternoon Miss Lepage came here, looking quite pale and thin, and altogether different from what she had a-been, and she give me the letter as you have just read, sir, and said that madam and the little dog were all going to the sea-side for the benefit of their healths, and sure enough, poor thing, she seemed to be in want of a change——"

"Did she mention the place she was going to?"

"No, sir. She never dropped a syllable of where it was, only said she meant to leave London next day."

Herbert pondered for a few moments.

"On a visit in St. Jacob's-square?" at length he said.

"Yes, sir; the lady came and fetched them herself."

"Had the lady been here before?"

"Yes, sir, the very same day as you called. I remember it well, because I said to Sarah, 'Sarah,' says I, 'that grate of yours will never be blackleaded to-day. What with double knocks every five minutes——'"

"She was tall, and high-coloured, and over-dressed?" interrupted Herbert.

Mrs. Wilmer described Madame Rodeck's appearance with feminine accuracy.

"And Léonie—Mademoiselle Lepage—and her aunt stayed in St. Jacob's-square, after Monsieur Lepage had gone to France?"

"Yes, sir; he went off by the rail, and when they come back from the station, and packed up their things, the lady came, and as I said before——"

"There has been some devilish plot in all this!" exclaimed Herbert.

"Lord, sir, what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Wilmer.

"It's only too plain," he said; "Léonie has been entrapped into the house of that infernal villain, Powell Jones!"

"What, sir, the gentleman as killed himself on 'Ampstead' Heath? I was only a reading of the inquest this morning. Dear, dear, how shocking!"

Herbert again read over Léonie's letter. Perceiving that it was not dated, he eagerly inquired of Mrs. Wilmer on what day she had left it? By her answer he found it must have preceded the catastrophe on Hampstead Heath about four days.

"That event, then," he said, "could not have caused her hurried departure. But still it must have been on his account that she was inveigled—she could not have gone of her own accord—to Wessex House! There is something darker and deeper in this affair than I can fathom—at present."

Herbert took leave of Mrs. Wilmer with many and not unsubstantial thanks for her kindness, and returned moodily to his club, revolving over and over the strange connexion between Léonie's disappearance and the startling suicide of the Joint-Stock Banker. If Léonie had fallen, through the intrigues of Madame Rodeck, whom he intuitively believed to be capable of any infamy, could she, so young, so beautiful, so charming, be thus suddenly turned off by the man who had effected her ruin? There was no precedent in the world's history, that he had ever met with, for such stupendous villany. The heart which Léonie had once enthralled must, he felt, be hers for ever. No man, however depraved, could forsake a lovely creature like Léonie within so brief a space. To premeditate suicide and seduction almost at the same moment, was a thing impossible! But he wronged Léonie—deeply—to suppose for an instant—let the circumstances of her position be what they might—that her purity had been sullied. No! he knew that she would rather meet death a thousand times than stoop to degradation. Her letter, too, though it was written in a strain of deep sorrow, only spoke of a cruel embarrassment and a great sacrifice, terms which fell far short of the accusing despair of one betrayed to the direst wrong. If she had but wholly confided to him the great secret which oppressed her! And this, no doubt, she would have done, could they have spoken together.

"What," asked Herbert,—“what can this passage mean? ‘Never would he accept of favours—even of liberty—if he knew the price his daughter pay for it.’ She speaks, also, of her father's expected return. This is the language of one to whom an inevitable marriage is repugnant. A marriage, then, with whom? Powell Jones was her father's patron; to release him from poverty she had consented to give her hand! A fortnight—even an hour—with Léonie, would bring any man to her feet. This Powell Jones, with his ill-gotten wealth, has offered to re-

store her father's fortunes if she consents to marry him. Here is the key to the enigma. But why this arrangement at a moment when all his worldly affairs were irretrievably ruined? She agreed to become his wife,—she quitted London, still under the care of that infamous Rodeck,—and within four days he is dead! Dead, by his own hand! Dead, as his letters show, by fixed premeditation! By premeditation. Gracious Heaven! what may not such a man have premeditated? Ah! a strange idea takes possession of my mind. What if this suicide were only simulated—the crowning act of a life of hideous crime? But how deceive all the world,—coroners, juries, witnesses, the people who were with him daily? Yet there have been marvellous mistakes with respect to personal identity, and looking at the *morale* of the question, the supposition of deception is not only probable, but of all things the most likely. Why that desire to obtain money to the very last? for that he did so is now no secret. Who was it said this morning at the meeting that Broadcast, the Quaker, had cashed him a short bill for fifteen hundred pounds only on the day he is said to have killed himself? Oh, it was that Irishman, Browne, who declared it was true, though the Quaker would not come forward to make a claim, those people always preferring the loss of money to mixing themselves up with men who have gone wrong. Then, there was a deficiency in the cash account at the Bank, occurring only on Saturday, which Mr. Rigby Nicks was unable to explain. I have a great notion that this Mr. Rigby Nicks could explain a great deal more than people dream of. No! the thing is plain to me,—palpable as daylight. Powell Jones still lives,—lives for the basest purposes!”

The more Herbert turned the matter over in his mind, the more he became convinced that he had arrived at the right conclusion. But the suspicion which haunted him must not be blurted out for all the world to hear. The self-love of those who had been deceived would refuse him credence on the one hand—such as might by possibility be implicated would cry him down on the other. His thoughts again reverted to Mr. Rigby Nicks. Was there any inducement by which this man could be brought to acknowledge all he knew? Some act of sudden and desperate boldness could alone be effectual; sudden, for there was no time to lose, if Léonie were to be saved—desperate, because of the character of the man with whom he resolved to deal.

Until the affairs of the Central African Bank were put into the proper train for winding up, Mr. Rigby Nicks, who still retained the office of General Manager, had been installed in a suite of apartments at Wessex House, part of those which were formerly held by the Joint-Stock Banker himself. Late as it was in the evening, Herbert decided to go there at once. Fortune favours the bold, and the servant who admitted him—(the green and scarlet porter, not yet discharged, had gone out for the evening)—said Mr. Rigby Nicks was at home. As Herbert's person was well known at Wessex House, no formality stopped him, and merely asking which was the General Manager's room, he proceeded thither unannounced.

At a writing-table on which were two lamps that threw a strong light on a heap of papers, was seated Mr. Rigby Nicks, pen in hand, engaged, in all probability, in the pleasant operation of “cooking” accounts. He did not recognise Herbert till he came close up to him, and then his sur-

prise was excessive. To what possible circumstance was he to ascribe, at that hour, the visit of Mr. Herbert Vaughan?

If the tone of this inquiry had not, in itself, been impertinent, Herbert had good reasons of his own for not wasting time in mere civility, and he answered, curtly enough, that the business which brought him there was too pressing to admit of any delay.

"These are not business hours," said Mr. Rigby Nicks, coldly.

"Perhaps not," replied Herbert; "nevertheless, I must occupy your attention for a quarter of an hour."

"If it must be so," returned the other, upon whom his visitor's determined air wrought a singular impression,—“if it must be so, proceed."

Herbert crossed the room to the door by which he had entered, turned the key and withdrew it, and came back to the table, Mr. Rigby Nicks staring at him with astonishment not unmingled with trepidation. Herbert fixed his eyes steadily on the General Manager's face, and said:

"Where is Powell Jones?"

At the suddenness of this question Mr. Rigby Nicks looked quite aghast, but somewhat recovering himself, he replied, "How,—how should I know? In his grave, I suppose,—he is buried by this time."

"You lie!" exclaimed Herbert, seizing the General Manager by the throat. "He is alive, and you know it!"

Fierce as the attack was, Rigby Nicks struck out and extricated himself from Herbert's grasp. He darted from his chair, and dipping his hand into a half-open drawer of the writing-table, seized a revolver. Had he fired from the hip it would have been all over with the intruder, but he waited to take aim, and Herbert, striking the pistol out of his hand by a blow on the wrist with the key which he had retained, rushed on the General Manager, and in an instant stretched him on the floor.

"If you stir an inch, or raise your voice beyond a whisper," said Herbert, as he knelt on his breast—in his turn presenting the revolver, which he had hastily caught up—"I will shoot you without mercy. And the cowardly rascal, who lay at the feet of the fiery young man, saw by his eye that this was no idle threat.

"What is it you want?" he said.

"I have already asked the question. Where is Powell Jones? Your life depends on the answer!"

"He is—I believe—at Ramsgate."

"You believe? You are sure!"

"Well, then—I am sure."

"How so?"

"I was to write to him there by to-morrow's post."

"Under what name? Speak!" And the pistol was again presented.

"That of Prendergast. Now let me up."

"Stay. You have confessed so much, it will do you good to 'open your heart'—as you call it—a little more. You are concerned in these Scandinavian shares as well as Jones. I know it."

"What if I am?"

"My father holds a large quantity. Are they genuine or forged?"

The General Manager remained silent.

"I will *not* shoot you," whispered Herbert, hoarsely; "but, by the

God above us, if you do not reply truly, I will dash out your brains with the barrel of this weapon." And he raised his hand as he spoke.

"Your father's shares," said Rigby Nicks, "are all fictitious. There was an immense over-issue of duplicates. Powell Jones has the real ones about his person: he has never parted with them."

"Do you know anything—he trusted you in all—of—of—the cause of the departure from London of the young lady who was staying here—Mademoiselle Lepage?"

"Yes. You may as well know that, too. Her father was sent to France on a fool's errand, and got trapped in Sainte Pélagie; she was deceived by forged letters, believed that Jones had paid his debts abroad, and so she agreed to marry him. Whether Jones means to stick to that part of the contract or not is more than I can say; but, at all events, he has gone to join her."

"And he is at Ramsgate?"

"In that neighbourhood. Lodging at a village called Manstone. He would have been off before this, if he hadn't waited to know the result of the inquest, and receive some more money from me. A steam-boat called the *Geshawk*, which he hired long ago, is lying in Ramsgate harbour, ready to take him to Sweden. There—I have told you all."

"And well for you you did so," returned Herbert, rising, and buttoning the revolver beneath his coat. "You may guess," he continued, "what my course is likely to be. I shall take no steps to implicate you in any proceedings of mine; but you are the best judge how far they may be likely to affect you."

"I suppose," said Rigby Nicks, who also had risen to his feet, but still trembled excessively—"I suppose you mean to lose no time."

"Be assured of that," replied Herbert. "I shall leave London by the earliest train to-morrow morning."

"It will alter my plans," observed Mr. Nicks, who, the fear of death being past, was beginning to recover his accustomed coolness. "However, I can fall back on the original idea. Instead of sending that money to Powell Jones, I shall keep it myself, and be off in a different direction. There's no time for another coroner's dodge, even if I could find a substitute. I don't think," he added, "that you'll ever hear of me again."

"I hope not," said Herbert, as he let himself out, and abruptly left the room.

"A pretty game I have ruined!" exclaimed Rigby Nicks, when he heard the street-door close; "and all because I am——" He looked round as if afraid of being overheard, and yet compelled to speak aloud—"such an utter coward! America? No! They can seize me there. I shall be safer in Spain!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CLOCK WOUND UP.

It was a rough day in the Channel: one of those which come unexpectedly and disturb the season.

Herbert Vaughan arrived at Ramsgate soon after mid-day, and his first proceeding was to test the truth of the statement which he had extorted from Mr. Rigby Nicks.

Indifferent to the weather, though it was blowing hard with gusts of heavy rain, he went down to the harbour to see if the steamer said to have been chartered by Powell Jones was lying there. The pier was almost deserted, but opposite the lighthouse, under cover, stood a "Look-out" in pilot coat and sou'-wester, with a telescope under his arm, through which he occasionally looked seaward.

"Quite a gale to-day!" said Herbert, going up to him.

"Yes, it's rather fresh," replied the Look-out, "and squally."

"Not very pleasant putting out to sea just now," continued Herbert.

"Not particular so," was the answer.

"Many craft in the harbour?"

"Not a great many."

"Any yachts?"

"Yachts? Well—no—not sailing vessels. There's a steamer here as is somethin' of the sort."

"Whom does she belong to?"

"Can't say. Private gen'l'man, I believe."

"Do you know her name?"

"She's called the *Goo-hawk*."

"Been here long?"

"Three days."

"What's she doing here?"

"Waitin' for orders, I s'pose."

"Where's she lying?"

"Here-away, just under the lee of that 'ere brig. You can see the smoke coming out of the funnel. Had her steam up ever since last night. She'll let it off again soon, I reckon."

"What, you think the weather is too rough for her to go out?"

"Well, she might get out, but I think she'd be glad to put back again."

"You expect more wind?"

"Ay,—and wet, too. When it comes on to blow in this here way from the sou'-west we gen'rally get our share on it."

The "Look-out" raised his glass and swept the horizon. He steadied it at one point, and kept it in that position for about a minute. When he dropped the telescope again, he said:

"I'm mistaken if the Calais packet gets into Dover harbour to-day."

"Can you make her out, then?"

"I rather think so."

The glass went up again and remained fixed for several minutes.

"Yes! that's she, sure enough. She's bearing away. We shall have her here in less than an hour, and nethin' too soon."

A vessel at sea in stormy weather is always an object of interest, and Herbert, without exactly knowing why, felt anxious to witness her arrival. The man he sought could not escape while his vessel remained in harbour, and partly with a view to make a friend of the "Look-out" in case of necessity, he waited beside him on the pier. The pay of an ocean-watcher is not so magnificent as to cause him to reject a casual present, and his horny hand closed readily enough upon the piece of gold which Herbert pressed into it, when he said he should like to be kept informed of the movements on board the *Goo-hawk*. As the packet neared the

harbour, other stragglers gathered upon the pier, and amongst them Herbert's new friend pointed out the captain of the private steamer, a gentleman upon whose countenance it was not difficult to read that he would do anything he was well paid for. The Calais boat, however, now attracted all eyes, and Herbert eagerly watched her progress, as she came driving before the wind and a flowing sea. It required good seamanship to bring her clear between the pier-heads, and for a moment the vessel seemed as if she was going stern on against the jetty, but a turn of the wheel sent her safely past, and amidst the flinging of ropes and the shouts of those who threw and those who caught them, she made her port in safety. Some curiosity to see the storm-tost passengers caused Herbert to linger after the packet had been made fast, and he was more or less amused as they crept up the ladder. But his amusement was changed to astonishment when in one yellow face that emerged—yellowier than that of any of his companions—he recognised the features of Monsieur Lepage. The exclamation which he uttered caused the Inventor to turn his head: in the first instance, the little man nearly fell backwards on the deck, but in the next moment he had scrambled ashore, and, throwing himself in Herbert's arms, kissed him vehemently on both cheeks.

"Mais, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Comment! c'est vous, Monsieur Von! Ah! dites-moi, où est Léonie? Qu'est-elle devenue? Ah, malheureux que je suis, je l'ai laissée dans les mains d'un scélérat!"

"Calm yourself," said Herbert; "I have much to tell you, much no doubt to hear, for to see you in this place is more surprising than anything else. But, thank God, you are here; your arrival is quite providential. No, no! we will speak of nothing at present: come to my hotel—your baggage shall be taken care of."

"Ah! for my baggage,—voilà."

He held out a small bundle and a red umbrella, from neither of which had he parted during the voyage nor when he bestowed the friendly embrace.

Herbert hurried the Inventor into a fly which came up at that moment, and amidst never-ceasing exclamations and repetitions of Léonie's name they drove to the hotel. Having assured him, as well as he was able, that he would see his daughter soon, and he trusted—well, Herbert urged Monsieur Lepage to tell his own story, before he explained the circumstances that had caused their meeting. Divested of interjections and reduced to coherence, it shaped itself into the following narrative:

Placing the fullest reliance upon the validity of his passport and the assurance of his pardon, the Inventor had landed at Boulogne and proceeded at once to Paris, where, the moment he left the train, he was arrested by a commissary of police and conducted to the prison of Sainte Pélagie. He could not at first bring himself to believe that the officer had not acted under a mistake, and at the interrogation to which he was subjected, insisted upon the fact of his being no longer proscribed by the law. The official before whom he declaimed heard him to an end, and then told him, in the politest manner possible, that he was himself in error,—that no amnesty had been extended towards him,—and that the fact of his arrest was owing to information received from London, "where," the informant added, "the name of Gustave Lepage was one of the most notorious amongst the banished Socialists, of whom he was a

dangerous leader." It was in vain that the poor Inventor declared he was innocent of any plot against the French government, that he did not even know by sight a single person in London who was obnoxious to it, or that he entered into a full explanation of the manner of life he had been leading while in England. The official personage shrugged his shoulders: it might be true, all that Monsieur Lepage had done him the honour of addressing to him, but he could not deny the fact that he was a *proscrit* who had already made his escape; he had but one duty to perform, however painful, and that was to keep him in seclusion until the tribunal pronounced a further and, he feared, a heavier sentence. Crushed by this intelligence, he submitted to his fate, of which the bitterest part was the conviction that he had been betrayed by the man whom he had believed to be his benefactor, for no one else was aware of his meditated journey. And for what purpose that betrayal? The answer came instinctively from a father's heart, rending his soul with agony. A brain-fever seized him, and for some days his life was despaired of; but this accident turned to his profit. The physician of the prison, perceiving that he constantly called on the name of his daughter, led him, as he gradually recovered, to speak of her and relate the cause of his imprisonment. M. Duplessis was a man of great humanity, and horror-stricken at the base and cruel deception which had been practised on his patient, resolved to interfere to save him. He had access to the palace, where he was well known to the excellent Dr. Conneau, and to him he related all he had learnt. There was one feminine heart which throbbed quicker when the sad tale was told: there was another imperial bosom that did not refuse its sympathy when it was repeated, and a full and unconditional pardon, obliterating all the past, was despatched to Sainte Pélagie without delay. An order for a sum of money also accompanied the release of Monsieur Gustave Lepage, but this the Inventor gratefully declined to accept, not being altogether without means. He set out at once for Calais, travelling all night, and embarked on board the packet for Dover, where he imagined he had now arrived.

To undeceive him on this point was easier than to make him comprehend what had befallen during his absence; but as cautiously as he could, with the imperfect knowledge which he himself possessed, Herbert stated the facts that had come to his own knowledge. Yet however carefully concealed his own apprehensions, they pointed so identically to a common fear, that Monsieur Lepage was in a perfect frenzy of excitement until steps could be taken for rescuing Léonie from the hands of the traitor into whose toils she had fallen.

While they were endeavouring to arrange some plan for immediate execution, a waiter entered the room, and informed Herbert that a person below desired to speak to him. It proved to be the "Look-out"—Thomas Dipple by name—who came to say that as he was leaving the pier, being now off duty for the day, he saw a country-looking man go up to the captain of the *Goshawk* and give him a letter, which he read on the spot. Dipple was close enough to hear him mutter an oath about the weather, and then tell the man that "in the course of an hour the gentleman might expect him up there; he had something to do first, and would then make a start." Herbert asked Dipple if he knew such a place as Manstone, and how far off it was? In reply, the "Look-out" said

he knew it well, and that it was only two miles distant or so. Would he then keep the captain of the *Goshawk* in view, follow him at easy distance, and let Herbert know where he was housed? Dipple agreed to do this: a boy of his own, a smart young fellow of fourteen, should go with him, and return with a message, he, at Herbert's desire, remaining at the village till joined by him.

"This is an affair," said Herbert, "that requires secrecy, readiness, and courage. It is literally a case for the police, but there are family reasons why they must not interfere. To enlist your good offices I need only say that, as a married man, you will feel for this foreign gentleman, whose only daughter has been ensnared by a villain; and it is chiefly to restore her to her father, though I have also a personal matter of my own to settle, that I ask for your assistance, for which you shall be handsomely rewarded."

"As to rewardin' of me, sir," replied Thomas Dipple, "you've behaved liberal enough already for anything I can do in such a business. I knows what it is, a trouble of that sort; I had a younger sister myself as took and fell into misfortune;—but that's no odds now; she's in heaven—leastways I hope so. Yes, sir, you may command me; I'll do the best as lays in my power to help you and this here forrin gentleman."

"Et le bon Dieu vous bénira!" exclaimed Monsieur Lepage, seizing the seaman's hand; "you are a good fellow."

Thomas Dipple returned the pressure with interest, and then, with an obeisance to Herbert, withdrew.

The suspense of the next two hours would have been tedious indeed, if they had only been consumed in waiting for the messenger's return; but there were preparations to be made which occupied some time. Remembering what had nearly been his fate the night before, Herbert resolved not to go unarmed on this adventure, though intending only to employ weapons in self-defence. Leaving Monsieur Lepage at the hotel, he accordingly went into the town and bought two cloaks and a case of pistols, with all the necessary appliances. One of the pistols, which he gave to Monsieur Lepage, he loaded with powder only, as he feared, from the excitable nature of the Inventor, that he might shoot Powell Jones the moment he saw him; the other, which he reserved for his own use, contained an ounce of lead, in case he should have to struggle for his life. He then explained to his friend some further particulars concerning the commercial delinquencies of the Joint-Stock Banker, and before he had well concluded young Dipple made his appearance.

By this time the evening was drawing in, and the heavy rain furnishing them with a pretext for being so attired, Herbert and Lepage wrapped themselves up in their cloaks, and accompanied the nimble messenger. He told them on the way that his father and himself had followed the captain of the *Goshawk* to Manstone, where he had entered an old house called "the Court;" that he had crept close up to it, and saw the captain in a room with a strange gentleman, sitting at a table, on which was a bottle and some glasses, and that they were talking very earnestly, but in so low a tone, that, although he put his ear quite close to the window, he could not catch a single word. From the description which the boy gave of the features of the strange gentleman, Herbert was quite satisfied he had seen Powell Jones.

It was almost dark when the party reached the village, at the entrance to which they were joined by the "Look-out," who reported that the captain of the *Goshawk* was still in the house. Young Tom was again sent forward to reconnoitre, and after being absent about ten minutes, he returned to say that something was going on in the room down stairs, which he could not exactly make out. He had not seen the captain, but there was a tall man with the gentleman, dressed in a long black gown, with his back to the window, so that he could not see his face; the bottle and glasses were no longer on the table, but in their place was a large open book; and on the other side of the room were two ladies, one of them in a chair, and the other standing beside her, talking.

It was plain enough to Herbert what these proceedings indicated: a simulated marriage, and the crisis of Léonie's fate. His heart beat violently, but it was with hope, for the worst had evidently not yet come to pass. He said a few words in French to Monsieur Lepage, and then with his companions drew near the house, the wind and rain favouring their approach. The light within was dim, but Herbert's sense of vision was keen enough at that moment to have penetrated a far deeper obscurity, and he saw all the boy had described, and more. Léonie, whom he distinguished at the first glance, had risen, or been lifted from her chair, and was supported by Madame Rodeck; Powell Jones had changed his position, and held one of Léonie's hands; the person dressed like a clergyman was turning the leaves of the book: it was evident that the ceremony, such as it was, was about to begin. Herbert drew back a pace or two, and cautiously tried the old-fashioned latch of the house-door, but though it lifted, the door would not open.

"They have fastened it," he whispered. "Run round, boy, and get in at the back; come straight through, with as little noise as you can, and draw the bolt, or turn the key."

Young Tom disappeared like lightning; the rest stood watching at the window. Powell Jones drew Léonie forward, and the man in the gown took up the book. But before he began to read, Léonie, releasing her hands, clasped them together, and raising her eyes to heaven, exclaimed in piteous accents, "Oh, mon père, mon père, où es-tu dans ce moment? Ce que je fais pour toi!" These words were distinctly heard outside, together with a more welcome sound: the bolt was drawn back, and the house-door flew open. Startled by the noise, Powell Jones looked hastily round: his gaze was confronted by that of Monsieur Lepage, who rushed first into the room.

"Rendez-moi ma fille," he shouted. "Léonie, Léonie, je te tiens!" She fainted in his arms.

Overwhelmed by the sudden apparition of the man whom he thought in a dungeon, Powell Jones staggered to a chair, gasping with undisguised terror.

"Mr. Prendergast," said Herbert: "let that name suffice to show you that your secret is mine. A word from me and you are in the hands of justice. We are armed, and assistance is at hand if called for."

"Herbert Vaughan!" exclaimed the guilty man, burying his face in his hands, "spare me!"

"One victim has escaped you," returned Herbert, "but I am now the representative of my father. Restore the real bonds for which you gave him forged duplicates. They are on your person I know."

Bold enough in the wild career of his successful villany, Powell Jones, in this hour of exposure, was paralysed by fear. He thrust his hand into his bosom, and drew forth a large pocket-book.

"Take them," he said; "take all, and let me go."

"Are you such an idiot, Powell," cried Madame Rodeck, advancing, "as to throw away every chance without a struggle. Have all your schemes ended in this?"

"It is useless, Martha," said the Joint-Stock Banker; "I am at his mercy."

"Be it so," she replied, "but I am not. That book, sir," she added, turning fiercely to Herbert—"that book is my property—restore it to me this instant."

"With your good name, madame. Have a care. You, too, are within the verge of a charge of felony."

"You are a lover, then, it seems," said Madame Rodeck, with a sneer, for she saw by the glances he threw on Léonie on whom his thoughts were centred.

He took no heed of her words, but, addressing Powell Jones, he said:

"It is not my province to usurp the functions of the law, in whose eyes you exist no longer. I will not revive the scandal of your life. Go, as you proposed, to another land, and still let the world suppose you dead; but go at once, nor taint the air of this country any longer with your hateful breath. Release his accomplice, Dipple" (the "Look-out" had pinioned the captain of the *Goshawk* on entering the room; muffled in his clerical robe he could make no resistance)—"release him, and let them depart together."

"I go with you, Powell," said Madame Rodeck; "you have enough for us both, I dare say, yet."

* * * * *

Our story hastens to a close.

Léonie, restored by her father's tender care, was soon well enough to thank Herbert for the more than life she owed him, nor did the night pass by without a confession which made him the happiest man alive. The Scandinavian bonds proved a more valuable security than had been anticipated, and, reconciled by the prospect of recovering more than half of what he had supposed was lost, Mr. Vaughan of Glâs-Llyn does not, it seems, oppose the eventual union of his son with the beautiful daughter of the Bordeaux merchant, who, aided by those who granted him his liberty, is in a fair way of resuming his old position. The mines of Bryn Mawr may, as Mr. Powell Jones wrote, one day yield a return of something more substantial than water; but the "Central Africans" are hopelessly done for; they even baffle the skill of Messrs. Rugg and Bullet to put them right, notwithstanding the many examinations to which Mr. Rigby Nicks has been subjected,—for although that worthy got on board the *Iberia* at Southampton, on his way to Spain, he was arrested before the steamer left the port. Mr. Coltafoot still practises—on the living, but dwells in daily fear of being denounced, the cabman who drove him on that eventful night being greatly given to drink. Mr. Browne Browne has a grievance for life—an admirable possession,—Mr. Rhys-Ap-Rhys is a trifle wilder than before,—Sir Ajax Smasher still growls,—but perhaps the most vociferous amongst the sufferers by the

failure of the Joint-Stock Bank is Mr. Perks, who continues to deplore the loss—not of anything of his own—but of the fifty thousand put down by Lord Leatherhead, who, to his honour, displays an equanimity that only a British peer can exhibit. As for Ephraim Broadcast, he smiles at his losses, after his own peculiar fashion. Madame Brochart has recovered from the fright she was in at having been locked up, with only Azor for her companion, in a back room at Manstone Court, on the night of Léonie's projected sacrifice, it having been a part of the conspirators' plan to leave her there to shift for herself. "Château Belmont" is broken up, and no one knows what has become of Rosina Morgan; she was last seen in the society of the Baron von Livonwitz, and has probably accompanied that nobleman to one of his castles in Poland—or Hungary—or Bohemia.

As to Meredyth Powell Jones and Madame Rodeck, read the following paragraph from the *Times* :

"The agent of Lloyd's at Cuxhaven reports, under date the 17th inst., that the fishermen of a small village at the mouth of the Elbe have brought intelligence of the total wreck, on that coast, of the English steamer *Goshawk*, Bludgeon, master, on the night of the 15th, when all hands are said to have perished."

So that perhaps, after all, the Joint-Stock Banker is really dead.

THE OXONIAN IN NORWAY.*

CIVILISATION is a very good thing in its way, but it becomes rather a nuisance sometimes, making us long heartily to be rid of it altogether for a while, and to see the world more as God made it, before railway cuttings had ripped open the heart of its grandest scenery, or forests of trees had become forests of chimneys, withering alike the earth and its people with the black breath of their baleful life. We long to escape, not only from the conventionalism of ordinary society, but from the beaten track of ordinary travelling—to pass, as it were, from the dusty highway, and gaze upon scenes which are still beautiful with the freshness of the world's morning-time—to see what men were before artificial etiquette had displaced manly frankness, and artificial wants had been changed by the power of custom into indispensable necessities. Well! this being a very philosophical as well as a very natural way of thinking, we are not surprised to find that long-vacation excursionists are beginning to avail themselves of the last little bit of unsophisticated country which the "progress of science" has spared to us. The book before us is a very fair specimen of what we might expect from an Oxford man, who has already looked up all the old haunts of Englishmen on the Continent, and at last almost abandoned in despair the hope of finding anything fresh under the sun. We must take it for what it is—not as a

* The Oxonian in Norway; or, Notes of Excursions in that Country in 1854-1855. By the Rev. F. Metcalfe, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

"true and particular account" of the whole kingdom of Norway, still less as a scientific disquisition, but simply as an amusing farrago of fish-tattle, sporting anecdotes, and notes of peasant life, put together just as they chanced to occur, without any very elaborate sequence or connexion. Mr. Metcalfe obviously did not preface his excursion by a diligent study of Olaus Magnus, Otto Sperling, or Pontoppidan, and he very properly does not bore his readers by giving an abstract of them on his return. He is quite guiltless of the usual retailing of second-hand information, which most travellers find so convenient for filling up publishers' pages. He does not even indulge in a little innocent rhapsodising about the dark solemnities of the pine forests, or the virgin glories of the everlasting hills. Nor does he appear to have any particular predilection for the old Scandinavian legends of saints, gods, or vikings, since not even the tomb of St. Olaf could divert him from his quest for salmon-trout, or the marvels of the Mælstrom convince him that the power of the Draugis is unshaken. In short, he does not pretend to give a "Murray's Hand-book" kind of catalogue of every individual hill in every individual journey, as though he had a commission for a puffing advertisement from a London auctioneer; he writes down simply what he saw and what he did, without any attempt at either fine writing or superfluous information. We are not troubled with either statistics of births, deaths, and marriages, or observations of the relative depression of the coast-line. We are not made to believe that the country is one vast curiosity-shop, full of nothing else but Runic arrow-heads, and interesting for no other reason than that at some time or other somebody else lived there. Mr. Metcalfe does not come out as either an antiquarian, geologist, or political economist: he very contentedly leaves Professor Forbes to talk about the wonders of the glaciers, Mr. Laing to point out the excellences of Norwegian sociology, and Mr. Chambers to indulge his fancy for ancient sea-margins. The reverend Oxonian doffs not only his canonicals but also his academicals, and comes before us as neither priest, pedant, nor politician, but merely as one who knows how to handle his fowling-piece, drive his cariole, and make his own flies for fly-fishing. As such we are very happy to meet him, for his "Notes," abrupt as they sometimes are, give us a far better idea of the country than we could possibly eliminate from the mianitia of an ordinary guide-book.

We propose, so far as our space will allow us, to follow in his track, that our readers may glean at least some general notion of the state of men and things in Norway. Be it remembered, however, at starting, that we have but little hotel accommodation on the way, that we must give up all hopes of continental *cuisine*, that we must be content with deer-skin blankets, and depend on our own calico bags for sheets; that, in short, we must unmistakably rough it in both eating, drinking, and sleeping, and that our only possible companions from first to last can be

They who love the haunts of nature,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rushings of great rivers
Through the palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder of the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in the eyries.

But it is high time that we should start—of course after allowing a few moments for the inspection of our quaint vehicle, with its high wheels, long shafts, and uncomfortably low seat—the only Norwegian apology for coach, omnibus, tandem, and dog-cart alike. So at last we must suppose ourselves, with legs stretched straight out in front, and luggage strapped on behind, on the high road from Christiania to Bergen, twenty miles from the former, and perhaps two hundred from the latter. Mr. Metcalfe has thus described our locality:

The descent here through the narrow chasm in the sandstone, rendered dark by the overhanging foliage, is a sample of what you have to expect in a journey through Norway.

"You'll get out, of course?" exclaimed my companion, who was a novice in these matters. "It is quite impossible to drive down such a precipice as this." To say the truth, my cariole was heavily laden. Myself thirteen stone, and the box behind a hundred-weight, and then the bag of biscuits, and the bag of shot, and the gun, and the brandy bottles, &c. But that punchy little fellow, with his short legs, high shoulders, and round barrel, and intelligent eye—just like a Christian's!—it's all right. And so down we went. See how he gathers himself together to prevent the vehicle pushing him too hard at first; but now we are half-way down; off he goes to an astounding trot; and in another minute or two we are safely at the bottom, in spite of the loose stones, and ruts, and the watercourses, that often obstruct a steep hill in Norway.

Some of these hills are as a house-side in steepness; so that, at first, the traveller, when descending them at full speed, experiences that peculiar sensation in the stomach which we have felt when going down into the trough of a long-rolling sea in an open boat. But stomach and nerves soon get right, and the rapid pace becomes quite delightful.

We are not yet in the land of eternal pine forests, just as we are not yet far north enough to have broad daylight for every individual hour in the twenty-four. Indeed, the sun indulges us for two or three hours together with a twilight which almost approaches to duskiness, and the hills are not covered with woods, but corn—although we regret to find that modern travellers do not confirm the statement of old Arndt Bernsen, who avers that the soil about here makes oats gradually develop into barley, and in some years even rye into wheat. We pass by groups of houses here and there, reminding us forcibly of the log-huts of the backwoods, except that they have red tiles instead of shingles for the roofing. Stone buildings appear to be quite at a discount in this part of the world; even a stone church being a sufficiently strange phenomenon to require a special legend to account for it. At Gran, however, a little farther on, there are *two* stone churches side by side, said to be the metamorphoses of twin sisters, who sang so sweetly as they tended their flocks in the fields hard by, that the priest broke down in his sermon. We may commence fly-fishing as soon as we please, without any fear of the penalties of poaching, the only possible hindrance being the curiosity of the peasantry, who have probably never seen such a thing before in their lives, and who have been known to break up a funeral procession rather than miss so extraordinary a sight. But if we have any particular fancy for scenery, we may perhaps be rather inclined to press forward, in chase of the magnificent landscapes which seem to open up more fully at every stage. The road passes sometimes over mountains as high as Snowdon, giving faint fore-sights of still loftier cordilleras, and bright glimpses of

silvery fjords in the horizon; and sometimes it winds round a still deep lake, with its delightful accompaniment of a village, holding out the possibility of entertainment for man and horse.

We now enter Bergenstift, which is pre-eminently the country of picturesque costumes. The road lies very high, as was manifest from the snow lying by its side, which, mixed with our brandy, made a most agreeable beverage. Thanks to the skill of Norwegian engineers, it is in many places quite equal to the old Holyhead route. The pass on the other side this plateau is so narrow, that the way is wedged among the rocks close to the Leerdals Elv. The sombre gloom of the defile, and the terrific rush of the stream, boiling and foaming towards the sea, would, under any circumstances, have forcibly impressed the imagination. Most unpleasantly did they impress themselves on me. The fact was that my horse, on this twenty-four miles' stage, was a regular good one for pace, but he had received an injury to one of his eyes, which caused him to shy and start aside with the velocity of a broken bow. More than once he bolted while I was in this chasm, and I was within an ace of touching the rocky wall, when we should all have been infallibly hurled from the heights above into the depths beneath, and your humble servant reduced to a jelly in less time than this has taken to narrate.

A few more such escapades, a few more adventures in the empty larders of scattered innkeepers, and we find ourselves in the heart of perhaps the grandest scenery in Europe—scenery which, in spite of what Forbes insinuates, cannot be equalled by anything in either Switzerland or the Pyrenees, especially when seen by the marvellous twilight of the Northern summer-time.

Sheer precipices, two thousand feet high, grim and threatening, fit haunts for the mighty Jotul of Scandinavian mythology, by the side of which a "tall Amiral" would have been dwarfed to a cock-boat; the waterfalls bursting from the mountain-tops, and seeming in the shadow like gigantic columns of silver standing immovably fixed on a plain of emerald; the recesses of the Fjord growing dimmer and dimmer in the distance, until they are swallowed up in the narrowing gorges. The Keelfoss behind Gudvangen is a fall of two thousand feet. Advancing up the valley, you ascend a hog-backed mountain by a series of seven terraces, which is flanked on either side by a gigantic cascade. The one on the right was spanned by a complete rainbow, the ends of which rested on the dark pool below. The water, when half-way down, strikes on a projecting rock, the concussion causing it to leap upwards again in a tumultuous and never-diminished volume.

Thus we pass on, sometimes fast and sometimes slowly, sometimes by land and sometimes by sea, until we arrive at Bergen—the Norwegian Hull—which we shall be glad to leave again at the first opportunity, and, if possible, by one of the coasting steamers. Even Forbes seems enraptured with the magnificence of the coast scenery, and of course our conductor, Mr. Metcalfe, does not omit to tell us something of what we may expect, although he has seen so much that he almost considers it a bore. Our course, nearly the whole way from Bergen to Tromsø, lies along a great natural canal of sea-water, threading the innumerable islands which fringe the coast. Few voyages could be less monotonous, for when we are weary of gazing at the steep precipices of cliff, we may find a continual interest in the crowds of quaint little fishing-boats which seem to play such strange antics with navigation, or sometimes, perhaps, in the fearful grandeur of a Norwegian thunderstorm, with the long-drawn echoes of its thunder reverberating from a thousand promon-

tories. And yet we shall be glad enough to land now and then for a few hours' chase of the reindeer or salmon-trout, on the fields or in the mountain torrents. Mr. Metcalfe tells some of his adventures in sport of this kind with the utmost relish : on one occasion he so fully vindicated his claims to veracity, that we cannot possibly distrust him elsewhere. In fact, he refused to be gulled by the great sea-serpent, even when it seemed most unmistakably before his eyes. Unlike his clerical predecessors, Olaus Magnus and Eric Pontoppidan, the former of whom not only saw it, but was only prevented from landing on it "*nautarum imprecatione*," and the latter of whom doubts its existence no more than that of the Hottentots, our guide deliberately watched the apparition with his Dollond, and came to the certain conviction that it was merely "half a dozen porpoises following close to each other, whose resplendent backs, as they went up and down, I had mistaken for the connected whole of one tremendous snake." We need not stay at Christiansund, for in spite of the sparsity of towns in these parts, none of them are interesting enough to repay an exploration until we reach the old Norwegian capital, named, or misnamed, Drontheim, Trondjem, and Throndhjem, where, if we were architecturally disposed, we might spend a few pages in solving the puzzle of the cathedral arches, or if we were given to tale telling, in narrating the legends of St. Olaf and the stunted spire. But our guide hurries forward, and so must we, for we have hardly time to inspect our companions and have a little private chat with the more sociable among them, before we arrive at some of the grandest sea-cliffs in the world ; such as the rock of Torghäthen, with its tunnel half a mile long and two hundred feet high, made, it is said, by the arrow of a mighty Jutul, to whom an intervening mountain was no impediment when he wished to bring down his prey.

Islands, or rather mountains, now begin to bolt upright from the sea, like spectres, some near frowning sternly down upon us as we pass, the features of some softened by the distance, such as Lovanen and Lurö, and the four-peaked Threnen and Tomö ; this is indeed a sight worth beholding. Then again, on the mainland, the mountains are scored with deep furrows, filled with snow, parallel to one another, as if some of the demons of the old mythology had been driving great graving tools from top to bottom by way of amusement. Then, by degrees, we open the serrated ridge to the right, facing Rodö, the savage peaks backed here and there by a vast snow-field, out of which the tips of a glacier may be seen protruding. At Lurö, as the captain informed me, the gulf stream, about which people talk so much now-a-days, is supposed to come nearest to the coast. This is proved by the higher temperature of the water, lately investigated by the Admiralty, and the quantity of tropical seeds found in it. The fine headland of Kannan, dangerous to mariners, is at the northernmost part of the province of Helgeland. Here dwelt of old fair Guri, daughter of a Jutul. So great was her beauty, that many suitors fought for her hand. All those stones you see yonder, peeping out of the sea, were the stones they threw at each other. Ansind, a Jutul, was the victor, and he wedded the damsel. They lived long and happily together, till her father was slain by the "strong race of the mighty Goths," who came from the East. Ansind and his wife, forced to fly, received protection from Freya, in an island near Trondjem. Here they lived all serene, till St. Olaf came, who, by making the sign of the cross, and mentioning the name of Jesus, transformed the Jutul into a Kampe-steen. So runs the legend.

But off we go again, putting to the right-about a multitude of eider-ducks,

shovellers, cormorants, and grey geese, which serve to remind us that we are getting into the heart of the breeding quarters of half the swimming-birds of Europe. Leaving to the right the towering headland of Skotstind, the portal of the Vest Fjord, we steam across it for Balstad. The weather is fortunately fine in this five hours' reach of open sea, otherwise many of us would not have leisure or inclination to admire the granite mountains of the Luffodens, which curve round in front of us, broken up into every variety of abrupt outline, till they terminate in the solitary precipices of Röst, far off in the south-western horizon.

Farther on, to the north-west, lie the eddies of the Maelstrom, which, in spite of their bad reputation, are smooth and safe enough in ordinary weather, only lashing themselves into an ungovernable chaos of whirlpool when wind and tide are contrary. But our course lies far away from it, beneath the cliffs of the Luffodens, or along a line of rocky ledges, covered with an innumerable army of cormorants, and opening into a fjord which alone would repay all the *désagrémens* of Arctic travelling:

So clear is the atmosphere that we can make out the minutest features of the scene very distinctly, although we must be at least thirty miles from the nearest opposite shore. The sun, now near the horizon, is lending fresh beauties to this striking scene, holding his gorgeous court all through the solemn Arctic night. Some of the snow-fields in the foreground are roseate with the horizontal rays, while others are ashy white in the shadow, sleep and death lying side by side. Bidding adieu to this sight more like a vision than a reality, we dive into that singular strait the Raffe-sund, which, like Grimsøstrøm, more to the west, cuts straight through the Luffodens, and separates Hindø on the east, the largest island in Norway, from Waagø on the west. It is some twenty miles long, almost straight, and overhung with mountains, the steep slopes of which are as verdant as the Cheviots. As we advance, the channel becomes so narrow that we see various ferns, for which Norway is so celebrated, growing among the rocks. A little way up the sound, on our left, lies a marvellous clump of mountains of grotesque form, just below which is a glacier in a murky recess, descending apparently to the shores of a confined bay. This curious piece of water is called Swartsund (black sound), a very fitting name, for it must always be in the shade. At its mouth lies the establishment of a Handelsman (merchant).

Thus we progress gradually towards the heart of the Arctic circle: our guide has now room for indulging his piscatorial propensities to his heart's content. He accordingly leaves the steamer, and conducts us to a wild, uninhabited forest, from whence we emerge into a long lake, bordered by dangerous morasses and overhung by huge cliffs, on which the snow lingers half the summer through. Presently the roar of waterfalls sounds up through the ravines, and their smoke is seen hovering over the dreary pine-trees, shaped and coloured fantastically by the light of the nocturnal sun. These are the falls of the Malanger, and here we may catch salmon enough to supply Billingsgate—at least if we are content to spend a few weeks under canvas, with birch-branches for beds, and broiled fish for food, and lemmings—against which the Catholic Church has provided a special exorcism—for our only companions. The tales which Mr. Metcalfe tells of his adventures here almost make us believe in Pontoppidan—and at any rate in his derivation of “salmo” from “salio.” Now and then, as we roam about the forests, we may meet with an encampment of the quaintest of all quaint people—the Laps,

with their wives carrying their babies in bundles behind them, or their children floundering along in pointed shoes at least four times too large for their feet, and stuffed with grass to make them fit well. But possibly we may be inclined rather to follow Mr. Metcalfe farther north—towards Tromsø and the North Cape. The former is easily reached from our quarters on the Malanger, the latter is only accessible by steamer. We are supposed to start in the company of three German *savants*, whose eccentric idiosyncrasies relieve very delightfully the tedium of occasional sea-passages, and shorten very perceptibly the distance from Tromsø to Hammerfest, where we leave all civilised Europe to the south, having henceforth nothing in front but blank, bleak wilds, without a solitary village to welcome us. Expectation all centres on the anticipated glories of the northernmost point in Europe, but our guide appears to have been unfortunate in his view of what other travellers describe as the concentration of all that is wild and grand. Rough weather and thick fogs certainly do detract from at least the pleasurable of Arctic rock-gaming. To the east of the North Cape is the famous fort of Vardøhus, which, in Russian hands, might have become more formidable than Sebastopol, but which, under Swedish management, is little better than a drying establishment for stock-fish, and hardly worth looking at except as a kind of Vauban's curiosity. Hence we steam up the Veranger Fjord to Vadsø, and here our journey ends. We must now think of our return. Mr. Metcalfe is disposed to lead us, for the benefit of rod and gun, across the country to the mouth of the Jana, but it is possible to return the whole way southward to Christiania by steam. We may land when we please for sporting purposes, or explore unexplored glaciers for scientific purposes, or gather social statistics for political purposes; or, in short, make our way home as quickly or as leisurely as we please, according to time, purse, or inclination. Our space compels us to make short work of it: the voyage home will be little different from the voyage out, and we therefore bid farewell alike to our guide and our companions. The former we must thank for the interest which he has excited in us; the latter we must recommend to a more lengthened perusal of the volumes for themselves. The major portion of the narrative is still untouched by our excursive pen, and contains adventures of all kinds, piscatorial and otherwise, enough to satisfy the most craving appetite. We have rather endeavoured to eliminate his accounts of the country itself, in the hope that those of our readers who have a faculty for travelling will cease to be led by the nose among continental lions, and search out a track for themselves amid the vigorous freshness of Scandinavian life. It is surely something to wander, not only among scenery which no other part of Europe can surpass, but among people who live still the life of our northern forefathers—to sail, as it were, a thousand years up the stream of time, and see what England was in the days of Alfred and Knut. For “the eternal sameness of the human condition in this country,” as a recent traveller has phrased it, which seems to set at nought all theories of human progress, may teach us much that it would be well for us to remember of the dark as well as of the bright side of the world's early ages, and make us not so much sorrowful that we have lost in simplicity, as thankful that we have gained in all that distinguishes humanity.

THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN AND HIS ANTI-MACASSARS.

I.

THERE was no rail to Chelson in those days, only three stage coaches, so I started by the early one. The glistening dew was still on the fields, the birds were singing, the hedge-flowers opening, and the various points of the landscape, as we drove on, stood out clear and lovely against the morning sky. My fellow-passengers were two pleasant, elderly ladies, who pressed egg sandwiches upon me. I asked if they knew Chelson. Yes, they said, they lived within a few miles of it : it was a pretty place, containing a good many Dissenters.

"There are two churches," I eagerly observed ; " St. Stephen's and St. Paul's."

"But they have been so badly managed," was the reply, "that a great many have seceded from them to become Dissenters. There's some rare fun, though, going on in Chelson just now : as we heard a few days ago, in a letter."

"What is it ?" I inquired.

"They have got a new clergyman at one of the churches, I forget which, and the ladies are turning his head with attention and flattery. It is a hot pursuit with them ; Chelson has never been so lively for years. It is sure to be the case where there's a bachelor clergyman."

I wondered whether they could be speaking of my brother Alfred, whom I was going to visit at Chelson. He had been presented to the living of St. Stephen's about eight months before. But I felt sure it was not ; Alfred had too much steady good sense, and I turned the conversation to other things.

About four o'clock we reached Chelson. I got out at the coach-office, and was surprised to find no one waiting for me. A porter, who took charge of my luggage, showed me the way to the vicarage. The church, an old grey building, covered with moss, lay very low, a descent of several steps led to the churchyard, and the vicarage was situated close to it, the long dank grass touching the walls of the house. The porter halted his truck at the steps and shouldered one of the boxes whilst I went down them, and, walking across the churchyard, knocked at the vicarage-door.

"If this house is not damp," I began to say to myself, but stopped in surprise, for about a dozen heads appeared at one of the windows, peeping at me. What in the world did they do there, in Alfred's house ? Perhaps the porter had brought me to the wrong place ! "Are you sure this is St. Stephen's Vicarage ?" I hastily asked him. "The Reverend Alfred Halliwell's?"

"Oh, quite sure, miss," he replied, smiling at my idea of his being mistaken. The man probably followed the bent of my thoughts, for he added, "I think the new vicar have got his sewing-party to-day."

"Sewing-party !" I uttered.

"The ladies meets at his house once a week, miss, and makes clothes for the poor."

The door was flung open by a middle-aged woman in black, with spectacles on her nose, and grey hair sticking out. Alfred appeared behind her. And then I found there had been a mistake, either in my mother's letter or in his reading of it, for he had not expected me till the evening coach at nine o'clock.

The luggage was put in the passage, a very narrow one, my brother paid the porter, and then introduced me to the parlour. Fifteen or sixteen ladies, of various ages up to five-and-thirty, sat round a table, which was piled up with calico, flannel, and coloured prints. "My eldest sister," said Alfred. "Mrs. Zink, Miss Dewisson, Miss——"

I heard no more. I thought I should have been smothered. The whole lot started up, and fell upon me. I have a great dislike to being kissed, but what was I to do? Mrs. Zink, a stout lady, rising fifty, the wife of a professional man living in the town, was the only married lady present. She offered to chaperone me up-stairs, and Alfred thanked her.

It was a very poor, old-fashioned house, containing five rooms, beside the kitchen, which was built at the back. The ceilings were miserably low; I could touch their beams with my hand. There were two parlours, one on either side the door, two bedrooms over, mine and Alfred's, and one room above, in what I should have called the roof, but which I there heard styled the "cock-loft."

"What a many bonnets!" I exclaimed, when I came in view of my bed.

"My dear Miss Halliwell," said Mrs. Zink (it struck me as being the oddest name!), "I hope you will excuse it. We have been in the habit of putting our things here on the Tuesday afternoons, and although the room was made up for you, we did the same to-day. Indeed, there was no other place. The second parlour has got the tea laid out in it, and of course the young ladies would rather be skinned than invade the privacy of the vicar's bedroom. Did you wonder at seeing so many here, all at work?"

"A little, at first," I answered.

"Ah! your dear brother has had the labour of a horse before him. The parish was in the most neglected state when he came to it, religion and morality were not thought of amongst the poor, and the children were a race of heathens. What Mr. Halliwell would have done without us, I don't know. We have organised everything for him: schools and book-clubs, and visiting-district-ladies, and coal-and-provident meetings, and sewing-for-the-poor societies, and all else requisite, so that he really has no trouble, except his Sunday duties."

"But—pardon me—if the lady-parishioners are so very kind as to accomplish this good, of themselves, why could they not have done it in the time of the last vicar, or at least have prevented things getting so bad?"

"My dear Miss Halliwell, there must be a head: your brother is referred to on all occasions. In any little doubt or difficulty we fly to him, and indeed we never like to hold a meeting unless he is present. Now Mr. Clarke, the last vicar (a very good old soul, in the abstract), was as deaf as a post and a martyr to the rheumatism. There would have been no satisfaction in working for him. For the last five years of his life he

had to be dragged into the church by Betty and the beadle, and did all the duty from the reading-desk."

"Is my brother liked here?" I ventured to inquire.

"Liked! he is adored," returned Mrs. Zink. "And the greatest pleasure we enjoy is the looking after his domestic comforts. He seems to have as much notion of management, as the curate at the other church has of preaching."

"He was always deficient in that sort of usefulness," I said. "I think clergymen frequently are."

"Ah, poor things!" aspirated Mrs. Zink, "these inexperienced saints of clergymen are like doves, pecked at by every raven that comes near them in the shape of tradespeople and servants. And they fall into snares so unsuspectingly! Would you believe that your brother was actually going to retain the late vicar's female servant?"

"Indeed!" I answered, not quite knowing what I might be expected to say.

"To be sure she is no beauty, and she is turned five-and-forty," went on Mrs. Zink. "It is Betty, the woman who opened the door for you, the sexton's sister. He could not understand why she would not do for him as well as for the late vicar. But I, and Mrs. Farley, and Mrs. Dewisson, and Mrs. Hook, and a few more, stepped privately up here, and pointed out to Mr. Halliwell that there was a wide difference between old Clarke, going on for eighty and no teeth, and a handsome young man like himself. There certainly *might* not have been any scandal talked in the parish, and I never shall forget the unsuspicious young vicar's astonished looks at our hinting that it was possible, but we told him that it was better to steer wide and clear, and give it a distant berth. So, until now, nobody has lived in the house with him but the sexton's son Jim, an extremely handy young man of one-and-twenty."

"Then has my brother no maid-servant?" I inquired, wondering when Mrs. Zink's communications would stop.

"He has taken her on now, in expectation of your arrival: she came in yesterday. A sight of dirt she has just told me she found to clean up in the house, especially in Jim's bedroom in the cock-loft."

"I fear it must have been rather awkward for both my brother and the young man to contrive for themselves, without a woman-servant," I exclaimed, not agreeing, in the least, with the nonsense she had been talking.

"We have all been proud to do what we could for our dear pastor. When he is dining at home, we send him in some little dainty—a custard pudding, or a plate of macaroni, or some raspberry cream—for Jim's skill in cooking only extends to chops and potatoes. But it is but rarely he put's Jim's cooking to the test; he is constantly invited out, to one parishioner's or another; they quarrel who shall have him. I secured him for the Sunday," added Mrs. Zink, triumphantly. "I knew how it would be, the instant I set eyes on him—that every soul would be wanting to snap him up. So I made hay while the sun shone, and engaged him for every Sunday in the year, all the fifty-two, for dinner and tea. Now, Fanny! what do you want?"

A pleasant-looking girl had entered, humming a tune. She was Mrs. Zink in miniature, very garrulous and positive.

"Tea is ready, mamma: and Mr. Halliwell says will you make it?"

Mrs. Zink turned to me. "We are having tea early, but it refreshes us. Shall I preside for you this evening, or would you prefer——"

"Oh, if you please," I interrupted, "I would much rather you did it. They are all strange to me."

"Then I'll go on. Fanny, have you finished that pinafore?"

"No, mamma," answered Fanny, with a gesture of impatience. "I have turned it over to Matilda: she will do that and her own work too."

"The most easy job I could find, all straight sewing, and you give it up!" cried Mrs. Zink, angrily. "I don't know what's to become of you, Fanny. It is a blessing that Matilda is domesticated and industrious!"

"Is she, though!" ejaculated Miss Fanny Zink, in a whisper, nodding her head after her mother, as the latter went down stairs. "Do you like plain sewing, Miss Halliwell?"

"I like it very well," I replied, "and I often have a good deal to do."

"Well, I would as lieve be put in the pillory. Mamma brings me here on the Tuesday afternoons, and I enjoy coming, myself, for the fun of it, but I don't do a stitch more than I can avoid. I call it a most detestable mania that they have got up, since the new vicar came."

"If you so much dislike work, you should leave it for those who are fond of it."

"None of them are. It's all put on. And if it were not for—something—they would not do any. Look at Matilda: she would not touch a needle at home, if she were paid, though she does come here and sit, nose to knees, for hours without stirring. I can't, so it's of no use pretending."

I had made myself tidy by this time, and we went down to the parlour. Not the one where the sewing was. Such a handsome tea was set out, Mrs. Zink presiding. The cups and saucers were blue and gold, and a small fringed damask napkin was on each lady's plate. Bread-and-butter, rolls, biscuits, watercress, radishes, marmalade, potted tongue, damson cheese, and a pint jug of cream! If Alfred had thought to provide the one-half of this, his housekeeping talents must have wonderfully improved.

What we seemed to want most was room. And how the chairs for eighteen were stowed into that little parlour was a mystery. Not many could sit round the table: the rest put their chairs where they could, face to face or back to back, as they would go in, and held their plates on their laps. When Betty or Jim came in with the fresh supplies of hot water, we took it in at the door, for there was no further getting inside. I thought Jim seemed to enjoy the party as much as we did; there was a good-humoured grin on his face which never left it. He was a simple-minded young man, very anxious to please, and in bodily fear of his aunt Betty. But to see the attentions the ladies lavished upon Alfred! "Mr. Halliwell, let me give you a little marmalade! I know it is good, for I made it with my own hands." "Oh, Mr. Halliwell, allow me to spread it for you!" "Dear Mr. Halliwell, do taste the potted tongue! Now I superintended it myself, and there's just the flavour of spice you like!" "Mr. Halliwell, I am peeling this radish for you, and you must eat it. I will answer for their being fresh, for I pulled them out of our own garden." "Just look, Mr. Halliwell, what a

beautiful piece of damson cheese! I have cut it for you. Mamma prides herself upon her damson cheese, and I always assist with it." "My dear, good Mr. Halliwell, I beg your pardon! I did not perceive your cup was empty. Permit me to pass it." And this kept on all tea, so that by the time it was over, Alfred, who was naturally diffident, had got a face as red as the radishes.

They got to the sewing again afterwards, and left about eight o'clock, Alfred going with them. I then went into the kitchen and asked Betty for a candle, thinking I would have a look round my brother's bedroom and see if things were comfortable for him.

My goodness! I never saw such a room. The state it was in would have turned my mother crazy. She used to reproach Alfred with never keeping his drawers straight: she should have seen these, outside and in.

"Ah, miss, you may well stare," said Betty, who had followed me. "When I first see this room yesterday, I heaved up my hands and eyes. And when I spoke to master about it, he looked round as if he see it then for the first time. But he did say that he never could find his things when he wanted them. Wouldn't I like to have the shaking of that Jim!"

"My brother never does see anything but his books and pens. What are all these rabbled up here?"

"Clean shirts which have got the buttons off," responded Betty. "It have been master's plan, I hear, when he have put on a shirt and found a button gone, to tug it off again and cram it anyways into the drawers, or toss it on the top, so that I b'lieve now he have not got above a couple of shirts to wear. As if that Jim could not have folded them up after him: and sewed the buttons on too, if he liked, the proud monkey! Them are stockings, miss, and they have not got no fellows that I can see, and there ain't one in the whole stock but have got nine or ten holes in it as big as half-a-crown."

"They will never mend!" I exclaimed, looking at stocking after stocking in dismay.

"Not to much account," answered Betty. "Mr. Jim ought to be made to pay for new ones. He might have bought some darning-cotton and a needle, and caught up the holes, not have let 'em go on to this. I took a pair down yesterday, after master went out to dinner at five, and when he come home at half after ten I hadn't got through the first. And oh, miss! you should have seen Jim's room in the cock-loft. He had been a cutting up of wood in it, and never cleared up the chips, and drops of tallow was splashed on the boards, and a hole burnt out of one corner of the sheet. I'd put Master Jim in a press-gang for two months and make him work, if I had my will."

"Where did this come from?" I exclaimed, espying a handsome white satin pincushion on Alfred's dressing-table. "And what pretty scent-bottles!"

"They come from one or another of 'em," replied Betty. "I dare say Jim knows which: it have been as good as a theatre-play to him."

"From one or another of what?" I asked, not understanding.

"From the young ladies what's after master. The house is full of their presents. You just wait till to-morrow morning, miss, you'll see something then. Why, miss, there ain't one of that sixteen what was

here to-night but is ready to rush into his arms, whether he'll open them or not. All them niceties you saw on the table for tea was brought here by one or t'other: pretending to master that they had made the jams and things themselves, that he might get thinking what a useful wife they'd make him. The cups and saucers was lent by Mrs. Zink—she's a deep one, she is—and them fringed cloths on the plates was give by Mrs. Dove. When they first got up these sewing parties, they held 'em at their own houses by turns. And what made 'em propose to hold 'em at the vicarage? Why, because master should be present, for that's all they care for, not for the sewing or the poor, and they couldn't for shame ask him out to a stitching-meeting. The mothers be more cunning than the daughters, and that's a fact: I wonder master ain't druv clean off his head with the two. Here comes master! he is soon home to-night."

I went out of the room with Betty, leaving it as it was, till morning. "Where do you sleep?" I asked her.

"Up there, miss. In the cock-loft."

"I thought that was Jim's room."

"Jim left when I came in, miss. He is to come of a day to fetch and carry messages. The notes master has to send the ladies, in answer to thein, is enough to exercise Jim's legs."

What in the world had come to the parlour when I got into it the next morning? I went to draw forward a chair, and found its back decorated off with a white netted covering. I turned to take another; that was also decorated, as were all the six, and the ends of the little sofa, and the two stools, which were not of common horsehair, like the rest of the furniture, but elegant pieces of embroidery in floss silks. I had never met with these white things before: they have become universal since, but I do believe Chelson gave rise to the fashion: and I did not see them anywhere else for years afterwards.

"I knew you would be dazed, miss," cried Betty, in triumph. "I had got 'em in the wash-tub yesterday. They was pretty black when I came, for this room smokes like anything, and I sat up to dry and finish 'em after you went to bed."

"What do you call them? What are they for?"

"Well, miss, they ain't of no use, they are for ornament: they gets tumbled, and they gets on the floor, and the cotton fluff from 'em gets on the gentlemen's clothes. I calls 'em chair-sacks, but that ain't the quality name. There's a set for master's bedroom, and Jim did hear, miss," added Betty, dropping her voice to a mysterious whisper, "that the ladies was a consulting whether they might not do some to put on the pulpit cushions."

They gave a light, pretty appearance to the low dark room and its plain furniture. "How gay you are, Alfred!" I said, when he appeared.

"Gay! Oh, with these anti-macassars. A senseless name for them, making out that we all use hair oil."

"Who made them?"

"Miss—let me see—Miss Dewisson, I think it was, made this set."

"Betty says there are some for your bedroom."

"Yes. Emma Farley made those. You had better put them in yours. I have not used them."

"And who worked you these footstools, Alfred?"

"Oh, that was a joint-stock affair, I believe. Five or six joined and presented them."

We were inundated that day with callers, so that we could hardly snatch our early dinner. They came to see me, the visitors said, and I expressed myself gratified, but I think it was more to see Alfred. One of them, a Miss Butler, who came with her aunt, left in Alfred's hands a thin parcel of tissue paper, expressing a hope that he would find the contents useful. He opened it when she was gone.

"Look here, Hester! Do you think I can wear these?"

It was a pair of fine bands, hem-stitched and trimmed round with a sort of lace, very narrow, the work of the hand.

"Of course you cannot wear them," I replied, in astonishment. "I never heard of any but plain bands being worn. What possesses all the ladies you have got amongst?"

Alfred laughed. "I never in my life met with so good-natured a set as these Chelson people. Hester, I do think I might wear these: I do not like to appear ungrateful."

"You cannot wear the bands," I peremptorily said. "Don't talk nonsense. I wish my mother had come here, instead of me."

"Why so?"

"Because, Alfred, you are running into danger, and need warning counsel. My opinion is, that when a parcel of women can beset a clergyman, because he happens to be unmarried, as these Chelson people, old and young, are besetting you, they possess neither judgment nor modesty: and I am sure they have no religion."

"Hester, I strive to do what is right; to adhere to the line of duty."

"I believe you wish to do so, Alfred. But they are rendering it difficult."

On the following Sunday morning, as I was passing up the stairs to get ready for church, Alfred's door stood open, and I espied these identical bands laid out on his dressing-table, side by side with a pair of plain ones. I felt grievously vexed, for it convinced me Alfred was debating with himself whether he should wear them. I darted in and seized them, on the spur of the moment, flew quietly down the stairs, popped them into Betty's kitchen fire, and flew back again. Presently he came up and went into his chamber: he had been preparing the bread for the Sacrament, for it was the first Sunday in June.

"Hester," he called out, "have you got those bands of Miss Butler's?"

"I got them!" I answered, frightened to death, "what should bring me with them? It is more than half-past ten, Alfred. Make haste."

"Did you think the wind was very high this morning?" he presently cried out again.

I sat down to laugh, and thought I should have choked. Alfred's idea was that they had blown out of the window! "Oh, very high," I responded, when I could speak. "Don't you see the poplars blowing about?"

He said no more, and we went to church, Alfred of course in the plain bands. It was very full: in the late vicar's time the pews used to be empty: but Alfred (to go to no less legitimate considerations) was a superior reader, and preached practical, excellent sermons. I was surprised to see so many young ladies stop to the Sacrament. I think every one in the church stayed, and it struck me I had never seen so many young communicants before.

But when I drew near the table and saw what was on it, my heart stood still, and a film gathered before my sight. How they must have perverted my brother! He had got a couple of lace handkerchiefs there! he had indeed. One over the chalice, the other over a plate which must have contained the bread, or the alms just collected, I did not know which. He might *call* them napkins of fair white linen, but they were neither more nor less than worked handkerchiefs; the middle, of silky, transparent cambric; and the border, four inches broad, of beautiful lace-work. I hung down my head to hide the tears which I could not help.

Since then I have seen the same display in a metropolitan church, and they were also given to the bachelor rector by some ladies of his flock. It may be, these are not uncommon instances; it may be, no fault is seen in the custom; but I know those pieces of lace-work struck upon my heart, that day at Chelson, as being essentially wrong, applied to such a purpose. It was impossible not to have the eye diverted by the beauty of the embroidery: it was next to impossible to keep the mind from reverting to the motives which had induced the labour and the present to the young clergyman. They might make anti-macassars by the score, if they pleased, to decorate his chairs, but when it came to the Lord's table—oh, Alfred! Alfred!

"Who worked—*those*?" I asked, as we were walking home across the churchyard.

"Augusta Dove." He knew well, you see, to what I alluded. "That young lady in blue, two pews to the left of you."

"Alfred, it is shameful; they ought not to be displayed there."

"I thought they ought not, at first. But the ladies were so pertinaacious over it, persuading me there could be no possible harm in an innocent piece of industry. So I yielded."

"I wonder where this will end? It seems to me that you run, blind-fold, to meet them half way."

Perhaps my brother's conscience struck him, for he remained silent. He probably felt that he had fallen irrevocably into the meshes of the Chelson maids and matrons, and was powerless to extricate himself.

II.

THERE seemed to be no end of work in the parish; more, certainly, than there need have been, to bring forward so little result. A treat was in agitation for the Sunday-school children, and if there was one meeting held to consult about it, there were a dozen; Alfred in the chair, and the ladies round. Meanwhile, we were invited to a grand evening party at Mrs. Zink's. But when the evening came, and seven o'clock struck, I had to go alone, for Alfred had been fetched out to a sick parishioner.

They were up in arms when I entered by myself, all the room. Oh, where was Mr. Halliwell? What was the matter? Was Mr. Halliwell not coming?

"Who is he called to?" asked Mrs. Hook, when I explained.

"Sally Davis, I think Jim said."

"There! that old creature is always being taken ill!" uttered Mrs. Zink. "Do you remember at the Jones's party in the Christmas week, when we were all so comfortable, dancing a quiet quadrille on the carpet, there came a message from Sally Davis that she feared she should not live till morning, and dear Mr. Halliwell was forced to go to Back-lane, through all the cold, in his thin shoes? She is never contented but when she is having prayers read to her. They ought to put her in the workhouse."

"I hope my brother will never feel his duties irksome," I ventured to observe.

Just then a young gentleman swung himself into the room with a discontented air, and dropped into a vacant chair next me. "I say," he whispered in my ear, a minute afterwards, "is not this precious slow?"

"Do you think so?" I politely replied.

"What has taken the parson that he is not here yet? Do you know?"

"Mr. Halliwell has been called out to some one who is ill. He may not be able to come at all."

"My! you don't mean that! Won't they be savage! That serves ma right, for not letting me go boating. Because some of us fellows upset a skiff, the other day, and got a ducking, she swore I should never go near the water again. We had made up such a jolly rowing party for this evening, and when I was stealing off to it, she pounced upon me in the hall, and we had a regular shindy. I told her I would go, so she laid hold of me and hallooed out for the governor, who came from the office and put in his spoke, and they made me dress and come in here."

"Are you Master Zink?"

"I am Mister Zink, if you please," returned the young gentleman. "When a fellow's going on for seventeen, I should think that's old enough to be Mister. I say, though, isn't it a game, about the parson? They have been mad over this blow-out: trying on dresses, figuring off before the glass, practising songs: all for him. And now he doesn't show. By Jove! if it's not good! There's more fuss made with that parson than with all Chelson."

"Who is that?" I asked, thinking it might be well to turn the conversation, and directing his attention to a quiet-looking girl in lilac muslin.

"That! That's Mab."

"Who, sir?"

"Mabel Zink, my sister. The missis" (Mister Zink's familiar name for his mother, I found) "keeps her in the background till Mat and Fan are got off. I say, how old should you think Mat is?"

"I heard your mamma say that Miss Zink was turned twenty."

"And a jolly long turn too. She was twenty-seven last birthday, and Fan's going on for twenty-five. Why, Mabel's twenty!"

"But don't you think we might talk about something else?" I interrupted. "Your sisters may not like to have their ages discussed."

"They can lump it. Mat and Fan magged out as loud as the missis against my going boating, but I said if they made me come in here, I'd spoil sport. They fight and scratch each other, after the new parson: metaphorically, you know, but they'd like to do it in earnest, if it could be kept from his ears. The missis favours Matilda, because she's the eldest, and it is her turn to go off first, but he may have the pick of the two, I can tell you."

"Are you fond of singing?" I asked, thinking that might divert the young gentleman.

"Yes I am, over the left," retorted Mister Zink. "I get rather too much of it for that. Mat and Fan are squalling against time from morning till night, since they found out the parson had a voice. I told them to-day that if they thought to hook him by noise, they might find themselves in the wrong box, for which I had to make a bolt. I wish he had never come near the place, I do."

"I am sorry he should be so unfortunate as to have displeased you."

"It is so nagging, you see," proceeded Mister Zink. "A fellow was left free as a hare, before, but deuce a bit of that, now. One hallooos out, 'Tray, go and change those dirty boots: Mr. Halliwell's coming to tea.' Then the other screams, 'Tray, for goodness' sake go and make yourself decent! what an object you are! your head's like a mop! we expect Mr. Halliwell every minute.' Last night we had a sharp quarrel over it. I wanted Tom Fisher in! they said rude chaps like Tom Fisher were not society for the parson, and wouldn't let him come. So I walked myself out, and never came in till half-past eleven, and got a rowing from the missis and the governor. And one dare not leave as much as a flea in the drawing-room. I put a fishing-rod in the corner the other day, and they squealed after me as if it had been a serpent: 'Now, Tray, don't bring those things here! we can't have this room made into a litter, Mr. Halliwell may be calling.' I thought a parson was a peaceable man. I should be ashamed, if I were one, to cause the rumpus in a house that he does in this."

"But really it appears to me that the 'rumpus' is not his fault."

"Well, I know I'm sick of it, and I wish he would marry one of the girls and put a stop to all the humbugging. I shouldn't care whether it was one of my sisters or anybody else's—though precious glad I should be for those two eldest to cut it out of here. Shall you try for him now you are come?"

He put the question so quaintly (in a joke, as I supposed) that I could not avoid laughing.

"If you don't, you'll be an exception to everybody here. I'm sick of the idiots. I think Mab's making up to him, on the sly. There's the same row going on in the other houses, over him, as there is in this. Have you not twigged it at Mother Farley's?"

"I have not been to Mrs. Farley's yet," I answered.

"Not been—why, who do you mean to say you are, if you are not living there? Arn't you the little Farleys' new governess?"

"No, I am Mr. Halliwell's sister: staying at the vicarage."

"Oh, my eye!" exclaimed the young gentleman, staring at me with a blank look of amazement. "Well, I have put my foot into it! I'll make myself scarce. Not that I care, ma'am, if you do tell the parson," he added, coming back again after springing from his seat. "The missis and the girls will believe me for another time, that when I say I'll spoil sport, I mean to do it."

He crossed the room to his sister Mabel, telling her, no doubt, of his mistake, and what had transpired, for, as he whispered, the girl's cheek turned crimson, and she glanced her eyes at me. Presently he commenced to drag her across the room towards me.

"Now, Tracy! now, Mabel!" exclaimed Mrs. Zink, "what are you about?"

For answer, Master Tracy pushed his sister into the seat he had vacated by me, and in the bustle of this Alfred came in. He was rapturously received, and requested to "sit here" and "sit there," but he drew a chair near to us.

"How is it you never come to the working parties?" asked Alfred of Mabel.

She blushed so prettily, indeed she seemed to do nothing else but blush, and looked at him with her shy eyes. "Mamma thinks Matilda and Fanny enough to go—that I should only be in the way. And perhaps she is right, for I do not like work."

"You are very different from every one else in Chelsea," returned Alfred. "They like nothing so well."

"I like fancy work," said Mabel.

"And music?" I asked.

"Oh yes, and music. I like that better than anything. I wanted to make acquaintance with you before, Miss Halliwell, but they would not give me the opportunity. I wish you would invite me to spend an evening all alone with you at the vicarage. Mamma and my sisters will never bring me of their own accord."

"Come to-morrow evening," interrupted Alfred.

"Oh, if I might!" she uttered, clasping her hands with the prettiest expression of helplessness. "If you could but get leave for me, Miss Halliwell!"

We had some music after tea. Nearly every one in the room sang except myself and Mabel. I could not, and she was not asked. I got permission for her to come the following evening. Mrs. Zink was inclined to substitute Matilda, but I pressed especially for Mabel.

Accordingly, the next afternoon Mabel came to the vicarage. I thought her a very nice girl, such simple, winning manners. We got her to sing, though we had no instrument, and I was truly astonished when I heard her voice. It was of rare quality, and had been well trained.

"The school-treat is arranged at last," Alfred remarked, in the course of the evening. "It is to be next Monday, in Clebbery Ground. The children will enjoy themselves in the open air so much more than in the confined schoolroom. Clebbery——"

"Do not tell me about it," interrupted Mabel, in an earnest, almost impassioned tone. "It will only make me long to go."

"But you will go, will you not?" said Alfred.

Mabel shook her head. "I am not allowed to go out with Matilda and Fanny. It is hard to be put aside for them always, and I feel it."

She raised her charming blue eyes to Alfred for one moment, and when they dropped, their eyelashes were glistening with tears.

At eight o'clock a servant arrived for Miss Mabel. When she was ready, Alfred said he would walk with her.

"Oh no, indeed, thank you, Mr. Halliwell," she returned, colouring crimson, "pray do not think of taking me."

"Why not?" asked Alfred.

"If it were any one but me—of course—but they will say I have no right to monopolise your time, or to give you trouble."

Alfred laughed, drew Mabel's arm through his, and I watched them along the churchyard, the maid following.

The next Monday rose delightfully, and amongst the many faces assembled in the schoolroom, ready for the departure to Clebbery Ground (a rural spot for pic-nics, at a convenient distance from Chelson), was Mabel Zink's.

"Oh, thank you!" she whispered, coming up to me, "it is all owing to your message that I am here. Mr. Halliwell gave it to mamma, so she could not do otherwise than let me come."

I did not remember sending any message, but I thought it very kind of Alfred to beg for Mabel.

The younger children went in a large covered waggon, with the provisions; the elder walked; as did all the visitors, such a many of us! We got there at twelve, amused ourselves for an hour or two, and then had dinner. Afterwards we dispersed, some to one part of the grounds, some to another. Mrs. Zink took her station in a grotto, and went to sleep, I sat on the felled stump of a tree outside it, and my memory wandered back to bygone years: years that for me never would return. Suddenly we were both startled: Mrs. Zink out of her sleep, and I out of my waking dreams, for Miss Zink came flying up in a state of excitement, darted into the grotto, sank down on the seat by her mother, and went into screaming hysterics.

"What in the name of fortune is it?" cried Mrs. Zink. "What has come to you, Matilda?"

Miss Zink made no answer, but shrieked and kicked so violently, that Mrs. Zink seized her head, and I caught hold of her feet.

"Have you been stung by anything?" questioned the wondering Mrs. Zink.

"Yes, that's it," screamed Matilda.

"Whereabouts? Was it a wasp?"

"It was a man."

"A man! Good patience, Matilda! whatever can you mean?"

"A man, and a sister," persisted Miss Zink. "Oh, the wickedness! oh, the treachery!"

"Has Fanny done anything?"

"Fanny! I wish it had been. It is that sly, smooth Mabel. I told you not to let her come. I went into that opening, by the beeches, and there" (shriek!) "I caught them together, making love." (Shriek, shriek!)

"He was kissing her" (shriek, shriek, shriek!), "he was, mother, as true as we are here!" (Shriek, shriek, shriek, shriek!)

"I'll lock Mabel up, my dear, as soon as we get her home. Who was kissing her? Mr. Spriggs?"

"Not that stupid Simon!—*he* never kisses anybody. It was Mr. Halliwell. Somebody ought to write to his bishop."

Mrs. Zink screamed, in echo of her daughter, and I was so petrified that I let go Miss Zink's feet.

"I never heard of anything so demoralising as for a parson to kiss," sobbed Miss Matilda. "I wonder where he learnt it? Not in the Commandments. He had got his arm round her and his face glued to hers. Emma Farley and Augusta Dove saw it as well. Of course he will never attempt to face us from the pulpit again! He must buy a mask."

"I don't believe it," cried Mrs. Zink, who had been collecting her scattered senses. "You must have seen double, Matilda."

"We saw single enough," replied the young lady, roughly. "After everything we have done for him! run and reved ourselves to death, over disgusting parish business—contaminated our fingers, sewing for those beastly grubs of charity children—had him to our house at all hours and all meals—learnt new songs for him—worn new dresses for him—and to be served in this treacherous way! to be despised and deserted for that little wretch of a Mabel!"

With the last words Miss Zink recommenced the dance of her legs. I thought I would leave the grotto, and was gliding from it, when I saw my brother with Mabel on his arm.

"Hester," he sang out, "do you happen to know where Mrs. Zink is?"

"She is here."

"Don't come in!" screamed Miss Matilda, as they appeared at the entrance—"don't contaminate us with your presence. Oh, you false—thieves!"

I do not remember all that passed, but I know Alfred said that Mabel had promised to be his wife, if her father and mother had no objection. It was Miss Matilda, he intimated, who had caused him to speak so soon: otherwise he should not have entered upon it till the following day at their own home.

To describe the discomfiture of the pic-nic party when the news spread, is beyond me. Could they have shaken Alfred in a bag, it might have relieved their feelings, in a measure; but to shake Mabel to the bottom of the sea, and leave her there, would have relieved them more effectually. Mrs. Zink alone was composed: when her disappointment about Matilda went off, she was in a quiet glow of triumph.

"It is the most unsuitable wife your brother could have chosen," said Mrs. Rice, seizing on me, and speaking in a confidential tone, "and I am not actuated by *their* motives in saying so, for my girls are all under ten. Mabel Zink ought to marry a rich man who could keep her in idleness, for she is an incapable do-nothing, and she will never be anything else. He had better have taken Matilda."

"Mabel is young," I rejoined.

"Quite old enough to have distanced the others in the race," quoth Mrs. Rice, significantly. "She laid her plans deeper than any of them, and she has won the prize."

"Mabel Zink never strove to win Alfred!" I exclaimed.

"So you may think," answered Mrs. Rice. "I have seen a good deal, living, as I do, next door to the Zinks, and always running in and out. Mabel was kept back by her mother, but she put herself forward. She would steal an interview with your brother in the hall, and chatter to him; she would meet him out of doors; in fact, they were always meeting, and she would put on her pretended-shy, attractive, modest ways. I heard her invite herself to your house that evening, and saw through it. Not a young lady in Chelson has laboured more insidiously to catch him than has Mabel Zink."

These words troubled me very much, but I said I hoped she would make my brother a good wife.

"Not in the prudent sense of the word," observed Mrs. Rice. "Mabel can spend money, but she has no idea of saving it by domestic management. Why, she could not iron a pocket-handkerchief, or hardly hem one. And she will have no fortune: it is well known that old Zink lives up to his income, some say beyond it. Rely upon it, this is the worst day's work she and your brother ever did. To fix on each other is to prepare for struggles and poverty."

Mrs. Rice left me, and Mabel ran up to say they were preparing to go home. An impulse I could not restrain urged me to speak to her. "My dear Mabel," I said, "I fear you and my brother ought not to think of marrying, at least yet. Do you know how very small his living is?"

"Two or three hundred a year."

"Two or three hundred a year!" I echoed, breathlessly. "Wherever can you have received so false an estimate of his income? They call it 170*l.*, but there are outgoings, and it does not bring him in more than 150*l.*, all included."

"Oh, that's lots!" cried Mabel. "A hundred and fifty! it is more than we can spend. And there's the house as well."

"You do not know the value and uses of money. You——"

"Yes I do," interrupted Mabel. "Mamma allows me fifteen pounds a year for my clothes, and I have to eke it out by all sorts of contrivances."

"Dear Mabel, there are expenses in a married life you little foresee or think of, and they come on very soon. Pray believe that I am full of love both to you and Alfred, when I suggest that you should reconsider matters and look to consequences."

"It will be quite fun to economise. I shall like it. As good as our gipsy party here to-day."

"No, Mabel, it will not be fun. You will find that you have plunged yourselves into difficulty and trial."

The nearest approach to a pout or frown that Mabel Zink had ever suffered me to see on her face it wore then. "You are dissatisfied with me: you wish he had chosen Emma Farley, or Polly Hook, or perhaps Matilda! You detest me for winning him, and don't like me at all."

"My dear Mabel, the very fact of my speaking thus to you proves that I like and esteem you; otherwise my remonstrance would have been made to Alfred. I only ask you to reflect, to deliberate, and I urge it for your sake rather than for his; for in a home of poverty the daily crosses and privations fall more heavily upon the wife than the husband."

"There's nothing to deliberate upon," was Mabel's impatient answer as she ran from me. "Mr. Halliwell's living is plenty to begin upon, and he is sure to get a better in time. St. Paul's is worth 1400*l.* a year."

"Good night, Miss Halliwell," said Mrs. Hook to me, in a supercilious tone, as we gained the town and halted at her door. "A pleasant day we have had! Excuse me," she continued, lowering her voice to a whisper, "but if ever there was a Tom Noodle in this world—and he must forgive my saying it—it is your brother, for being taken in by that sly cat of a Mabel Zink."

"I wish you a good evening, ma'am," stiffly said Mrs. Dewisson, as we came in turn to her door, while her daughter offered me only one finger to shake; "present my compliments to your brother, and say I wish him joy of his bargain. And I wish Miss Matilda well through her disappointment, for she had set her whole heart and mind upon him. I hope she won't get brain fever."

"The same to you," was the cool reply, when I afterwards said good night to Mrs. Farley. "If everybody was of my mind, Miss Halliwell, they would bring a general action against your brother for breach of promise, and I shall not hesitate, to-morrow, to avow my opinion publicly. What business had he to accept all the presents and the anti-macassars, if he knew he had got his eye on that deceitful, die-away Mabel Zink? It would be dishonourable conduct in any man, but it is positive dishonesty in a clergyman."

Before dinner-time the following day, notes had arrived from three-and-twenty ladies—they begged to resign all future aid or participation in parish business. In drawing the ink towards him to write the answers, Alfred spilled some over one of the white chair-coverings. "It is nothing," said he, in his dreamy way.

"Put this into cold water, Betty," I exclaimed, running with it into the kitchen. "You must be careful of these, Alfred," I said, when I returned: "you will get no more of them, or of anything else."

"No!" answered he; but there was a quiet smile on his face, as if he had been more awake to the by-play carried on than had been generally thought.

"No. When a clergyman makes known to his congregation that he has chosen a wife, you may rest assured that he will be troubled with no more anti-macassars."

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.*

DENSELY populated, with a fine climate, cultivation carried to its extreme, untold mineral wealth, great resources, and a position and outline of coasts favourable to commerce, few countries, owing to the selfish and foolish system of exclusiveness so pertinaciously upheld, are so little known as the islands and empire of Japan, called by the natives Hifon or Nifon, and by the Chinese Yang-hoo. Although the Portuguese, and after them the Dutch, have had settlements on the coast for now more than three centuries, and the British have made repeated unsuccessful attempts to open trade with these sullen insulars, the system of seclusion has been so doggedly persevered in, that even to the present day little more is known of the interior than what is contained in the pages of Langsdorff, Broughton, Thunberg, the Jesuit Charlevoix, Titsingh, Siebold, and a few others.

The Americans have certainly done their best to remedy such a state of things. Ever since the Pacific has been opened to that enterprising people by the possession of the western sea-board, she, in common with Russia and Great Britain, has foreseen that the Pacific Ocean is destined to become the theatre of immense commercial undertakings. Previous to the occupation of California and Oregon, the Americans were, like the Russians, shut out by their local position from easy access to that great ocean, and when the latter advanced to the coast, Russia felt still more strongly the necessity of strengthening her position in the East. With such harbours on the Pacific as Japan could give her, Russia could entertain hopes of controlling, to a certain extent, both American and British progress in these seas. America had many other grounds for action. Her shipping engaged in the fisheries in the neighbouring seas has undergone a very considerable development, and the ships' crews were being constantly exposed to the most infamous treatment at the hands of these inhospitable islanders. It was high time that such inhuman practices should be put a stop to for the benefit of the whole world. It was a great point also to open a commercial and friendly link between Oregon and China, and the countries beyond. Thus, state policy, as well as commercial interests and the cause of humanity, were all combined in a movement which was watched by foreign powers with the greatest interest.

The fact of the expedition being about to be equipped was indeed known and discussed throughout Europe for upwards of a year before it left the American shores. Russia set to work at once to increase her naval armament in the waters of Japan. An unusually large naval force was collected in the vicinity to await the expected visit of Commodore Perry. The latter cast anchor in the bay of Yedo, the commercial capital

* Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan, performed in the Years 1852, 1853, and 1854, under the command of Commodore M. C. Perry, United States Navy, by order of the Government of the United States. Compiled from the original Notes and Journals of Commodore Perry and his Officers, at his request and under his supervision. By Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D. D. Appleton and Company, New York.

of Japan, on the 8th of July, 1853, and on the 22nd of August, 1853, a Russian squadron, under the command of Admiral Pontiatine, anchored at the European settlement of Nagasaki.

There were not wanting those among the Americans who suspected that, if Commodore Perry should unfortunately fail in his peaceful attempts, and be brought into hostile collision with the Japanese, Russia was on the spot, not to mediate, but to tender to Japan her aid as an ally in the conflict, and, if successful, to avail herself of the moment of confidence quietly to get a foothold in some part of the kingdom, with the intention, at the proper time, of absorbing all!

In opposition to these views, which seem to be as much the reflection of American feelings as the exposition of Russian policy, we are told that in a letter dated November 12th, 1853, the Russian admiral made a distinct proposition of joining his forces to, and entering into full co-operation with, the American squadron. Commodore Perry, not being able to see how the co-operation of Russia could advance the interests of the United States, however it might benefit the objects of the Russian emperor, declined the proposal.

"But whatever were her secret purposes," writes Dr. Hawks, "to promote her own, or throw obstacles in the way of our success, if she had any, one thing is certain, for that success we are not indebted in the slightest degree to Russia, by any direct act of hers to that end. Indirectly, however, she may have furthered the object. We are in possession of very recent information from Japan, tending to show that the imperial government seems to be distrustful of the purposes of Russia. The movements of that nation on the Amur river have been viewed with so much apprehension, that the Emperor some time ago despatched a special agent to discover, if possible, their ulterior purposes. The Japanese have resolved that they will raise an efficient army, and equip a navy, not composed of junks, but of vessels built after the European model. The restrictions on ship-building have been removed, and already, since our treaty was signed, one vessel for commercial purposes has been built and rigged like ours. The Japanese have heard, too, of the war in which Russia is at present (was) engaged. The information produced intense excitement, and it was resolved by the imperial council that treaties similar to that made with the United States should be made with all nations seeking them. This opens Japan to the trade of the world. They knew, too, that the British admiral, Stirling, was seeking the Russian vessels in the neighbourhood of Japan, and they were hence the more willing to make treaties with all, as the means of securing Japan from aggression by any, and of enabling her to preserve, as she wishes, a strict neutrality."

Having shown that the United States expedition derived no immediate advantage from Russia in its negotiations with the Japanese government, it remained to be shown, before American self-complacency could be satisfied, that they also derived none from English or Dutch sources. Admiral Stirling arrived in command of the English squadron at Nagasaki on the 7th of September, 1854, one purpose of his visit being to make a treaty, in which he succeeded. But the English, Dr. Hawks avows, never pretended that they facilitated the negotiations of the Americans; "they may possibly have indirectly derived some benefit from our

success; but we will not undertake to assert that they did. We think that they are more indebted to the Japanese apprehension of Russia's designs, and to the fact of the war in which she is now (was then) engaged, than to anything else. We may, indeed, by having induced the first departure from the long-established rule to exclude all foreigners but the Dutch and Chinese, have made it more easy to commence negotiation, but our aid goes not beyond this accidental assistance."

Our transatlantic friends, whose temperament rarely permits them to relish a joke, retort with almost merited asperity upon some young midddy's account of the Japan treaty. "One of the officers of Admiral Stirling speaks thus of the English treaty in a public communication through the English newspapers: 'The treaty now made with Japan contains nothing about commerce, yet it opens the way and prepares for future negotiation on this important point.' 'It is highly probable that what has been done by Sir James Stirling at Nagasaki, may exceed in durability and value the work done at Yedo by the Americans, although that cost a special mission, and was heralded to the world with a very loud flourish of trumpets indeed.'

"To this pert outbreak of transparent envy, we have only to say we earnestly hope that when a treaty is made which *does* say something 'about commerce,' it may prove both durable and valuable to England; and to add, that we should be sorry to think such flippant impertinence as is here exhibited is a common characteristic of British naval officers. From the brave we look for 'high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy.'"

The Americans have, however, a better revenge than pompous words, in the fact that the British treaty, and most probably the American also, are not worth the paper they were written upon. Captain Bernal Whittingham, in his account of the expedition sent in 1855 to Japan in search of the Russian squadron, describes an interview which took place with the authorities at Nagasaki, to remonstrate against the severity of the restrictions imposed upon British ships of war in a port opened to them by an amicable convention; to show that these restrictions were founded on port regulations at variance with the main purport of the convention; to demand why, at the ports opened to the Americans, and subsequently to us conjointly with them, liberty to land, to buy Japanese manufactures, and to walk about the country was not granted; and whilst at Hakodadi and Simoda such comparative freedom was permitted, at Nagasaki—the port selected by the Japanese and British governments as the point of amicable contact between the two nations—insulting restrictions were placed upon the armed vessels of her Britannic Majesty? Besides being forbidden to fire their guns, and to sound around their vessels, the extreme interference of the Japanese port regulations extended even to a denial of the right of intercommunication between the men of war.* Fish, fruit, and vegetables were also required in larger quantities. To assist in gaining the ends of the conference, seven of her Majesty's vessels were in the harbour, and four other large frigates were expected daily. Yet what were the results? The remonstrance to the effect that the ships were not supplied with such provisions as they required, was met with by the answer—"There is a treaty, made by your admiral, and not to

* The Americans, it will be observed, would very wisely not submit to such restrictions being put upon them.

be altered ; what does it say ?" " In our language the word used is refreshments ; refreshments are water, wood, and vegetables." All that could be said was encountered by, " Wait till the admiral comes." " He knows what is meant by the treaty." " It never was meant that you should land, walk about, buy from the natives, or hold any intercourse with them." " The words used are precise." " The English treaty must be badly translated." " It cannot be altered." " It has only been made a few months." So much for the real value of a treaty which has been heralded with brazen cymbals in opposition of the flourish of Yankee trumpets. It is more than probable that neither treaties are worth discussing, and however inhuman it may appear, the analogy of the Chinese and other similar instances would seem to attest that nothing real will be done with so faithless and so perverse a people till a little gentle coercion shall have been used by Americans, Russians, or English.

The *Mississippi*, with Commodore Perry on board, took its departure from Norfolk, United States, on the 24th of November, 1852, with the intention of touching, in the outward passage, for supplies of coal and refreshments, at Madeira, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, and Singapore. Among his instructions, as given by Mr. Everett, the most important was to secure one or more ports of easy access, and if he (the commodore) found that these could not be obtained in the Japanese islands without resort to force, they must be sought for elsewhere. The commodore had already pointed out that the occupation of the principal ports of the Lew-Chew Islands would be " a measure not only justified by the strictest rules of moral law, but which is also to be considered by the laws of stern necessity." " When we look," he adds, in his last despatch to the Secretary of the Navy, " at the possessions in the East of our great maritime rival, England, and of the constant and rapid increase of their fortified ports, we should be admonished of the necessity of prompt measures on our part." " Fortunately," he further adds, " the Japanese, and many other islands of the Pacific, are still left untouched by this ' annexing' government."

The first point touched at was St. Helena, unfortunately a possession of that obnoxious maritime rival, England; *ergo*, after some justifiable animadversions upon the treatment to which the great Napoleon was subjected on that rock in the ocean by his gaoler martinet, a considerable space is devoted to the discussion of as to how, by an adequate force of armed steamers, the said rock could be made to pass from its present owners into the hands of the Yankees. The Cape, Mauritius, Ceylon, Singapore, Hong-Kong, Canton, Macao, and Shanghai, then led the way to Lew-Chew, where the *Mississippi* was joined by the *Sesquehanna*, and where the harbour of Napha, the capital of the country, was at once surveyed, exploratory excursions were carried out into the interior, and a *pied à terre*, in the shape of a house for the officers, was insisted upon, and ultimately obtained.

The American expedition did little, however, to solve the mystery which envelops these beautiful islands and their interesting inhabitants. Of the latter they tell that either Captain Basil Hall was mistaken, or the national traits have changed since the time of his visit. He represents them as without arms, ignorant even of money, docile, tractable, and honest, scrupulously obedient to their rulers and their laws, and, in fact, as loving one another too well wilfully to harm or wrong each other.

Many of the officers of the squadron went to the island expecting to find these beautiful traits of character; but gradually and painfully undeceived in many particulars, they were constrained to acknowledge that human nature in Lew-Chew is very much the same as it is elsewhere.

On the other hand, as a remarkable example of the paucity of information obtained, we are told that it is a question to what power Lew-Chew belongs. By some it is said to be a dependency of the Prince of Satsuma, of Japan; others suppose it to belong to China. The probabilities, however, are all on the side of dependence, more or less absolute, on Japan, and probably, also, of some qualified subordination to China, as they undoubtedly send tribute to that country. Language, customs, laws, dress, virtues, vices, and commercial intercourse, all are corroborative of such an opinion. Again, when Shang Ta-mu, the regent of Lew-Chew, apologised for want of courtesy in the humble and deprecatory (Dr. Hawks writes depreciatory) language which is the official style of the country, and asserted that the young prince and the queen dowager were fearful and alarmed even to illness by the forcible intrusion of the Americans at the palace of Shui, the doctor comments upon this official document to the effect that, "As to the young prince, the reader will be surprised to learn that there were the strongest reasons in the minds of many for suspecting him to be an imaginary personage. No one believed a syllable of the story about the queen dowager's illness; indeed, there was no evidence to the Americans that there was a queen dowager." We wonder what kind of evidence was wanted. It is not customary to display queens and young princes to the gaze of the vulgar in the East, and still less so in Japan and Lew-Chew. It is surely possible that such a state of things may have been in existence without its being necessary to drag forth a queen dowager and baby prince to gratify the scepticism of the smart Yankees.

Far away out in the Japanese Sea, north-east of Lew-Chew and south-east of Japan, lie the Bonin Islands. These islands, discovered by one Coffin, in 1823, were in 1827 taken formal possession of by Captain Beechey; and who, "with the proverbial modesty and justice," Dr. Hawks writes, "of English surveyors," distinguished them into Parry's group and Bailey's group. Now this Coffin, whose nationality is not mentioned, we are further told, was probably, *from his name*, an American (a relative of Long Tom Coffin, no doubt), and if so, doubtless from Nantucket, and hence the claim of the Americans takes precedence of that of the English.

In 1830, several Europeans were sent by the British consul at the Sandwich Islands to settle in the Bonins, and although an Englishman was acknowledgedly the leader of the expedition, and subsequently the acknowledged head of the party, which also included Americans, a Dane, and a Genoese, the Americans having outlived the Englishman, and since founded a colony there, a claim is also based upon that circumstance, and that although at the time of Commodore Perry's visit there were the same number of English as of American settlers in the new colony.

The object to be obtained by a long disquisition and a correspondence, finally settled by the commodore taking possession of one of the Bailey Islands, lies in the importance of these islands as harbours and depôts for steamers in a line which is propounded by Commodore Perry as a link in a magnificent scheme, which the commodore claims the glory of first

propounding, and as being of the highest importance to the commerce of the United States and of the world. This line would connect California with Shanghai *viâ* the Sandwich and Bonin Islands. The mails from the United States and Europe, by way of Egypt, the Red Sea, and Indian Ocean, arrive regularly at Hong-Kong, almost to a day, "twice a week in each month." (?) From Hong-Kong to Shanghai, five days may be allowed for the passage. To this point the commodore premises the British government would doubtless extend its mail, if it were taken up by the Americans and continued on to California. Shanghai would then be the terminus of the English and the commencement of the American mail; and thus an original letter could be sent west by way of Europe, and its duplicate east, by way of California, the first arriving at Liverpool about the time its duplicate reached New York.

Early on the morning of the 2nd of July, 1853, after many unforeseen delays, the commodore left Napha for Japan with four vessels only, the *Susquehanna*, his flag-ship, the *Mississippi*, the *Saratoga*, and the *Plymouth*, sloops of war. This was but a poor show of ships in comparison with the more imposing squadron of twelve vessels which had been repeatedly promised. All seemed very well satisfied to get away. To use Dr. Hawks's words: "The people of Lew-Chew had not, apparently, been very much won over by the blandishments of their courteous visitors." As the squadron neared the Bay of Yedo, in Japan, the decks were cleared for action, the guns placed in position and shotted, and, in short, all the preparations made usual before meeting an enemy. This, we suppose, was to add to the imposing effect of the squadron, for it does not appear that the government of the United States was actually at war with the two emperors—the emperor spiritual and the emperor temporal—of Nifon. Having pushed on to the town of Uraga, "a mile farther than any foreign vessel had ever advanced," two guns were fired from a neighbouring fort, upon which the order was given to let go anchor. A number of Japanese guard-boats came off at the same time to the ships, but as on previous occasions the natives had been admitted freely on board men-of-war, and no return had been made to their courtesy by allowing the officers or men to go on shore, the Yankees adopted the wise system of exercising an equal degree of exclusiveness with themselves, and no Japanese were allowed on board any ship but the flag-ship, and no more than three persons at one time on that. Notwithstanding this, they attempted to board some of the ships, and were only prevented doing so by cutting their tow-lines and showing pikes, cutlasses, and pistols. The vice-governor of Uraga having been received with an interpreter on board of the *Susquehanna* by Lieutenant Contee, the commodore refusing to confer with any but of the highest rank, intimation was given to the squadron to withdraw to Nagasaki; whereupon it was answered that they had come on purpose to Uraga, because it was near Yedo; that they did not intend to go away till a letter from the President of the United States, addressed to the emperor, had been formally delivered by the commodore; and that in the mean time, if the cordon of boats by which they were surrounded was not immediately removed, they should be dispersed by force. The next day the governor himself came, and was received by Commanders Buchanan and Adams, the commodore persisting in his refusal to receive any one but a councillor of the empire. He merely repeated the same requests that had been made by the vice-

governor, and ultimately consented to seeking for instructions from Yedo, in *three days*, that city being about a couple of hours' steaming from Uraga. After this, a survey of the harbour was effected, in the face of almost openly hostile demonstrations on the part of the Japanese, and the remonstrances of the governor, who said it was against the Japanese laws to allow of such examinations; to which he received the ready reply, that the American laws commanded them, and that the Americans were as much bound to obey the American as he (the governor) was the Japanese laws.

All accounts of negotiations with the Japanese present the same invariable features—a continuous repetition of tergiversation, of duplicity, and of bad faith. The plan adopted by the American commodore is, however, well deserving of imitation by future negotiators. The reply from Yedo—to receive which only three days had been granted—having produced no further results than that a building should be erected on shore for the reception of the commodore and his suite, and a high official personage should be in attendance to receive the letters, but that no answer would be given in the Bay of Yedo, such having to be transmitted to Nagasaki, through the Dutch or Chinese superintendents, the commodore at once signified that he would not go to Nagasaki, that he would not receive any communication through the Dutch or Chinese, and that if the President's letter was not received and duly replied to, he would consider his country insulted, and would not hold himself accountable for the consequences. It may appear to some that nothing but an extreme emergency could justify such threatening language; but we really consider that such a case presented itself in this instance. Nothing but open hostilities can excuse a nation closing its inhospitable ports to the navy of the whole world, tabooing its shores to the unfortunate shipwrecked mariner, and isolating itself in sullen haughtiness and exclusiveness from communion with the rest of mankind. Such arrogant assumptions on the part of individuals may be treated with the contempt they deserve; but on the part of people and their rulers, they should meet with not only the reprobation, but also with those more summary methods of calling them to their senses which it is in the power of civilised nations to adopt. The bad faith of the Japanese, as shown towards ourselves, towards the Russians, and towards the Americans, will inevitably entail chastisement one of these days, and then, like the Chinese, they may find it convenient to pay the damages, and to really open their ports to commercial enterprise.

The difficulties created about the place of negotiation were enhanced by subterfuges about transmitting the copies and the originals of the letters at the same time, and numberless insignificant, but not less annoying questions of etiquette. The letters and credentials were, after all, delivered with ostentatious ceremony to two so-called princes, who preserved “an air of statuesque formality,” and who never spoke a word during the whole proceedings. Every precaution had, at the same time, been adopted by the Americans, so that in case of treachery, “the ships' guns were prepared to send their balls and shells in showers upon all the line of Japanese troops which thronged the shore. Howitzers had also been placed in boats in readiness to be despatched at a moment's notice, in case any trouble should occur on land.” The concession made by the Japanese in receiving the letters at Uraga at all, is, however, emphatically

recorded as a great triumph. "The vigorous grasp of the hand of America, which was proffered in a friendly spirit, but thrust forward with an energy that proved the power to strike, as well as the disposition to embrace, had stirred Japanese isolation into a sensibility of its relationship to the rest of the world. Japan had broken its own code of selfish exclusiveness to obey the universal law of hospitality."

There was, as usual with everything Japanese, a little drawback to this self-congratulation, in the fact that the islanders had intimated that the letter having been received, the Americans could take their departure; This, however, the commodore very properly did not consider it wise to accede to till he had been higher up the bay, in order still further to establish his independence. Upon this occasion he transferred his pennant from the *Susquehanna* to the *Mississippi*, and then proceeded in the last-named vessel to within ten miles of the capital (a sufficient distance, we should fancy, to satisfy the most scrupulous wish for retirement); and the surveying-boats entered a small river, where they were cordially and hospitably entertained by the inhabitants, till some Japanese red-tapists interfered to prevent the contagion of good feelings extending further between the two peoples.

The interval occupied between the delivery of the President's letter to the Emperor of Japan and Commodore Perry's second visit was occupied by securing the *piéd à terre* at Napha, in Lew-Chew, and by transactions of considerable importance in reference to the progress of the insurrection in China. In the mean time, the Japanese had recourse to a most absurd subterfuge to obstruct the American negotiations, and one which had also been tried on with the Russians—they pretended that the emperor was dead,—an event which, according to the laws and customs of Japan, made certain ceremonies of mourning and arrangements for succession to the throne necessary, and the consequent postponement of all consideration of the President's letter for the present. In the face of such lame excuses, and notwithstanding the advanced season of the year, the commodore sailed once more to Yedo Bay, at a time when the distant hills were covered with snow, the rising uplands were bare and desolate, and the surrounding land, robbed of its cheerful summer aspect, looked withered, bleak, and sombre. The return of the American squadron was followed by the same system of vexatious proceedings that attended upon their first visit, and which will never be broken down till more determined steps are taken to bring these obstinate islanders to a proper sense of what is due from one people to another. There were the usual insistances that the squadron should return to Uraga, the forbidding the boat's crew to land, and all kinds of delays and obstructions, till the commodore, setting sail towards Yedo itself, cut the Gordian knot, and the Japanese officials were glad to save the capital from the pollution of the foreigners' presence by granting Yoku-hama, a village directly opposite to where the ships were then anchored, as a place for negotiation.

It was at this village, and in a little house built on purpose, and called Kanawaga, that the negotiations were finally brought to a close, by which Simoda and Hakodadi were conceded as harbours of refuge, and a consul was permitted to reside at the first-mentioned port. During the long delay occasioned by Japanese circumlocution and red-tapism, facilities of intercourse between the inhabitants and their visitors presented themselves, which led to a considerable amount of information

being obtained, which really adds very much to the little that was previously known of their habits and manners. Among other exhibitions witnessed, one was that of Japanese wrestling, in which the actors exhibited unwonted strength and obstinacy. Visits were also made to the ladies, who dye their teeth and use rouge.

Upon leaving Yedo, which is described as being a city of immense size, the squadron proceeded to explore the newly opened harbour of Simoda, where they were permitted to land and to visit the shops and dwellings, the public baths, and the temples and burial-grounds. The so-called prefect of the place did not, however, fail to manifest all that anxiety to produce trouble, and to go through all those forms of equivocation and prevarication, which appear to be inseparable from Japanese official life. From Simoda the squadron proceeded to Hakodadi, where the authorities were a little more friendly, although they professed to be utterly ignorant of the "Great Treaty." Houses were allotted here for the temporary accommodation of the officers, and the port was found to have some positive pretensions to being a civilised place. The streets were clean, with pavements and sewers; and although there were no wheel-carriages, there were pack-horses. The well-known skill of the carpenters and joiners was attested in the construction of shops and houses, as also in the furniture and carvings in wood. There were also iron ore workers, blacksmiths, spinners, weavers, dyers, workers in lacquered ware, printers, painters, sculptors, architects, and other trades and professions—the mechanical skill of the Japanese being prominent in all things. Information regarding foreign countries was derived through the Dutch at Nagasaki from European publications, and the Japanese officials showed themselves, upon several occasions, much better acquainted with American and European geography and politics than had been anticipated. Notwithstanding the boasted good understanding between the Americans and the natives of Hakodadi, the Japanese officers exhibited the same insolence of demeanour to the last, and the final conferences resulted in nothing but a further illustration of Japanese finesse. We have already seen what has been the working results of the treaties effected by America, and subsequently by the English, with this strange people, as shown during the visits of the English and French squadrons when in search of the Russians in the Japanese and Tartar seas in 1855. It is now stated that the emperor has resolved upon creating a navy after the European and American fashion, and the well-known mechanical ability of the people leaves little doubt but that they can carry their intentions into execution. The Americans declare that every one was struck with admiration of the beauty of their models for guard-boats in the Bay of Yedo, which they said resembled, in a remarkable degree, that of the yacht *America*, and the ferocity exhibited in their athletic struggles would lead it to be supposed that they could be efficiently manned,—nor is there want of knowledge or material wherewith to arm them. If Japan, then, had only science to back her, and a master-mind to take the lead in opening her ports to navigation and her cities to trade and commerce, it would be very difficult to foretel her progress in the future, which might somewhat resemble that of Great Britain, a region to which she presents many striking analogies in her position, her distribution as a group of islands, her climate and vegetation, and her large population having a marked genius for the mechanical arts.

BRITISH ARMY REFORM.*

It may appear to our readers rather ungracious to begin on the topic of reform in the English army, before even the dinners which welcomed the return of our gallant troops are all concluded. The reason, however, which induces us to take up this subject at so early a date, is that statements have already been made public as to the impending reduction of the army, and we fear, from past experience, that the establishment of the army on a peace footing will be considered sufficient, without the proper attention being paid to those serious defects in our system which entailed such grievous losses and led to such general dissatisfaction. Far be it from us to wish to set down aught in malice: we have too much regard for the fine fellows who defended our national honour in the East, to write one word which might even unintentionally wound their feelings; but, at the same time, the subject on which we propose to treat is of such vast importance at a period when the peace of Europe is at stake, that we think it our duty no longer to keep silence.

It may appear paradoxical, but for all that it is true, that the victory of Waterloo has inflicted more injury on our troops than half a dozen defeats would have done. While Continental soldiers were being exercised to fire at a mark, and take advantage of the great improvements in muskets, our worthy, but perhaps slightly bigoted, gentlemen of the old school were vowing their fidelity to Brown Bess, and boasting that, because our fathers won Waterloo at the bayonet's point, therefore this generation could do the same. Fortunately for us, the Russians are rather more behindhand in this matter than ourselves, and so we escaped that punishment which would have been our lot had we been fighting against the French and the Austrians. The importance of such an education in firing is so fully appreciated in the latter country, that the Rifle Brigade consists of nearly 55,000 men, without counting the grenadiers of the line regiments. Nor have we much to boast of the bayonet practice, as generally taught to our troops. Of course, in a charge no men in the world can resist ours, and we are so certain of victory attending our efforts, that we, perhaps, neglect too much those *minutiae* which render the Prussian infantry so formidable, in spite of his low height and his general want of muscular development. If, however, our beef-fed troops went through the same system of careful training, each individual would acquire an increased value, and our troops would not be regarded by Continentals as automata.

But even if this is bad, worse remains behind to tell. We have hitherto possessed no opportunities of teaching our troops the value they possess in large bodies, and the invaluable services a division can render when the various arms composing it move as one man. Our army is naturally small, and during peace is dispersed to do colonial service in all parts of the world. Very few troops are kept at home in our garrison towns, and we never see those powerful corps concentrated within a few miles' circuit, as is the case constantly in France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. It will not be forgotten that this circumstance proved of great detriment to us

* Vergleichende Charakteristik der Oesterreichischen, Englischen, Französischen und Englischen Land Armeen. Von Julius von Wickedé. Stuttgart: 1856.

in the Crimea, and it was some time before we had any divisional generals worthy of the name. But, as we have no large garrisons at home—and a blessed thing it is we do not require them—still we ought to concentrate our troops in large encampments, and drill them into extensive field-manceuvres with mixed arms. Even our celebrated camp at Chobham, which was to remove all our defects at once, was more intended for a spectacle than for serious instruction. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary, if we intend to maintain our prestige as a military nation, that a huge camp should be formed in some suitable spot, where from 15,000 to 20,000 men must always be concentrated. All our regiments should be sent there in turn for, at least, six months, and no regiment should be ordered abroad until it is thoroughly conversant with all the field operations. Every regiment, on its return from the colonies, should be sent to join the camp and put to school again, to make up for the opportunities lost abroad. The very fact that England requires such small garrisons for her largest towns would greatly facilitate the retention of large bodies of troops on one spot. The excellent modes of communication with which the country is so abundantly provided would also render it an easy task to let all the regiments in turn learn their camp duties. At least 10,000 to 12,000 infantry, 2000 cavalry, and 40 to 50 horsed guns, with a division of engineers, must always be present in camp, and exercising them in extensive field manœuvres should be the sole object of their concentration. Only in this manner can English generals learn in peace time how to perform important operations, and they and their troops form an idea that at the present day more is required from regular soldiers than that they should merely perform a parade-march, or make a daring attack at the bayonet's point. In the present system it may often occur that a regiment may lie six or seven years in Liverpool, or Manchester, or some little inland garrison station, without ever having performed a single manœuvre in the company of artillery or cavalry; then it is shipped off to some West Indian Island or to Australia, where there is naturally no opportunity for manœuvring; thence it goes to Malta or Corfu, and returns, after a dozen years, home, just as uneducated in all military movements as when it left. It is possible that parliament may vote against such a concentration of troops, and the papers violently attack it, under the pretext that civil liberty may be affected by it. We can only say that, unless some such measures be at once undertaken, we may give up all hope of being regarded henceforward as a great military nation on the Continent.

In addition, it is absolutely necessary that more attention should be paid to field service in the several regiments than has hitherto been the case. Our regiments have generally their exercising-ground in the proximity of their barracks, but those field manœuvres in the plain and forest, learning outpost and patrol duty, so carefully taught in the Austrian, Prussian, and French armies, are among us almost ignored. This frequently results from the want of space in our well-cultivated country, and the landowners have not sufficient patriotism to permit troops to exercise on their estates at a period when they could do the least mischief. Still this reason would not prevail in our colonies, where surely there is room enough, and to spare. The consequence is, that French officers, while giving all due praise to our bravery in battle, tell all sorts of comical stories about the clumsy manner in which many

English regiments performed outpost duty in the Crimea. Another thing, too, which prevents the soldier learning those arts and sciences which would be so serviceable in the field, is our uncommon affection for division of labour. Good needle-makers may be produced in this manner, but not active soldiers, if they have to do the same thing over and over again with most wearisome monotony. In France, for instance, cooking for the mess is taken in turn—several soldiers are always told off to help in the kitchens, and they all learn how to make soup and roast meat, and know how to help themselves when they have to prepare their own rations in the field. In England this is not the case; there are regular cooks in all the barracks, and the soldiers expect, when they return from guard or the exercising-ground, to find a good dinner awaiting them, without the slightest trouble on their own part. The impolicy of this proceeding was clearly visible in the Crimea: although our rations were far superior to the French, our men often starved through ignorance, while their active allies enjoyed their *pot au feu*, and meat roasted over the fire. The same misfortune was visible in many other points during the Crimean campaign. The English soldier cannot use a needle, to repair a slight damage to his uniform, cobble up the soles of his shoes with nails, do any little repairs to his musket, wash his linen, &c., all of which the active Frenchman, taught from the first day of duty to help himself as far as possible, understands excellently, and performs with great merriment, and frequently with wonderful rapidity. From this reason, and because our soldiers were so clumsy, and their officers if possible worse, the English army suffered incomparably more than the French, although far more expensively and copiously provided, for the French were particularly saving in everything of this nature. The same bad system prevailed too in erecting tents, putting up huts, or forming roads, unless when planned by engineer officers; in short, in every possible thing which the soldier must know how to do if he is not to perish miserably and ingloriously in the field.

In addition to these defects, the English army has to struggle with many others, which are indeed very difficult to extirpate, but which must be furiously assailed, if it is to attain the same stage of military development as the Continental armies. The worst of all these, very unpleasant as it is to mention, is the slight degree of military education found in a great portion of our officers. We wish to treat this subject calmly and dispassionately, and offer the result of our observations, after a comparison with the officers of the Continental armies. The corps of officers in our army, belonging at present almost entirely to the richer classes, contains a number of experienced and talented men, who have fought battles in both hemispheres, and whose military qualities would procure them a befitting post in any army. Among the elder officers, who make their profession a livelihood, there are many who deserve our entire esteem and respect. But a strange contrast is afforded to these honourable men in a mass of officers, even up to the highest ranks, who are unfortunately only nominally officers. These gentlemen—many connected with aristocracy, but the majority with plutocracy—are thorough swells on race-courses and in ball-rooms, and even in battle possess that cool courage which is the birthright of nearly every Englishman. These may be very valuable qualifications, which are highly estimated in many in-

fluential circles, but they are not exclusive recommendations for an officer, and unfortunately these gentlemen possess but few more. They have very slight traces of military knowledge, and appear scarcely nominally to be acquainted with the true ambition of their profession. Their only *point d'honneur* seems to be excessive bravery in battle; but they do not trouble themselves very much about the soldiers entrusted to their command, either before or in the actual fight. The same sort of utterly incompetent officers the French nobility furnished their army with during the last century, and hence it sank to so low an ebb that it suffered old Fritz's soldiers to scatter them to the winds at Rossbach. French officers who returned from Sebastopol told the most extraordinary tales about the ignorance of their English comrades; and while praising their undoubted bravery, laughingly added that they were thorough *élégants*, and their dressing-cases were often more comprehensive than the whole of a French officer's baggage. On the other hand, they all speak in the highest terms of recognition of the English engineer and artillery officers.

If, then, the administration of the English army is to undergo a radical reform, the first commencement must be made in a thorough improvement of the officers, until they are placed in the same standard as the Prussians or French. But to effect this gradually, for it cannot be done at a stroke, the first necessity is the abolition of the sale of commissions. In the navy, every officer must serve an apprenticeship as midshipman, and pass an examination, although much is even here effected by interest; but in the army, strange to say, this has been hitherto neglected, and the mere purchase of a commission, and a few other formalities, were sufficient to make a man an officer. This must cease, and will cease, as soon as it is settled that the purchase of a commission will be impossible after a certain date; or, if this appear too harsh, that no one be allowed to purchase, until he has passed a strict examination, and occupied a lower rank for a certain period. To effect this, it would be best to imitate, as far as possible, the Prussian arrangements relative to keeping up the corps of officers, and the same excellent results will be soon noticed as was the case in that country when the stricter examinations were introduced. In the present day, all educated classes must acquire more and more knowledge, and it must be the duty of the state to see that the officers of the army are in no way behind the rest of the community. The first thing which England requires is a large cadets' school, after the pattern of the one at Berlin; here let the sons of the aristocracy who wish to devote themselves to a military profession be educated strictly, from their fifteenth to their eighteenth year, and let them be taught not merely the necessary acquirements for their future vocation, but also more correct notions of their duties and honour than so many of our officers appear unhappily to possess. Let them be taught that the Queen's coat is the most honourable garb they can assume, and that an officer has many more duties than merely to lead his men with dauntless courage up to an enemy's battery. They should also be taught in their school, discipline and a feeling of subordination, and be told how little it honours officers in the presence of the foe to return home on urgent private affairs, because they get tired of the fatigue and privations of a lengthened siege. After the cadets have been carefully educated for two or three years, and hardened by gymnastic exercises, they should pass an examination, and,

according to the result, be appointed non-commissioned officers or ensigns in the several regiments. A young man must pass at least a year in this duty, and then be allowed to go up for his examination as officer, which, if he pass successfully, he can be promoted to a lieutenancy. In this manner the English army would gradually obtain a sufficient number of good subaltern officers, like all the other European armies. Promotion to a captaincy should then be allowed to follow by seniority, except in war, when a commander-in-chief must have the privilege to promote deserving officers without regard to seniority; in promotion to the higher ranks, seniority should be done away with, but the rule should be laid down that, unless for highly meritorious service in the field, no one should be made a general officer who had not commanded a company two years, or a general who had not commanded a regiment for the same period. In this manner men in their best years would be allowed to obtain their step, which would not be possible if the rule of seniority was always rigidly enforced.

In addition to this cadets' school, there should also be a university, after the pattern of the war school in Berlin, or the *Ecole d'Etat-Major* at Paris, for the further military improvement of those officers who may be considered specially adapted for staff duties. It is well known all over Europe that our staff is in a very lamentable condition, and the defenders of the present system should have heard the sharp, though true opinion of French officers about the military ignorance and inaptitude prevailing among so many of our staff in the Crimea. A useful staff-officer in the present day must possess many acquirements, the greater part difficult of attainment; the mere fact of being mounted on expensive horses, or wearing a rich uniform becomingly, is hardly sufficient for the fulfilment of these onerous duties.

When the evil results arising from the sale of commissions became self-evident, it was proposed, and latterly carried out partially, to promote deserving non-commissioned officers, as is so frequently the case in the Austrian and French armies. It is true that this system would introduce better soldiers as officers than is perhaps now the case, and for the present this measure will be found absolutely necessary, but we doubt whether it would be generally advantageous to the English army. Among us there is a separation of classes, not only fully comprehended by the people, but at the same time gladly retained. We shall never see in England that amalgamation of classes for which the French are so anxious, and which is gradually spreading among them. From this reason, it is generally felt desirable among us that our officers should by birth belong to the higher classes, and not be selected from men who have toiled their way up from the ranks. It is quite different in France; there it would be the greatest piece of absurdity to attempt to deprive deserving non-commissioned officers of their privilege of promotion even to the highest grades. A principal impetus for the great military excellence of the French emanates from the ambition of the privates to gain their epaulets, and the whole nation desires and demands such promotion for its sons, for it sees therein another mode to obtain the same level in society as those of the higher classes. That southern character, which seeks to destroy social differences of rank—as, for instance, is the case in Spain and Italy—is very perceptible among the French, while the contrary is the case among

Northerners. Thus, in the Neapolitan, Spanish, and Portuguese armies, non-commissioned officers are repeatedly promoted; while this is accounted a rarity among the Dutch, the Danes, and the Swedes. It is natural that extraordinary services in war should form an exception; and any army in the world would be proud to greet among its officers any non-commissioned officer who had specially distinguished himself by personal bravery and cool judgment.

We would not, therefore, recommend the promotion of non-commissioned officers, as a general rule, in England, for we believe that such a measure would tend to deprive our officers of that great esteem in the eyes of the public to which they must lay claim. But in order not to close the path to promotion utterly against meritorious non-commissioned officers, let it be established that every one who has served four years irreproachably, and suffered no regimental punishment, may be allowed to go up for his examination as officer, and, if found fitting, be promoted. In this manner, clever young men, whom chance may have caused to enlist, will not be excluded entirely from the possibility to attain their promotion even in times of peace. We believe that if the course we have merely sketched were to be followed out in all its practical details, we should soon possess a body of officers inferior to none in the world.

But this improvement in the officers of infantry and cavalry—for the other arms do not require such attention to be devoted to them—must be accompanied by a radical change in our military administration. What mischief was occasioned at the seat of war by the confusion existing at home through the division of departments. It may be assumed that every English soldier in the Crimea cost our government fivefold what the French laid out, and yet the condition of the French army during the first winter was far superior to that of ours, and their soldiers never thought of making any complaints as ours did. It is a pressing necessity that a ministry of war should be created in England to which the administration of the entire army should be entrusted, and were we to take pattern by the French system, we should very probably attain a satisfactory result. At the head of such a ministry we should place an experienced general officer, who has served—as is the case in all Continental states, whatever their political constitution may be—but not merely a clever speaker or active partisan. The fact, that until now a civilian has been generally selected to hold the important post of minister of war, who possessed but very scanty notions about war and the organisation of an army, has been the cause of the miserable condition of the English army, in spite of the immense expense it has entailed, even in peace time, and the many good elements which it has in its courageous soldiers.

Another point which presses hardly upon the English army, and which, so long as it exists, will render its proper organisation a matter of extreme difficulty, is the publicity given to all its movements in the field, and the discussions in the House of Commons. It is natural that a general should feel timid when he knows that his every movement is watched and criticised by men who probably never saw an army before. Louis Napoleon furnished another instance of his cleverness in recommending the French press to be very discreet in its communications about the army and its movements in the Crimea. But newspaper articles are

comparatively harmless when compared with the speeches held in parliament during the late war, for an importance is attached to them by the people which they do not always possess. A commander-in-chief who, while leading his army against an enemy, must put up with such public remarks about his conduct as poor Lord Raglan and his successor did, cannot possibly retain the unbounded confidence of the men under his command, and must end by losing his self-confidence and his reputation. The various events casting disgrace on all ideas of military discipline which occurred, as, for instance, when generals could dare to lay down their command because this thing or the other did not please them; the continual furloughs granted to officers on the most frivolous excuses; the improper quarrels of some generals and admirals with each other in the public papers; in short, the whole of the most unmilitary conduct, which caused many foreign officers to regard our system with astonishment and many with disgust, took their rise principally in the behaviour of so many M.P.s who really seemed determined to lessen the value of our army in every possible way. The Roebuck committee was probably the most mischievous step of all, compelling as it did officers to express publicly, before a committee composed of civilians, their opinion of their superiors who were still in the service. Had the promoters and defenders of this committee heard the contemptuous remarks of the French officers, as well as the malicious delight of all those officers of other armies who bore no special love for England, they would not have pushed on an affair which did their country not the slightest good, and immeasurably reduced its prestige.

It has also been frequently objected by foreigners that one of the chief defects in our army consists in its being raised exclusively by recruiting; but in this opinion we are not inclined to coincide. Recruited soldiers, if they possess good officers, are subjected to strict discipline, and, drilled to meet the requirements of the day, can always perform the same service in war as any others; the history of the wars of all nations proves this. Besides, the English army consists almost exclusively of our own countrymen, who have no lack of national pride and patriotism. The services, too, for which the English army is repeatedly employed, are of such a nature that we do not exactly see how it could be kept up by any other means than by recruiting. In our opinion, it would be as unnecessary as impossible to introduce into England the system of universal conscription, as exists in Prussia, for instance. Unnecessary, because England, as an island empire, and protected by its powerful fleet, would never require so large an army as Prussia, who is so unfavourably situated in a military view, and has worked her way up to a great power, although her population is so small, by universal conscription. Hence it would not be advisable to lay on the English population the undeniable burden of personal service, for thus an army would be raised larger than would be required, or could conveniently be paid. Nor would it be advisable to summon the soldiers for a short period of duty, as is the case in Prussia, for various reasons. If an army, consisting of young soldiers, is to attain that degree of efficiency which the Prussian indubitably possesses, it must have a body of officers thoroughly well educated and devoted to the interests of the service. But these cannot be obtained so easily and rapidly as may be desired: it would require many years and many fortunate circumstances to create such a corps, and before it was effected, no idea

of a general conscription can be entertained in England. But, irrespective of this, the foreign service in the several colonies, to which in peace the half of the English army is regularly sent, would prevent the possibility of any shortened time of service for our troops. It would not do to send troops to the East Indies or Australia who have only seven or eight months to serve, for the voyage there and back would occupy that time, but such soldiers are requisite as must remain enrolled for at least several years. Hence it would be necessary to introduce the system of conscription as existing in Austria and France, and keep the troops at least seven years under arms, as any temporary furlough, owing to the remoteness of the colonies, would be accompanied by the greatest difficulties. With the introduction of such a system it would be requisite to give permission to purchase substitutes, as is the case in both the mentioned states, for it would be too harsh to compel every man who had drawn an unlucky number to spend five years in the East Indies or Caffraria as a soldier. In addition, the mortality in many of our colonies is very great, and we lose more troops in peace times than is the case with any other army. The natural result of this conscription would hence be, that every one who possessed the means would purchase a substitute, and the army would still consist of the sons of the lower classes, who could not employ their energies or strength in any other way. The only difference would probably be that every Englishman knows he is now free from military duty, and consequently pays a greater portion of taxation than recruiting costs the state, but in the other case, all those who had the ill-luck to draw a bad number would buy very expensive substitutes, but those who were lucky would be quite free from such a tax. The alterations made during the last years in the French and Austrian armies, by which a portion of the army is composed of soldiers who have sold themselves to the state to serve a lengthened period, prove the correctness of our views; and when they are employed to serve any length of time in foreign parts, the principle of recruiting is more and more favoured. Thus, for instance, a great portion of the Algerian soldiers, on whom the principal burden of the war falls—as Zouaves, Spahis, Tirailleurs Indigènes, Chasseurs d'Afrique—are all volunteers.

It would be, however, very desirable to effect some alterations in the mode of recruiting which we follow. Above all, we think it most advisable that the soldier should not be paid his bounty-money at once, but that it should be retained until his dismissal, and at the same time the premium should be greatly increased for those good soldiers who desire to re-enlist, for in every respect they possess a far higher value in the service than young recruits whose moral and physical value has not yet been tried. At the same time, all possible encouragement should be given to soldiers who retire on a pension, after serving their country faithfully during their best years, and, if possible, they should spend the rest of their days in comfort. We are happy to state that, in this respect, many very valuable improvements have been effected, and we trust that with time a most satisfactory result will be attained.

It has also been frequently stated that our army suffers materially from corporal punishment being still kept up. We are not of this opinion, but believe that it has been of great value in maintaining discipline. It can no longer be ordered at the good pleasure of any tyrannical officer, but only after a formal inquiry, and it grows rarer

every year, and is only inflicted for degrading crimes and on incorrigible men. We are generally decided adversaries of corporal punishment, by which a criminal is never permanently improved, and believe that in peace more suitable punishment can be devised with moral effect on the culprit. Hard labour, with deprivation of the usual comforts, we always consider the best form of punishment, which, if properly applied, will never fail of effect. Troops, however, standing in the presence of an enemy, or in distant colonies where there is an abnormal state of things, cannot engage in such lengthened experiments to improve culprits, but require immediate punishment, and as such the lash is always the most effective. There are always coarse-minded men, without a particle of ambition, who know perfectly well that arrest is comfortable and safer than outpost duty and possible scantiness of food for weeks. If such scamps—and even the best army cannot always be free from such—know that they can only be punished with imprisonment, they purposely commit offences, against discipline and order especially, that they may be sent to comfortable quarters, and so throw on their comrades the burden of their duties. Against such fellows only severe corporal punishment can avail, which can be administered on the spot, and requires neither time nor prison, and does not withdraw the culprit from duty for any lengthened period. As, too, our army has a greater portion of its regiments garrisoned in the colonies, and as under the recruiting system many rough fellows must be serving, we believe that corporal punishment can never be quite done away with. The French are perfectly aware of this, and although blows are regarded by them as dishonouring, and can never be applied, still they have other corporal punishments for their troops serving in Algeria, which cause not a bit the less pain, and in our opinion are much more severe than the much-abused lash in our army. War is an extraordinary state of things, and extraordinary circumstances must be applied, or else the party which, through mistaken liberality or humanity, ignores them, will assuredly come off the worst. We do not wish to assert that no improvements could be effected in our articles of war, and we are in doubt whether forced labour could not always be substituted at home in peace time for corporal punishment. In the colonies, however, and during war, it can never be done away with, and we would absolutely deny that this mode of punishment, or the circumstance that the army consists only of recruited troops, has had any effect on its present manifest inefficiency. On the contrary, the English privates are almost all good and efficient, and if the army has fought so bravely up to the present, it is only owing to their good qualities. Let only the reforms we have suggested be carried out, and we have no fear that our army will speedily be superior to any in the world.

During the last winter of the campaign, it was a common complaint among recruiting officers that during the last years the character of the recruits has done anything but improve. Plenty of men could certainly be got, but their corporal qualities were not so satisfactory as formerly. Many young men from London, Liverpool, and other great towns, offered themselves, but these are not the proper material; besides these, many factory hands, who, though not strong, are willing and obedient; but there was a great deficiency in fellows from the agricultural districts, who are thoroughly healthy and form capital cavalry soldiers. The greatest complaint raised, however, was that Ireland did not furnish so

many recruits as formerly, as many young fellows, who would make capital soldiers, had emigrated to America. The Irish are gladly taken for the army, especially as light infantrymen. They are, it is true, often given to drinking, and of a very careless disposition, hence appearing very frequently in the punishment-lists, but usually active, always in good spirits, not accustomed to superabundance of food, and endowed with desperate courage. Our Irish soldiers, too, harmonised best of all with the French in the Crimea, to which the similarity of creed may have in some measure contributed. The Highlanders are also greatly praised, but generally prefer enlisting in their own national regiments. They are hardened against fatigue, are excellent on a march, endure hunger and thirst without a murmur, possess a cold and calm courage, and great devotion for their officers when they have once acquired their confidence. The defaulters' lists of the Highland regiments are proportionately extremely small, and the lash has been almost unknown in several regiments for years. The recruits from the Lowlands, especially those from the neighbourhood of Glasgow and Edinburgh, do not stand in such high estimation. Wales supplies an excellent body of recruits, who like to keep together and enlist in their own regiments. Some of our cavalry regiments are almost entirely composed of Welshmen. The men from Cumberland and Yorkshire are remarkable for their strength, and are chiefly enlisted in our Guards and Heavy Cavalry.

After these general remarks about our army and its principal defects, it may be interesting to take a glance at its numerical condition at the termination of the war. Many of our figures, however, must be taken as approximative, for it would have been difficult for any one in London—possibly for the War Minister himself—to say exactly how many troops we had under arms. Recruits were enlisted in every direction, without reference to the regular strength of the regiments, and hence it varies considerably. Generally, however, we may say that at the end of the war the British army, irrespective of the foreign legions, was stronger than ever it was before, even in the most dangerous years of the Napoleonic campaigns. It is gratifying to state, on the authority of French officers, that our army, in the spring of 1856, was in first-rate condition, and far more fitted for a summer campaign than had been the case in the previous year. As, too, the present interval of peace will enable us to educate our soldiers thoroughly, without having to supply their places constantly with recruits, we may be justified in hoping the best possible future for the English army.

The INFANTRY is divided into Guards, Line, Light Infantry, only nominally, however, to be distinguished from the Line, and a few battalions of Rifles. The Guards are composed of 3 regiments, with a strength of 7 battalions, comprising 5400 men. About one half of the Guards were sent to the Crimea, and fought there with such bravery, that in the spring of 1855 many of their companies were so reduced that they could hardly appear on parade. As the Guards, however, receive a higher bounty, a little greater pay, and many small privileges—among them that of never leaving the country during peace—it was easy to bring them up again to the standard. At the present time, the Guards are quite up to their full strength. We have already expressed our opinion as to the fallacy of having any special corps of Guards in any army. They cost the country more than any other line troops of the same strength; and though they behaved most bravely in battle, it cannot

be pretended that they were braver than our other troops. Most decidedly do we oppose the utterly unjustifiable privileges accorded to Guards' officers; these privileges only serve to breed discontent among the other officers, and the persons thus favoured are not satisfied, for, as is usually the case, the greater their privileges the greater their claims, as was testified by the most unmilitary address which the officers of the Guards dared to present to the Queen. It is indubitable, however, that our Foot Guards are a magnificent body of men, superior to any troops in the world for manly appearance and military parades. Even a Russian general would be satisfied with the regularity of their movements and the perfectness of their evolutions. As *tirailleurs*, we have been assured by a Russian staff officer they were not feared so much as the French *voltigeurs*; but when they came to close quarters, and could use their clubbed muskets, they were "fiends incarnate," to use his expression.

Our line infantry consists of 97 regiments, 13 of them being Light Infantry and Fusiliers. They amount altogether to 103 battalions; each of these may be taken on an average at 1000 men, and hence, including the Guards, we may assume that in round numbers we had about 110 or 111,000 infantry, without the colonial troops and foreign legions. The real Light Infantry of our army (for the regiments so called are only nominally so), which may be compared with the German *Jäger*, the French *Chasseurs*, the Russian Sharpshooters, and the Sardinian *Bersaglieri*, consists of the 60th Rifles of 20 companies, and the Rifle Brigade of the same strength. They amount altogether to 4000 men—a very disproportionate number, for the little state of Sardinia has the same number of *Bersaglieri*. They are excellently drilled, and, according to French accounts, understand light service thoroughly. It would be most important, when any reorganisation of our army is really undertaken and not merely promised, that some attention should be paid to the augmentation of this most important branch of the service.

During the past winter we had 60 battalions in the Crimea, amounting to about 60,000 men; 20 battalions in the East Indies; 12 battalions, in addition to the *depôts*, at home; 6 battalions at the Cape, 2 in Canada, 4 at Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands; 5 battalions in Australia, 4 in the West Indies, China, and Canada. This will show how our infantry is dispersed, and how proportionately small the number is which we could concentrate at a given spot. The excellent marine we have at our command facilitates our movements; but for all that we could never employ more than 70,000 to 75,000 infantry in any European war. Our royal colonial troops amount to about 7000 men, composed of the 3 West India Regiments, the St. Helena Regiment, 1 regiment of Canadian Rifles, 1 regiment of Ceylon Rifles, and the Gold Coast Corps. These, however, could not be called home to take part in a war.

The CAVALRY is divided into heavy and light, only differing, however, in the fact that the former have rather heavier horses and men than the latter, but generally resembling it in equipment and armament. Our heavy cavalry is lighter horsed than the French, Prussian, and Austrian *Cuirassiers*; the English Hussars and Light Dragoons much more heavily than the Russian or Austrian, or even the French Hussars.

The heavy cavalry is composed of 3 regiments of Guards, 9 Heavy Dragoons, and 1 regiment of Carabiniers, or 13 regiments, which, on a war footing, amounted to about 6000 men, with the same number of

horses. As for our Guards, they are notoriously the finest body of men in the world; not even the Chevalier Guard at St. Petersburg, not to mention the French or the Prussian Cuirassiers of the Guard, can in any way be compared with them. There is not a French cavalry officer mounted so well as the privates of our Dragoons; and it was most ludicrous to notice before Sebastopol, that when our cavalry began to trot, the French were compelled to gallop. Our horses, too, leap over hedges and ditches, which German and French cavalry horses would sooner die than attempt. But, unfortunately, they are not suited for campaign life. When our horses were dying by hundreds from want of food and exposure to the elements, the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* on outpost duty, mounted on small Moorish stallions, suffered no extraordinary loss; and even the other clumsy French artillery and cavalry horses stood the season well. Our two regiments, which joined us from India, mounted on Arab and Persian horses, were even superior to the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*.

As for courage, we need scarcely say that our cavalry has always proved itself in this respect superior to any mounted troops in the world. The heroic, though absurd charge made by Cardigan at Balaklava on a body of Russian cavalry at least five times its strength, proves this, and is one of the most brilliant deeds ever narrated in history, although the result was as any sensible man might have expected. A French officer of old standing in the service assured us that he never witnessed so daring and boldly-executed an attack as this was. Like a mountain-torrent, which rushes through everything that bars its progress, the 600 Englishmen broke through two lines of the Russian cavalry, and thoroughly rode them down. The few red uniforms looked like dots among the dark masses of Russian cavalry, and yet the English forced their way through.

The light cavalry is almost composed, like the heavy, of 13 regiments: 4 Dragoons, 4 Lancers, and 5 Hussars, which, in fact, only differ nominally from each other. During the war, we may assume that our cavalry amounted to 12,000, of whom 2000 remained at the dépôts. Each regiment is divided into 3 or 4 squadrons, and each squadron again into two troops. Each squadron is commanded by a major or lieutenant-colonel, each troop by a captain. During the past winter we had 14 regiments, with about 6300 horses, in the East and the Crimea, 3 regiments in the East Indies, 9 weak regiments at the dépôts in England and Ireland. We should never be able to employ more than 10,000 or 11,000 cavalry in any European war, and we should probably find some difficulty in bringing that amount together. At the Cape we have also a corps of Mounted Rifles, divided into 12 squadrons, and amounting to about 1200 men, in an excellent state of organisation. But the continual disturbances in this colony, and the widely-extended frontier service, would not permit our transporting them to Europe.

Our ARTILLERY, at the termination of the war, was in a splendid state of efficiency, possessing a strength of 600 officers, 1500 non-commissioned officers, and 12,000 men. It is divided into 12 battalions, and each of these into 8 companies or batteries, and consequently amounting to 96 batteries. Of this number we should not, however, be able to employ in a foreign war more than 48 batteries, each calculated at 6 guns. The strength of a field battery consists of 6 officers, 11 bombardiers, and 90 gunners; there are also 1 officer, 12 to 16 non-commissioned officers, and

70 to 100 drivers, employed for the horsing and transport of ammunition. A light 6-pounder battery has 144, a 9-pounder battery 164, and a 12-pounder 195 horses. The 18-pounder field batteries, of which we possess several, only contain 4 guns, and the same number of horses as the 12-pounders. Ten very strong and carefully-selected horses are attached to each 18-pounder gun, which is moved with the greatest rapidity. The 12-pounder batteries are drawn by 8, the 6-pounders by 6 horses. In addition to this regiment of Artillery, we have also a brigade of Horse Artillery, commanded by 1 colonel, 7 or 8 general officers, 48 or 50 captains and lieutenants, and 1200 or 1800 non-commissioned officers and soldiers. In a foreign war we could bring into the field about 7 batteries of this arm, each calculated at 6 guns. A portion of this Horse Artillery has 6-pounder, and the remainder 9-pounder guns, which are served with the greatest precision, and excellently horsed. A 6-pounder Horse Artillery battery is composed of 6 officers, 18 non-commissioned officers, 150 gunners, 9 artisans, and 186 horses; a 9-pounder of 6 officers, 20 non-commissioned officers, 11 artisans, 170 gunners, with 220 horses. A rocket brigade is also attached to the Horse Artillery brigade, and arrangements have been made to supply every other battery with rocket frames, if necessary. Two non-commissioned officers and 10 men are especially selected and instructed for this purpose in each battery.

We may safely assert that the Artillery is the very best arm of our service. All the *matériel* is first-rate, and the horses are far superior to any other artillery horses in the world. The rapidity with which the batteries are moved in the field excited the admiration of our allies in the Crimea. Intelligent French officers speak in terms of high praise of our cadet school at Woolwich, and allow that no improvements could be suggested in the military education of our artillery officers. The men, also, owing to the long period of service, are excellently drilled, and well up to their work. The campaign in the Crimea caused some slight change for the worse in the character of the men, owing to the great number of recruits sent in to complement the batteries, but with peace this evil will soon be rectified. Although, then, we might not be able to bring into the field more than 250 or 270 field guns, and perhaps 40 belonging to the Horse Artillery, still the excellency of this arm can be depended on, and it must always be regarded as one of the best features of our army system.

Although our ENGINEERS corps is small compared with Continental armies, still it compensates for this by its excellent condition, placing it on a level with our Artillery. The siege of Sebastopol proved their quality, and our Engineers were unanimously allowed to surpass the French in solidity of work, if they did not equal them in rapidity of execution. Our Engineers rarely make a mistake, and they display always, whatever the nature of their work may be, or however dangerous or fatiguing, such a degree of calmness, certainty, and invincible self-confidence, that even the French, who are somewhat given to jealousy, it must be allowed, could not refrain from expressing their admiration.

The corps of Engineer officers amounts to about 300 of all grades, partly employed in building and maintaining our fortifications, and partly serving with the Sappers and Miners companies. Of the latter there are now about twenty-eight, with a strength of about 3000 men after the last augmentation. As a portion of these must be employed in our colonies, and others remain in the *dépôt* at home, the government would not be able to send more than 2000 of them to join our army in any Continental

war. The siege of Sebastopol will have been an excellent school for them, and as soon as the reorganisation of our army is really taken into hand, we trust that great attention will be paid to the proper maintenance of this most important branch of our army.

A defect very perceptible during the past war in our system also calls for speedy amelioration. We allude to the mode in which our staff officers are selected from various regiments at the will of the generals, and the want of a separate *état-major*, such as we find in all the large Continental armies. On the other hand, we have too large a proportion of general officers. Our army can surely hardly require the services of three field-m Marshals, some fifty generals, 130 lieutenant-generals, and 170 major-generals. It is true that many of these are placed on half-pay, but even on active service we have a tremendous number, when we take into consideration that an English brigadier division is hardly half so strong as the Austrian.

All these approximative numbers show that our army is still very weak for any offensive war. We should have about 125,000 men, disposable troops, with 300 guns. To keep up this force, we should have to drain our depôts, and a continual system of recruiting would be indispensable. England, however, is incomparably stronger in a defensive war, even if our fleet were not a sufficient protection. To our regular troops we may add 80,000 militia infantry, and 12,000 yeomanry cavalry. It is true that they are not very skilled troops, and not much better than the German *Bürgerwehr*, still we are firmly convinced that they would fight to a man for the defence of their homes and families. We may be quite sure that were a hostile army to land on our shores, any slight defects in our organisation would be more than balanced by the unbending spirits of our nation. To these we may also count the workmen in the royal docks and arsenals, about 10,000 men. They are all powerful men, accustomed to hard labour, and in some measure exercised under arms. Under the guidance of experienced artillerymen, they would be of the greatest possible service in fighting our coast position batteries. In addition, there are 60,000 pensioners scattered over England, about two-thirds of whom may be calculated on as fit to defend their fatherland against a foreign foe.

Since the first portion of this paper went to press, we have had the gratification to find that the government has decided on introducing those reforms to which we have specially referred. The reduction of the army will be accompanied by a thorough reorganisation, and thus, while apparently reducing our army, it will be rendered incomparably more effective. A spirit will be introduced into the nation which will induce men of a better class to enlist than has hitherto been the case; and let it once be found that the army furnishes a field in which a man may hope for advancement, instead of as now being regarded with suspicion by pater-familias with daughters to marry, we have no doubt it will become a favourite resort for many young men who are pining behind counters. We trust, in all sincerity, that the government will proceed towards its object with singleness of purpose and an inflexible determination to render our army equal to any Continental one, if not in numbers, still in experience, discipline, and regularity of conduct, and such a display of preparation for war will be the best remedy to deter foreign despots from striving to attack our allies.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.*

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

XXXIX.

GOSSIP OVER A BOWL OF PUNCH IN MR. PUDSEY'S PRIVATE ROOM.

WHILE the numerous guests made merry in the halls of Monthermer Castle, and the roofs resounded with their boisterous revelry, similar bacchanalian orgies were held below-stairs. The crowd of lacqueys, grooms, and other serving-men assembled in the mansion feasted and caroused as well as their masters. Riot and excess indeed prevailed throughout the whole house, and the main study of its inmates, whatever their degree, seemed to be how to gratify their appetites to the fullest extent. No one attempted to check this unbounded waste, for Fairlie had not made his appearance, and Gage gave himself no concern about it. Provided his wants and those of his friends were supplied, the servants might do just as they pleased, and we may be quite sure they availed themselves of the license.

A more deplorable spectacle cannot be imagined than this noble and once well-ordered mansion now presented. Heretofore, in Warwick de Monthermer's time, true hospitality had been ever exercised within it, and the vast establishment was admirably conducted. Liberal without profusion; generous without ostentation; keeping an excellent and even sumptuous table; having the best wine in his cellar, and never stinting it; frank in manner, courteous, and excessively good-natured, yet not forgetting his self-respect, nor wanting in dignity;—the old squire was the very model of a country gentleman. In his days, the Castle was always full of company, yet disorder or excess were never known within it. How different now. The guests took their tone from the host, and gave way to unbridled indulgences, and, as a matter of course, the servants, being under no restraint, followed the example of their superiors. No one knew how soon Gage's career was to terminate, but everybody felt that such frantic extravagances could not last long, and they therefore resolved to make the most of their time.

*  *The Author of this Tale reserves the right of translation.*

Below stairs, there was a perfect saturnalia. The servants'-hall was in a continual scene of uproar. Tables were laid within it throughout the day, and the remains of the dainties served up at every repast to Monthermer and his guests reappeared there—with a good many other choice dishes besides. Neither was there any want of good liquor to wash down the savoury viands. Mr. Pudsey had unlimited control of the cellar, and no one had reason to complain of niggardliness on his part in dispensing its stores. On the contrary, if he had been host instead of butler, he could not have behaved more handsomely. A great *bon vivant*, fond of society, and loving a cheerful glass, the *Amphitryon* of the pantry presided at the general dinners, placing his friend, Mr. Trickett, on his right hand, and Mr. Tibbits on the left, and taking care they were well served. He sat with them afterwards as long as he could, and when his duties called him away, left them with a good supply of burgundy and claret.

In the evening, when the toils of the day were over, a select party assembled by invitation in the butler's private room, where a nice hot supper awaited them, succeeded by a capital bowl of punch.

Here a little quiet play went on, as in the card-room above-stairs. Mr. Pudsey, we regret to say, had not profited by his experience, but lost a good deal of money—a good deal for him, at all events—as in former days,—at gleek and piquet, to those two rooks in livery, Tibbits and Trickett. Nor was he the only loser on these occasions. Bellairs and Chassemouche were equally unlucky; and so, for the matter of that, were some half-dozen other flats who sat down with these unconscionable sharpers. Strange to say, it never occurred to any of these usually suspicious gentry that they were cheated. But there is an infatuation about gaming which seems to dull the perceptions of its votaries. Be this as it may, two nights sufficed to Messieurs Trickett and Tibbits to ease the incautious butler of a half-year's gains. On the third night he was obliged to borrow money to go on; and being stripped of this likewise, he might have felt considerable uneasiness, if he had not entertained the notion that he could raise fresh supplies, in a certain quarter, without difficulty. This persuasion buoyed him up; but still feeling a little “down in the mouth,” as he expressed it, he brewed a strong bowl of punch, and a few tumblers of the genial beverage soon produced the desired effect. Under its balmy influence the butler not only forgot his cares, but became less cautious than usual, and talked more freely than he ought to have done.

A second bowl of punch had been discussed, and a third placed upon the table, when Pudsey, who had become a little elevated, remarked, as he filled the glasses of his friends,

"Well, gentlemen, we've had a mighty pleasant time of it. It's a thousand pities such enjoyment can't last for ever. We've only two more days left?"

"Only two more days, Mr. Pudsey!" Mr. Trickett observed. "What d'ye mean, sir?"

"I mean what I say," the butler rejoined, with a knowing wink, and emptying his glass before he went on. "We shall shut up shop the night after to-morrow."

"Egad! I'm deuced sorry to hear it," Trickett said. "I've contrived to amuse myself tolerably well since I've been down here. Your master, I suppose, returns to town?"

"Mr. Monthermer is not my master," Pudsey replied; "though, for the matter of that, I've no objection to his service, but I only enact the part of butler on the present occasion by desire of my real employer. I really don't know what the young gentleman will do, when Mr. Fairlie comes into possession—but I fancy he must turn out altogether."

"That's a pity," Mr. Trickett remarked. "You won't gain by the change, Mr. Pudsey. Things will be differently ordered under Fairlie's governance, or I'm greatly mistaken. He'll keep a tight hand over you all. You won't have the keys of the cellar then, I fear."

"I'faith, you're right, Trickett," the butler rejoined. "We shan't know the flavour of burgundy and claret when old Fairlie rules the roast; and as to a quiet supper with one's friends and a bowl of punch afterwards, such things won't be possible—so we must make the most of time present."

"I don't think I shall remain in the situation," Bellairs observed—he was nearly as far gone as the butler. "It won't suit me at all. I can't make up my mind to serve a low fellow like Fairlie."

"An insolent parvenu!" Chassemouche exclaimed. "I, who have been accustomed to the best société, and have dressed de perukes of gentlemen only—morbleu! I cannot stoop to such canaille."

"He is not fit to be governor here!" Tibbits cried. "I should like to see him kicked out of the Castle."

"Ma foi! so should I!" Chassemouche exclaimed. "I should like to see him chassé par la belle porte—I would lend a foot to de task myself—ha! ha!"

"Replenish the glasses, Pudsey," Bellairs cried, "and let us drink 'Confusion to him!'"

"Vid all my heart," the French valet responded—"rasades, messieurs!"

The butler made no objection, and the rebellious toast was drunk amid general laughter.

"What puzzles me," Tibbits observed, "is to think how Fairlie can have contrived to get the Monthermer property entirely into his own hands. You know all about it, I dare say, Pudsey, and could tell us if you thought proper?"

"I know a good deal, certainly," the butler replied—"more than I care to mention. But I may say one thing, gentlemen—and you may believe me or not, as you please—that it depends upon me whether Fairlie retains possession of this noble property."

"You don't say so!" Trickett cried, pricking up his ears; while all the other listeners uttered similar exclamations of astonishment. "What! you have got him in your power, eh, Pudsey?"

"No, I don't exactly mean to insinuate that," the butler rejoined, fearing he had gone too far; "I mean, that Fairlie and I shall understand each other, when we come to talk matters over."

"I dare say you will," Trickett replied. "Well, I give you one piece of advice, old boy. If you make a bargain with him, don't let him off too easily."

"Trust me for that," Pudsey replied, laying his finger on his ruby-garnished nose.

"You are not the only person whose secrecy must be bought, Pudsey," Bellairs interposed. "I know as much as you, and shall have as good pay for my silence."

"Parbleu, messieurs, you tink no one have ears as long as your own," Chassemouche cried. "I would have you to know dat mine are mush longer, and dat my mouth must be shut in de same vay as yours."

"Well, I hope you'll all make Fairlie smart properly," Trickett remarked, with a laugh. "I suspect he'll have a few accounts to settle before he's allowed to take quiet possession. Our masters, Sir Randal and Mr. Freke, may give him a little trouble; and I'm pretty sure Mrs. Jenyns has not come down for nothing."

As this was said, Bellairs looked hard at the speaker, but he made no observation.

"I think I could give a guess at the game she means to play," Trickett pursued.

"Ah, indeed!" Bellairs cried; "what may it be?"

"That's my secret. You shall have it for what it's worth, but I must make something by it. By-the-by, Mr. Pudsey, when does Fairlie come down?"

"I can't say, I'm sure," Pudsey replied, evasively.

"I'd bet a trifle he's here already," Tibbits remarked. "I saw somebody very like him this evening."

"Oh! quite impossible; you must have been mistaken," the butler exclaimed.

"Perhaps I might be—still I'm willing to bet upon it."

"Pooh! pooh! I shan't bet upon such a matter."

Bellairs and Chassemouche exchanged significant glances.

"Well, if he should be here, I hope he has overheard all we have been saying of him," Trickett observed, with a laugh. "You wouldn't stand very high in his favour, Pudsey?"

"Come, let's change the subject, gentlemen," the butler rejoined, uneasily; "we've had quite enough of it. A glass of punch all round!"

After this, the conversation flagged. Pudsey looked sullen and sleepy, and Bellairs and Chassemouche were not much more lively, so as soon as the bowl of punch was finished, the party broke up.

XL.

IN WHICH PUDSEY MAKES A MODEST PROPOSITION TO MR. FAIRLIE.

MR. PUDSEY awoke next morning with a racking headache, which he naturally enough attributed to the punch, and his uncomfortable sensations were not diminished by the conviction that he had tattled very foolishly overnight. That rascal Trickett, he was aware, was quite capable of doing him a mischief, and might report what he had said to Mr. Fairlie himself; and so, indeed, might Bellairs or Chassemouche, or any other of the party, for not one of them was to be trusted.

Our butler felt so ill that he would fain have gone to bed again, but he had a great deal to do that day, and must set about it forthwith, so, swallowing his customary morning draught of spiced ale, which somewhat restored him, he left his room, in order to take a survey of the house, and see how far it could be put to rights after the riotous proceedings that had taken place within it on the preceding day.

In the dining-room, whither he repaired first, everything remained in the same state in which it had been left. The atmosphere reeked with the smell of tobacco, and the table was covered with bottles and glasses—many of them broken—and flooded with wine and punch. In the midst of the shivered glasses stood the fragments of a magnificent china bowl. Underneath the sideboard was a vast collection of empty flasks—attesting the prowess of the tipplers, though some of them had been so overcome that they could not even reel off to bed, but were still lying prostrate on the floor, sleeping off the effects of their debauchery.

Picking his way over these inert bodies, Mr. Pudsey went towards the windows, to throw them open, and while thus employed he perceived Gage returning from the garden near the

ruins of the old Castle, and wondered what could have taken him out so early. He kept an eye on him for a few minutes until he drew near the house, and the butler's surprise was not decreased when he perceived Mrs. Jenyns come forth from a glass-door communicating with the library, and hasten to meet him. It was evident from Gage's manner that he was annoyed at the rencounter. Mrs. Jenyns seemed from her gestures to propose a walk in the gardens, and pointed to the terrace Monthermer had just left, but he shook his head, and it was only after some persuasion that she induced him to enter the library with her.

"She is about to disclose the scheme to him, which she hinted at last night in the card-room," Pudsey thought. "An inkling of it might give me an additional hold upon Fairlie. Perhaps I could get near the glass-door without being perceived."

With this he scrambled out of the window, and crept along the side of the house till he came within a few paces of the entrance to the library.

"Confound her!" he muttered. "She's too cunning by half. The door is shut, and I can hear nothing. Let us see what can be done on the other side."

Upon which he went back, and, re-entering the dining-room, made his way as quickly as he could to the ordinary approach to the library, but unluckily it was closed. What was to be done? He determined to go in—suddenly—when perhaps he might catch a word that would enlighten him as to the lady's project.

The plan was no sooner thought of than executed. Throwing open the door, he bounced into the room, but was greatly disappointed to find Mrs. Jenyns seated at a table, writing, while Gage was pacing to and fro. As the butler entered, Monthermer stopped, and, angrily regarding him, demanded his business. Pudsey stammered an excuse, and hastily retreated; taking care, however, as he went out, to leave the door ajar. But here again his design was thwarted, for in another moment the door was shut, and fastened inside.

Foiled in his plans, he went his way, and proceeded, with slow steps and with a recurrence of the uncomfortable feelings he had experienced on awaking, towards a room situated at the end of the long gallery.

Tapping against the door, a voice, with the tones of which he was only too familiar, bade him come in; and obeying the summons—not without considerable trepidation—he entered and found Mr. Fairlie, seated in an arm-chair, enveloped in a brocade dressing-gown, and under the hands of Chasse-mouche, who was arranging his peruke, and retailing all his (Mr. Pudsey's) indiscreet remarks of the night before. So, at least, the butler judged from the angry looks which Fairlie cast upon him. Nor was he left long in

doubt on the point. Dismissing Chassemouche, who grinned at Pudsey as he retired, the steward thus spoke him :

"So, you have been chattering, eh, you drunken fool! boasting of your power over me, and what you can do. It depends upon you whether I am to continue master of Monthermer Castle, does it?" And he burst into a disdainful laugh.

"Since Chassemouche has betrayed me, it would be idle to equivocate," Pudsey rejoined. "I was a great fool to talk as I did in such company. I ought to have known better. But the wine was in, and the wit out—and that's the truth."

"A poor excuse, Pudsey. You're not to be trusted, since you cannot keep guard over your tongue."

"I deserve to be reprimanded, I must confess; but I won't commit such an indiscretion again, you may depend upon it. As to disturbing you in the comfortable possession of this fine place, I wouldn't do it, sir——"

"Couldn't do it, Pudsey—couldn't do it, you had better say."

"Well, sir, for the matter of that, I entertain a different opinion," the butler rejoined, with a smile, for he had recovered his confidence; "I think I could. My testimony, I fancy, would be useful to Mr. Monthermer if he should take it into his head to contest your title, and I think I could put him in the way of finding some other important witnesses."

"Hum! you think so, eh, Pudsey?"

"I'm pretty sure of it. I know exactly how the accounts have been kept—what fictitious entries have been made—how advances have been made to Mr. Monthermer out of his own money—how he has been induced to sign bonds and mortgages under false representations, and without even receiving the promised loans. Knowing all this, I might disclose it, if I thought proper."

"Of course you might make such mendacious and abominable assertions, Pudsey; but no one would believe you."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Monthermer would believe me, and that's enough for my purpose. You must not forget that he is in actual possession of the Castle, and unless he voluntarily surrenders it, you will fail altogether. You will fail, I repeat, because he will demand the production of the accounts—and you dare not exhibit them."

"But he *will* surrender the Castle—he has pledged himself to do so."

"He will not—if he learns how he has been dealt with."

Fairlie looked down in confusion, while the butler eyed him triumphantly.

"I have him now," he thought, "and will not quit my hold till I have made all sure."

Suddenly, Fairlie started to his feet, and, grasping the butler's arm, exclaimed,

"What do you expect, Pudsey? Tell me—in a word!"

"In a word, then, a large sum down—and a pension for life!"

"A pension for life! You are mad to make such a demand."

"No, sir, I am not mad. On the contrary, I am sure I take a very rational view of the subject. I don't mean to let this opportunity slip. The matter must be decided within twenty-four hours. Either Mr. Monthermer maintains his own, and ejects you, or you become undisputed master here."

"I must have time to reflect upon your startling proposition, Pudsey. It has taken me quite by surprise."

"Oh! I have no desire to hurry you, but you must make up your mind in the course of the day. I won't be put off with fair promises. I must have a large sum down, as I have said—and good security for the pension."

"You shall be satisfied—quite satisfied, Pudsey, if I assent to the proposal."

"Oh! you are sure to assent. I consider the bargain already concluded. You will never risk the loss of so rich a prize, just when you have got it in your grasp—besides the disgrace which would fall upon you."

"No more of this, Pudsey," Fairlie said, sternly. "You presume too much on your fancied power. Bridle your tongue, or go about your business, and do your worst."

"I beg pardon, sir. I have no desire to offend you,—not the slightest. You will think over what I have said, and give me an answer. If I don't hear from you before the evening, I shall go to Mr. Monthermer, and then of course any arrangement between us will be out of the question."

"Very well," Fairlie replied, pointing to the door.

"One thing more, sir. Before I take my departure, I must put you upon your guard against Mrs. Jenyns."

"Another serpent in my path. What of her?"

"Why, sir, I chanced to overhear a few words that passed between her and Mr. Monthermer last night, and I am certain she has some dangerous design on foot—dangerous to you, I mean. She lost a large sum at hazard—or rather Mr. Monthermer lost it, for he played for her—and she is desperate."

"And she must be bought, too, I suppose," Fairlie cried, with a bitter laugh. "'Sdeath! man, my property will never bear all these demands upon it."

"Don't misunderstand me, sir. I have nothing to do with Mrs. Jenyns. Be assured, I will never take a woman into my confidence."

"So far you are right. Well, I am glad you have warned me. Though she can do little mischief, it may be prudent to nip her

project in the bud. Send one of the women servants to her room, and say I would speak to her as early as may be convenient."

"She is already astir, sir; and I am almost apprehensive she may be beforehand with you, for she is closeted with Mr. Monthermer in the library at this moment."

"Zounds! this looks like mischief. I must find out what she is about to propose to him. In the library, you say, Pudsey?"

"Yes, sir—they're there, but the door's locked."

"No matter. They will find it difficult to keep their secrets from me. Walls have ears, Pudsey—walls have ears. Don't let the servants enter the drawing-room for a short time, d'ye hear? By-and-by we will have some further talk together. I must dispose of this matter without delay."

So saying, with the butler's aid he hastily changed his dressing-gown for a coat, and flew towards the drawing-room, while Pudsey followed him at a more leisurely pace, and stationed himself at the door.

XLI.

IN WHICH IT IS DEMONSTRATED THAT "WALLS HAVE EARS."

ON entering the drawing-room, Fairlie proceeded to unlock the door of a small cupboard near the fireplace, and stepping into the recess, cautiously unbolted a second door, and passed through it.

He was now actually in the library, but concealed from view by a thin board, the front of which formed part of a bookcase, and being covered with the backs of ponderous-looking tomes, representing ranges of folios, could scarcely be distinguished from the other shelves.

A crack in the board enabled him to command the room, and allowed the conversation that took place within it to reach him. The two persons he expected to find were there, and at no great distance from him. Mrs. Jenyns was talking earnestly, while Gage listened to her with his arms folded upon his breast.

The very first words the listener heard alarmed him. He could not distinctly catch all Mrs. Jenyns said, for she spoke with great vehemence and rapidity—but he lost not a syllable of the close of her discourse.

"Now observe what I say," she cried, in a more deliberate and impressive tone. "As the sum of Fairlie's iniquitous practices towards you, I charge him with suppressing your father's last will, and substituting one of earlier date."

Fairlie breathed hard, and watched with deepest anxiety the effect of this disclosure upon Gage. It was something of a relief to him to perceive that the young man's countenance wore an

expression of incredulity, though not unmingled with astonishment.

"Why do you bring such a serious charge against him—a charge which you cannot possibly sustain?" Gage exclaimed, after a brief pause.

"But I can sustain it. The rightful will is still in existence."

"Hell's curses upon her!" Fairlie exclaimed to himself. "She must have discovered the document when she peeped into my chest. Fool that I was not to destroy it!"

"But what motive can Fairlie have had for such a wicked act?" Gage cried. "There was no important bequest to himself in the will that he acted upon. My father, to be sure, left him a thousand pounds; but that was a trifle in consideration of his trouble in discharging the offices of executor and guardian."

"You have hit upon the motive," Mrs. Jenyns rejoined, "as I will proceed to show. Your father died from a fall while hunting, on the 10th of February, 1728."

"You are correct as to the date of the sad event," Gage remarked, with a sigh.

"On the day before the unexpected catastrophe," Mrs. Jenyns went on, "he made his last will, and appointed Sir Hugh Poynings, of Reedham, his sole executor, and your guardian."

"Sir Hugh Poynings—my guardian!" Gage exclaimed.

"Fairlie's name was never mentioned. Do you not now discern his motive for keeping back a document that divested him of all control over you? With Sir Hugh Poynings as your guardian, he, Fairlie, would never have had an opportunity of putting into practice his nefarious designs against you. Judging from what has since come to light, there can be no doubt that your father had made some discoveries respecting his steward, that caused him to appoint another executor and guardian in his place—and, probably, if he had lived, Fairlie would have been dismissed altogether."

"And you have seen this will?"

"I have—but hear me out. I have ascertained that Fairlie arrived here secretly last night. When you see him, let fall no hint of the knowledge you have acquired of his criminality, but summon Sir Hugh Poynings to the Castle to-morrow."

"Sir Hugh is not likely to come—and if he should, he will attach no credit to your statements. Recollect the opprobrious charge that his son, Arthur, brought against you, when I last played at the Groom-Porter's."

"Send for him, nevertheless—summon him in such urgent terms that he cannot refuse compliance. Let him bring his son with him, if he will—I care not. I will make good my words."

There was a brief pause, during which the steward felt as if stretched on the rack. At length the silence was broken by Gage.

"All this may be as you assert, and I will not dispute it," he said, gravely; "but I will not consent to act thus against Fairlie unless the will can be produced."

"It shall be produced."

"In what way? If Fairlie has it, he is not likely to give it up."

"It is no longer in his possession."

The steward started, and could scarcely repress an exclamation.

"You shall have the will at the right moment, that I promise you," Mrs. Jenyns continued.

"But how have you obtained it? I must be satisfied on that score."

"You shall be satisfied," she replied. "Listen to me. When I made the discovery in question which is likely to lead to such important results, and overthrow Fairlie at the very moment he is about to clutch the prize for which he has so long been striving, I considered by what means I could obtain possession of the evidence against him, and at last I resolved to employ one of the servants whom I have long had in my pay."

"It must be that double-dyed scoundrel, Pudsey," Fairlie muttered to himself. "Yet, no—if it were Pudsey, he would not have put me on my guard against her. I have it—'tis Bellairs. But the will is safe—quite safe—she cannot produce it."

"Go on," Gage said, perceiving that Mrs. Jenyns hesitated.

"You may not, perhaps, approve of the means taken, but in cases of this kind every stratagem is fair. Fairlie was watched by the spy I placed over him, and it was ascertained that he had taken the document in question from out of the large chest in which it had hitherto been deposited, and placed it with other papers of perhaps scarcely less importance, as tending to prove his dishonesty to you, in a small coffer. Now mark me! that coffer is in my keeping, and shall be forthcoming to-morrow. Do you now feel secure?"

Gage made no reply, and she went on.

"All things have worked well for the project. You are here in possession of Monthermer Castle and its domains, and instead of surrendering them to Fairlie, you shall cast him forth with blasted character, never more to molest you."

To her astonishment, Gage seemed but slightly moved.

"You do not believe what I have told you," she cried, with manifest vexation; "but do not let your doubts of me ruin the scheme; do not neglect to summon Sir Hugh Poynings—do not let to-morrow pass, or you will for ever regret your indifference."

But Gage preserved his apathetic demeanour. It seemed as if nothing would rouse him. Mrs. Jenyns lost all patience, and beat the ground with her tiny foot.

"You reject my proposal?" she cried, at length.

"I hesitate to accept it, because to engage in the struggle will renew all my anxieties. To tell you the truth, I am so weary of life that I care little for the result, whatever it may be."

"What! has it come to this? Is the proud Gage de Monthermer grown so pusillanimous that he will tamely resign his estates to a sordid knave, when he may keep them? You will make me despise you. Rouse yourself, and act like a man."

"Well, the effort shall be made, but I looked to pass the few hours left me without trouble. And now, Peg, what reward do you expect for the important service you propose to render me—for I presume you are not entirely disinterested?"

"Not entirely so. I like this mansion so much that I would willingly remain here."

"Nothing more easy, if I am once more master."

"Ay, but I must be mistress!" she exclaimed, with a haughty glance, and regarding her superb figure, as reflected in a mirror on the opposite side of the room.

"I do not understand you."

"Yet, methinks, I speak intelligibly enough," she rejoined, with a smile. "In return for the precious document I shall produce, you must give me an equal title with yourself to the estates it will confer upon you."

"You cannot mean I should wed you?" Gage exclaimed.

"On no other terms shall you have my aid. If you are to be lord of Monthermer Castle again, I must be lawful lady. I bring you an excellent dowry; better than the highest born dame in the country could offer you. Not another word now. Reflect on my proposal, and let me have your decision. But I will sooner consign that will to the flames, than alter my conditions. So decide as you think proper. Adieu!"

With this she quitted the room, leaving Gage almost in a state of stupefaction, while Fairlie at the same moment stole out of his hiding-place.

~~Mingle-Mangle by Monkshead.~~

..... but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—BP. LATIMER'S *Sermons*.

LETTER-WRITING AND LETTER-WRITERS.

TATIAN and Clemens Alexandrinus ascribe the invention of Letter-writing to a lady, a royal lady, the Persian Empress Atossa. Bentley lays stress upon this circumstance, in his examination of the Letters of Phalaris,—the assumed right of Atossa being his final argument against the genuineness of the Sicilian epistles; for Phalaris lived an age or so before Atossa.

It has been said with truth that the history of letter-writing might be taken as one mode of illustrating the history of mankind, and that a surer test of the progress of civilisation could hardly be selected than the greater or less development of this useful art: for art it is. "The desire to communicate with distant friends must have arisen with the first separation of families; and occasional attempts to effect some correspondence must have been made before the invention either of alphabets or of regular roads." As for the times of Phalaris or Atossa, every person, as De Quincey observes (in his review of Bentley and the Phalaris feud), who considers the general characteristics of those times, must be satisfied that, if the epistolary form of composition then existed at all, it was merely as a rare agent in sudden and difficult emergencies—"rarer, perhaps, by a great deal, than the use [this was written in 1830: *tempora mutantur*!] of telegraphic despatches at present." As a species of literary composition, he maintains, it could not possibly arise until its use in matters of business had familiarised it to all the world: letters of grace and sentiment would be a remote afterthought upon letters of necessity and practical negotiation.

The frequency with which kinsfolk and friends could correspond, and the length at which they might correspond, would depend, as a reviewer of Roberts's History of Letter-Writing shows, upon a twofold condition: first, the possession of a facile and manageable alphabet; and secondly, of some tolerable roads with habitations at accessible distances along them. In the former of these necessities is implied, we are reminded, the discovery of a light and pliant material for receiving the character, for the rounded or cursive form of letters is closely dependent on the possession of a substance that yields to a rapid motion of the hand. The discovery of paper (whatever may have been the matter of which it was composed) was a great epoch in the history of letter-

writing, and was a marvellous "easement" to the "absent lover" and the anxious friend.

"As long, however, as the means of transit continued uncertain and irregular, there was no temptation to writing for trivial purposes; and letters forwarded by special courier would inevitably be confined to important communications. The establishment of regular posts must have early followed that of extended empires, when military necessities could not fail to turn attention to the means of constant communication with outlying provinces and distant armies." This, it is allowed, may even have existed prior to the invention of alphabets; for not only might verbal communications be thus kept up, but many conventional symbols, less precise than letters, but still sufficiently indicative, might be sent along an established line.

As examples, we are referred to that earliest specimen of "Illustrated News"—the drawings which the Peruvian Government received, of the Spaniards, their ships, and arms, immediately on the arrival of those invaders at the coast. The *quipu* was another symbolical instrument; it is described by Prescott as a cord about two feet long, composed of different coloured threads tightly twisted together, from which a quantity of smaller threads were suspended in the manner of a fringe: the threads were varicoloured and knotted; the colours denoted sensible objects. Thus white represented silver, and yellow was the symbol of gold. But abstract ideas as well as sensible objects were thus represented,—white also signifying peace, and red being the appropriate symbol of war. The *quipus*, however, were chiefly used, says Mr. Prescott, "for arithmetical purposes. The knots served instead of ciphers, and could be combined in such a manner as to represent numbers to any amount they required. By means of these they went through their calculations with great rapidity, and the Spaniards who visited the country bear testimony to their accuracy." Under the title of *quipu-camayus*, or Keepers of the Quipus, officers were distributed through the kingdom, whose duty it was to keep the government well supplied with secret notes and official intelligence, ordinary and extraordinary.—Then again the poppy-heads of Tarquin have been mentioned, as yet ruder, but not less significant expressions of a sentiment. Particular signs, previously agreed on, would supply much "military intelligence, without risk of its being intelligible if betrayed by the fortune of war, or the messenger, to the enemy. In early Greece, such a sign was the astragalus, which was broken in twain, and divided by host and guest at parting, as a token between them for the renewal of reciprocal hospitality personally (and probably by their recommendees)." It is suggested, too, as a further probability, that even after the use of alphabets, a symbolology, answering the

purpose of a cipher, was in request for military correspondence; though such resources, after all, are excessively limited in their applicability, so that the invention of alphabetic writing must have preceded anything approaching to an extensive interchange of ideas.

A living essayist is magniloquent, and dulciloquent, about the beauty of the first idea of extracting the private passages of one's life; recording, rolling up, sealing down into compact unity, as he expresses it, and sending off by trusty transmission, little fragments of one's soul; of circulating the tinier griefs and fainter joys and more evanescent emotions, as well as the larger accidents and deeper passions of existence; of adding wings to conversation, and, by the soft soundless touch of a paper-wand, and the wave of a rod of feather, annihilating time and space, truly a "delicate thought, and softly bodied forth;" of the motley freightage which this little ark, once launched, has been compelled to bear: now called on to transmit a weight of written tears, and now of eager and expansive joys; now to

Waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole,

and now to echo a compliment or circulate a sneer; now to convey the gall of malice, and now to reflect the

Bloom of young desire and purple light of love;

now to popularise the cogitations of the philosopher, and now to creak and tremble under the awful burdens of the inspired Apostle.

The sentimental is, chronologically, a sequence upon the state letter. The bill of sale comes before the billet doux. The art of letter-writing, indeed, like all other arts, must have been the result, says the retrospective reviewer previously quoted, of use and practice. "An interchange of state letters must have had its conventional style; and the epistolary treatises of literary correspondents could not but have all the stiffness and formality of professional writing. It was not till trifles came to be discussed, that the easy, graceful, unornamented, but beautiful simplicity of true letter-writing could have found an existence." Cicero is, in fact, held by this critic to have been the first Roman who habitually corresponded in any frequency with his friends, and the first to have reduced the practice to form and elegance. "In the stiff and awkward letters of our own ancestors, with their long-winded directions, and more long-winded compliments, we have a vivid picture of the difficulty with which the practice of letter-writing is accomplished by the unfrequent correspondent. There is not, perhaps, a more curious phenomenon in literature, than the graceful facility of Madame de Sévigné, whose contemporaries, whether nobles or pedants, were such pompous letter-writers."

The Pseudo-Phalaris correspondence has never recovered Bent-

ley's swashing blow, though historians of letter-writing still begin their *résumés* of the art with that artful forgery. That series of letters commands the interest due to fabrications, and no more. Curious enough was the character of the feud which raged on the subject a century and a half ago; when Sir William Temple, an aged statesman, and, as De Quincey describes him, practised in public business, intimate with courts, a man of great political sagacity, a high-bred gentleman, and of brilliant accomplishments, singled out these letters not merely as excellent in their kind, but as one argument amongst others for the unapproachable supremacy in all intellectual pretensions of the ancients; while, on the other hand, Bentley, a young scholastic clergyman of recluse habits, comparatively low in rank, and of humble breeding, pronounced the letters to be utterly despicable, and unworthy of a prince. "On such a question, and between such judges, who would hesitate to abide by the award of the sage old diplomatist? Yet a single explanation discredits his judgment: he was angry and prejudiced." And the actual result, it is added, is—that every reader of sense heartily accedes to Bentley's sentence: "You feel, by the emptiness and deadness of them, that you converse with some dreaming pedant with his elbow on his desk; not with an active, ambitious tyrant, with his hand on his sword, commanding a million of subjects."

The Pythagorean correspondence belongs to the same category. Epistolary fabrications of this kind are naturally enough accounted for. When once the practice of letter-writing became common, as the intelligent reviewer already cited has remarked, the fitness of the epistolary form for the purposes of fiction could not fail to strike; and either as the basis of a narrative, or as a mere exercise in the art, the composition of letters supposed to have passed to and fro between historical personages, became a recognised branch of the lighter literature. "The more remote the antiquity of the supposed correspondents, the greater scope was left for the exercise of imagination, both as to facts and sentiments: such would, therefore, be preferably selected." In a history of the pious frauds of Christendom and Christian champions, some prominent chapters would be occupied with this division of the subject.

Hayley echoes the often-expressed regret, that in the rich mass of ancient Grecian literature we find no collections of familiar letters, to be compared with those of Cicero and Pliny. Indeed, there are hardly any, as he says, written by men of eminence, and entitled to the name of familiar letters, "if we except a few of *Æschines*, the orator; who seems, in his epistolary talent, to have been the *Bolingbroke* of Athens." The letters of *Demosthenes* were extant in the time of Cicero, but, as Mr. Wilson Croker observes, the half-dozen which have come down to us under his name—if indeed they be not altogether spurious—excite no great regret

for the loss of the rest. "A mind so laboriously trained to the severest style of eloquence, would probably have little taste for, and still less command of, those light but not facile graces which constitute the chief merit of a familiar correspondence; and if we had it in our power to evoke a volume of real 'Athenian Letters' from the tomb, we should (at least for amusement) have no great hesitation in wishing for those of Demades rather than of Demosthenes himself." Scholars are interested in Plato's celebrated letter to the younger Dionysius, and that of Isocrates to Alexander of Macedon, before he came to the throne—which latter has been called by an amiable old *Minerva Press*-man, "a brief, benevolent, and graceful compliment, from an illustrious veteran of literature, to a highly promising youth." The letter of Alexander's sire to Aristotle, on the future education of that "highly promising youth," has been similarly characterised as "a model of princely politeness." The later Grecian sophists enjoy the reputation of a *grand talent* for letter-writing. The one called Philostratus criticises the craft in an epistle of his own, wherein are passed in review the philosophers Apollonius and Dion; the general, Brutus; the emperor, Marcus Aurelius; the orator, Herodes Atticus. Of all the later Pagan letter-writers in Greek, whose works are extant, Hayley singles out Libanius as one of the most voluminous if not most excellent. Gibbon—whose name is almost suggested by that word "voluminous," so closely do some of Sheridan's jokes stick, and so long survive the joke-maker—speaks too contemptuously, perhaps, Mr. Hayley submits, of the extensive correspondence of Libanius—near two thousand letters! "In some of them, the high-spirited friend and correspondent of Julian is far from deserving the title of a 'dreaming pedant.' Julian himself is commended for a *distingué* manifestation of "epistolary talent."

Cicero is the *magnus Apollo* of the art among the ancients. Dr. Blair glorifies Tully's epistles as the most valuable collection of letters extant in any language—as letters of real business, written to the great men of the age, composed with purity and elegance, but without the least affectation; and, avers the *gracieux* Doctor, "what adds greatly to their merit, written without any intention of being published to the world." This conclusion the Reverend Hugh draws from Cicero's never having kept copies of his own letters, so that we are wholly indebted to the care of his freed-man Tyro for the large collection that was made after, as Shakspeare's *Suffolk* says,

A Roman swonder and handitto slave
Murdered sweet Tully.

But Cowper's biographer is probably right in "apprehending," that although all the letters of Cicero were certainly not intended for the eye of the public, most of them were so. "The great

orator had so fervent a passion for fame, that he was eager to spread every sail by which a breath of glory could be caught." The great charm of Cicero's letters has been said to consist in their unaffected ease and simplicity, joined with consummate knowledge, sense, and taste: whether writing to Atticus about the purchase of books and statues, acquainting him merely with the state of his own health and that of his family, bantering him on the discrepancy between his philosophical principles and his natural affections, communicating the most important political events and debates, or reasoning on their causes and grounds, he never for a moment stops to consider about the choice of expressions. "He sets down the pun or the jest just as it occurs; if the Greek expression be more forcible, more playful, or more abounding in agreeable associations, he employs it without hesitation; he uses, in short, the very phrases, the very turns, the very metaphors and similes, which were adapted to polished, graceful, and elegant conversation." So writes a critic in a long-lived but now dead-and-gone Review; adding, that this epistolary style was much more common in the time of Cicero than at the present day: purity and gracefulness in the use of the Latin language being, amongst the Romans, accounted an affair of the last importance, and forming a part of the education of every person of ingenuous birth, insomuch that the letters of Cicero's correspondents, though inferior to his own in wit and deep knowledge, vie with them in elegance and correctness.

Pliny, like Cicero, by no means wrote with a single eye to the single eye of his individual correspondent, whoever that favoured person might be; but for the Argus-eyed public and posterity at large. "I have observed," Swift writes to Pope, "that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny, writ their letters for the public view more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me." The Dean expresses at the same time his belief that his own letters had escaped being published, because he "writ nothing but nature, and friendship, and particular incidents, which could make no figure in writing." Bolingbroke too, also writing to Pope, mentions Pliny and Seneca, Balzac and Voiture, as writing for the public—while disavowing, for his own part, any desire of epistolary fame, though a good deal pleased to think of its being known to posterity that he and Pope lived in the most friendly intimacy together. The elegant Blair says of Pliny's epistles, that "according to the vulgar phrase"—Blair was so particular not to use vulgar phrases, or if he *did* use them (as now), to give the world assurance that he knew them for such—"they smell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine; and it is not easy to avoid thinking, that the Author is casting an eye towards the Public, when he is appearing to write only for his friends." Pliny

lets out (Shade of Blair, forgive us, for *that* "vulgar phrase"!) his epistolary *animus*, and the scope of his epistolary exercises, when he says: "*Habeant nostræ quoque literæ aliquid non humile, nec sordidum, nec privatis rebus inclusum.*" He is not the man to show himself to his correspondent in an undress, or otherwise than as the great world might gaze upon him, and welcome. He has no mind to warn his correspondents, as they love him, to burn his letters. One distinguished example of that sort we have, however, among the ancients, in the letter of Plato to Dionysius II.—the philosopher straitly enjoining the tyrant, and for pretty good reasons perhaps, to destroy that famous epistle, after reading it more than once or twice, and laying it to heart as its importance deserved.

Feelings on the probable or possible publication of one's letters differ, among those whose very position involves a possibility or probability of the kind. It is hard to read some of the published letters of modern celebrities, and not believe them designed for publicity, or at any rate not strictly forbidden it. But there are writers to whom the idea of publication is fatal to whatever gives value to private correspondence. Miss Martineau tells us, in her "*Life in the Sick Room*," that she has adopted legal precautions against the publication of her private letters. "I have made it a condition of my confidential correspondence," she adds, "that my letters shall not be preserved: and I have been indulged by my friends, generally, with an acquiescence in my request, that my entire correspondence, except such as relates to business, shall be destroyed. Of course, I do as I would be done by. The privacy I claim for myself, I carefully guard for others. I keep no letters of a private and passing nature. I know that others are thinking and acting with me. We enjoy, by this provision, a freedom and fulness of epistolary correspondence which could not possibly exist if the press loomed in the distance, or executors' eyes were known to be in wait hereafter. Our correspondence has all the flow and lightness of the most secret talk. This is a present reward, and a rich one, for the effort and labour of making our views and intentions understood. But it is not our only reward. We perceive that we have fixed attention upon what is becoming an important point of Morals; and we feel, in our inmost hearts, that we have done what we could to guard from encroachment an important right, and from destruction a precious privilege." This may appear, the lady adds, a strange statement to persons whose privacy is safe in their obscurity: those, however, who know in their own experience the liabilities of fame, will, she thinks, and with reason, understand and deeply feel what she has here said.

There is a sonnet to the same effect by the author of "*Proverbial Philosophy*:"

Tear, scatter, burn, destroy,—but keep them not
 I hate, I dread those living witnesses
 Of varying self, of good or ill forgot,
 Of altered hopes, and withered kindnesses.
 Oh, call not up those shadows of the dead,
 Those visions of the past, that idly blot
 The present with regret for blessings fled :
 This hand that wrote, this ever teeming head,
 This flickering heart is full of chance and change ;
 I would not have you watch my weaknesses,
 Nor how my foolish likings roam and range,
 Nor how the mushroom friendships of a day
 Hastened in hotbed ripeness to decay,
 Nor how to mine own self I grow so strange.

On the other hand is the case of such as Jean Paul. To Jean Paul the mere thought of destruction was so painful, especially of the work of man's mind, that he never could bear to burn a letter, but treasured up every one he received, even the most insignificant. He used to say, "The name should be erased, but the soul that speaks its innermost sentiments in letters, should live."

A genuine man may naturally enough be a little anxious not to live too long in his genuine letters. For a genuine letter is about the best revealer of character the world can produce. "*Avez-vous intérêt à cacher votre âme,*" says Philarète Chasles, "*à conserver dans le monde et dans l'avenir le masque et le fard qui ont capté l'admiration vulgaire : gardez-vous de laisser après vous un recueil de lettres.*" For he goes on to caution us, or rather all whom it may concern,—were your letters sententious and dazzling as Seneca's, academical and apologetical as Tully's, chatty and *étourdies* as Madame de Sévigné's, or epigrammatic as Lord Byron's, *elles trahiront toujours celui qui les a écrites.* "*La forme épistolaire est, comme la conversation, pleine de révélations involontaires et d'indiscrétions inévitables ; il y a là des gestes, des signes, des affectations visibles, des circonlocutions dont on devine les buts.*"

Even more so than in conversation. "Blessed be letters!" exclaims Ik. Marvel, in his *Reveries of a Bachelor*—"they are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart-talkers!"—then adding, that our speech is conventional, our truest thought modified half through its utterance by a look, a sign, a smile, a sneer—so that it is not individual, not integral, but social and mixed, half of onself, half of others. "But it is not so of Letters: there you are only with the soulless pen, and the snow-white, virgin paper. Your soul is measuring itself by itself, and saying its own sayings: there are no sneers to modify its utterance—no scowl to scare—nothing is present, but you and your thought. Utter it, then, freely." "Oh, the glory, the freedom, the passion of a letter! It is worth all the lip-talk in the world." Here our transatlantic rhapsodist is perhaps getting a little transcendental in

his rhapsody, unless he mean such lip-talk as is lip-deep only, as we suppose he does: otherwise we so far differ from him as to agree with Charles Lamb, when *he* writes, to his right well-beloved and trusty Manning: "And now, when shall I catch a glimpse of your honest face-to-face countenance again? Your fine dogmatical sceptical face by punchlight? O! one glimpse of the human face, and shake of the human hand, is better than whole realms of this cold, thin correspondence; yea, of more worth than all the letters that have sweated the fingers of sensibility, from Madame de Sévigné and Balzac to Sterne and Shenstone." If anything could make us think the contrary, verily 'twere whole realms of Charles's own particular.

Mr. Mitchell continues: "Do you say it [the letter] is studied, made up, acted, rehearsed, contrived, artistic? Let me see it, then; let me run it over; tell me age, sex, circumstance; and I will tell you if it be studied or real—if it be the merest lip-slang put into words, or heart-talk blazing on the paper." And in sooth, there needs no seer or wizard soul to tell us that. Letters do in this respect speak for themselves—self-assertingly or suicidally, as the case may be.

M. Sainte Beuve begins his *étude* of that most *gaillard* of *médecins*, Gui Patin, with discussing, or rather dismissing as fallacious, the characterisation of him by Ménage—thence passing on, forthwith, to say, "Demandons plutôt à Gui Patin de se peindre à nous lui-même. *Il l'a fait sans y viser, dans ses Lettres.*" *Sans y viser*: there lies the beauty of the thing.

So again, M. Villemain, in criticising the epistolary form adopted in the fictions of Richardson and others, asserts, that next to "Confessions," which are *si rares*, nothing so well portrays the man as his letters. In actual life, letters, fib and roundly lie as they sometimes may and do, are, take them all in all, the most authentic memorials to be obtained concerning celebrated men. "Quand vous lisez les *Lettres de Jean Sobieski*," shrewdly observes M. Villemain, "vous le voyez conquérant tracassé par une femme hautaine; vous le voyez de la tente du grand vizir, du milieu des trésors qu'il a conquis, écrivant à cette épouse dont il ménage l'orgueil, dont il flatte la coquetterie, et lui promettant les riches dépouilles du harem du vizir; vous le surprenez recommandant de faire mettre un bon article sur sa victoire dans la *Gazette de Vienne.*" Would John Sobieski have done that, had it been his *Memoirs* he was writing, instead of a letter? A consideration of the significance of this and similar facts, disposes M. Villemain to the conclusion, that in fiction the epistolary form—favoured by, *inter alios*, Madame de Staël, and Smollett, and Henry Mackenzie, and Fanny Burney, and Sir Walter, and the author of "Selwyn in Search of a Daughter,"—is the most convenient for life-like realisation of character in its depths and its *nuances*. "Si dans la vie réelle, les lettres sont ce qui *met*

le plus l'homme à nu, il me semble que, dans le roman, l'adoption du style épistolaire est la plus puissante, et, pour ainsi dire, la plus vraie des illusions."

Almost the one thing needful, the Prince himself in the "*Hamlet*," is wanting, if in a letter there is a want of sincerity and unstudied ease. The letter that does not help us to improved acquaintance with its writer, is a thing of nought, or (a distinction not without a difference) a thing of naught. An artificially studied letter is but an elaborate sham. Stilted and stately ones are but imposing impositions. We sympathise with Montaigne when he declares, "As to letters of ceremony, that have no other substance than a fine contexture of courteous words, I am wholly to seek;" and relish him right gustfully when he says, for his letter-writing self, "I always write my letters post-haste, and so precipitately that, though I write an intolerable bad hand, I rather choose to do it myself than to employ another; for I can find none able to follow me, and I never transcribe. I have accustomed the great folks that know me to endure my blots and dashes, and paper without fold or margin." [Here again we are reminded of Charles Lamb, who writes to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet: "I am ashamed of the shabby letters I send, but I am by nature anything but neat. Therein my mother bore me no Quaker. I never could seal a letter without dropping the wax on one side, besides scalding my fingers. I never had a seal too of my own. . . . My letters are generally charged as double at the Post-office, from their inveterate clumsiness of foldure."] Montaigne adds, that the letters which cost him the most pains are the worst: "when once I begin to draw them on, 'tis a sign my mind's not there. I fall to without premeditation or design; the first paragraph begets the second, and so to the end of the chapter."

Whatever the superlative bad points, of an accidental sort, in Montaigne's familiar epistles, one superlative good point, of an essential character, we may be sure they had—a liberal presence of honest, unabashed, unabated egotism. What but egotism should there be in a letter, if you care a fig for the writer? What other capital can be put out to such interest, if he interests you at all, as his own capital I? "There is a stupid old rule," William Roscoe sensibly remarks in a letter to James Montgomery, "that a man should not talk about himself; but I should be glad to know on what subject he can talk of which he ought to know so much; and I am sure that, whatever may be the case when he makes his appearance before the public, yet in the intercourse of private friendship the more he talks about himself the better. On this account I always prefer those letters of a friend which contain neither articles of intelligence nor abstract dissertations. The head speaketh to the head, and the heart to the heart; and I think it a sin to convert a letter into either a gazette or a sermon."

There is a similar view expressed in one of Francis Jeffrey's early letters: "Have you ever observed that the letters of friends are filled with egotism? For my part, I think very suspiciously of every letter that is not, and propose my own as a model to you in this respect." He adds, that all the pathetic passages in an author will be found to be egotistical to the feelings of the speaker.

What, after all, is the ideal of good letter-writing? Bishop Sprat rules that letters passing between particular friends should not consist of fulsome compliments, or tedious politics, or elaborate elegances, or general fancies; but should have a native clearness and shortness, a "domestical plainness, and a peculiar kind of familiarity which can only affect the humour of those to whom they were intended." For the very same passages, the Bishop continues, which make writings of this nature delightful among friends, will lose all manner of taste when they come to be read by those that are indifferent. "In such letters the souls of men should appear undressed, and in that negligent habit they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroad into the streets." But there is justice in the complaint that a great deal of nonsense has been uttered about the ideal of a letter, and the prohibition of all cramp words, high-flown raptures, or elaborate discussions. If by ease is meant,—when an "easily-written" letter is prescribed as our beau idéal,—the "absence of stiff and set forms of phraseology, of the proud flesh and flummery of rhetoric, of the technicalities and involved terminology of a scientific style," this, as a popular essayist observes, is true, not only of the letter, but of all lighter kinds of composition—the essay, tale, &c., and is, in fact, not to define a letter, but merely to describe one of those properties which it possesses, and possesses not alone. If a letter be a true thing, he argues,—a mirror of the writer's heart (a miniature-mirror, if you will), and if across that heart be driven (and why not?) abrupt, vehement, profound, tempestuous emotion, like sudden and terrible storms, why should not these also find a reflection there?

"Why should not a letter unite to ease, the far higher qualities of earnestness, enthusiasm, philosophic reflection, or poetic feeling? Why should it not suit the subject, the state of the writer's mind, the character of the correspondent, the circumstances amid which he writes? Who, called on to read the letter of a patriot, written on the morning of his execution—or a poet's, written after the commencement, or in one of the deep lulls, or at the close of some heroic work—or of a martyr, penned an hour ere ascending to receive the eternal crown—could dare to blame them for the lack of a certain slipshod ease, and not rather rejoice that in their hands the thing had become a trumpet, and that, under their noble management, the rocking-horse had been sublimed into a fiery Pegasus?"

And, accordingly, this censor appeals to the best collections of epistolary writing extant, to prove in his favour that ease, their delightful charm in general, is at one time rounded into elegance, at another strengthened into vigour; now sharpens into sarcasm, and now intensifies into invective; is perpetually exploding into eloquence, or effervescing into wit; can at one time sink into the depths of the metaphysical, and at another spring up into the sevenfold hallelujahs of the poetical. The various keys of all the notes up and down this gamut, have been used at sundry times by divers manners of men. Italian vivacity and Spanish dignity, French versatility and German domesticity,—the bill of fare includes solids and light dishes in piquant plenty: specimens of Annibal Caro, and Ludovico Dolce, and Aretino, and Gozzi; of Voiture and Balzac, Pelisson and Sévigné, of Racine and Voltaire; Lessing's masculine notes of hand and heart, and Gellert's tender effusions, and the characteristic billets of Bürger, Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, Richter, Herder; while our own literature in this department ranges from a Howell to a Gay, from an infidel St. John to a Christian Cowper, from a scowling Swift to a laughter-loving and laughter-compelling Sydney Smith, from a worldly Walpole to a meditative Montgomery, from a scoffing Byron to a sedate Southey, from the little cripple of Twickenham to the burly lameter of Abbotsford, from Moore's gossiping gaieties to Arnold's earnest musings, from the sprightly licence of Lady Mary to the practical schemings of Mrs. Fry.

Melmoth and Warton have expressed their regret that we have not equalled our neighbours, the French, in this branch of literature. Hayley, in his day—and since then our stores have been enriched very considerably—took exception to any such comparative view, and referred all persons infected by Melmoth and Warton to such gems as Sir Philip Sidney's letter to his sister (prefixed to the *Arcadia*), to the "manly eloquence" of Essex, to Anne Boleyn's letter to Henry VIII., to the letters of Ladies Rachel Russell and Mary Wortley Montague—the former, he maintains, equalling Sévigné's in tenderness of heart; and the latter, in all the charms of easy, elegant language, and in vivacity of description. Female correspondence is by some good judges accounted the better half, in every sense, of the whole literature of Letters. A woman's letter has its satirists, and is often open enough to their satire: *ex. gr.*

The earth has nothing like a She-epistle,
And hardly Heaven—because it never ends.
I love the mystery of a female missile,
Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,
But full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,
When he allured poor Dolon:—you had better
Take care what you reply to such a letter.

But Byronic raillery of this kind admitted, the truth remains, that women have a knack at letter-writing which is *sui generis*, and a matter rather for envy than imitation. Archdeacon Hare, in the course of an argument against epic poetry by women, or dramatic poetry by women, or other ambitious enterprises of great pith and moment, maintains that what women write best is what expresses personal, individual feeling, or describes personal occurrences, not objectively, as parts of history, but with reference to themselves and their own affections: hence the charm, he takes it, of female letters, which alone touch the matters of ordinary life with ease and grace. "Men's letters may be witty, or eloquent, or profound; but, when they have anything beyond a mere practical purpose, they mostly pass out of the true epistolary element, and become didactic or satirical." Thomas de Quincey, in his treatise on Style, advises all who would at this day read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet sinewy in its composition—to steal the mail-bags, and break open all the letters in female handwriting. Three out of four, he says, will have been written by that class of women who have the most leisure and the most interest in a correspondence by the post—that class who combine more of intelligence, cultivation, and of thoughtfulness, than any other in Europe—the class of unmarried women above twenty-five; "women who, from mere dignity of character, have renounced all prospects of conjugal and parental life, rather than descend into habits unsuitable to their birth." Women capable of such sacrifices, he proceeds to assert, and marked by such strength of mind, may be expected to think with deep feeling, and to express themselves (unless where they have been too much biassed by bookish connexions) with natural grace; though not impossibly these same women, if required to come forward in some public character, might write ill and affectedly—their free natural movement of thought becoming distorted into some accommodation to artificial standards, amongst which they might happen to select a bad one for imitation. "But in their letters they write under the benefit of their natural advantages; not warped, on the one hand, into that constraint or awkwardness which is the inevitable effect of conscious exposure to public gaze; yet, on the other, not left to vacancy or the chills of apathy, but sustained by some deep sympathy between themselves and their correspondents."

A pleasant thing it is—a good sight for sore eyne, a balmy boon for sore heart—to break the seal, and devour the contents, of some true-hearted friend's true-worded letter, be it, to use Southey's sexual distinction, He-pistle or She-pistle. "A letter," observes the author of that distinction—to which, however, Byron had approximated in a line recently quoted—"a letter is like a fresh billet of wood upon the fire, which, if it be not needed for imme-

diate warmth, is always agreeable for its exhilarating effects." "Ecrivez-moi de temps en temps," begs the Cardinal de Bernis of Voltaire: "une lettre de vous embellit toute la journée, et je connais le prix d'un jour." "This moment," writes little, fluttering, flattering Fanny Burney to the Lady of Streatham, "have two sweet and most kind letters from my best-beloved Mrs. Thrale made amends for no little anxiety which her fancied silence had given me. I know not what is now come to this post; but there is nothing I can bear with so little patience as being tricked out of any of your letters. They do, indeed, give me more delight than I can express"—and the puss adds her entire conviction that they are indeed the perfection of epistolary writing, for, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, all that is not kindness in them is wit, and all that is not wit is kindness.

It was in Dr. Johnson's last hours that he said, while opening a note which his servant brought to him: "An odd thought strikes me; we shall receive no letters in the grave." A latter-day minstrel has found consolation in the thought—but the strain he strikes is in a morbid mood:

Yes—'mid the unutterable dread
 With which both flesh and spirit shrink,
 When the stern Angel of the Dead
 Impels us to the Future's brink—
 While all is hurry, doubt, dismay,
 Life's footing crumbling fast away,
 And sins, long silent, dark and fell,
 Across the memory flitting yell,
 Even then that Sage's transient thought
 Some pangs at least the soul can save,
 For be what may our awful lot
 No letters reach us in the grave.

Letters from Home—we're spared at last
 A longing, lingering watch to keep,
 And when th' expected post is past
 And brings them not, to shrink and weep,
 And count how many hours remain
 Before that post comes round again:
 Or bitterer still, to break the seals,
 Sick for the love no line reveals,
 Striving to wrest cold Duty's words
 To heart-born tenderness and truth,
 As if existence' shattered chords
 Could yield the music of our youth!

A Patron's letters;—never more
 To feel them mock our honest pride,
 With all the bard denounced of yore—
 The curse "in suing long to bide."
 Never again to know th' intense
 And feverish anguish of suspense,
 When the cool, final, brief reply,
 As yet unopened, meets the eye—

One moment more—and all we dread
 May whelm us like a drowning wave:
 Our doom—hope, health, and fortune fled—
 To drift in darkness to the grave.

No letters *there*!—not even the small
 Rose-scented one that dared not come
 By day, but stole at evening's fall,
 When every tell-tale breeze was dumb,
 Asking—

but no, we must not quote Mr. Simmons's stanzas entire, and so we elect a *couleur de rose* sort of finale in the instance of the "small rose-scented" billet that came stealing and wafting odours on the zephyrs of evening.

Some pathetic lines might be indited, by-the-by, on the afflictions it sometimes costs frail flesh and blood to write a letter, even to a faithful friend. Aversion from letter-writing is, with some, a constitutional infirmity. The malady attacks them in acute form, and anon becomes chronic. M. Fauriel, one of his biographers tells us, "*était plus prompt à servir ses amis qu'à leur écrire*;" though when M. Fauriel could induce himself to write, the result is indicated in what Madame de Staël says, in a letter from her involuntary seclusion at Coppet, full of questions about her too indispensable Paris: "*Je vous importune de questions, mais les solitaires sont très-curieux; et vous, quoique habitant de la ville, vous écrivez de longues et de jolies lettres.*" Often it is those who can write the longest and prettiest possible letters, that are least disposed to exhibit their talent that way. Boileau designates Madame de la Fayette as "*la femme de France qui avait le plus d'esprit et qui écrivait le mieux*;" yet *cette personne* has the repute of *haïssant surtout d'écrire des lettres*, insomuch that only a very few, and they very brief, of her epistles or notelets survive: "*c'est dans celles de Madame de Sévigné plutôt que dans les siennes qu'on la peut connaître.*" Madame de Sévigné's daughter seems to have disrelished the part, that is to say no part, or next to none, played by La Fayette in the performance: "*Voyez, voyez! votre Madame de la Fayette vous aime-t-elle donc si extraordinairement? elle ne vous écrirait pas deux lignes en dix ans; elle sait faire ce qui l'accommode, elle garde ses aises et son repos,*"—and Gourville is reported to have written on the same sore subject in the same strain, only *plus malicieux*. Madame de la Fayette's declaration is well known: "*Si j'avais un amant qui voulût de mes lettres tous les matins, je romprais avec lui.*" Sentimental fair ones, who indulge in a plurality of sheets (crossed) and an indefinite series of postscripts, may object,

Methinks the lady doth protest too much.

Others of a more restrained habit will perhaps undertake to vouch for her,

Nay, but she'll keep her word!

We find even Madame d'Arblay seized by a lasting fit of what she calls "writing-weariness," and pressing on one remonstrant the forbearance in general of her other friends, who, she says, when they understood that writing was utterly irksome to her, except as a mere vehicle to prevent uneasiness on their part, and to obtain intelligence on hers, concurred not to make her silence still more oppressive to her than her writing, by a kind reception of a few words, and giving her back letters for notes. Horace Walpole soothes his conscience by the persuasion that letter-writing is one of the first duties that the very best people let perish out of their rubric; and, so early as 1744, avows that every day grows to make him hate writing more. In 1745 he asks Sir Horace Mann, of all loves, "How do you contrive to roll out your patience into two sheets? You certainly don't love me better than I do you; and yet if our loves were to be sold by the quire, you would have by far the more magnificent stock to dispose of. I can only say, that age has already an effect on the vigour of my pen; none on yours: it is not, I assure you, for you alone, but my ink is at low-water-mark for all my acquaintance." Horace Walpole's ink at low-water-mark in the '45! If so, it was only because it had not begun to rise, and the mark in question was the *à quo*, not the *ad quem*. It is well for those of us who prize him as the prince of letter-writers in his peculiar *genre*, that Horace was fibbing right and left when he pretended to hate letter-writing. But for his letters, what would he be to this generation? With them, he is an authority with all authorities, the observed of all observers of the politics and personalities of the eighteenth century.

Probably, however, the correspondence of every man and woman of note would furnish proof, if searched into, of frequent if not permanent distaste for letter-writing. Gleim, good old father Gleim, was a *rara avis*, a strange old bird, in the mania that possessed him for writing and being written to. Some of his juniors will account him to have been a "very foolish, fond old man, fourscore and upwards"—for to those years he attained—when he indulged so profusely in epistles to people he scolded for being less liberal in their replies. William Taylor's description of Gleim is, that he had a loving heart, a house always open to literary guests, and a passion for corresponding with all his acquaintance, especially with young men of letters in whom he anticipated rising genius. "His *scrutoire* has been edited; and it abounds with complaints that his friends are less fond of writing useless epistles than himself, and were one by one letting drop an intercourse, which amused his leisure, but interrupted their industry." The German Anacreon became *de trop* with his exactions on his friends;

Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old,

they might say; and treat him accordingly. Southey, in one of

his early letters, attributes to "those intervals of vacancy which must occur in the best directed solitude," what he calls "the epistolary mania in very young persons. This was my own case once," he adds: "I wrote not from a fulness of matter to communicate, but from sheer emptiness—day after day—foolscap sheets, and close writing, for three pages, and the top and bottom of the fourth. More knowledge, and the daily increasing consciousness of how much yet remains to be learnt, more employments, and marriage, have long since cured me. My pleasure now consists in receiving letters, not in writing them." Mr. Disraeli's Contarini Fleming is, indeed, only a type of youthful passion for letter-writing, at that stage of the young German's college life when he inundated Musseus with floods of penmanship daily: "But the letters with which I overwhelmed him—these were the most violent infliction—what pages of mad eloquence!—solemn appeals, bitter sarcasms, infinite ebullitions of frantic sensibility. For the first time in my life I composed. I grew intoxicated with my own eloquence." Most of us, in some degree or other, have been "overtaken" by this intoxication, for at least once in a way, in our time—though (perhaps, and well—aday!) long, long since

that time is past;

And all its *aching* joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures.

As surely, on the other hand, we have come, at a later day, to know what it is to shrink from a plurality of sheets, and a change of pens, and an extra outlay in postage stamps, when pursuing this once-cherished occupation—when fulfilling as a duty what was, of yore, an overmastering passion. Every one must have experienced, who has lived long enough, something of the feeling which Charles Lamb humorously expresses when he says, that a philosophical treatise is wanting of the causes of the backwardness with which persons after a certain time of life set about writing a letter. "I always feel as if I had nothing to say, and the performance generally justifies the presentiment." In the same epistle occurs the memorable avowal: "A full pause here comes upon me as if I had not a word more left. I will shake my brain. Once! Twice!—nothing comes up. George Fox recommends waiting on these occasions. I wait. Nothing comes. . . ." "Professor Wilson told me," says Mr. Samuel Warren, "that there were two things he specially hated," of which, letter-writing was the first. ("As for letter-writing," adds the Queen's Counsel, "I never received from him but one in my life; and that was written on half a sheet of paper, evidently the blank sheet of some old letter." Pope and Madame d'Arblay are not, by dozens probably, the only "paper-sparing" correspondents on record.) And Sydney Smith writes to "Dear Mrs. Crowe, I quite agree with you as to the horrors of correspondence. Correspondences are like small clothes before the invention of suspenders; it is impossible to keep them up." Not

altogether a lady's simile, or in severe clerical keeping; but Sydney Smith knew what he was about when simile-making, and was a clergy-man and lady's man too. If that of the suspenders is not very like the broad *cloth* without, 'tis marvellously like the broad *man* within, whose breadth of drollery few can resist and nobody can deny.

Looking over an accumulation of old letters—what a strange mixture of feelings that induces—heart-sickness too often predominant as one sighs “Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!” The author of “Michael de Mas” touchingly depicts the world-hardened Gold Finder examining a collection of these saddening memorials:

He opened it, and face to face arose
The dead old years he thought to have escaped
All chronicled in letters: there he saw
Answers to some of his, containing doubts
Long since become negations; some again
Encouraging resolves of his, long broke,
And, as he thought, forgotten;—not a leaf
But marked some downward step. Oh! in our life
There are no hours so full of speechless woe
As those in which we read, through misty eyes,
Letters from those who loved us once; of whom
Some have long ceased to love at all—the hand
That traced the fond warm records still and cold—
The spirit that turned to ours, long lost to all
That moves, and mourns, and sins upon the earth;
And some, oh! sadder that, by us estranged,
Still live, still love, but live for us no more.

“I have a little packet,” says the author of “Dream-Life,”—“not very large, tied up with narrow crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which, far into some winter's night, I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and run over with such sorrow, and such joy, such tears and such smiles, as I am sure make me for weeks after a kinder and better man. There are in this little packet letters in the familiar hand of a mother. What gentle admonition!—what tender affection! God have mercy on him who outlives the tears that such admonitions and such affection call up to the eye! There are others in the budget, in the delicate and unformed hand of a loved and lost sister—written when she and you were full of glee, and the best mirth of youthfulness. Does it harm you to recal that mirthfulness? or to trace again, for the hundredth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom, with its *i*'s so carefully dotted, and its gigantic *l*'s so carefully crossed, by the childish hand of a little brother?”

Well says Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his last, best novel,—“*My Novel*” he rightly dubbed it, *κατ' εἶδη*,—that a thought written in warm, sunny life, and then suddenly rising up to us, when the hand that traced, and the heart that cherished it, are dust—is verily as a ghost. “It is a likeness struck off the fond human being, and surviving it. Far more truthful than bust or

portrait, it bids us see the tear flow, and the pulse beat. What ghost can the churchyard yield to us like the writing of the dead?"

Southey thus writes to his son-in-law, after going through the papers and letters of the late Dr. Bell, with a view to publication: "As you may suppose, these papers contain much of the romance of real life, and a full share of its tragedy. It is an affecting thing to read continuously through an unreserved correspondence of twenty, thirty, or forty years, ending with a black-bordered announcement of the writer's death: affecting it would be in a book, still more so in the letters themselves—the very letters—which have been written and received with such emotion of pleasure and of grief."*

We must conclude. Yet not with the writing of the dead? With a fragment, then, not savouring of mortality, but sufficiently in tone with the *penseroso* in these latter extracts: it shall be one of Mrs. Browning's beautifully rendered Sonnets from the Portuguese—a story in itself, though one of a series:

My letters! all dead paper . . . mute and white!—
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.
This said . . . he wished to have me in his sight
Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in spring
To come and touch my hand . . . a simple thing.
Yet I wept for it!—this,—the paper's light—
Said, "Dear, I love thee;" and I sank and quailed
As if God's future thundered on my past:
This said, "I am thine"—and so its ink has paled
With lying at my heart that beat too fast:
And this . . . O Love, thy words have ill availed,
If, what this said, I dared repeat at last!

* Southey appears to have been deeply impressed with this consideration in the instance of Dr. Bell's letters of a lifetime. He recurs to it again and again, with other of his correspondents. Thus to Mrs. Bray of Tavistock:

"There is a vast mass: in fact the whole correspondence of more than fifty years. Much of this is very interesting; and, at the same time, there is something very melancholy in reading through a series of the most unreserved letters, beginning with the hopes and projects of early life, relating in their progress the joys and sorrows which flesh is heir to, and concluding by a few lines in a different hand, and on a black-edged paper, announcing the death of the person with whose concerns, from manhood to old age, I had become thus intimately acquainted."

And again, to Mrs. Hughes (June 16, 1833):

" These feelings are brought home to me by the perusal of poor Dr. Bell's papers, to which I daily devote two hours before breakfast. He had preserved the whole of his correspondence for nearly fifty years, and much of it I have found very interesting. Commencing with the formation of his friendship in India, relating the prospects, hopes, fears, and fortunes of his friends from that time, till a different handwriting and a black seal concludes the series."

Mr. Cuthbert Southey and Mr. Wood Warter must each have been feelingly alive to this reflection, in editing for the press the sometime Laureate's own correspondence.

THE FINAL ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

BY MR. JOLLY GREEN.

I.

I RESOLVE TO MAKE THE ASCENT.

To some future Macaulay I bequeath the task of recording the momentous occupations which, for the last three years, have chiefly engrossed my attention.

All the world knows that during that period THE WAR WITH RUSSIA began and ended—where it began; a result attributable, I flatter myself, to the presence, at the Paris Congress, of a certain personage who, for reasons of state, has resolved—like the man in the iron mask—to preserve an impenetrable *incognito*. Should the veil, perchance, be raised at some distant day, it will be time enough then for his admiring countrymen to raise a statue to his memory, with the simple inscription on its base of “BOLGRAD” and “THE ISLE OF SERPENTS.”

Such are the triumphs of diplomacy!

It is scarcely necessary for me—after this dark allusion to the past—to say, that I was amongst the first to receive an invitation from the Emperor Alexander the Second to join in the Coronation Festivities at Moscow. But I had already represented my country elsewhere, and thought it but just to give others a chance of shining as I had done: moreover, I was somewhat *blasé* with the glitter of a Court life, and yearned for rest after my arduous labours.

I, therefore, sent a polite refusal to the Czar, which Lord Gr—nv—lle—to whom I lent my best coat and waistcoat—kindly undertook to deliver, and silently set out for Baden-Baden, in the hope of finding, in its waters, what all statesmen desire, a second oblivious Styx.

But forgetfulness was not my destiny.

In vain I twirled the brazen ball,—in vain I punted on the red and black,—my money went, but not my memory. I rode my favourite donkey through the forest, but the wild huntsman sat behind me; I stood beneath the waterfall,—I was drenched, but my recollection still clung to me; I climbed the darkest fir-tree, but when I descended—with torn garments—I was still aware of my own identity; I fled from myself in vain, the Fiend still whispered “Jolly Green,” and at length I awoke to the conviction that, as long as I breathed, it was necessary—for the world’s sake—that I should be up and doing.

On what trifles do the most remarkable events depend!

That single monosyllable “UP” was the key-note to an exploit which I may say, without the fear of contradiction, has never been paralleled. When once I caught its full meaning, little need was there for any one to suggest the participle “doing.”

In the *Times*, then, of the 6th of October—while I was still an inmate
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of the "Badenscher Hof"—I read a leading article on the subject of Mont Blanc, which said :

"Some people have a taste for ascending mountains ; others prefer walking on level ground. We have no quarrel with the young gentlemen who adhere to the former principle, but *unless they have something new to tell us* there is no use in teasing the public with the repetition of a fifty-times-told tale. *Let any traveller who has made the ascent, and who has possessed sufficient intelligence and knowledge to turn the opportunity to account for the furtherance of science, by all means give us the benefit of his observations and his conclusions.*"

When I had finished the last sentence, my mind was at once made up as to the course it was incumbent on me to pursue, but if I had needed any further stimulus it was contained in the following question :

"Can any fresh point of view be suggested which may give something like novelty and zest to the matter?"

"Novelty" and "zest!"

"If those elements of interest," I said, "be wanting to an ascent of Mont Blanc undertaken by me, Jolly Green, the mountain may then safely hide his diminished head, put on his nightcap, put himself to bed, and ingenuously own that he is, as the *Times* says, 'used up' beyond hope of recovery."

As the purpose for which I went to Baden-Baden was seclusion, I had not encumbered myself with a retinue of attendants. Before I set out from Paris I gave my private secretary a *congé* for six months, with double pay to console him for my absence, and dismissed the whole of my servants except one, an Englishman named John Grunter, whom I retained about my person as my valet and occasional groom. This man was rather an oddity, sturdy, blunt, and outspoken, not given to flattery, somewhat familiar in his language, but—like Iago—"of exceeding honesty."

Had I been new to the world and without experience, I might have chosen for my sole domestic a more accomplished courtier than John Grunter, one who would have acknowledged my will as his only law, have simply existed upon the breath of my nostrils, have been my subservient slave in all things. But Time had taught me Truth. I knew that Perfidy ever wears the mask of Politeness, that Civility is but another word for Cozening, and I selected John Grunter, and told him so, because he was the opposite of polite, the very reverse of civil.

Knowing his character *à fond*, I could thus afford to laugh where more superficial observers would have taken offence ; what ordinary persons would have construed into impertinence was to my keen vision nothing more than the ignorant *bonhomie* of serfdom. I tolerated him, therefore, in all he said.

As soon as I had read the article of which I have just spoken, I sent for John Grunter, and desired him to pack up immediately, as I was about to leave Baden-Baden.

"Where are you going to?" he asked.

"To Switzerland, John," I replied.

"Where's that?" said he.

I smiled at his limited geographical knowledge, but observed, graciously, "In the Alps."

"And what are you going to do there?"

"John," returned I, "my object in going to Switzerland is to astonish the world."

"You generally manage to do that," he observed, "wherever you go."

I was pleased with his sentences.

"You are right, John," said I; "and this time I mean to give the world something to talk about. It is my intention to make the ascent of Mont Blanc."

"What's that?" he inquired.

"Mont Blanc," I answered, "is the monarch of mountains; they crowned him a long time ago, on a throne of rocks, in a coat or cloak of clouds—perhaps I am not quoting the poet quite correctly, but that is the meaning of the lines,—with a diadem of snow; around his waist are trousers braced—no, not trousers,—forests, that's it,—an avalanche in his hand; but ere it fall, the thundering hall must wait for my command. In honest prose, John, for I see you don't quite comprehend,—the illiterate can scarcely hope or expect to reach such sublime heights,—Mont Blanc is a mountain three miles high, entirely covered with snow, and I mean to go to the very top of it."

"I think," said John Grunter, "you'd much better stay where you are, and let the monarch of mountings and his trousers and braces alone. What's the use of going and jamming yourself up to the middle in snow-drifts at this time of the year! I was in hopes you was going back to England. It's quite time you should."

"John," said I, calmly, "what I propose to do will be undertaken in the cause of immortal Science. It is the duty of every man, however humble, to contribute his mite towards its advancement."

"I suppose by that," he replied, "that you wants me to go along of you. I fancied as how I should be lugged into somethin' ridiculous afore you'd done."

"I do desire that you should accompany me," I said, "but as there may be some little danger in the enterprise, I shall not employ your services without additional remuneration. Here," I continued, taking a ten-pound note from my pocket-book—"here, John, is an earnest of my intentions."

"I'm sure, sir," said the simple fellow, whose eyes glistened with humiliation, "I never meant nethink by what I said this minnit. I'm ready to feller yer, sir, to the end of the world."

A glow of triumph flushed my brow; that rough hunk of his could not deceive me.

"The end of the world!" I observed, musingly,—“the end of the world! One of these days, perhaps,—but—no matter,—for the present I am bound for Switzerland."

I then gave my servant certain directions, and occupied myself for the remainder of the day in making preparations for the journey. I could not have been in a better place than Baden-Baden for doing so, the various shops in the avenue of the "Conversations-Haus" supplying me with everything of which I stood in need. I accordingly purchased two suits of Tyrolean costume—one for John Grunter as well as for myself—with hunting-horns, rifles, powder-flasks, and *couteaux de chasse*. I also

bought an eight-foot telescope, two barometers, four thermometers, a theodolite, a sextant, a cross-staff, a hundred and sixty fathoms of chain for perpendicular measurement, a deep-sea lead for gauging the glaciers, a flask of vinegar (like Hannibal) for melting the rocks, an electro-voltaic pocket battery for medical purposes, two lancets, a quantity of sticking-plaster and bandages for bruised limbs, an eight-day clock with a loud alarm, a mariner's compass, a daguerreotype apparatus, a box of water-colours, two parallel rulers, a graduated scale and triangle, six black-lead pencils, several sheets of cartridge and tracing-paper, two camp-stools, a bottle of aquafortis, a few etching-needles, a set of mathematical instruments, a small supply of chloroform, and some other minor articles. De Saussure himself could not have been more scientifically provided.

It took some time to stow away all these things, of which poor ignorant John Grunter could make neither head nor tail, but at last the task was accomplished: I paid my bill—rather a long one by-the-by, and, being written in a very small German character, not particularly legible—and with my passport properly *visé*—the words “HOMME DE SCIENCE” superadded to my personal description—started by the train the same evening for Basle.

II.

I ENTER SWITZERLAND AND PROCEED TO CHAMOUNIX.

I SLEPT and breakfasted at *The Stork*, where I hired a carriage to take me on to Geneva. At some other moment I may describe the comparatively untrodden track which separates the two cities, but at present I will not detain the reader from more interesting matter. Let it suffice to say that I reached Geneva on the evening of the second day, and put up at the *Hôtel des Bergues*, where I was received with as much *empressement* as if the landlord had really been aware of my actual rank and character. His respect for me was so great that he at once offered me the choice of any room I pleased in the whole of his vast establishment, and served up my dinner in a magnificent *salon*, which I had entirely to myself. I pointed out this flattering attention to John Grunter, but the stupid fellow attempted to account for it by saying it was all owing to the lateness of the season and the fact of my being the only traveller at the hotel.

Eager to commence the great enterprise I meditated, I only remained in Geneva long enough to pay a visit to the principal booksellers, where I purchased Pfeffer's largest Map of the Alps, Scheuzer's “*Itinera per Helvetia Alpinas Regiones*” (black letter, in folio, A.D. 1486), and a copy of the original act for the foundation of the Priory of Chamounix in the pontificate of Pope Urban the Second—a document necessary for my researches—and then, being provided to my own satisfaction, pursued my journey in the carriage which I had brought from Basle. For the purpose of inuring myself to the fatigue I was about to encounter, I resolved to wear my knapsack in the carriage, but I could not persuade John Grunter, who sat on the box, to follow my example: the effeminate fellow said it would be soon enough to carry his load when it was wanted, and accordingly it was deposited with the rest of the baggage.

It was a fine, crisp, frosty morning when I bowed myself out of

Geneva—a term which I must explain by saying, that I stood up in the carriage to return the salutations of the good citizens as we rattled through the streets, immense crowds being assembled to witness my daring departure, the rumour having got abroad that I was on my way to the top of Mont Blanc. As soon as we were clear of the city, I resumed my seat and thought of the region into which I was about to plunge. It may be doubted whether sensations similar to mine were ever experienced before, and I fell into a profound reverie, from which I was only roused by the voice of an armed man, who, on the carriage suddenly stopping, advanced with a menacing air towards me. Naturally supposing that I had to do with a Brigand of the fiercest description, I resolved to sell my life as dearly as I could, and looked around me for my revolver, but before I could discover where John Grunter had placed the deadly weapon, the hostile countenance of the desperado assumed a smiling expression, and in accents of assumed politeness, he demanded, not my money, but my passport. For once I was taken rather aback, and gave him the first paper that presented itself when I opened my pocket-book. He took it from me, and withdrew to a sort of barrack by the road-side, where he unfolded and appeared to read it, though I have very good reasons for supposing that this was beyond his powers, for when he gave the paper back into my hands, with the observation that I was at liberty to proceed, I perceived that in my hurry I had given him the long bill which I had paid at Baden-Baden, instead of my scientific passport. It was too late to expose his error, so with a smile at the fellow's mistake I drove on, inwardly asking myself the question, of what use are Ragged Schools or Juvenile Reformatories if the armed and booted officials of a foreign country are unable to distinguish between a tavern reckoning and a diplomatic document? I afterwards learnt that the place where I was stopped is called Annemasse, that the man whom I had taken for a Brigand was, in point of fact, an illiterate custom-house officer, and that without even crossing an arm of the sea, I had quietly entered Sardinia, which I had always believed to be an island in the Adriatic. But modern geography is a sad maze of confusion, and the intelligent traveller often finds himself very much at a loss to know where he really is. In proof of this, I need only remark that even the Sardinians themselves are impressed with the belief that they live in the Savoy. A little reflection might easily convince these ignorant people that the Savoy is in the Strand, and that the Savoyards, as they are called, are chiefly children in very dirty dresses, who wander about the streets of London playing on organs and hurdy-gurdies!

At Bonneville—which signifies in their language “Good-town”—I made a very excellent breakfast, and a little later lunched at the small town of Cluses, at the entrance of an extremely narrow valley. The French army, under Marshal Soult, defiled here in 1795, previous to the battle of Marengo, and very evident traces of their having done so still remain, for a dirtier place it is difficult to imagine. The inhabitants are remarkable for a sort of gourd, not unlike an enormous wen, which hangs to their necks, but whether it be a natural or an artificial production, I am not able, at present, to determine. There is a tradition that these people are descended from the ancient Cretans, who were the first

to introduce the fashion of wearing gaiters,—or, as they spell the word here—*gaiters*.

Onward! Rocks, rivers, mountains, waterfalls, snowy peaks, sombre forests, dreary caverns, darksome precipices! Such are the leading features of the first Alpine valley my feet had ever trod, and which I now explored with a kind of hideous delight, though my emotions were not—I regret to say—shared by John Grunter, who persisted in falling asleep, displaying anything but gratitude for the repeated digs which I gave him in the back, through the open carriage-window, for the purpose of enabling him to enjoy the terrors by which he was surrounded.

Arrived at the village of St. Martin's,—which I recommend should henceforth be called St. Martin's in the Valley, to distinguish it from our own St. Martin's in the Fields,—I ascertained that, owing to the narrowness of the road, it is impossible to proceed any further in a carriage-and-four, and I consented to take a *char-à-banc* for the remainder of the distance. I may mention here, for general information, that the *char-à-banc* is a vehicle resembling a sideboard, from which you can only look one way, and is made in that form in order to prevent the timid traveller from being terrified by the dangers of the Alpine passes, to which his back is invariably turned. Owing to the quantity of my scientific baggage, I hired a second *char-à-banc* to follow the one in which I went, with my humble attendant seated by my side.

There was a great deal of curiosity manifested in the court-yard of the *auberge* at St. Martin to learn the object of my expedition, but I steadily refused to give any direct answer to the numerous questions by which I was assailed. I confined my explanation to what I may term the Targuinan process, which consisted in taking the landlord of the hotel to the bridge across the Arve close by, where, pointing to the mountain range before me, I calmly asked him which of those summits was Mont Blanc! He indicated one with his outstretched finger:

“Vous le voyez aujourd'hui?” I observed.

“Mais, oui!” was his reply.

“Eh bien,” I retorted, sarcastically, “vous le verrez demain!”

And I silently walked away, leaving him vainly endeavouring to unravel the mystery beneath which my meaning was shrouded.

As no time was to be lost if I intended reaching Chamounix that evening, I dallied no longer at St. Martin, taking the route by the Lake of Chede and Servoz, but before I set out I wisely acted upon a hint given by Murray, to the effect that a traveller in Switzerland should always be provided with plenty of small coin “to give to the numerous little children who serve as guides to the cascade, the lake,” &c. I had no reason afterwards to repent this precaution, for though I did not get out of the *char* to see the waterfall at Chede, I succeeded in emptying my pockets long before I reached Servoz.

Servile imitation is only the resource of those who are deficient in natural genius, but the most original-minded may occasionally follow the example set by their predecessors. It was on this principle that, when I reached the place last named, I did as an illustrious fellow-labourer in the same field of science with myself had done—I am not alluding to De Saussure, but to one whose name is far more *répandue* than his—I bought “a long pole with a *chamois*' horn at the top,” an indispensable

weapons for those who would face the horrors of the avalanche. At Servoz, also, I commenced the formation of a cabinet of minerals, which I intend at some future period to throw open gratuitously to the public, the improvement of the labouring classes being an object that I never lose sight of.

More wondrous sublimities! The ascending track—the misty gorge—the foaming torrent—the massive boulder—the crumbling footpath—the howling victim—the wintry blast—the everlasting icicle—the bounding chamois—the unseen lynx—the soaring eagle—and, towering above all, the eternal peaks shining in deathless majesty—these are amongst the sights and sounds which greet the adventurous wayfarer as he descends into the valley of Chamounix!

At a turn of the road the driver of the *char-à-banc* suddenly stopped the carriage, and, leaping from his seat, exclaimed, like Xenophon, in accents of admiration, “Polyphlosboïo Thalasses!”—that is to say, “Voilà les glaciers!”

At these words I also jumped from the car, and, following the direction of his whip, beheld the faint white line which revealed the first of the many barriers which lay between me and my ambitious hopes. I laughed exultingly.

“Vainly,” I shouted, “ye try to baffle me—ye cold and restless masses, moving onward day by day; for I am he who bids ye pass, now with your ice delay. I am the monarch of the place, can make the mountains flee, and quiver to their cavern’d base, and what with me would ye? John Granter,” I added, concentrating my faculties on the woman beside me, “there are the glaciers!”

“Is they?” he replied, with a shiver. “I wish they was further.. I’d give a trifle to be at this here Shammonay. I’d rather be settin’ afore a good fire with some bread and cheese and a glass of porter, than stand here a lookin’ at all the glaciers as ever was invented!”

“Abject!” I muttered; but pitying while I despised, I added, in a louder tone, “Content yourself, friend John! I will guide you safely through this peril. Your wish, or something like it, shall shortly be accomplished.”

My words were prophetic. In less than an hour the *char-à-banc* drew up at the door of the Hôtel de Londres at Chamounix.

III.

I PREPARE TO RIVOUAC AMID ETERNAL SNOWS.

My arrival at Chamounix created a vast sensation in that primitive village.

Monsieur Tairraz, the landlord of the hotel, who met me on the threshold, could not conceal his surprise when he saw me descend from the *char-à-banc*.

I was the first traveller, he said, who had ever visited the valley at that season of the year. I told him, in reply, that when he came to know me better he would find I was always the first to undertake any daring exploit, whether in or out of season. He then asked me for what purpose I had come; and when I stated the reason, he raised his hands and eyes to heaven in speechless wonder.

I greatly enjoyed his astonishment; nor was my satisfaction diminished when at last he recovered the use of his vocal faculties.

"Mais, monsieur," he exclaimed, "il est trop tard de six semaines. A présent la chose est impossible!"

"Impossible!" I rejoined. "Voilà un mot qui convient peut-être à des femmes craintives. De ce bois-là je ne suis pas fait. Regardez-moi avec attention. Je me nomme Jolly Green, homme de courage et de science! Je me fiche de votre 'impossible.' Je ferai l'ascension demain!"

And, waving my hand for him to let me pass, I mounted the steps of the hotel, and entered the *salle-à-manger*.

With obsequious haste, Monsieur Tairraz followed me into the room, and the first words he uttered fully revealed the mercenary character of the Swiss landlord. He desired to know what I would like for supper.

Supper! When my whole thoughts were centred on the immaterial. Had I followed the bent of my own inclination, I should not even have waited for daylight before I commenced the soul-stirring enterprise of culminating on the Alpine chain; but there were other considerations involved in the important question, and as human nature requires support, supper must, after all, be eaten, so I yielded to the man's importunity. I recollected, also, the remark which had fallen from John Grunter, and when I ordered my own repast, desired that a substantial meal should be prepared for him.

The fare at the Hôtel de Londres turned out very good, and knowing that a task was before me which would probably tax my physical strength to the uttermost, I did ample justice to it. The wine also was excellent; and after finishing a bottle, which passed in the *carte* under the name of "Chéry," felt myself equal to two Mont Blancs, and would willingly have gone at them on the spot. As this, however, was not to be, I desired Monsieur Tairraz, who himself performed the functions of the waiter, to send round to the houses of the principal guides, and summon them to attend my *lever* on the following morning. He promised to obey my commands, observing at the same time that it was an unnecessary trouble, as he felt certain they would every one confirm his assertion that the ascent of Mont Blanc in the month of October was a sheer impossibility.

"This person," said I to myself, when he had gone, "is the victim of a monomania, which it may be dangerous to contradict. I must humour him till the morning."

I then lit a cigar, and taking up Scheuchzer's "*Itinera*," which had been my companion all day, was soon deeply immersed in its interesting descriptive pages; so deeply, indeed, that the clock struck ten before I was aware of the lateness of the hour. I started at the sound like one suddenly awakened, and feeling both tired and sleepy, withdrew to my *chambre-à-coucher*, giving directions to Monsieur Tairraz, whom I met on the staircase, to have me called at daybreak.

"N'ayez pas peur, mon bon mo'sieu'," said he, hypocritically, "on vous éveillera à temps. En attendant, vous allez dormir comme un sabot."

I saw clearly that he wished me to oversleep myself, so, to put that out of the question, before I retired to rest I tied a string round my great toe, and made the other end fast to the handle of the door, which I left unbolted, and then got into bed and immediately fell asleep.

Perhaps there are few people who have more remarkable dreams than I do. On this occasion, I fancied that I had completed the ascent of Mont Blanc without the assistance of a single guide, but that scarcely had I reached the summit when the peak suddenly opened, a yawning *orevasse* appeared, and in a moment I was engulfed. I struggled hard to extricate myself; but though my head and arms remained above the surface, I could not release my lower limbs. I strove with superhuman force; I writhed, I kicked, I shouted, but every effort was vain—my feet were locked in the ice, and the pain I experienced was indescribable. In the midst of my throes I felt a giant hand grasp my shoulder, and the voice of a Stentor thundered in my ears, "Why, what the devil is the matter? Wake up, sir, wake up!" I made another violent plunge—the vision fled, it was daylight, and John Grunter stood beside me. The illusion had entirely vanished—all—except the pain, which appeared to have settled in my right foot.

"Is it you, John?" I cried, while a cold dew bathed my manly brow.

"Me? Yes," he answered, with his accustomed bluntness. "From the row as you kicked up just now, you've been a havin' of the nightmare, I suppose! Why, what's this here," he continued, "as is dangling from the door?"

Saying which, he gave the string I had fastened there a violent tug, and I thought my great toe would have come off.

"For God's sake, John," I cried, "let go. It is fastened to my person. Help to undo it. I thought to have been more gently awakened."

"Gently?" said John Grunter. "Why, when the door was swung open, it stands to reason it must have given you a wrench——"

"Silence!" I exclaimed, rather angrily; "you and reason have nothing in common."

I then desired him to assist me to dress. He wished to know what I intended to wear. I replied, that of course I should put on my Tyrolese costume—the only one it was fitting a mountaineer should appear in; and he, I added, must do the same. He muttered something about not knowing how "to shove his-self" (I use his own rude dialect) "into them there things;" but I told him not to be uneasy on that score, for he had only to imitate me. I accordingly indued the picturesque high-lows of the Tyrol—the blue stockings—the black velveteen shorts—the scarlet waistcoat—the embroidered braces—the short green coat, which is now the Imp—r—l fashion at C—mp—ègne—the high-pointed hat, with its drooping cock's-tail feathers; and when I stood before the dressing-glass with one hand on my hip and the other grasping my rifle, I saw reflected the image of a patriot, of whom any of William Tell's female descendants might well have been enamoured. In this array I descended to the *salle-à-manger*, leaving John Grunter to follow my example.

A buzz of admiration fell upon my ear when I strode into the apartment. I found a number of persons assembled there, who all saluted me very courteously as I advanced. They were the guides.

"Eh bien, messieurs!" I said,—but I will translate my words,—"how say ye, gentlemen,—shall we ascend to-day?"

An elderly man stepped forward before the rest. He made me a low bow, hat in hand, and said: "Mo'sieu' has come too late; there can be no more ascents this year,—not until next July."

I perceived that the monomaniac had been at work: he had tampered with these men,—with what motive, except an envious one, I could not divine.

"I was told the same story last night," said I, knitting my brows and letting the butt-end of my rifle fall heavily on the hearth, before which I had planted myself; "but,—listen to me, gentlemen,—I am too firm of purpose to be lightly shaken. I have made up my mind to ascend Mont Blanc. What is your name?"

These words were addressed to the man who had spoken.

"Balmat, mo'sieu'," he answered.

"And do you, a Balmat," returned I, "shrink from the peril which a Briton would brave? I had deemed of you more nobly."

"It is not *that*," said the man, hesitating; "I am used to danger, and so is every one here, but to attempt the mountain so late as this was never heard of. It cannot be done."

"Everything," I retorted, "can be done with pluck and perseverance. Will not this tempt ye?"

I took out my purse, a large leathern one, like a couter's, nearly full of Napoleons, and shook it before their eyes.

"With regard to money, mo'sieu'," said Balmat, "we are always glad enough to get that; but still——"

He was interrupted by another speaker, a short, wiry man, with a keen eye, and a shrewd expression of countenance, who, I observed, had been looking at me attentively.

"I think, Balmat," he said, "if mo'sieu' will permit us to retire for a few minutes, we may be able to give him a more favourable answer. The season is fine, though late."

All the guides opened their eyes at hearing this remark, and more than one was about to reply, but I prevented them.

"Go!" I said, "and take counsel with this brave fellow. I give you half an hour to decide. At the end of that time, if you still refuse to accompany me, I breast the mountain alone."

Overawed by my firmness, the men slowly withdrew from the room, and I sat down to breakfast as calmly as if I had been going to the stake. I heard their heavy feet on the outer stair, and presently I ascertained by the sound of their voices that they were conferring in the street beneath the hotel windows. The conversation was long and earnest, but the shrill tones of one of them, who, I make no doubt, was the moderator of the assembly, prevailed over all the rest. At length I heard a simultaneous burst of laughter, and then all was still. After a brief pause the footsteps clattered again, and some one knocked at the door of the *salon*. Receiving permission to enter, the guides reappeared, headed this time by the clever-looking mountaineer who had advocated my view of the question, and whose name, it seemed, was Tairraz—a relative of my host. He smiled as he spoke—indeed the whole party wore smiling faces—which I looked upon as a good omen; nor was I deceived. Those who have followed the course of my adventurous career know that I never am.

"Mo'sieu'," said Tairraz, "there is no denying the lateness of the season; in that respect my friends are right. But then, on the other hand, until somebody first went up Mont Blanc, nobody thought it could

be done at all. Hitherto we have confined our attempts to the summer. Mo'sieu' thinks fit to inaugurate the autumn. What is the difference between the two periods? A little snow, more or less. We all know that the more the year advances, the colder it gets. What is the cause of that? The frost. What is the effect of frost upon snow? To harden it—nothing else. Consequently the harder the snow the easier it is to walk upon."

"C'est vrai! c'est vrai!" said all the guides in chorus.

I nodded assent.

"Well, then, mo'sieu'," continued Tairras, "we are now of opinion that the ascent may be safely made."

I rose from my seat, and grasping Tairras by the hand, wrung it fervently.

"You have justified my expectations," I said. "I appoint you my principal aide-de-camp, with full power, under myself, to control the entire proceedings. Let no expense be spared: double relays of guides, double relays of porters, provisions for a hundred!"

"Vive mo'sieu'!" shouted the guides.

"Here," I continued, as the door suddenly opened, and my valet came in, attired like myself in full Tyrolese costume, but wearing it awkwardly, as if he were ashamed, "here is my faithful henchman——"

"I'm not a Frenchman," growled Grunter, with a surly scowl.

"You misconceive me, John," I said,—"my faithful follower, eager to share in all the dangers to which you have devoted yourselves."

"I'm blest if I am," he muttered.

I took no heed of this remark, but went on addressing the guides. "When can we set out?" I asked.

Tairras replied for the rest, and said we might commence the ascent on the morrow. On account of the necessary preparations it could not be sooner. I then dismissed all the guides excepting my principal aide-de-camp, whom I retained for the rest of the day about my person.

Our first business was to summon the landlord, whose character appeared to have undergone a remarkable change since the day before. Nothing could now exceed his good humour and affability. He was full of useful suggestions, and placed the whole of his ladder and cellar at my disposal. The former would have been insufficient for our wants, but the other hotels were quite willing to furnish their *grotts* of eatables, and amongst them all our hampers were well stored in the course of the day. Would the reader like to see our bill of fare? Here it is:

"Provisions for the ascent of Mont Blanc: Vin ordinaire, 200 bottles; Bordeaux, 24; St. Georges, 24; St. Jean, 24; Cognac, 12; Champagne, 48; Maraschino, 6; Kirchwasser, 6; Eau de Seltz, 4 dozen; 100 loaves; 40 small cheeses; chocolate, coffee, tea, sugar, prunes, raisins, suet, flour, mustard, salt, pepper—of each, large quantities; 1 dozen wax candles (long four): a moderator lamp (this was struck out, although I had suggested it); 4 dozen lemons; do. oranges; 12 legs of mutton; 12 shoulders do.; 12 pieces of veal; 4 pieces of beef; 36 large fowls; 72 small do.; 4 kids, roasted whole; 2 chamois, do.; 200 hard boiled eggs; 6 boxes of cigars; and 2 cases of Eau de Cologne." There were no smelling-salts to be had, so I made up my mind to do without them. The aggregate cost of these articles was within a trifle of 2000 francs.

To dress this hecatomb of provisions the energies of all the cooks in Chamounix were taxed, but leaving the baking and roasting to them, I occupied myself in making a complete *reconnaissance* of the valley. For this purpose, accompanied by Tairraz, who carried my large telescope, and John Grunter, who shouldered his rifle, I walked up and down the village the whole of the day, now showing myself on the bridge, now looking in at the curiosity-shops—though I was myself more curiously eyed than anything in the place,—now pausing to converse with the poor, wondering inhabitants, in the most condescending manner; and in this manner the time wore away till the shades of evening came on, when I dismissed my aide-de-camp, and returned with only John Grunter to my hotel, where—after dinner—I passed the evening in close meditation on the large map of Switzerland—the scene of my future achievements.

IV.

I VANQUISH THE TYRANT.

DAY broke on Wednesday, the 15th of October,—a day for ever memorable in the annals of Chamounix,—but not so brilliantly as I anticipated, for when John Grunter roused me from my lair his first words were to say that a thick fog filled the whole valley, and that all the mountains were shrouded in mist. I was afraid that this might prove a bar to my project, but my fears were dissipated when Tairraz arrived. The cheerful fellow told me that fogs were of frequent occurrence at this time of the year,—he had, indeed, rather expected one to-day,—but though it might cause a little inconvenience at first, it would make no difference when we got to the top of Mont Blanc. He added, that the guides and porters were all ready in the street below and only waited for me. I lost no time, therefore, in completing my equipment, not forgetting to grease my face with marmot's fat—(an invaluable antidote against the effects of rarified air)—and probably a more gallant turn-out was never witnessed either at Kars or Balaklava than when I planted myself in heavy marching order on the steps of the Hôtel de Londres, and raising the blue veil which hung from my Tyrolese hat, displayed my shining features, and proceeded to harangue the assemblage. My speech was most appropriate, and displayed the full resources of my memory and the curious felicity with which I applied it: I began with Rolla's address to the Peruvian army, threw in a few lines of "Paradise Lost"—(where Satan expresses his contempt for the Sun),—and wound up by exclaiming, with Richard the Second and Lord Palmerston, "Follow me! I will be your leader!" I need not say how vociferously I was cheered.

The order of march then began. The pioneers of the expedition, as I may term those who were armed with shovels and pickaxes for clearing away the snow and hewing tracks in the ice for our footsteps, led the way. Next followed the *élite* of the party of whom I was the centre, consisting of Tairraz, Balmat, Couttet, Carrier, Payot, and other well-known guides,—John Grunter keeping close behind me. Then followed the porters, who carried my theodolite, sextant, deep-sea lead, electro-voltaic battery, daguerreotype apparatus, and the rest of my scientific instruments; and the men who were laden with the provisions—a multitude in

themselves—brought up the rear. Fearless as I am by nature, I never neglect useful precautions, and, knowing that it is the custom in crossing the *crevasses* for the mountaineers to be tied together, I insisted upon this operation being performed before we left the village. This arrangement, together with the fog, made our progress somewhat slow, but it also rendered it sure, and the principal guides, who were full of glee, greatly applauded my presence of mind in thinking of it so soon, for *they knew well where they were going to*.

I had made myself so popular in Chamounix by my liberality and courteous demeanour, that I verily believe the whole population would have accompanied me all the way, but this my consideration for their safety could not permit, and accordingly, when we arrived at the bridge which spans the Arve, I desired those who were not officially attached to the expedition to fall back. The leave-taking which ensued reminded me of the scene at Richmond the night before Waterloo, but I struggled with my emotions and moved sternly on.

I have said that our advance was slow, and it was rendered difficult by a heavy fall of snow, which had taken place during the night, but our pioneers worked manfully, shovelling it bravely aside. To cheer them on I ordered up a copious distribution of wine and brandy, and knowing with how much spirit a leader's cheerfulness inspires his troops when danger is near, I sang to them—like Taillefer at the battle of Hastings—the famous *chanson de guerre* of “Malbrouk,” in which all the guides joined chorus. The effect of this noble war-song was admirable, and, as I could see by their gleaming eyes, filled every man's heart with confidence in my abilities. We now moved on again, a resolute and compact phalanx, ready to affront peril in any shape, and at the expiration of about three hours arrived at the verge of a forest of gloomy firs, where, by the advice of Tairraz, I ordered a halt for the purpose of general refreshment. It was well that I had provided largely, for the appetites of the party, heightened no doubt by the state of the atmosphere, were exceedingly keen, and the more they ate, such is the peculiarity of Alpine regions, the more they were obliged to drink. I was myself, however, more than usually abstemious, having mental work to perform which required the exercise of my unclouded faculties. Selecting as level a piece of ground as I could find, I fixed my theodolite and took out my sextant for the purpose of measuring a few angles, but after several fruitless endeavours to discover the actual position of Mont Blanc—a circumstance attributable entirely to the density of the fog—I gave up the attempt, and contented myself with rectifying the altitude we had reached by means of the thermometer. To ascertain this important point I plunged the instrument in the snow, and found that it marked 16° above zero of my Fahrenheit. The scientific reader will at once make his own deductions. The same cause which prevented me from correcting the errors which have hitherto prevailed about the actual height of Mont Blanc, operated against the employment of the daguerreotype, for when I had adjusted the apparatus and placed John Grunter in his most picturesque attitude for being depicted, I found that no refraction had taken place, and that the surface of the plate was blurred as if a cat or some other animal had been recently sitting on it. It must certainly be confessed that the elements in the Alps are not favourable to the extension of the Arts and Sciences!

Still, I was resolved that the fruits of my intended operations should not be wholly lost, and I inquired what the spot where we had halted was called? Tairraz, to whom I addressed myself, paused for a moment before he replied, as if the fog had obscured his recollection—which probably was the case; he then said that we had reached the “Bois Inconnu,” at the base of the “Aiguille sans Nom,” and were now four thousand feet above the valley of Chamounix. I was surprised at the height we had attained, for although our march was laborious, it had not seemed to me very much up-hill. This, I have no doubt—indeed, I afterwards ascertained the fact—is one of the delusions by which travellers in the Alps are so frequently misled. I immediately wrote down the names of these places in my tablets, and looking about me for some memorial of the spot, I perceived a boulder, about twice the size of my head, which I ordered John Grunter to secure for my collection of minerals. I examined it closely, but not being able to satisfy myself whether it were sandstone or granite, I thought it best to give it a new name, and in honour of my own discovery I christened it “Greenwacke.”

Having made this valuable addition to science, I directed John Grunter to sound “the assembly” on his hunting-horn. He did so by playing “Over the hills and far away,” with considerable expression, and then the march was renewed, though with somewhat diminished numbers, for, as at least a third of the provisions had been consumed at the halt, which lasted over two hours, it was unnecessary to encumber ourselves with useless camp followers, and about thirty of the party, after giving me three cheers, returned with empty hampers to Chamounix, to report the progress we had made. An hour or so afterwards, as we were climbing up the steeps, we heard the guns which were fired in the village (so Tairraz informed me) to signalise the event.

Our previous labour had been but child's-play to the work which was now before us. Fastened together again with ropes, we grimly confronted the arduous ascent that now frowned down upon us. Imagine rocks, of angular form, grey with the mosses of age, and the rugged roots of pine-trees, wrecks of a single winter, indistinctly seen through the mist, and toppling over our heads. Tairraz offered to relieve me of my knapsack, but I resolutely refused to part with it. The utmost he could wring from me was permission to carry my rifle, keeping it ready, however, for me to use in case I had occasion to bring down a chamois or an eagle. It was well that I insisted on his keeping close with my weapon, for at a sudden turn of the path, as I was clambering on my hands and knees, I caught sight of a troop of chamois, quietly grazing on the scanty herbage, where the snow was only lightly scattered, not more than ten yards before me. I raised my left hand as a sign to the guides to be silent, and, seizing my rifle, threw myself flat on my stomach, in which position I took a steady aim, singling out a fine buck with a long beard, and horns of prodigious length. In a moment the crack of my rifle was heard, ping went the ball, a strange jingling as of bells seemed to fill the air, and immediately the whole troop disappeared up the slope as fast as their slender legs could carry them. I rose and rushed forward, as far as the rope would permit me, to pick up the game I had shot, but strange to say, I could find it nowhere, though, from my having been so near, the animal must have been mortally wounded. But the vitality of these creatures, Tairraz told me, is most extraordinary. Those who have

never seen the Alpine chamois will be interested to know that in many respects it closely resembles the Brighton Goat, — only without the harness.

Flushed with the excitement of the Chase, we now pushed on boldly, at one moment half buried in snow, at another grappling wildly with the débris of the fallen avalanches that obstructed our path. This part of the journey requires a strong head, and I was more than once indebted to the stoutness of my Tyrolese hat for deadening the effect of any stone rather larger than usual that fell upon me. I received, however, some heavyish blows on the more salient portions of my person from which my hat could not protect me. Nevertheless, I persisted heroically, and the guides unanimously declared they had never seen so active a mountaineer. The view here was superb, but I was warned not to look at it, and, at the suggestion of Tairraz, resolutely shut my eyes. Had I not done so, it is not impossible, notwithstanding my sang-froid, that I might have plunged headlong into the depths of some tremendous precipice.

The "Bois Inconnu" occupied us in this way for nearly four hours, and with the three which it took to reach it, and the halt on the plateau of "Greenwacke," nine hours in all had been consumed, and we had not yet reached the glaciers. I was told, however, that they were close at hand, but as the afternoon was waning, it would be useless for us to attempt to cross them till the next morning, and that we must shortly bivouac for the night. I confess I was not sorry for this intimation, having already accomplished so much, and the very word "bivouac" operated like a charm upon me, throwing fresh energy into all my movements. I accordingly scrambled on, still with my eyes shut, and after another half-hour of more laborious efforts than I had ever made in the whole of my previous life, I was told that we had reached the foot of the Aiguilles, where we were to pass the night. Tairraz now desired me to look round, and I did so. I imagined that human foot had never trodden the peaks to which we had ascended, but my supposition was not quite correct, for the first object that caught my sight was a *châlet*, over the entrance of which was written "Hôtel du Pavillon." To the question as to where we now were, Tairraz replied that this was the "Grands Mulets," and, as through an open stable-door I observed a couple of very fine mules, I saw that he was right. I asked how it happened that an hotel had sprung up in this inaccessible place, for I had been given to understand that no such accommodation existed? He said the *châlet* was of very recent construction, and had only been built this summer for the convenience of the ladies, who now generally accompanied their husbands up to this point, resting here till their return. This statement settled a doubt which had arisen in my mind about sleeping in the *châlet*: I at once determined not to do so.

"We will banquet," I said, "in the open air, and under the grey canopy of heaven will I pass the night!"

I omit, as a mere ordinary circumstance, the particulars of the *à fresco* repast, which was disposed of by the guides and porters with great, I may say with uproarious, hilarity. I presided, of course, at the meal, and my health, with that of Mont Blanc, was drunk several times. It was even proposed by Tairraz henceforward to alter the appellation of the monarch of mountains, and, instead of *Mont Blanc*, to re-christen him *Mont Vert*,

out of compliment to me,—a proposition which was received with rapture. So completely, indeed, did this idea get possession of the minds of the party, that, as the wine and brandy began to take effect upon them, I heard them continually miscale the very place where we dined the *Mont Vert*, or, in their *patois* jargon, "*Montanvert*."

I now prepared for my *bivouac*, but as the evening had set in cold, it was necessary that I should make some addition to my costume. I therefore retired to the *châlet* for that purpose, where I put on six shirts, four pairs of lambewool socks, two thick pairs of Scotch plaid, and one pair of "common-sense" trousers (these last I bought in Cheapside, as they are cut on the Anaxarydian principle, which secures a good fit); buttoning up my Tyrolese jacket, I added two large stable-waistcoats, with *aleeves*, and then managed, with John Grunter's assistance, to pull a common blouse over all, so that my appearance was rendered thoroughly Arctic, as I have seen it in prints. Instead of my Tyrolese hat, I wore a thick Templar nightcap (into which I thrust the cock's feather), and tying this down with a silk pocket-handkerchief, my *costume de nuit* was complete. A box of cigars on one side, and a bottle of brandy on the other, were the only creature-comforts I would permit myself to enjoy, and then with my back against a rock, and the union-jack (without which I never travel) spread out over my person, I needed nothing else. For my pillow, my head rested on my faithful knapsack, the same old companion of my journey from Geneva to Chamounix, from the "*Bois Inconnu*" to the spot on which I now reposed. Several times on the day before I had looked up from the hotel window towards the darkening position of these grand "*Mulets*" and thought, almost with shuddering, how awful it must be to pass the night in such a remote, eternal, and frozen wilderness. And now I was lying there, in the very heart of its ice-bound and appalling solitude! Wonderful! In the midst of these reflections a dreamy languor took possession of my frame, the brandy bottle escaped from my grasp, the cigar evaded my lips, and I imagine I must have fallen into a trance of some duration, for I have not the slightest recollection of anything that occurred for the next six-and-thirty hours, at the end of which I found myself in bed at the *Hôtel de Londres*, at Chamounix, scarcely able to turn, my limbs excessively stiff, and my back and head aching terribly.

These extraordinary sensations were attributable, I was informed, to the effects of my nocturnal bivouac, coupled with the tremendous exertions which I made on the following day in crossing the *Glacier des Bossons*, scaling the *Mur de la Côte*, climbing up the *Aiguille du Gouté*, and finally being dragged in a state of insensibility to the summit of Mont Blanc.

It will always be a subject of regret to me that I did not retain my full consciousness during this remarkable ascent; but I can console myself with the reflection that I AM THE FIRST PERSON IN EUROPE WHO EVER MADE THE ASCENT ASLEEP!!!

With regard to that idiot John Grunter, whom I have dismissed from my service (with a pension), the fellow had the impudence to say to me, when I was sufficiently recovered to speak of my adventures,

"*Why, you never went high Mount Blank!*"

I leave a discerning public to judge between us.

THE NEWSPAPER IN FRANCE

It has frequently occurred to us that the character of a nation is well depicted in the history of its press. If the comparison be far-fetched, the most uncompromising Gallomaniac must allow that it is most ominously correct in the case of France. Here we find the newspaper at its birth restricted by the combined influence of autocracy and bigotry: then it gave way to the most riotous excesses during the First Revolution. Brought to a sense of its dignity under Charles X., it formed the most efficient lever to overthrow his bigoted tyranny: then allowing that dignity to be compromised by the bribery and corruption which gave Louis Philippe his bad pre-eminence: then once more dragging its honour through the mire by the most brutal pandering to King Mob, it has at length ended by becoming—— But we will not say what the French press now is. Let our readers who feel any curiosity satisfy themselves by a glance at the daily papers, which are flatteringly supposed to represent intellectual France.

But, apart from these somewhat mournful considerations, hardly befitting the pages of *Bentley's Miscellany*, whose mission is to amuse, a short sketch of the rise and progress of the French press may afford instruction, by allowing our readers to institute a parallel between it and that most interesting account of British journalism which a monthly contemporary is publishing. Of course the limits of an article will not allow us to *approfondir* our subject, and we must content ourselves with noting the most salient points, in which a little book,* published by that most enterprising of Parisian publishers, M. P. Jannet, will afford us the most noteworthy services.

The first journal published in France was the brain-child of a physician named Theophraste Renaudot, and appeared on the 20th of May, 1631, under the title of the *Gazette*. The far-sighted Richelieu, the man before his age, who was as necessary to the France of that day as Louis Bonaparte is to the present, greeted its appearance with pleasure, for he knew that it would act as his unbounded partisan. Nor was he mistaken; and the Victor Hugos and Louis Blancs of the seventeenth century were forced to vent their spleen at not having discovered the new source of wealth and influence by covert *insinuations* and *malicious* good wishes. Another point in which they succeeded was in involving the unfortunate gazetteer in a quarrel with the faculty, and embittered his life by the most venomous sallies against his schemes; for, unfortunately, Renaudot was a projector, and could not stick to his *Gazette* without dabbling in other schemes, which improved him neither in reputation nor in pocket. As long as Richelieu lived, he was in *clover*; for, as a journalist recently wrote, "Louis XIII. quittait souvenement son Louvre, pour se rendre à bas bruit dans la Rue de la Calandre, dans cette boutique gazetièrre qu'annonçait si bien l'oiseau criard, le grand coq de son enseigne, et que là le pauvre roi, endoctrinant à l'aise le pédantesque Renaudot, se dédommageait, par les petits commérages qu'il lui glissait à l'oreille, du silence et de l'inaction auxquels le condamnait son ministre."

* Histoire du Journal en France, 1631-1853. Par Eugène Martin.

Renaudot, like all inventors who benefited humanity, died a poor man, while a nation reaped the benefit of his discovery. For a very long period the *Gazette* supplied the newspaper wants of France; and, although slightly altered in form, and improved by the admission of advertisements, it was not till the First Revolution that the full force of the power of the newspaper press began to be felt. Still it must not be supposed that no imitators started on the already beaten track; but their efforts were principally confined to jocularities. The most remarkable of these papers was the *Gazette Burlesque*, in verse, established in 1650 by the poet Loret, so called because his pages related what occurred; doing so, however, in a pleasant and agreeable style. On the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, we will give our readers a specimen brick or two as an example of the pleasant and agreeable style. For instance, he writes:

Sa plume eût été vite usée
 Et sa pauvre veine épuisée:
 Ne sachant ni Latin ni Grec,
 Il eût été bientôt à sec,
 Sans quelque assistance céleste—
 Sans un ange qui l'inspirait;

which means, being translated into common small-bill dunning phrase, had he not had at his back the bank-stock book of a young and lovely princess, Mademoiselle de Longueville, who generously discounted the rhymes of her pensionary. In fact, the most noteworthy point of his verses is, that for fifteen long years he contrived to address fire-new prefaces, fresh from the mint, to his princess. This newspaper was originally meant to be exclusive to a degree, but that unlucky habit of printing led to so much of the *contrefaçon Belge*, that the author was compelled to take refuge in the press, his lucubrations having been hitherto written by hand, and distributed among the select circle to whom Mademoiselle de Longueville dispensed her literary favours. The success of the *Gazette Burlesque* was rapid and great, for we are assured:

Qu'elle avait passé le Bosphore,
 Et qu'on lui faisait de l'honneur
 A la porte du Grand Seigneur.

As a favourable specimen of the style in which the *Charivari* of that day was written, we may be allowed to quote, before quitting the subject, the following verses:

Pour dire vrai, ces miens ouvrages
 Sont cent fois plus heureux que sages;
 Et, certes, l'on voit dans Paris
 Des régiments de beaux esprits
 Dont les conceptions et rimes
 Sont infiniment plus sublimes,
 Et dont le mérite éclatant
 Ne fait pas tant de bruit pourtant.
 Je suis de la dernière classe,
 Je n'en vois point qui ne me passe;
 Leurs vers me ravissent le cœur
 Mieux que la plus douce liqueur;

Quand je les lis, je les admire,
 Et voici ce qu'on en peut dire :
 Ceux de Chapelain sont brillants ;
 Ceux de Benserade galants ;
 Ceux de Saint-Amand admirables ;
 Ceux de Corneille incomparables ;
 Ceux de Du Ryer sont merveilleux ;
 Ceux de Godeau miraculeux ;
 Ceux du sieur Gombauld sont augustes ;
 Ceux de Bois-Robert nets et justes ;
 Ceux de Quillet forts et piquants ;
 Ceux de Colletet élégants.
 Scarron n'est point en cette ville,
 Mais, au rapport de plus de mille,
 Encor qu'un peu malicieux,
 Ses vers sont très facétieux.
 Ceux du sieur Ménage sont rares ;
 Ceux de Sandricourt sont barbares ;
 Ceux de Scudéry sont charmants,
 Aussi bien que ses beaux romans ;
 Ceux de Neuf-Germain sont grotesques ;
 Ceux de Dassoucy sont burlesques ;
 Ceux de Marigny sont cruels ;
 Ceux de Tristan sont immortels ;
 Ceux d'un tel sont mélancoliques ;
 Ceux de Segrais sont héroïques ;
 Les miens sont naïfs, et rien plus. . . .

In 1672 a new journal made its appearance, which was destined to have a great amount of popularity and a long life. It was called the *Mercurie Galant*. This was a monthly periodical of three or four hundred pages, sold at three livres. From the first editor it passed into the hands of Lefèvre de Fontenay, who altered its title, and called it the *Mercurie de France*, and it lived, after undergoing the most unexampled vicissitudes, which can only find their parallel in the history of our own penny press, until it attained its 667th number, in 1815. During the Revolution it had acquired a certain degree of importance, which it owed to its political editorialism. Among the contributors we may quote Marmontel, that celebrated writer of family stories, which no family could be without in those days, and which no family would tolerate in the present, La Harpe, Mallet du Pau, and, among many other literary heroes, the great Chateaubriand, who in those days, we presume, was only dreaming of his future possible successes, and still more impossible failures.

The first daily paper in Paris appeared only a few years prior to the Revolution, and was called the *Journal de Paris*.

When, during the first pangs of revolution, heads were cut off with the celerity which at present typifies the clearance of an asparagus bed, newspapers, like mushrooms, grew up apace from the same congenial filth. The best which our French author gives is positively tedious, and we do not know where to begin or where to end. The gradual progress of revolutionary ideas is, however, gloriously typified in this *Copia Gazetiarum*. At the outset, everybody is amical : we have friends of every possible shade, excepting the blood red ; journals exemplifying every colour of the rainbow, and conducted by men of the same political chameleon

hue ; in fact, everything ~~was~~ in confusion, because nobody knew what they wanted, and it was not till the king had proved his weakness that the people found their courage. Louis Seize spared the blood of his mercenaries ; he would not take warning by the menacing aspects that surrounded him, and so paid the penalty. *Le Deux Décembre* had not, at that benighted period, been enrolled in the calendar of saints' days. Had it been so, the French press might have been in almost the same condition as it is now. What an apotheosis of intellectualism ! As, however, Louis Seize possessed no phlegma, and was constitutionally weak, the opposition press soon gained a head : the illustrious Mirabeau the Elder set the ball a rolling with his "Lettres à ses Conmectants," which was the prolegomena of the *Courrier de Provence*. He was followed by a countless swarm, among others by the *Révolutions de Paris*, with its motto, as bold as it became famous, "*Les grands ne nous paraissent grands que parce que nous sommes à genoux. Levons-nous !*"

Liberty was speedily followed by libertinism, and hence arose the countless throng of papers, which began by disgusting Europe, and ended by revolutionising France. It is hardly possible to believe the statements of our author, did we not know they are based on facts, when he described the frenzied throes which the French press experienced during the revolutionary era. Anybody who feels a morbid desire to be disgusted with the products of a revolution would do well to study the French press as it appeared between the period of the royal murder and the appointment of the consuls. No better light could possibly be thrown on this period than can be found in the volumes of the daily and weekly papers appearing at that time. The language employed is only worthy of a revolutionary epoch : in no other would it be tolerated ; in fact, the press of the Revolution furnishes the sharpest weapons against its morality. Such an abnormal condition of things could only exist when a King Mob, far below the animal creation, was at the head of affairs, and the natural venom found an outlet in a variation between cutting off heads and sacking royalist houses. It is not surprising, however, that the press should have assumed such a tone as characterises the papers of the Revolution ; the faith in everything was done away with by the will of the sovereign people, and when the brute dominates, the press must unfortunately obey the impulse. The French Revolution, in truth, is condemned by the sins it has left behind it ; and the accusation which the papers of that day bring up against the leaders of the popular movement are sufficient evidence that France was, at the period to which we refer, suffering from an over-excitation of the nerves, which was nearly akin to lunacy.

Still we may be allowed to quote, as an example not to be followed, the titles of a few of the multitudinous papers appearing in Paris at that stormy and néfast period. The Friends naturally come in for a large share of popular favour. Everybody appears to be the friend of everybody—republican, social, democratic, patriotic ; in short, just imagine Proudhon ruling the roast in Paris, and you will have them, if you add that celebrated friend of universality, Cabot of Icaria, who wants to establish a Mormonism without the plurality of wives, and other luxuries of the same nature. The Enemies, however, come in for an equal share : we find the enemy of prejudices, aristocrats, conspirators, oppressors, tyrants—the

anti-fanatic, the anti-terrorist, the anti-federalist, and many others—*quæ nunc describere longum est*, to use the old schoolboy quotation. But the greatest implement of the revolutionary party was the *Père Duchêne*, whose name has become proverbial, with his *grandes joies*, and his *grandes colères*, his *bons avis*, and his *grandes motions*. Collot d'Herbois was the originator of this magnificent paper, and sold within six months a million of his *sermons patriotiques* at two sous, and realised more than 50,000 livres of profit.

One of the most amusing papers which appeared during the revolutionary times was the *Notes des Apôtres*, the grandfather of that joyous family which gave the world *Figaro*, and which was followed by *Le Conseiller* and *Le Charivari*. This paper, which was intended to ridicule the Revolution and its apostles, was tremendously successful. This may be easily imagined, if we call to mind the period when it was published, and that its principal writers were Peltier, Rivarol, Mirabeau, Champcenetz, Bergasse, &c., all famous fellows at working the pen, and full of good humour, slightly tempered by malice. The epigrams thus launched will be best estimated by the following quotation :

Guillotín,
Médecin,
Politique,
Imagine un beau matin
Que pendre est inhumain
Et peu patriotique.
Aussitôt
Il lui faut
Un supplice
Qui sans corde ni poteau
Supprime de bourreau
L'office.
C'est en vain que l'on publie
Que c'est pure jalousie
D'un supplet
Du tripot

D'Hippocrate,
Qui d'occire impunément
Même exclusivement
Se flatte.
Le Romain
Guillotín,
Qui s'apprête,
Consulte gens du métier,
Barnave et Chapelier,
Même le coupe-tête,
Et sa main
Fait soudain
La machine
Qui simplement nous tuera,
Et que l'on nommera
Guillotine.

But we cannot refrain from adding one more extract descriptive of the *homo factus ad unguem*; the great man who governed Europe *faute de mieux* :

POTRAIT DE TALLEYRAND.

Sans talent, peu d'esprit, beaucoup de suffisance,
Sous Calonne, à la Bourse, escroquant dix pour un,
Et dans son vieux sérail outrageant la décence :
Tel on vit autrefois le pontife d'Autun.
Plus heureux aujourd'hui, sa honte est moins obscure;
Froidement du mépris il affronte les traits;
Il conseille le vol, enseigne le parjure,
Et sème la discorde en annonçant la paix.
Sans cesse on vous redit qu'il ne peut rien produire;
Et que de ses discours il n'est que le lecteur;
Mais ce qu'un autre écrit, c'est lui seul qui l'inspire,
Et l'on ne peut du moins méconnaître son cœur.

Under the consuls, the French press soon underwent a revolution. The

notion that *l'Etat c'est moi* was very speedily knocked out of them, and they were led to believe that the man and the hour had at length arrived. The first act of the Directory was to suppress a parcel of useless journals, which were doing no good either for themselves or the public. And, yet, strange to say, it was under these ill auspices that the brothers Bertin attempted to start the *Journal des Débats*; and, what is still more wonderful, succeeded. In 1799, M. Bertin had purchased the title of the paper for the sum of 20,000 francs, and as soon as he had completed the bargain found himself done to a very considerable extent. He had merely a choice between impotence and impudence. He tried the latter, and succeeded. The state of the newspaper press was very curious at the time when Bertin de Vaux interposed. Republicanism was impossible, and speaking what the *Moniteur* called truth was equally absurd. He tried to steer a middle course, and the result was the *Journal des Débats*, such as it was under the Empire.

It was not by an exclusive attachment to politics, in the strict sense of the term, that Bertin succeeded; he devoted a portion of his paper to literature, and in that department managed to direct some very severe blows against the government of the sword. Geoffroy was the inventor of the *feuilleton*, and it was to his coadjutorship that the *Débats* owed the high intellectual influence it established at the outset, and has maintained until the present day. However, the Emperor and the editor soon came to loggerheads, and a compromise was eventually effected, by which the paper was rechristened the *Journal de l'Empire*, and had a very severe censorship exercised over it. A curious anecdote may be here quoted about Etienne, who was appointed censor:

Although Etienne was a very devoted partisan of the Empire, he would not sacrifice his convictions to it, and at times would even dare to resist his master. One day, Napoleon, in one of his excited moments against Austria, wrote an article *qui cassait les vitres*, and sent it to Etienne, with orders to have it inserted immediately in the *Journal de l'Empire*. Alarmed at the nature of the article, he rushed to the Duke de Bassano, who replied to his protestations with "*L'Empereur le veut.*" The article was sent to press, but on reading the proof Etienne hesitated more than ever, and determined on deferring the publication. The next day the Emperor looked in vain for his article. The storm burst on the devoted head of Bassano, who in his turn rushed to the censor, and held him responsible for the consequences if the article did not appear the following day. Many other people would have yielded; but, courageous to the last, and considering the article unworthy of the hand that penned it, Etienne braved the Imperial wrath; and the article was withdrawn. The next day, the Duke of Bassano, after reading the *Journal de l'Empire*, approached Napoleon, trembling with fear. "And my article?"—"Sire, it has not appeared." "Who dares, then, to disobey my orders?"—"It is M. Etienne: he asserts that the article is not worthy of you, and refuses to print it." "Ah! M. Etienne has dared——!" Then, after a moment of reflection, "Well, he was quite right."

On the 1st of April, 1814, the *Journal de l'Empire* resumed its old name, which it threw off again in 1815, and finally restored at the second appearance of Louis XVIII. Then it turned most furiously against the *Ogre de Corse*, and against the men and acts of the Empire. It remained a steady supporter of monarchy until the day when M. Chateaubriand carried it over with him to the Opposition. It was one of the most determined assailants of the Polignac Ministry, and at last gave

the first signal of revolt by its world-famed cry, "*Malheureux roi, malheureuse France!*" The revolution of July only added to the power of the journal, and it received a semi-official character through the communications made exclusively to it by government. It is needless to pursue its history further; at present it is contained among the list of subsidised papers permitted to exist by the grace of the Emperor, and, we believe, affects an opposition character to order, to prove before the world that the liberty of the press still exists in France.

It is a curious fact that the numerous family of *canards* owe their origin to a royal personage. The *Souvenirs d'un Sexagénaire*, written by the Academician Arnault, for many years secretary of the cabinet to Louis XVIII., tells us that the king amused himself by inventing fabulous stories, which he used to send to the *Gazette de France*. After his return from exile he became a very regular contributor to the *Yellow Dwarf*. M. Merle, the first editor of that paper, gives the following account in his "*Trente Ans de Souvenirs Historiques*," &c.: "The idea of the *Yellow Dwarf*," he writes, "was to jeer at the ridiculous points in all parties, to brand all cowardice and desertion, to raise the glory of France in the presence of foreign bayonets, and laugh at the expense of exaggerated pretensions. . . . In these attacks we had for our ally Louis XVIII., who was one of our first subscribers, and soon sent us articles full of talent and malice, written in his own hand. These articles reached us by the "iron mouth," a box we had put up at our publisher's door; and by this route we received a quantity of very remarkable articles, which gave the *Yellow Dwarf* a great reputation for talent and malice, and rendered our part of the work very light and easy." We are glad to find that Louis XVIII. was of some use after all: we only regret that he did not confine his literary efforts to inventing *canards*, and had not tried his hand at the Charter.

Another paper also profited largely by the revolution of July: this was the *Constitutionnel*, which had at that period 23,000 subscribers at 80 francs. But this was too good to last. The ungrateful *bourgeoisie* deserted it, the cheap press hurt it, and it had sunk to 3000 subscribers when Dr. Véron, the *père aux écus*, undertook its cure. The *Débats* had just finished publishing the "*Mystères de Paris*;" two newspapers were contending for the purchase of Sue's new story, when Dr. Véron stopped it, and settled the bargain by giving 100,000 francs for the "*Wandering Jew*." By this clever scheme the *Constitutionnel* soon regained its old position, and its fourth advertising page was leased to a company at 300,000 francs a year. The *Constitutionnel* was always noted for its fidelity to Napoleon, and hence it was concluded that the election of the Prince President would add greatly to its *prestige*. But "*varium et mutabile semper*" is the motto of princes, and so the great Véron retired in disgust, and the *Constitutionnel* knew him no more.

With the revolution of July a great revolution took place in the newspaper press of Paris; for in 1836 the *Presse* was established by Emile de Girardin, at 40 francs a year, and his example was immediately followed by the *Siècle*. Their success was enormous: within three months the *Presse* had upwards of 10,000 subscribers, and soon reached 20,000. The *Siècle* was still more lucky, as it was favoured by the attacks made on Girardin about the Carrel affair. Within a few years it attained the

fabulous amount of 38,000 subscribers. The undoubted cause of this success was the publication of romances in the *feuilleton*. A very short story by Dumas, "Le Capitaine Paul," gained the *Siècle* 5000 subscribers in three months. But this success cost its weight in gold: the shortest *feuilleton* cost the *Presse* 300 francs. Dumas made a bargain with MM. de Girardin et Véron, which assured him 64,000 francs a year. He engaged to supply the *Siècle* with 160,000 lines a year, at the rate of one franc fifty centimes per line! Not satisfied with this, he sold the reprint to M. Troupenas, who calculated on making his money by cutting each line in two. But Dumas was too wide awake, and by the invention of Grimaud, the taciturn servant, he produced a species of dialogue whose conciseness Tacitus would have envied. Here is a specimen:

Eh bien ?

Rien.

Rien ?

Rien.

Comment ?

Rien, vous dis-je.

C'est impossible !

Puisque je vous le dis.

En es-tu bien sûr ?

Certainement.

C'est un peu fort.

C'est comme cela.

M. Troupenas was a very clever man, but after studying in vain how to make these lines stretch out into two each, he went to Hyères to recover his health, and died there without having been able to solve the problem.

Various journals were established in Paris during the reign of Louis Philippe on the same principle, but, unfortunately, they could not get subscribers. The reading population of France was divided among the already existing papers, and would not listen to the voice of the charmer, charmed he never so sweetly. Among these, the most pretentious was the *Epoque*, which was intended to consist of ten single newspapers rolled into one. But an event was about shortly to occur which, brought about for the most part by the papers, has led to their present abject state. *Ils sont punis par où ils avaient péché*. The Republic was established, and the state of things it produced will be best seen from the following squib :

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

DÉCRET.

Au nom du Peuple Français :

Art. 1. Il n'y a plus rien.

Art. 2. Tout le monde est chargé de l'exécution du présent décret.

Fait sur les barricades, le 24 Février, 1848.

It was a glorious time for every man who felt an inspiration to save his country by printing his views of social government. The revolution of February was wrong in principle at starting; it tried to ape the blessed institutions of the First Revolution, and hence the swarm of newspapers

which were produced had not even the charm of novelty to make up for their want of sense. The first of the revolutionary organs was the *République*, founded on the 24th of February. At first devoted to the Provisional Government, it afterwards became the most ardent defender of Socialistic doctrines. It contrived to live until 1851, in spite of the numerous fines which it was compelled to pay. The ladies, too, stepped into the literary arena, and expressed their views in *La République des Femmes*. The following quotations will best serve to display their tendencies :

Vésuviennes, marchons, et du joug qui nous pèse
 Hardiment affranchissons-nous !
 Faisons ce qu'on n'osa faire en quatre-vingt-treize,
 Par un décret tout neuf supprimons nos époux !
 Qu'une vengeance sans pareille
 Soit la leçon du genre humain.
 Frappons : que les coqs de la veille
 Soient les chapons du lendemain !

Vesuvians ! By our faith more like Lucifer matches, with a very strong development of the brimstone element ! Or read the last couplet of the ladies' war-song, the "Great Expedition against those Rogues of Husbands ?"

Quand le tour sera fait, de ce sexe barbare
 Quand plus rien ne restera,
 Pour les ensevelir je veux que l'on prépare
 Un monument où l'on lira :
 "Vous qui passez, priez pour l'âme
 Du sexe fort mis à néant.
 Le sexe fort battait sa femme ;
 Mais le battu devient battant."

En avant ! Délivrons la terre
 De tyrans trop longtemps debout !
 A la barbe faisons la guerre,
 Coupons la barbe, coupons tout !

(Supposing that, some day or other, our nation takes it into its wise head to have a revolution of its own, through a feeling of disgust at the comfort we all possess in our present institutions,—supposing, we say, for the sake of argument, that a republic is established, we wonder whether our wives and daughters will take pattern by the French, and form a Ladies' Club for the extermination of their husbands ? We rather fancy the only adherents would be the sour old maids, who have not been able to get husbands at any price.)

The *Peuple Constituant* was founded at the commencement of the revolution by the Abbé Lamennais. It endured till the 11th of July, when the caution imposed on the papers brought it to a sudden end. *L'Ami du Peuple* was established by F. V. Raspail, and lasted till the 15th of May, when the patriot was obliged to bid adieu to his country, and meditate on the results of revolution in a very uncomfortable cachot. The *Représentant du Peuple* in reality represented the peculiar views of the citizen Proudhon ; that is to say, briefly, the destruction of pro-

erty, the ruin of family life, and the negation of Divinity: "La propriété c'est le vol—Dieu c'est le mal—Travailler c'est produire de rien." The *Représentant* was suppressed in August, but reappeared in November, under the amended title of *Le Peuple*. The *Peuple* gave its last groan in *La Voix du Peuple*, which appeared from October 1, 1849, until March 16, 1850, when it succumbed to the pressure of fines. The first number contained a letter from Proudhon to his old *collaborateurs*, dated Sainte Pélagie, September 80, terminating as follows: "I will speak to you like the general to his soldiers, 'If I advance, follow me: if I retreat, kill me: if I die, avenge me!'"

The *Assemblée Nationale*, founded on the 28th of February, by M. Adrien de Lavalette, was the first cry of protest against the revolution. Its success was rapid and great: suspended in the days of June, it reappeared on the 7th of August; but its fair days were passed; we might almost imagine that its mission was fulfilled. In 1851, it became the property of a committee, composed of the principal men who had held office under the late monarchy. It is impossible to do more than mention the names of the more important papers which enjoyed a temporary popularity; among them, the *Opinion Publique*, which lived till June, 1850; the *Bien Public*, started by Lamartine, at Maçon; the *Père Duchêne*; *La Montagne*; *L'Organisation du Travail*; the *Aimable Faubourien*, owing its name to an expression made use of by Louis Philippe: "It is necessary to find a victorious resource to maintain in duty and submission the very turbulent population of Paris and its AIMABLES FAUBOURGS;" the *Liberté*, journal of ideas and facts, which was started in March. Among the liberties to be attained, the *Liberté* demands, entire and complete liberty of thought, oral, manuscript, printed, or designed—no more duty on paper or tobacco—justice rendered by judges elected by the people—application of the jury to the police courts—the whole National Guard can be chosen as jurymen—suppression of taxation on articles of food, and its establishment on luxury—free and gratuitous instruction—the notaries named by the electors of their arrondissement or canton, &c. The *Liberté* was very successful, and soon sold 100,000 copies a day. The invincible Dumas soon made his triumphal entry into its pages, announcing his adhesion in the following terms: "There are some people," he says, "who can only make their profession of faith for the future; I am happy in being able to make mine in the past." These two professions of faith, past and future, occupying two numbers, may be thus summed up: "*Ego sum qui sum*: I made the revolution of July; I made the revolution of February; I have written four hundred volumes; I will make all the revolutions that may be asked of me; I will write all the volumes desired: for I am who I am." The specimen of Dumas's political style, which our author maliciously quotes, is superb. Imagine Porthos giving his views of political economy, and they would correspond to Dumas's *fanfaronnades*. On leaving *La Liberté*, which did not suffice for Dumas's ardent patriotism and ardent mind, he founded *La France Nouvelle*, then worked on the *Patrie*, and at length started *Le Mousquetaire*, edited by father and son.

The *Événement* was edited by Victor Hugo, and written by his

family: the only *événement* it was intended to produce was that of Hugo's candidature for the presidency. However, as the *fiasco* would have been too certain, he was compelled to sustain the cause of Louis Napoleon, with a great deal of warmth if with little judgment. Unfortunately, the *Événement* was not appreciated by the many-headed, and it was on the point of dissolution, when Girardin gave it a helping hand. It changed its colour and its form a third time, and became an evening journal, and rather Socialist. It found success in this direction, when, unfortunately it was suspended for a month by the Court of Assizes. The next day it reappeared under the title of *L'Avènement du Peuple*; all its policy was contained in a single letter. It lived on a precarious existence until the 2nd of December.

The history of the French press since 1848 furnishes a very valuable lesson to a people like the French, who know not how to distinguish between liberty and licence. They are never satisfied, except with extremes; and hence the governing power, of whatever nature it has been, has always kept up a fight with the journalists. It was not, however, till General Cavaignac gained the supreme authority that the government began to show its strength by suppressing the hostile papers. On the 25th of June eleven journals had a salutary death from the African sabre, for "their articles," according to the *Moniteur*, "were of a nature to prolong the struggle which had bathed the streets of the metropolis in blood." The *Presse* was the object of especial severity; for not only was that paper suppressed, but M. de Girardin was incarcerated for eight days in the Conciergerie without being accused of anything, and set at liberty without any trial. Certainly a rather sharp specimen of a first warning. On being let out, Girardin commenced an implacable war against the chief of the executive, which only terminated on the 10th of December with the triumph of Louis Napoleon, whose cause the *Presse* had taken up with a redoubled ardour, owing to its rancour against the general. No one will accuse General Cavaignac of bearing any ill-will against the press. Still, fearing that the decree of the 25th of June might be regarded as an act of passion, he took off the suspension again on the 7th of August from the eleven journals. On the 21st of the same month he found himself compelled once more to suspend *Le Représentant du Peuple*, *Le Père Duchêne*, *Le Lampion*, and *La Vraie République*. Three days later the *Gazette de France* also shared the same fate, because it was a strenuous advocate of the monarchical form of government. When Napoleon came to the head of affairs the press was not treated so mercifully. After suspending several papers, he passed the celebrated decree by which all authors are compelled to sign their names to their productions. In 1852 the newspaper laws were revised, and rendered still sharper, the result being the present enviable state of the French press. At present there are fourteen daily political journals in Paris. We give our author's account of their history and tendencies.

LE JOURNAL DES DÉBATS has remained, after the revolution of 1848, what it was before—the most important of our papers, we might almost say of European papers. It is read as much abroad as at home. Impassive spectator of the first acts of the revolution which had overthrown that constitutional monarchy of which it was one of the founders and firmest supporters, it took,

during the question of the presidency, the side of General Cavaignac. Since the new empire, more especially since the passing of the laws referring to the press, it has maintained a reserve full of dignity, protesting as far as it can by silence in favour of a liberty which it has never deserted.

LA PRESSE.—While the *Débats* is the journal of facts, the *Presse* is the journal of ideas. There is no system which it does not examine, no theory which it is not ready to discuss. It is in some measure a neutral ground, on which all opinions meet. It is eclecticism applied to the present liberalism without its revolutionary prejudices. We may say, in a word, that the *Presse* is a true journal, as opposed to certain other papers which we can only regard as shops. Besides, the *Presse* has remained from the first day the expression of an individuality, ever young, hardy, and adventurous. "It is M. de Girardin himself, with his boldness, his energy, his passion, and his inexhaustible talent." The following fact is worth a multitude of words at the present day: the *Presse* brings in a net revenue of 100,000 francs per annum.

LE SIÈCLE.—It has been said of this paper that it was the journal of the grocers and wine-merchants; but it is certain that—thanks to its romances and general tone, and to its good faith and honesty—it has obtained an immense circulation among business men. In a word, it has become for the working classes what the *Constitutionnel* was to the *bourgeoisie*. It is a most promising paper, and will no doubt be successful eventually.

LE CONSTITUTIONNEL.—**LE PAYS.**—The latter paper was founded on the 1st of January, 1849, by MM. E. Alletz and De Bouville. In 1850 the political direction was given to M. de Lamartine, who chose as principal editor M. Arthar de la Guéronnière. On the 1st of December, 1852, the *Pays* added to its title that of *Journal de l'Empire*—a title which, according to its own expression, "could add nothing to its devotion, take away nothing from its independence." The *Constitutionnel* and the *Pays* are now both managed by M. de la Guéronnière, and are the property of the Bank Mirès and Co.

LA PATRIE was founded in 1841 by M. Pagès de l'Ariège. It was just on the verge of dissolution a year after, when M. Boulé, its printer, bought it and made it an evening paper. In 1844 it was sold for 200 francs to M. Delamarre, who has guided it through all difficulties into the governmental haven, where it now rides at anchor with considerable success, pecuniarily speaking.

LA GAZETTE DE FRANCE.—The *Gazette*, since the commencement of the Restoration, represented a man rather than a party—M. de Genoude—whom it lost a few years back. He attached himself to the legitimacy of hereditary power as to a dogma of his conscience: but his legitimacy was more liberal than the republic. He did everything capable for a man to do, in pursuance of his favourite doctrines, especially in the days which followed the revolution of February. The traditions of M. de Genoude are faithfully continued by his successor, M. de Lourdoux.

We have nothing to add to what we have already said of the **ASSEMBLÉE NATIONALE**, except that it is the only journal of February which has survived.

L'UNIVERS, started by the Abbé Migne, pursues, since 1833, with an obstinacy which nothing wears out, the same object, the liberty of the Church. It is one of the papers which excite the most attention at the present day, owing to the aggressive pen of its chief editor, M. Louis Veuillot.

L'UNION, formerly **MONARCHIQUE**, was produced in 1847 by the fusion of the *Quotidienne*, *La France*, and *L'Echo Français*. M. Berryer is said to be the directing thought of this paper, which represents the principles of pure right divine. It has two editors, those of the old *France* and *Quotidienne*, M. Laurentie and M. Lubis. The latter published in *La France*, in 1841, those famous letters of Louis Philippe's, in which the *aimables faubourgs* were spoken of, and which caused at that period such a lively sensation.

L'ESTAFETTE, which dates from 1833, and belongs to M. Boulé, and **LE JOURNAL DES FAITS**, started in 1860 by the Abbé Migne; are papers living on piracy and under the same editorship—a pair of scissors.

LE CHARIVARI, started in 1831 by M. Philippon, lives a little on its old reputation, which we say without any wish to detract from its present writers and designers : but they cannot do impossibilities.

LE MONITEUR UNIVERSEL dates from the 24th November, 1789 : it was started by Maret, Duke of Bassano, and Sauvo, who edited it till 1840. Its present director is M. Ernest Panckoucke, son of the celebrated publisher of the same name. After sixty-three years of immotion, it has undergone recently a radical change; on the 1st January, 1853, it adopted the large shape, and lowered its price from 116 to 40 francs. One slight effort more, and it could become a splendid journal.

We would be almost tempted to quote among French papers *L'Indépendance Belge*, which is read tremendously in Paris and the northern departments, from the fact that it contains so much of that dear gossip and scandal which in our hearts we are all so fond of.

The principal journals have the following rank as to circulation : 1. *Le Siècle*. 2. *La Presse*. 3. *Le Constitutionnel*. 4. *La Patrie*. 5. *Le Journal des Débats*. 6. *L'Assemblée Nationale*. The other papers are only insignificant. The circulation of the *Débats* and *Assemblée Nationale*, united, does not exceed 14,500, of which two-thirds belong to the *Débats*. The circulation of the three official papers amounts to 49,000 copies. The circulation of the *Presse* and the *Siècle* exceeds 47,500; there is only a difference of two to three hundred in favour of the latter. Among the non-daily papers we will quote the *JOURNAL DES VILLES ET DES CAMPAGNES*, whose existence few Parisians suspect, although it dates from 1814, and has a very decent circulation among curés and country burgomasters. Among the political and literary reviews, the *REVUE DES DEUX MONDES*, founded in 1831 by M. Buloz, has attained the highest rank in Europe, and the *ILLUSTRATION*, whose greatest praise is found in the number of its subscribers, 18,000,—a fabulous amount for a review.

In the departments, something like five or six hundred papers are published; but, with the exception of very few, they possess no political or literary value.

We have said that the papers were forced to lower their prices by the establishment of the cheap press. In 1848, the stamp having been abolished, they underwent a further reduction; but since it has been re-established, all, with the exception of the *Presse*, have risen again, not to the tariff of 1847, but of 1835. Thus, in this way too, we have retrograded twenty years.

We cannot do better than end our paper, ere it become wearisome, by quoting a profound remark of Renaudot, the founder of the French press, which is of a nature to afford satisfaction, if anything can, to our literary brethren in France : "*La presse tient cela de la nature des torrents, qu'elle se grossit par la résistance.*"

REMAINS OF JOHN BYROM.*

THANKS to the deciphering diligence of Miss Bolger, and to Canon Parkinson's editorial industry, we are presented with another instalment of the Remains of John Byrom, and a goodly amount of interesting and curious matter it contains, of one sort and another, theological and theological, political and domestical, local and general, professional and miscellaneous. The next coming part, however, which will complete the second volume, is like to be of special interest, containing as it will a Journal, printed for the first time, of what happened at Manchester during Prince Charles Edward's stay there in 1745.†

Dr. Byrom's Jacobite *penchant* is discoverable once and again in the present volume. One evening (1737) we find him something ill at ease among a company of Whigs, at the Duke of Devonshire's, where "by and by he [Captain Vernon] began—'The immortal memory'—'a good health in some parts,' Lord James [Cavendish] said, I think; and the Captain said, 'Yes, everywhere almost, now;' and he filled a bumper and drank to the immortal memory of King William, and Lord James followed and took off his hat and performed the ceremony mighty devoutly; and I was thinking how to put by that nonsense, and it came into my head that I might as well take leave to go to Mr. Noole's, and so I did, and they seemed to part with me readily enough." Again in 1739, there is the following passage in an entry in the Diary touching one of Byrom's many interviews with the celebrated William Law, a man after Byrom's own mind in politics, and his own heart in religion: "He said that they talked of the Pretender's coming, was not I afraid of it? I said, No, not at all; and he talked in his favour, and that the m. was satisfactorily concluded between the psw and the ldstm,‡ and, as we came away, gave him (the father) a most excellent character for experience, wisdom, piety; I said that I saw him once; he said, Where? I said, At A.[vignon]: he said, Did you kiss hands? I said, Yes, and parted; he said that Mr. Morden [? Morton] and Clutton had been with him, that there should not be so much talk about such matters, that the time was not now, that he loved a man of taciturnity." Very natural, too, that love for a man of taciturnity, in such matters as the Rev. William Law was then dabbling withal. Byrom's freedom of speech and open candour of dis-

* The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom. Edited by Richard Parkinson, D.D., F.S.A., Principal of St. Bees College, and Canon of Manchester. Vol. II.—Part I. Printed for the Chetham Society. 1856.

† The learned Editor, it is right to mention, solicits "the communication of any unpublished letters or other manuscripts, or printed broadsides, which may serve further to illustrate that memorable event, and which may be entrusted to the Editor (addressed to the care of Mr. Charles Simms, Pall Mall, Manchester)." Those who may possess any such *matériel pour servir*, need but consult the foot-notes contributed by Dr. Parkinson to these volumes, to be satisfied that it will be turned to account.

‡ This, the Editor suggests, "may perhaps allude to Sir Robert Walpole's overtures to the Pretender made through Thomas Carte the historian, in the summer of 1739. See the extract from James's letter to Carte in reply. (Lord Mahon's *History of England*, 3rd ed. vol. ii. p. 23.) Coxe had a copy of this letter, but has suppressed all mention of it in his *Life of Walpole*."

position seem on more than one occasion to have wrought his reverence some annoy, to which he was not loth to give expression, so dearly did he prize "a man of taciturnity," and so thoroughly was he on thorns with one of an opposite temperament. At another visit, in the same year, we find Law impressing on his friend the need of secrecy in respect to certain apocryphal MSS. entrusted to him: he "insisted," says Byrom, "upon the conditions of my having the MSS., viz., that I should not transcribe them nor let anybody know of them, but that the matter should pass between him and me only; I said, So let it be, if you tell me before, I will be continent, but that I had none to converse with, and it was a desolate condition; he said he had taken notice—but did not know but it might proceed from a superior principle in me, a goodness probably, but—and mentioned that when our king [*Qu.* the Pretender] came I should go into orders." The *differentia* of character in the two worthy Jacobites comes out with life-like naïveté in this extract—the frank sociability of the stenographic Doctor, and the humming and hawing reserve of the mystic divine.

Here is another brief entry pertinent to the Pretender, of a somewhat earlier date: "Mr. Page showed him [Mr. White, at Will's coffee-house] the picture of Clem" and her husband upon enamel, valued at 10*l.*, and asked him the value, and he said he did not value the picture of any king or queen to give ten p. for, upon which I said I would inform that he had called the Pretender king;"—a sally which affords the Editor a fair opportunity of recalling to mind Byrom's far-famed epigram, which, we suppose, everybody knows by heart, and almost nobody knows to be Byrom's:

God bless the King! I mean our faith's defender;
 God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
 But who Pretender is, or who is King,—
 God bless us all! that's quite another thing!

In the highest sense of the word, Dr. Byrom *improves* on acquaintance; he becomes more serious and unworldly as the Diary progresses, without, however, incurring any suspicion of cant or affectation; the cypher in which he locked up his daily entries effectually precludes the suspicion to which so many modern Diaries are open, of his being devout not without the thought of (if not with a widely-open eye to) publication. His orthodoxy, too, is patent, and even pugnacious at times—notwithstanding the evident interest he took in the sayings and writings of thorough-paced deists on the one hand, and of speculative mystics on the other. "Mr. Reynolds the deist there," he writes in 1736: "talked with me strangely, and I should not talk and hear such things." At the club "they were talking strangely about religious topics, and Mr. Folkes said that Mr. Collins had made him a heretic about the book of Daniel." "Thence with Taylor White, who talked wildly about the sacraments." "Read and noted a little from Saint Bernard's letters about the Trinity in the *Opera Pet. Abelardi*, where find that he [Abelard] was a r—s—n—r in his days." In 1737 Byrom engages in a lengthy dispute with no less a person than Dr. (next year Bishop) Butler and others, on the subject of prophecy and miracles, involving "an argument and talk about reason and authority, they being for reason and I for authority, that we had reason indeed to follow authority, viz., the consent of the

Christian Church. Dr. B. [utler] hinted at a time when the whole Christian Church almost was in the wrong, and then what must become of authority? And I said I did not apprehend that there had been such a time, thinking that he meant the Arian times, which were probably not so universal, as Dr. Deacon* had I believe rightly observed once, viz., that it was only a flight of St. Jerome." There is some close wrestling and hard hitting on both sides, as the controversy goes on. "The Dr.," says Byrom, with characteristic candour, "talked with much mildness, and myself with too much impetuosity." And at the close Byrom utters a wish that he had "Dr. Butler's temper and calmness, yet not quite, because I thought he was a little too little vigorous."† Byrom's orthodoxy, of a very "churchy" type too, as the phrase goes now-a-days, is exemplified again in his set-to with Dr. Hartley about clerical subscription, &c.; and at another time on the Athanasian Creed and the antiquity of it, "which I said was so antique that there was no tracing it, and took notice of the unfairness of talking from modern books and pamphlets about the primitive writers, confessing that they had not read them, and I said that it was sufficient for my weak understanding that all present Churches agreed in receiving it."

Byrom's intercourse with the leading deists of the age caused his name to be blown upon by some observers. A "young springald" of the Wesleyan "connexion" on one occasion twits him with it: "He said that he had heard that I was a professed unbeliever and had defended Wool-

* A justly valued fellow-townsmen of Byrom's, whose letters are not the least noticeable part of these "Remains." We shall probably hear more of him and his family in the next volume. One son, "Master Tho." (Theodorus), is occasionally mentioned in the present part, playfully and *en passant*, who, with the same political bias as Byrom, took a too adventurous share in the affair of the '45, and came thereby to an untimely end. In 1789 we hear of "Master Tho." hurting his hand against a glass window and cutting it so that he cannot use it at present, but 'tis hoped 'twill mend finely, though whether by Thursday so as to hold his bridle is a question. Six years later, alas! Master Tho. meets with cutting and wounding of another sort, which the most hopeful cannot hope will mend finely, and which will infallibly prevent his ever holding bridle again. For in an anticipatory foot-note Dr. Parkinson informs us that "Thomas Theodorus, eldest son of Dr. Deacon, was educated as a physician, but joined the Pretender's regiment in Manchester in 1745 with his two brothers, was taken prisoner at Carlisle, executed at Kennington in 1746, and his head was sent to Manchester, fixed upon a spike, and placed on the top of the Exchange for the edification of the town!"

† Byrom is often accusing himself of over-indulgence in talk. Thus, "Had much talk, y^e. too much, with Mr. Lloyd and Bateson, upon occasion of mentioning *Don Quixote* among the pernicious books" (p. 22).

"We talked away, and I said something of not being discouraged for having done wrong, which Mr. Thyer said that I set in a very good light, but I have always a great apprehension of having talked too much whenever I mention such things, and yet have not the grace to keep silent" (p. 138).

Per contra, however, as to this grace and its exercise: "Dr. Bentley lay down on the carpet, talked of Muley Ismael, and as if Providence was strange to permit such a villain, and I saw I thought reason for silence" (p. 149).

Again: "The Dr. [Hartley] went out in the afternoon, and Mr. Lloyd and I to his lodging, where he read some of Mr. Pope's *Ethic* epistle, and I criticised, and Mr. Woolston, &c., came according to appointment, and came up-stairs, and after we fell into serious talk, and I harangued too much" (p. 162).

The same day's entry, after detailing other talkings and walkings, to and fro, concludes with "Qu. the difficulty of saying not too much upon these occasions; I should restrain my talking way" (p. 163).

ston; I said, No, that was not true, that I had not been a professed unbeliever otherwise than by a wicked life and ignorance of such truths as good authors, and particularly Mrs. Bourignon, had convinced me of."

In fact, his leaning towards Messieurs and Mesdames the Mystics, was *prononcé* enough, though his clear good sense and moderation (witness his correspondence with the young lady that *would* be a Quakeress) preserved him from all extravagant views. He delights in John Evangelista's "most admirable book." He is familiar with Tauler, Rosbrochius, Behmen, Mrs. Bourignon, and Madame Guyon, and is ready and able to discuss them with all comers, from the veteran Law down to Methodist striplings. One morning Mr. Charles Wesley calls—not that we include *him* in the category of Methodist striplings—while Dr. Byrom is shaving, and they talk together about the mystics. "He defined the mystics to be those who neglected the use of reason and the means of grace—a pretty definition! I told Mr. Charles Wesley that it was from the mystics, if I understood who they meant by that title, that I had learnt that we ought to have the greatest value for the means of grace,"—and so forth. In a letter from the Doctor's fellow-townsmen, Mr. Thyer, which pleasantly speculates on Byrom's lonely life in London, as compared with the home occupations and comforts of Manchester, the writer *inter alia* observes: "These gloomy meditations and fruitless wishes shaken off, down you march to breakfast; and here with hearty concern I behold you over a poor, meagre, creamless dish of bohea, with the miserable amusement of a convention or an address,* instead of the royal entertainment you have at home with your friends Jacob [Behmen] and Antonietta [Bourignon] over a pot of Mrs. Byrom's cordial decoction." So that the Doctor's addiction to Jacob and Antonietta was as notorious as the excellence of his wife's cordial decoction—which, we warrant, many a Lancashire man smacked his lips over in his time, who had no kind of relish for Behmen, Bourignon, and Co. Nor was the Doctor's character as an accomplished philo-mystic confined to Manchester and its environs. He was known far-and-wide as a graduate—a first-class man, too—in the school of mysticism. Accordingly, a letter addressed to him in 1741 by the celebrated Dr. Cheyne opens thus: "Sir,—Having learned your character from some of my friends here [Bath], good Lady Huntington in particular, and being informed you had studied and sometimes practised in the profession I am of, but since discharged by Providence, but that you had been long conversant in spiritual writings, the approved mystics in particular, and had lately got and read that wonderful German author of several treatises in French, printed at Berlebourg, entitled, *Témoignage d'un enfant de la vérité et droiture des voyes d'Esprit, &c.*" Here the good Bath physician comes to a full stop; which is a convenience for us, though a little ungrammatical, or at least lawyer's-English-like, in him.

In a previous notice we referred to the singular accuracy with which Byrom details, day by day, the solids he ate, and the liquids he drank,

By day or night,

* "In the morning newspapers, which were as meagre as the dish of bohea."—*Editorial Note.*

as Jack Falstaff has it,

Or any kind of light,
With all his might.

The same system is continued far into the present volume. But we observe him to be getting subject to headaches after a while; and so it happens that *post hoc*—we presume not to say *propter hoc*—the Journalist is far more chary of any such prandial chronicles, and trivial fond records. He no longer journalises roast and boiled, nor chronicles small beer. Long before the headaches become noticeable, he has been a vegetarian. But even a vegetarian may be “a man of an unbounded stomach;” and we have our fears that Byrom so far indulged in greens and pudding

With all his might,

as to do himself no good by the lapse from carnivoracity. He seems to have had a mighty sweet tooth, and to have given it full play, in season and perhaps out of season, if perchance a tempting tartlet or a plenipotent pancake lay in the way. The recurrence becomes almost ludicrous of such entries in the diary as, “With Mr. Lloyd to his house, where we had two large apple-tarts and two cheesecakes”—“Dined at Dr. Hartley’s upon apple-dumplings and toasted cheese”—“We all dined; I ate some greens and bread and the crust of a gooseberry-pie, and drank three or four glasses of their bottled pale ale, which was pleasant enough”—“Ate some currants there and oatcake much, and bohea tea, and when I came home a gooseberry-tart and toast-and-water”—“Had a cheesecake (3d.) by the way, which being better than ordinary, 1d. more price, did not sit so easy, being buttery”—“Dined there upon greens, potatoes, and pancakes, and drank two or three glasses of wine”—“Dined with Mr. Lightbourne and his lady upon bread, celery, and pancakes, drank some wine, and talked about vegetable diet till four or five”—“Had pancakes and toasted cheese, and drank a little Madeira after dinner”—“Had four tarts and some cheese and bread and some palm wine”—“I had greens to supper, vastly good, and toasted bread and cheese, [ate] heartily, and drank white wine”—“I ate pan-puddings, as they called them (fritters), heartily, and a little toasted cheese”—“I ate heartily of plum-pudding and greens and salad, and drank some wine”—“We supped there, and I ate asparagus and pudding”—“We had pease-pudding to dinner, of which I ate heartily”—“Ate very heartily of the spinach and pancakes”—and once more, and a significant entry too, “I stayed dinner, and at the beginning of dinner, eating the asparagus, I was put into a hurry, which Dr. Hartley took notice of, and said that he believed that I was not well, and I went with him into his study, having drank a glass of wine; I was not sick, it was only something stopping on my chest, and came in again to the room and ate my dinner, ate heartily of pancake and drank three or four glasses of wine, and talked a little about serious matters.” Dr. Byrom was not to be baffled by asparagus—by a mere something stopping on his chest: he would not emulate Master Slender outside Master Page’s porch, but rather Parson Evans, who chuckled over the prospect of “pippins and seeze to come:” a compromise was effected with the obstructive asparagus; once again his bosom’s lord sat lightly on its throne, and he “went

in" for pancakes "with a will," and won, and entered it in his Diary, and we of a hundred and twenty years later read, and admire, not without foreboding of other stoppages on the chest, and chronic headaches in arrear.

Byrom's character as an affectionate husband and father, and a true-hearted friend, is engagingly developed in this new volume. His letters home are full of heart, "simple, grave, sincere;" the growth of the religious tone in them is most marked and emphatic. Had we space, we might cull some interesting passages from them, and from the correspondence of one or two Manchester friends; to which might be appended a few curious fragments illustrative of high life and home life in the first half of the eighteenth century—of the Porteous riots in Edinburgh, and the fashion of wearing clerical gown and cassock in the streets, and the introduction of tea-kettles, and the making butter by a machine; not forgetting Byrom's progress in his profession as teacher of short-hand, and his success in securing a patent for his method, by Act of Parliament, *Anno decimo quinto Georgii II. Regis*, scil : A.D. 1742. With which triumph, and at which date, the present publication breaks off—in promising proximity to the Forty-Five.

YOUNG LADYISM OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY MATERFAMILIAS.

I AM sometimes sorely troubled with the spleen, more particularly at this season of the year, which is a kind of unwholesome autumn, half blight, half mugginess, half mist. If, therefore, my observations seem to you severe, pray be kind enough to ascribe my acrimony to the weather. There is a kind of new fungus nonentity sprung up in this era of civilisation and refinement that wants, I think, a little description. We all know that wretched boy stage of hobbledohoy, half man and half boy, but we want something to correspond with it in the girl system. The bread-and-butter miss-ish awkwardness has long been out of date, and now, instead, we see girls of fourteen and fifteen with their hair done sweetly up behind with long ribbon bows, after the fashion of their still would-be young mothers, who smile, and talk, and flirt, and chatter as quick as any magpie, though perhaps not with quite so much discrimination. These young ladies are already *au fait* in smatterings about High and Low Church, dress, fashion, flirtation, and frivolity, and give their opinions uncalled for and heroically in the middle of a full drawing-room, or for the private edification of all who will listen to them. They are perfectly self-possessed, and most entirely self-satisfied. As for obedience to parents, modest and retiring behaviour, and an innocent pleasure in being noticed, these are things forgotten. The young ladies may not, it is true, sit down to dinner with their company, for they are not yet introduced, but they have long ceased to "come in

with the dessert;" and you are received, instead, when you return to the drawing-room, by a brilliantly "got up" and very voluble young lady, all flounces, and crinoline, and chatter. If mamma hazards an observation, it is, "La, ma, how can you be so stupid!" and should she be rash enough to venture on an order, it is, "Oh, mamma, how can you be so unreasonable! I am sure I shan't do it." If the conversation turns on fashion, the submissive parent is dutifully informed that what she says is all wrong, that that isn't at all the fashion now, and that she doesn't even understand what they are talking about; and so she sits smiling and complacent, literally talked and snubbed down by her pert parrot daughter, whom she regards all the time with the greatest pride and gratification. Verily "there is something rotten in the affairs of Denmark." Why are children to jump at once into fine young ladyism, losing all that sweetest period of life—a young girl in her modest, bashful sweetness? We have lost the life of "teens" altogether. Girls now discuss their future lovers, and give their own opinions on their neighbours' conduct and character long before they even enter that era. They are not of those who feel they would "be wooed ere won." For the most part, they take the wooing upon themselves, and receive without a blush and with perfect self-possession all the advances that may be made them, regarding them as their right. Cupid comes to them with shorn wings and matter-of-fact clothing, and if he has the gentleman's fortune pinned to his vestments he is all the more welcome. I have got a little daughter myself, with sunny hair and blue eyes, and a lifetime of two summers, and if I write strongly, it is because I have visions of being overborne by present influences, and that she, too, will grow up without a girlhood. At present I have a theory of dressing her plainly, and making her good, and obedient, and unselfish, teaching her to read her Bible, and to try to be of use to every one, that she may grow up, not a paragon, not

Too good for human nature's common food,

but that,

'Mid smiles and kisses, wiles and tears,

'Mid all that softens and endears,

she may pass gently and gracefully on her woman's way, a prop to my declining years, and the joy and sunshine of all who know her. What can be more wretched than a woman without a youth? Our early dreams—our sweet foolish trustings—the very folly of our single-hearted laughter—we seem likely to lose it all. Is, then, no spirituality or originality to be allowed us? Are all our daughters to grow up alike—good musicians, fluent linguists, expert embroideresses, with a parrot echo for all they hear from wiser heads than their own, and a code of conventionality that is to them the law and the gospel put together? Or must they rush into the opposite extreme, talk fast, act fast, be over bold, self-willed, foolish, inconsiderate? Oh, mothers of daughters, consider whilst it is yet time, and let your children have at least the benefit of the girlhood you yourselves have known. I am hoarse with grumbling, and leave the matter to your wiser consideration.

PARIS IN 1856—THE FRENCH ALMANACKS.

PARIS must be amused. No matter that the currency is no longer current, wit and satire cost nothing; no matter if rents are exorbitant, Paris is going out of town to live in Swiss châteaux; the court is enjoying *la chasse* at Compiègne—"well," say the blouses of the Faubourg St. Antoine, "*nous irons à la chasse aussi*." If 1856 has not been a lucky year, well, she can be kicked out with as much indifference as her predecessors. Cham, the Cruikshank of the French Almanacks, will exhibit her in the aspect of a rather dissolute young lady, "with all her clothes, like her virtue, hanging loose about her," bound, with the past year's shreds and patches on her shoulder, to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. New Year's gifts have become an insufferable nuisance to all except the recipients—well, the Parisian can go for a short time to the country to hear the nightingales sing! The present state of the money market may, however, perchance have more effect upon a practice that has become positively inconvenient, than subterfuges so absurd that they do not even deceive the *porteurs d'eau*. Lent will probably be the most desirable season of the next year. It has been, from time immemorial, the epoch for making up by extreme abstinence for the expenditure incurred during the carnival. It may now present an excuse for economising upon far more general grounds. Cham has variously represented the month of March as a tall creature, all skin and bone, with a belt of red herrings round his waist, or as an exhausted Mars, refusing his soup when offered by a kitchen Venus, upon principle. But what if the next year the *bauf gras* should itself become the *bauf maigre*? Husbands, we are told, are preparing to rebel against the costliness of modern fashions, and the expanse of dress is, before the ensuing Longchamp, to be reduced, not within its legitimate limits, but to something altogether painful to contemplate for its exiguity. In the mean time the planet Mercury has taken up his station over the Bourse, while Venus has taken hers over the Bal Mabille. This has caused some confusion in astral dispositions, so Vesta has gone in spite to Nanterre, where she hopes to be crowned *Rosière*; the Great Bear hovers over the Garden of Plants, threatening the guardian for keeping his colleague *Martin* in captivity; Mars roves in shady walks, frequented by nurses, whom he especially favours; and Saturn mounts guard over the domicile of the academician Flourens, in gratitude for his having established his juvenility in common with that of other aged persons.

It is not to be supposed that *le peuple le plus spirituel du monde* are not prepared for the crisis that awaits them. They have already a host of projects, each more ingenious than the other, and any one of which will enable Paris to laugh dearth out of countenance. Undoubtedly the academician Geoffroy Saint Hilaire's proposal to introduce Tartary into the heart of Paris, to impart a Mongolian character to the restaurateurs, and cause beef to be superseded by horseflesh, takes precedence of all others. Experimental dinners have, we are told, already been given at the veterinary schools of Alfort and of Toulouse. The dishes served up were :

Pot au feu de cheval (horse soup).

Bouilli de cheval (boiled horse).

Filet de cheval (fillet of horse).

It is not said if the saddle and bridle were also served up. Dinner over, opinions were given as to the excellence of the repast.

The president of the banquet, after having resumed these opinions, declared that, most conscientiously, before all men he pronounced,

"The *pot au feu* much superior to the *bouillon* of beef.

"The *bouilli* rather less juicy than beef, but of a far superior flavour.

"The *fillet* altogether out of the category of other viands, and only to be compared with venison, snipe, and other game most in repute."

Horseflesh is thus fairly established as a gastronomic luxury, and as adapted for the first tables. It is said, indeed, that a grand dinner is about to be given by the banker Picard, in which cutlets of horse *à la Soubise* are to figure by the side of fillet of horse *historié au Madère*.

The success of this enterprise has given great impetus to the philanthropists who seek to enhance the alimentary resources of the nation.

The following letter has been received from Saint Lô :

"SIR,—The gastronomes of our town met yesterday at the hotel of the Golden Lion, to carry out a most interesting experiment.

"A roast dog was to be served up for discussion.

"You are aware that the Chinese eat this animal, which is even a viand of high repute.

"In order that the experiment should be the more conclusive, we did not select one of your young, fat, over-fed pets, but a blind, aged, and worn-out dog, that its master had turned out of doors to avoid paying the tax. The animal was really repulsive to contemplate, and even when cooked did not look particularly inviting.

"Yet was his flesh declared to be excellent.

"I do not know precisely what to compare this dog-flesh with ; it was something better than horse.

"Imagine a flavour which partook at the same time of pineapple, pheasant, mustard, truffles, turbot, and fried potatoes.

"There was one unanimous shout of exultation.

"If an old dog like this is so exquisite, what must a young, petted animal be like ? It makes my mouth water to think of it.

"If you have a dog, sir, put him on the spit ; it is the best advice I can give you.

"*Agréez, &c.*"

The 4500 dogs for which taxes are paid in Paris, will, it is expected, be effectively diminished in number ; and the peculiarly characteristic horror entertained by the Parisians of hydrophobia will be definitely relieved ; but at the same time they are not, we suppose, bound to partake of the flesh of rabid animals ; no conclusive experiments have yet been made as to what might be the results of such a diet. Another letter has been received from Bourg-la-Reine, intimating as follows :

"SIR,—The marriage of our son Michu was celebrated the other day. We took advantage of the circumstance to eat a few rats *à la crapaudine*, notwithstanding the prejudice which condemns this viand.

"Well, the prejudice is as ill-founded as are most prejudices. Rat is simply a king's dish.

"It is much superior to horseflesh and to roast dog. The newly-married couple devoured half a dozen each.

"I cannot, therefore, recommend too strongly all true gastronomes to feast themselves upon every rat that they can catch. I can perfectly understand now, and appreciate, the passion which cats have professed throughout all times for this little animal.

"In another banquet, which we propose to hold shortly, it is intended to try *purée* of May-bugs, *cloportes en papillote*, and spiders *à la maître d'hôtel*. *J'ai l'honneur, &c.*"

The labours of the *Société d'Acclimatation* promise to be of as much advantage to alimentary resources as the discovery made by that eminent naturalist, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, of the gastronomic virtues of horseflesh. The *Société d'Acclimatation*, we are told, proposes that the fat of the tail of the karamauli shall take the place of butter. Karamauli is a kind of sheep invented by Abd-el-Kader, who has presented a whole flock to the Society of Acclimatation.

"When the Easterns wish to fry anything, they take the tail of a karamauli, the fat of which serves them for butter. The gudgeon of the Euphrates, the carp of the Nile, the bleak of the Araxes, and the barbel of the Tigris, are never fried but with the tail of the karamauli. The wonderful properties of this tail were known in the time of the Patriarchs, who made use of it not only for frying, but for a variety of culinary combinations. The dish of lentils, for which Esau bartered his birthright, was seasoned with the tail of the karamauli.

"Whilst acclimatising the karamauli in France, its tail will also be acclimatised, and what a precious auxiliary will it not present to French cookery?

"So much for butter; we have now to treat of eggs. 'When it is purposed to make an omelet in France, what is done?'—'We get some eggs.' 'What kind of eggs?'—'Fowl's eggs.' 'How many are requisite?'—'That depends upon the number of stomachs that are to be gratified with omelet.'

"Well answered. It is so in reality, according to the erroneous system which has hitherto prevailed. But in Africa, when the Arabs wish to eat *une fine omelette au lard ou aux herbes*" (we doubt if an Arab would much esteem an omelet *au lard*), "they have recourse to other proceedings. They begin by catching an ostrich.

"The ostrich captured, they order it to lay one egg, two eggs, three eggs, ten eggs, twenty eggs. The Arabs have means known to themselves by which they can make one and the same ostrich lay up to fifty eggs. But beyond that number, reasoning, prayers, threats, blows with a stick, all are equally superfluous; the ostrich absolutely refuses to lay any more.

"An omelet made out of one ostrich egg is almost sufficient for a whole tribe of Arabs. It will be at once felt, then, of what primary importance the acclimatisation of such a bird would be in an alimentary point of view; and this is still more the case when we know that, contrary to an erroneous opinion very generally entertained, ostrich-flesh is

tender, savoury, and easily digested, and can, in consequence, be made to furnish an alimentary substance of a very superior quality.

"It is our wish," the secretary of the Society of Acclimatisation exclaimed, upon concluding his report, "that, before many years shall have elapsed, every one shall have *l'autruche au pot*."

"We gladly unite in the expression of the same hope. Nay, we may add that we have every reason to believe that we shall soon see in the bills of fare at every restaurant, *autruche à la Marengo*, *fricassée d'autruche*, *les blancs d'autruche à la financière*, and *l'autruche sautée* !

"The acclimatisation of fish, otherwise denominated pisciculture, is, it is well known, one of the important objects to which the same society devotes its attention.

"It is not so generally known that the society has succeeded in acclimatising a new species of crayfish, with red claws, in the waters of the Seine. These crayfish attain an enormous size, their growth is very rapid, and their flesh is delicious.

"The first naturalist who saw a crayfish with red claws thought it had made its escape from a pot in which it had just begun to boil; but when he saw a number of crayfish similarly circumstanced, he was convinced of his mistake. The crayfish with red claws is a fact acquired to gastronomy for now and ever.

"The society also congratulates itself on having acclimatised gold-fish in the waters of Choisy-le-Roy. We must acknowledge that we do not see the use of this acclimatisation. France produces gold-fish in sufficient numbers to export them to China—their own original country.

"With this exception, we see nothing to criticise in the labours of the Society of Acclimatisation. We should, however, have been desirous of knowing what progress had been made towards acclimatising the phoenix, the unicorn, and the white blackbird."

It is not only in the means of acclimatising new animals, birds, fishes, and crabs, and in the supply of new alimentary resources from old materials, that the French are, with their usual zeal and ingenuity, preparing to meet all possible deficits, but in the dearth, or rather the expense of lodgings, they are also directing their attention to the relief of the overburdened tenants. The chief of the state is, we are told by the daily papers, building Swiss chalets in his Bois de Boulogne, and his amiable lady has hit upon an equally ingenious expedient of founding a society which shall reduce rents by one-half by paying the other. Most gratifying it is to think that among the innocent and semi-pastoral Parisians such things are possible. Were such a scheme attempted in our vile, overcrowded metropolis, the landlords would raise the rents by one-half the very next day !

There are some among these citizens of such pastoral simplicity, that they have anticipated the evils of high-priced lodgings by returning to a primeval state of society. They have the advantage of waiting philosophy to economy. Here is an example :

It was three o'clock in the morning, a beautiful moonlight night, when some *agents de police*, going their rounds, perceived an individual, the upper part of whose person was denuded. They stopped to observe him, and they saw him place a parcel upon one of the iron chairs in front of Tronchon's warehouse;

he then opened the parcel, took from it a clean shirt, put it on, and then he placed the dirty one he had taken off in its place.

This accomplished, the man put on his paletot, buttoned it up, drew his cap over his eyes, sat down on one of the arm-chairs, and remained perfectly motionless. The *agents* approached him very quietly, and found that the individual in question had his eyes closed, and was evidently resigning himself to a comfortable nap.

This, however, they rather summarily disturbed by requesting his attendance at the nearest station-house. There his parcel was subjected to examination. It was found to consist of two clean and three dirty shirts, six clean and two dirty kerchiefs, two clean and one dirty pair of socks, a neckerchief, a pair of trousers, and a pair of shoes. He had in his pockets, which were also subjected to exploration, a comb, a bit of soap, a pot of pomatum, a knife, a pair of scissors, needles, and some white and black thread.

The next day our philosopher was taken before the magistrates, charged with vagrancy.

The President—Have you no home, then, that you change your shirt in the streets?

The Accused—What would you have me do, at the price at which lodgings are now at? I have sought for lodgings everywhere; it is impossible to find one that suits my means.

The President—What are your means of living—what are your resources?

The Accused—I am an interpreter.

The President—An interpreter?

The Accused—Yes, having been for some time in London, I can speak English. I go to the railway terminus, and if any English arrive who can't speak French, I offer them my services to take them to an hotel, and to ask there for whatever they may want. I can only gain by such means what is sufficient to feed me and supply me with tobacco—that is, about a franc a day. How can I be expected to pay for lodgings out of that?

The President—Then you lodge in the streets?

The Accused—In winter time that would not be agreeable, but at present it does not matter much; it is warm, and there are arm-chairs on the Boulevards and in the Champs Elysées. I have wherewithal to make a change in a small parcel; when my linen is dirty I wash it in the canal. I have everything that is necessary upon my person—a comb, pomatum for my toilet, scissors, thread, and needles, with which to mend any dilapidations that may accidentally take place—and I make my changes by night, simply because it would be impossible to do so during the day. When I want to eat, I invest a few sous in *charcuterie* and bread, and I eat them at a wine-shop. When my shirts, stockings, or trousers want mending, I go out into the country and select for that purpose some secluded and rural spot. I do no harm to any one; I do not owe a farthing. I have no lodgings; but if every one did as I do, the landlords would soon have to lower their extortionate demands.

Notwithstanding his well-timed defence, the unfortunate open-air philosopher was condemned to eight days' imprisonment as a vagrant.

In the face of all these adverse circumstances, although money is scarce, provisions are dear, and rents exorbitant, the theatre prospers. From a statement now before us we enumerate 6 operas, 18 *opéras-comiques*, 8 ballets, 21 comedies, 1 tragedy, 19 dramas, 1 melodrama, 104 vaudevilles, 3 *revues*, 22 *opérettes*, 28 pantomimes, and 72 pieces which will not admit of being classed under any known theatrical nomenclature, as having been produced during the past year, which is 264 more than the year preceding. It would appear from this enumeration that vaudevilles are in the ascendant, and tragedies at a discount.

Among the more remarkable comedies was that by M. Léon Gozlan,

produced at the Théâtre-Français, and called the "Gâteau des Reines." The materials are professedly borrowed from Voltaire. At the death of the regent of Orleans, the Duke of Bourbon, great grandson of the great Condé, asked of the young king, who had just attained his majority, the place of prime minister, and it was at once granted to him. This Duke of Bourbon was entirely under the sway of the daughter of Pleneuf, farmer of the king's revenues, a beautiful, clever, intriguing person, who was herself married to the Marquis de Prie. According to Voltaire, this lady dismissed the Infanta of Spain in order to marry the king to a sister of her lover, the Duke of Bourbon, and who was being educated at Fontevrault, under the title of Princess of Vermandois. When, however, the Marquise de Prie, *courut en poste à Fontevrault*, to sound the feelings of the youthful princess, she, to her surprise, found her to be as proud as she herself was disreputable. She received the marquise with such manifest expressions of contempt that she lost a crown, and died Abbess of Beaumont-lez-Tours.

M. Léon Gozlan has rejected this proud young scion of a noble race as a heroine, and has adopted in her stead Maria Lezinska, who had been carried off by old King Stanislaus, from the field of battle so fatal to him, in a fold of his mantle. M. Jules Janin tells us that one of the most affecting scenes in modern history is that in which the king, driven from his throne and inhabiting an humble house in Weissenburg, enters into the room occupied by his wife and daughter Maria, saying, "Go upon your knees, and let us thank gracious Heaven!" "Father!" exclaimed Maria, "are you called back to the throne of Poland?" "Ah! daughter, Heaven is still more favourable to us: you are Queen of France!" It is certainly an historical episode that is flattering to French vanity. The comedy, we are told, is "agreeable, intelligent, and curious; well managed, and full of grace and wit."

The great theatrical feature of the year has been, however, Ponsard's comedy in verse, "La Bourse." For several months all Paris flocked, with almost feverish excitement, to see a play in which the tremendous passion of the day was dissected by the masterly hand of the poet-dramatist. It would scarcely be believed that, in the face of so signal a success, the Théâtre-Français should have entered into concurrence with the Odéon; yet such was the case. The "Piéges Dorés" of the Théâtre-Français, whether owing to the popularity of the subject, to the manner in which it was handled, or to the chief gambler being a female, met with a success which was only surpassed by its rival.

The Odéon has been in luck lately. There was a time when its gates were encrusted with the dust and cobwebs of ages. They must have been swept away by the successes of the past year. Not only did Ponsard's grand drama attract the crowd across the Seine, but M. Octave Feuillet kept up the excitement, in a minor degree, by a little drama called "Le Village." Of plot it has really none. *M. Dupuis*, a retired notary, with wife and daughter, constitute a group, around whom are gathered all that constitutes happiness in village life:

Un jardin assez propre et le clos attenant;
Il avait de plant vif formé cette étendue:
Là croissaient à plaisir l'oseille et la laitue,

De quoi faire à Margot pour sa fête un bouquet :
 Peu de jasmin d'Espagne et force serpolet.
 Cette félicité, par un lièvre troublée . . .

The *lièvre* in question was not *le lièvre de mon grandpère*, as depicted by that admirable romancer, Alexandre Dumas; it came in the form of a traveller, a bachelor, a kind of Wandering Jew, who could never remain in the same place, and who sang like *Joconde*,

J'ai longtemps parcouru le monde,
 Et l'on m'a vu de toutes parts.

This vagabond—*Rouvière* by name—gains admission to the domestic hearth of the family *Dupuis*. There he turns everything topsy-turvy, terrifies the servants, kicks the cat and the dog, wounds the feelings of the ladies; and yet, strange to say, with all this, gains such an ascendancy over the old notary, as to induce him to revolt against his wife, and to determine upon leaving his home, and going forth to roam over the wide, wide world. The point of the drama lies in the acting of the wife under the circumstances. She does not storm or scold; she bows her head in resignation to the will of Providence; but her grief and that of her daughter are so touching, that the vagabond himself regrets the destruction he has brought upon a family's happiness; he repents, and induces old *Dupuis* to give up his mad project:

Il renonce aux courses ingrates,
 Revient en son pays, voit de loin ses pénates,
 Pleure de joie et dit: "Heureux qui vit chez soi,
 Dq régler ses désirs formant tout son emploi!"

Little comedies in verse, which, like the above, have more the character of an acted proverb than anything else, have been much in vogue during the past year. By far the most tasteful and poetic of the many was an idyl by M. Octave Lacroix, called "*L'Amour et son Train*." In this pleasure-train three young girls take their places, whose faces and mantillas might be found in the pages of Cervantes, awaiting the hour when they may in their turn do—

Ce qu'on fait quand on est jeune fille et jolie!

And then there are our three doves making a profession of faith:

Je trouve qu'à notre âge une joie à la joue,
 Un sourire à la lèvre et dans le cœur l'amour,
 C'est tout simple!

And in the same simplicity our three *amoureuses*, Inès, Papa, and Carmen, fall in love with the same *racleur de guitare—un Français!*

Neither of the three mantillas will give up the unharmonious Frenchman to the other. As to the latter, he is a philosopher, and is willing to receive the caresses of all three:

On peut donner, en traversant le monde,
 Un regard à la brune, un sourire à la blonde,
 À l'une toute une heure, à l'autre tout en jour.

Such is his system. Not an uncommon one—in verse. The three mantillas know better in practice, and so they go to a fortune-teller to ascertain if the dark girl, or the fair girl, or the one with blue eyes is preferred. The soothsayer's advice made the fortune of the piece.

Il convient de laisser l'arbitrage à l'amour . . .

he declares, and then he adds:

Je suppose,

Afin d'être plus clair, que vous êtes en cause,
Et je vous dis : Menez le trompeur en ces lieux ;
La plus jeune de vous lui bandera les yeux ;
Et surtout serrez fort, que rien ne se dénoue ;
Puis chacune à son tour lui baisera la joue,
Et lui dira : Devine ! Et, guidé par son cœur,
Le jeune homme au parfum devinera la fleur.

The great tragedy of this year has been the "Medea" of the Théâtre Italien. The horrors of the story had been depicted in heroic verse long before Joseph Montanelli's (the exiled poet of Florence) version, and the success of the latter appears to have been due to La Ristori.

"If you only knew," exclaims Jules Janin, in one of his usual rhapsodies, "the success of this new 'Medea' (after so many others)—if you knew the emotion, the pity, the terrors that La Ristori throws into this tragedy, so admirably and so sympathisingly translated into fine Italian by the poet of Tuscany—if you only saw that crowd, moved, affected, carried away by emotion, by these three acts of the great Adelaide Ristori—if you knew that, since the times of Malibran, in the third act of 'Otello,' Mademoiselle Mars, in the fifth act of 'Hernani,' Mademoiselle George, when 'Lucrezia Borgia' holds festivities at Ferrara; Madame Dorval, at the feet of the Cardinal who passes, and whose litter crushes *Marion Delorme* as it goes by—there never has been seen, not even in the first glorious days of Mademoiselle Rachel,—days brilliant with naïveté, youth, and poetry—there never has been seen anything that can compare with this daughter of Cadmus, shining beneath her crown of ivy and eternal smilax, this Agavé *pleine du Dieu qui se lamente*, this bacchanalian Thebeian, coming down from the mountains of Delphi, or forth from the caverns of Citheron, her eyes full of tears, and her mouth laden with froth and cries! Oh! if you only knew the graces, the violences, the stupor, the trances, the delirious attacks, and the ecstasies of this inspired being, and who is possessed by her god after the fashion of the Pythoness, and that nothing stops across these abysses, then would you, perhaps, understand the enthusiasm and the universal festival! Oh, what a woman! A revolution, an insurrection!—how shall I express it?—an invasion! What a glory to us who foresaw it!" (As Dr. Véron takes credit for having been the first to detect the genius of La Rachel, Jules Janin identifies the successes of La Ristori with himself!) "How right we were to proclaim her that brilliant Ristori—Queen, in spite of Italy and the opposition of her own country! They did not know what a woman she was; they had not seen her, they had not understood her; they had no presentiment of what she was to be; and now—now the Italian is launched,—she is mistress,—she carries away her fanatics in her train,—every one sees her, hears her, salutes her, and admires her!—she is no longer a surprise, she is a thing terrific! (*une épouvante!*)—she was in the state of a Muse, she has passed into that of a living creature; her hand holds at once the key that opens the door and the catapult that breaks it down. Twenty times was La Ristori called back, ravishingly dressed in the garments of purple, the style of which was obtained by Ary Scheffer from the walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii."

The absence of Mademoiselle Rachel in America must not be forgotten in noticing the triumphs of La Ristori. If the great French feuilletonist is carried away to ecstasies in describing the successes of the latter, he is equally bitter against the Americans for not understanding and appreciating the former. "Money," he exclaims, "in the present day, speaks the only universal language. Money! speak to me about money, and I listen to you, I admire you, and I am in ecstasies! There is no other dream, there is no other comedy or tragedy! There is nothing but money! What a miserable alternative for a woman of genius and intelligence, like Mademoiselle Rachel, to treat the bankers of New York as the great Corneille treated Cardinal Richelieu, as Racine treated Louis XIV., Mademoiselle de la Vallière, Madame de Montespan, Madame de Sévigné, La Rochefoucauld, and the Prince of Condé."

The ballet of the day has been the "Corsaire." It was, as its title intimates, a maritime piece, with La Rosati perched, like an electric flame, upon a rock in the ocean. La Rosati is described as being an adorable and charming dancer—as the best dancer in the world in the present day. Carlotta Grisi, charming as she was, had no greater charms; Fanny Elssler was not more seductive; Taglioni herself had not more grace.

A propos of maritime pieces, there appear to have been an overflow of such during the past year. It will in future be spoken of as the year of the *Fléau des Mers*, as we say the year of the comet. The origin of this superabundance is attributed to certain parties who are interested in rendering Paris a seaport town—a project which has created a smile for some years past, but which may now be said to be exhausted. Driven to despair, the promoters, disguised as sailors, waylaid the director of the Porte Saint-Martin:

"Captain!" exclaimed the Parisian corsairs.

"You take me for some one else, gentlemen," retorted the director.

"I am not a captain."

"No humbug!" replied the corsairs. "Are you not the captain of the ship *La Porte Saint-Martin*?"

"That may be. What do you want with me?"

"You must promise, on your oath, to bring out a maritime piece; the committee require it, to excite interest in the projected Parisian *port de mer*. You must accede, or we will blow up your holy beard."

Three months after this rencontre, the "*Fils de la Nuit*" made its appearance at the Porte Saint-Martin.

Similar adventures are related as having occurred to the commandants of the brig *Ambigu* and the corvette *La Gatti*.

The result has been that the badauds have all agreed in designating the past year as *une année goudronnée*—"a year that has been well tarred!"

The great concocter of vaudevilles during the past year, and he who has composed the best and played the best, is the ZOUAVE. The Zouave has indeed occupied the first place in the chronicle of the past year's theatricals. The spoilt child of love and glory, he has found a young captain—of whom it may be said, what was said of Julius Cæsar, "that he knows how to write as well as he knows how to fight"—to write his history. And now, for height of good fortune, a strange good luck

befals the Zouave, one which has happened to few since the days of Molière. One fine morning the Zouave became a dramatic poet; and not only has he been his own poet, but he has also been his own comedian; nay, more, he has built his own theatre, he has written the music of his orchestra, he has composed at once the words of his songs and has set them to music. The Zouave improvises his marvels to the sound of bugles and of cannon; whilst the astounded spectator hums,

S'il fait des vers en chemin,
Il voyageait avec les Graces.

Honour to the Zouave! It is impossible to convey an idea of the adventures, the tricks, the vivacity of these *mauvais sujets*. They are at the Théâtre des Variétés precisely what they were upon the great stage of Inkerman—vaudevillists with the rifle in one hand and a fan in the other, and playing the part of coquettes, so as to cause even the light artillery to blush for them.

To pass from theatricals to literature, several good books have made their appearance during the past year. M. de Tocqueville has published an important work on the subject of the French Revolution. M. Thiers has added more volumes to his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," and M. Guizot to his "History of England." M. Michelet has published a volume of the "Wars of Religion"—the work of a great philosopher, and a volume called "The Bird"—the work of a poet. M. Henry Martin has published a second edition of his "History of France," a work crowned by the Academy.

Whilst M. Charles de Rémusat is relating the history of England, M. Louis Blanc has arrived at the eighth volume of his "History of the French Revolution," and M. Victor Cousin is declared, from his last literary productions, to be "l'amoureux de Madame de Chevreuse, et l'ami de Madame de Hautefort." M. Dupin continues to display in his "Memoirs" that marvellous common sense which constituted his greatest claim to consideration as an orator. Among works of a lighter description, the "Monde des Oiseaux" of M. Toussenel, the "Balzac en Pantoufles" of M. Léon Gozlan, the "Histoires Poétiques" of M. Auguste Brizeux, and the "Profils et Grimaces," by Auguste Vaquerie, are particularly deserving of notice.

To M. de Lamartine we are indebted for a "History of Russia" and a "History of Cæsar." The latter is a study by a poet and a philosopher—a perfect work of art. M. de Montalembert's work on the "Political Future of England," and Victor Hugo's latest "Contemplations," also deserve mention. We must not forget to notice M. Moleri's "Petits Drame Bourgeois." They are so many little lively naïve histories, well narrated, and replete with incident and interest.

Death has been busy during the past year even among the lively Parisians. Music has sustained a great loss in the person of Adolphe Adam, and poetry and music combined, in the person of Frédéric Bérat. The Vicomte d'Arincourt, whose only misfortune was that he survived his literary fame by nearly half a century, has also gone to the mausoleum of his ancestors. Among other deaths noted as remarkable, is that of the Abbé Montès, the chaplain of the condemned, and who, for the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, presided over the most

terrible and bloody dramas that have perhaps ever been enacted on the living stage. The stage itself has also lost two men whose deaths produced some sensation in Paris : one was Adolphe Franconi, killed by apoplexy at the Cirque Olympique ; the other, Villars, of the Gymnase, who interrupted his *rôles de tous les jours* by drowning himself in the Seine. M. Simonnin, formerly sacristan of the Church of St. Honoré, whose cloisters became the country of his adoption, and who never forgave a revolution which drove him from that tranquil asylum, where light and shade made such marvellous greetings, but who still managed to indite songs at the advanced age of a hundred years, and that after having contributed no less than two hundred and fourteen comedies to the theatres of Paris, has at last unwillingly dropped his pen.

The war in the Crimea, the birth and christening of the imperial prince, the inundations, and the Exposition of Agriculture, constitute the great resources of the Almanacks for the new year. But even with such prolific, albeit used-up themes, they seem to partake of the evil influence which weighs down politics, finances, rents, and alimentary substances alike. In these our existing times, the present is dull and unimaginative, and as to the prophecies for the future, they are positively mute !

WHAT WE ARE ALL ABOUT.

THE last month has been so prolific of news, of some sort or other, that it almost out-rivals the *canards* of the war. We have been living for a while on the after-pangs of the war : the strong excitation of the nerves to which we were subjected during the whole campaign has not yet settled down, and we exist on the feverish flash of electric telegraphs and the fables of "our own correspondents." All round the habitable world there has been a decided predisposition to an outbreak of some sort, and the wearied reader prays for the time when war and the rumours of war may cease, and opportunity may come to pay attention to the current literature of the day, apart from its political aspect. But who is to blame for all this *bosh*, full of fury, signifying nothing ? Does the *Thunderer* or the *Post* really govern England ?—is there a government or not ?—or is all nothingness, and is nothingness naught ? These are questions which we should like to answer, if we could. Unfortunately, we cannot, and we can only revert to the topics of the day, and draw our own conclusions from the direction of those straws which popularly are supposed to show which way the wind blows.

First of all, the trumpets sound an *Io pean*, and tyranny is to be put down. It is fearful to contemplate the state of political society in Naples. People are really incarcerated there for daring to oppose the existing

order of things. Horrible! Really, this must be put a stop to! Mr. Gladstone wrote a pamphlet a few years back, in which the wrongs of the prisoners were exposed, but they were not redressed. It was pitiful, most pitiful, but for all that the prisoners remained in their cells, and were indubitably subjected to the law of the stronger. For years we regretted the fact. We felt tremendously for Poerio and Settembrini, we groaned over the tortures which "Our Correspondent" described or invented, but, for all that, we did not interfere. Suddenly, we got dragged into a war, which we shall regret as long as we are a nation; we send out ~~boats~~ to pick up allies; we find Sardinia prepared to give us an auxiliary army for a consideration; we take her assistance, and, lo! when the war is over, we find it our bounden duty to stick up for nationalities, and propose to send our fleets, combined with those of our potent ally, to set the peoples (we think that is the cant phrase) all agog for liberty or licence, whichever they may desire.

Well, this may be all very fine in theory—we have no doubt that liberty is a blessed institution, much to be admired in England, and among other nations possessing a proper sense of self-interest or independence, whichever it may be—but for all that we must revert to the practical—that abominable word—question, *cui bono*? Can the most ardent anti-tyrannist insist that a change in Italy would be beneficial? Could the *Savage* Landon's proposal, if carried out, prove advantageous? In fact, can any one say in what single point Italy would improve if Brown, Jones, and Robinson had their wish gratified to-morrow, and poor Bomba were buried beneath the ruins of his palace? We are unhappily led to believe that Bomba is an awkward necessity for Italy, and that by his ugly presence he has hitherto prevented outbreaks in which he might possibly thwart the views of Mazzini, but has been highly beneficial for the peace of Italy. That this is the opinion entertained by the Allied Governments is shown by the fact that the fleets are supposed to start towards, but not to Naples, and we sincerely trust that we never shall find that they have arrived in the beautiful bay for the purpose of casting a firebrand into Italy.

The Gortschakoff note was certainly a most unlucky *contretemps*. Just at the moment when the Allies were fulminating edicts against brutality to those under arrest, and insisting upon the King of Naples releasing his prisoners and establishing constitutionalism, a quiet protest reached their ears, raised by Russia, against the principle of intervention. There never was a more striking proof of the old American doctrine of intervention for non-intervention. The Allied Powers bit their thumbs, and vowed most horrible revenge; but, after all, they have ended by eating the leek. The manifesto of the Russian Czar was sufficient to prove to the world that England and France were proceeding in a wrong direction. It was all very well, theoretically, to speak about the horrors of incarceration, but unfortunately it proved an *argumentum ad hominem*. With the sailing of the fleets was combined a denial of Louis Blanc's charges about the treatment of the prisoners at Cayenne, and the *Mondeur* was foolish enough to reply to patent facts, and thus precipitated a statement which is killing for all ideas of France interfering in Naples from ideas of humanity. The sarcasm which Louis Blanc combined with facts in his last letter to the *Times* is so overwhelming, that

the *Moniteur* has henceforth maintained a discreet silence, strongly suggestive of the disinterested motives with which France has hitherto engaged in the projects for the emancipation of Naples.

At the same time that Russia developed her eloquence on the Neapolitan affair, Austria, of course, could not afford to be silent, and *Le Nord* produced a *communiqué* on the subject of non-intervention, which deserves serious consideration. Among the most prominent passages we may quote :

It is clearly one of the fundamental principles of international law that the sovereignty of every independent state ought to be respected as sacred ; that, consequently, other states have not the right of prescribing the course of its internal policy—of *exacting* that it should follow their counsels, and especially of accompanying their demands by *threats*, or of having recourse to measures of compulsion.

The principle of the sacred character of the sovereignty of an independent state is applicable, without distinction, to every form of government. All states are therefore equally interested in the actual proceedings of the Western Powers towards Naples. Should they, in this instance, violate the fundamental principle above cited, they would inaugurate on our continent a new *international law*, making the internal policy of states subordinate to the will of powers strong enough to exact it.

General and indefinite wars would be the inevitable result. The different states are therefore,—for the destinies of all are equally at stake,—justified in devoting their full attention to the proceedings of the Western Powers towards the legitimate sovereign of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The question is not to ascertain whether the internal policy of that monarch is deserving of praise or of censure, but to ascertain whether that policy threatens to disturb the internal tranquillity or the external peace of France and of England.

Thirty-six years ago there was also question of intervention in the internal affairs of this same kingdom ; but it was asked for by the legitimate sovereign, the grandfather of the present king. Although that fact alone justified the assistance given by Austria with the consent of France, of Prussia, and of Russia, the Austrian government nevertheless, in its diplomatic documents, referred to the immediate danger which threatened it.

Austria had positively the right to exact, and even to obtain by force, a modification of the constitution of the Cortes promulgated at Naples ; Prussia, France, and Russia, as allies of Austria, had fully the right to lend her their moral and material support against the revolutionary government of Naples.

At the Congress of Troppan, Austria, Prussia, and Russia went very far in principle, as appears from the circular despatch addressed on the 8th of December, 1820, by those three Powers to their representatives at the courts of Germany and of the North. In the *précis* which accompanied that despatch the events of Spain, of Naples, and of Portugal, are designated as objects of the same alliance concluded against the French Revolution, and the hope is therein expressed that that alliance will also be able “to put a check upon a new domination, not less tyrannical, not less horrible than that of revolt and of crime.”

Although this *précis* expressed the hope that England would join the other Powers responding to the invitation of the King of Naples, conformable to treaties, and although Lord Castlereagh, then foreign secretary, had always shared the views of the three allies, he could not do so on this occasion ; and in a despatch dated the 19th of January, 1821, he had to declare that the king declined participating in those measures, which he considered diametrically opposed to the fundamental laws of England.

The article then concludes, by saying :

Does the King of the Two Sicilies, it might be asked, seek to tamper with the British troops, or to undermine the political institutions of England ; or does he endeavour in the lightest degree to spread his principles and extend his domination by force of arms ?

And, if he does nothing of all this, and if in 1823 Great Britain so strongly disapproved of intervention in the internal affairs of Spain, how can she in 1856 justify, in the point of view of right, an intervention in the internal affairs of the kingdom of Naples ?

The only question apparently involved in this document is, how far the Allied Governments are justified in seeking a quarrel with Naples ? We have tried in vain to solve the question : we can find no possible argument which will justify us in becoming tyrants, when our honest duty is to act as mediators, and with the fact of Cayenne as our ally, and Spielberg as our enemy, we think the best thing we can do is to follow the advice given us in "Tristram Shandy," "to wipe it up and say no more about it."

Let us, however, look calmly at the subject, apart from the justice of the cause, and seek to discover what would be the result of our fleet appearing off Naples. In the first place, the Lazzaroni could not be kept quiet, they would plunder and devastate everything belonging to Englishmen ; these would appeal to their countrymen, and the ball would thus be set a rolling, nobody being able to say when it would stop. Do we then desire to enkindle a flame through the whole length and breadth of Italy, which must necessitate a collision with Austria, a fact which every right-minded man must deprecate, for a war with Austria would entail tremendous consequences, and, probably, suit her policy at present. But no, we believe that the English nation, irrespective of its firebrand, is too sensible again to rush into a war of which it cannot see the outlet, and we may rest in the happy conclusion that the fleets will still perform their duties of keeping sedulously out of sight of Naples, for fear of producing that outbreak of popular temper which might endanger the peace of Europe, and lead to a war as tremendous in its results as it was absurd in its commencement.

Another point which shows where we are drifting, is the question of the Danubian Principalities, which is as yet far from having obtained its solution, and may still prove the bone of contention among nations. France would have much liked to have seen a union ; England preferred the reverse ; Turkey and Austria followed her advice, and the consequence is, that France is thwarted in her policy, while Austria rides triumphant, and gallantly swallows the oyster, leaving the shells to her opponents and *quasi* allies. There is no earthly expectation that Austria will retire from the Danube as long as she can by her presence thwart the development of free commerce on the Danube, and bully any unfortunate speculator who dares to venture within her clutches. The consequence is, that the Principalities remain in a deplorable state, and the fine old system of Turkish despotism is riding roughshod over the Christian hounds who enjoy the felicity of its mild rule. Please Heaven, if the war have no other result, it will at any rate settle those philanthropists with softened brains, who used to maunder pleasantly, though stupidly, about the innate qualities of the Turk, and his wondrous capa-

bilities for progress. With everything in his favour, with money boat-loaded into his country, with millions lent him by a credulous ally, the Turk is forced to borrow money at any extraordinary rate of interest to pay the quarterly revenue of the loan—and if it is so in the green wood what will it be in the dry? Turkey is reverting to its bigotry as fast as its solemn motions will allow it, and no power will be able to bolster it up for any length of time. The nation is effete, and though pampered in every possible point, and patted into good temper with the Giaour, your Turk is now to the full as great a fanatic as when he cut the throats of Christians to the prosy chant of “Allah il Allah!” But, during all this period, the Principalities are suffering, and we are looking on helplessly, for our pride will not allow us to confess that we have hitherto been going in a wrong direction. Something, however, will have to be done shortly, ere matters come to a climax, and we believe there is no time like the present.

In Spain, things have been quite cheerful, and have formed rather a pleasing episode in the otherwise slightly dreary events of the month. Narvaez is recalled, and inaugurates his return by thrashing the Queen’s brother-in-law, who, being slightly tainted with nigger blood, and otherwise unpleasant to look upon, is consequently more than detested by his sister-in-law. Her most Catholic Majesty applauded the outrage to the skies, and shook her somewhat corpulent, although royal, sides at the punishment bestowed on the “rascal,” as she affectionately termed him. The reward Narvaez obtained was the prime ministry, which he will keep—probably, till the Queen grows tired of him. This graceful little anecdote, with the others equally *piquant*, referring to the King Consort’s appropriation of unconsidered trifles, such as jewellery and estates, as described by the *Times* correspondent, will afford wondrous stuff for the future Spanish Macaulay. Poor O’Donnell, we understand, is to be consoled with some foreign embassy, when he will be enabled to display the grand cordon which his Majesty of France bestowed on him.

In France, commercial crises have been the all-absorbing topic of conversation, and have even cast the Naples question into the shade. The drain on the bank grew at length so menacing, that the only resource by which it could be checked was by politely inviting the editors to keep their press quiet—a never-failing *nostrum*, which the Emperor always applies when his moustache begins to droop from weight of care. By the way, we see that Mr. Laing has been taking a leaf out of the same book, for he suggests that the *Times* should be also ordered not to report on foreign matters, and then peace would be secured; certainly, a very flattering suggestion for literary men, but one, we believe, in which the nation would hardly concur, for even if the *Times* does rule the court, the camp, the grove, truth is not to be spoken at all times. The imperial will has also been thwarted in one of its favourite ideas—the gradual approach to free-trade principles by infinitesimal removal of prohibition duties. The Emperor has been obliged to defer his changes for several years, so that the International Free Trade Congress will not yet be able to count Louis Napoleon among its staunch adherents. Failing in him, they have fallen back on Mr. Cobden, and having due regard of the blessings he has conferred on this country, without mentioning the very satisfactory balance on the right side at his banker’s, which they entailed, we

fancy that they have benefited by the exchange. Belgium, too, is "going in" for free trade (limited liability) by revising her tariff; but after a careful survey of the proposed changes, we can only yet perceive that they result in knocking off the odd *centimes* from some articles and adding them on to others, to make them equally square. However, if the people be satisfied, what ought we to care? Unfortunately, that jade, Rumour, says that the people does care, and that the new bill, though heralded with all the pomp of government support, will be strongly opposed by those strong-minded men who cannot be led to believe that free trade consists in giving all possible advantage to the stranger at your own expense. But one thing is certain: free trade, or no free trade, France is in a very unpleasant state, and this is shown more especially in the suspension of the works at the Louvre, on the completion of which the Emperor had set his heart. To the impartial observer, the present condition of France presents a most striking analogy to that of imperial Rome in the most palmy days of its decadence; nor do we require to hear the song of Caligula, now so much in vogue at Paris, either to point the moral or adorn the tale. She never was more prosperous (for who dare deny the tabular statements of the *Moniteur*?), and yet, for all that, a crisis is continually taking place; we only trust a very severe one may not bring the building tumbling down about the master's ears. While the capital is greazing over the drain of coin, fresh concessions are being taken up right and left—such as the Russian railways—entailing a dead loss of capital for many years; and the words used by the fugitive clerk of the Northern of France, "that if carried back he would make confessions implicating many persons high in authority," seem to throw a lurid light over the commercial scene, and indicate that we are not the only nation possessing its Saddleirs and its British Banks.

The King of Denmark has at length given in touching the Sound dues, and the Americans are following their success by protesting with equal energy against the Elbe dues. "There be land rats and water rats," but the last are decidedly the worst. That a second-rate nation should dare to collect toll on the great highway of Russia in the nineteenth century was a marvellous fact, but we should have gone on grumbling and paying in *secula seculorum*, had it not been for the energy of the Yankees. Moral resistance has a wonderful effect, and moral force is a great institution when skilfully applied, and we must confess the Americans are passed masters in its application. They have put down with the most dignified calmness the pretentious claims of Denmark, and behaved worthily of themselves when we were in the wrong in the recruiting business. What a pity they cannot apply the same golden rule at home! Why should North and South abuse each other like two Billingsgate fish-fags, to the manifest injury of both? That tremendous moment has arrived, so everybody says, when the question of slavery will be solved for ever, and yet we would not mind making a wager that it will all end in a compromise. Slavery is very bad, we all know, and to be deplored, more especially when it is employed as in North Carolina, where *haras* are kept up for the propagation of slaves for sale. The only question is, can the monetary point of view be brought in accordance with the humane? for, in the present day, America pays undue homage to the all-mighty dollar!

and let philanthropists preach as they may—let a countless swarm of Mrs. Stowes bedew us with a shower of black rain—as long as slavery is profitable, so long the Southerners will keep up the peculiar institution. The Northerners, not having any occasion for slave labour, fulminate vengeance on the slaveowner to no purpose, save that of rendering the condition of the negro worse; for the excitement leads to attempts at escape, and these again to condign punishment. Then another result produced is that which we find agitating Kansas—bad blood between citizens, and all the horrors of civil war—although these are not so bad as the revolver fight between the alphabet with which the sub-editor of the *Times* allowed himself to be hoaxed. No finer shave has been perpetrated since the capture of Sebastopol No. 1, and next to being the Tartar who set that duck flying, we should like to be the Mr. Arrowsmith who saw the A B C duelling in Georgia. But both these pale in the presence of that practical joker who killed the people the other day at the Surrey Gardens. We do not believe that it was C. J. London revisiting the glimpses of the moon, and unable to keep quiet without promoting mischief; nor was it Cardinal Wiseman, although he has lately been indulging in similar propensities with the Bishop of Southwark. But cannot you, dear reader, envy the feelings of that man as he eats his matutinal muffin, and gloats over another death caused by his exquisite talent for fun? We would recommend this plan seriously to all aspiring young cornets, as practical joking in the army is beginning to grow dangerous. They can kill off a few dozen *pekias* without risk, and that is far more desirable than night-work in the trenches, and the possibility of a Russian bullet.

General Walker is rapidly growing into the dangerous proportions of a myth; but if he only behave temperately, we anticipate for him every chance of success. He has a fair field before him, and is no better or worse than other usurpers. He has not yet begun deporting, because he has no citizens to spare just at present; but we have no doubt, as soon as he is firmly established, that he will display all the amiable qualifications which his exalted position will demand. After a few years of hanging, shooting, and exterminating, he will make himself feared, and end by making himself beloved, and will possibly go down to his fathers, if he have any, with the sure prospect of being enrolled in the pages of history as a wise and beneficent ruler, who was the true cause of his nation's prosperity. A monument will be erected to him, and then he will end by being forgotten—the best thing that could occur to him.

But to talk seriously for once—although, *ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*—the state of things in Europe is ugly in the extreme. There seems to be a general desire among the governments for a scrimmage, no matter with whom: Austria wants occupation for her troops, France does not know what to do with her gigantic levy, Prussia wishes to send men to attack Neufchâtel, Naples is haranguing his mercenaries and making them swear to “run away sooner than die,” Turkey is employing the Imperial Guard in bullying the Principalities and holding Montenegro in check; in short, look where you will, you find only one nation calmly continuing its onward progress, and preparing, by wise commercial schemes, for the moment when it may become the *arbiter gentium*. The part which Russia has played—try to ridicule it or abuse

it as we will—is worthy of a great nation: no sophistry is there employed to make the worse the better cause, but all combine with one heart and will to further the interests of the Fatherland. But why is it that Russia proves herself so strong at a moment when, more than ever, her weakness ought to be confessed? It is simply this, that she has not attempted to force weak governments into concessions which it would be suicidal to their dignity and power to grant under pressure. Russia is allowing all the evil passions which the war produced to ferment on the Continent, and she will reap her reward. Much ink and paper have been wasted about the Isle of Serpents and Bolgrad: at present we can but decide on *ex parte* statements, but from those we can only assume that a misunderstanding has taken place, which could be rectified at once by negotiation, but not at the cannon's mouth. We are sufficiently aware by this time of the strength of Russia not to wish to run blindly into a war with her; and it would be hard if we did not conciliate our natural ally by all the means in our power.

Let us then hope that, ere long, we may have a ministry worthy to represent our nation, which will not allow itself to be led away by shop-keeping considerations like the Pacifico business at Athens, and the present Mexican difficulty, but look boldly at the great interests which we have at stake. Let us, above all, hope that, whenever the Palmerston dynasty is ended, his successor may lay it down as a golden rule never to lower the dignity of a great nation like England by uttering threats which we find ourselves unable to execute. Let us, in short, think twice before we threaten, and we have no fear that England will again be respected as in the palmy days when a Pitt defied the world, and ended by subduing it.

SIX WEEKS IN SWITZERLAND.*

It is not every one who can ascend Mont Blanc. "Used up," as the giant is declared to be, enough of him still remains to try many a Cockney's pluck. It is, however, in the power of most to drive through the great world-roads that cross the Alps—the Simplon, the St. Gothard, the Splügen, or the Bernardino—and to contemplate during the passage the wonders that surround them. It further requires very little exertion to ascend the Righi, the Riffelberg, and Mount Cramont, from the first of which the Bernese Oberland can be contemplated in all its grandeur; from the second, the majestic group of Monte Rosa; and from the third, the Mont Blanc and the Monte Rosa groups together—a view stated by Ritter, the celebrated German geographer (why is there no English translation of his works?), to be the only European scene approaching the Himalayas in character and grandeur.

* Journal of Six Weeks' Adventures in Switzerland, Piedmont, and on the Italian Lakes. By W. L. and H. T. June, July, August, 1856. Printed for private circulation.

The great point with Englishmen, with whom the race of life is always run at tip-top speed—as if the end would not come soon enough—is how to do the Alps in the shortest possible time. We have before us a most interesting and instructive example of the kind—it shows what may be done even by a lady, and it superadds what may also be accomplished in the way of attaining more intimate acquaintance with Alpine nature by those who can leave the beaten track, and, trusting to their own powers of locomotion, can venture among the rugged and picturesque passes of this vast mountain world.

Our tourist started, in company with his friend, Mr. H. Trower, on a six-week trip, on the 25th of June, *viâ* Boulogne, Paris, and Strasburg. Thence they went by railway to Freiburg, where they tried their pedestrian powers by a walk across the Höllenthal, and were fully repaid, for on recalling to memory the scenery of this valley, after traversing the grandest districts of the Alps, they still remembered it as very wild and striking. Beyond was the Titti-See, a beautiful lake, whose charms were likewise effaced by no subsequent scenery. Schaffhausen is, however, the first great point in Switzerland. Our tourist was, like others, somewhat disappointed at the apparent want of height in the falls, but when he took a boat to cross to the opposite side he was soon made aware that the falls were really a mighty cataract. Next came Zurich and its lake, from whence they had their first view of the mountains of Glarus, and on approaching Wesen through a valley with high picturesque mountains on each side, among which ruins of old castles are very numerous, they obtained their first view of snow-mountains. The sail across Lake Walenstadt is replete with beauty, and the road continues all the way to Ragatz of the same picturesque character. "I was so charmed with the scenery," our tourist writes, "that I was continually tormented with the idea that nothing to come could equal, or at any rate, surpass it."

After a side trip to the baths of Pfäfers and a rove over the Calanda hills, our tourists continued their way by Coire, Reichenau, and Tüsis to the pass of Splügen. Their enthusiasm was in no way diminished along the road, which is extremely picturesque the whole way, ruined castles crowning every commanding eminence. They then wisely tripped it on foot through the grand gorge of the Via Mala, thus fully enjoying the magnificent height of the rugged precipices overhead, and the awful depths at which the Upper Rhine rushes through the bottom of the ravine. Beyond the village of Splügen they reached the top of the pass, and here they made acquaintance with everlasting snows, with the beautiful gentians which flourish in their vicinity, and with the Alpine rose or rhododendron, three memorable events in an Alpine tour. We regret to say, however, that the ascent seems to have exhausted their enthusiasm. They were manifestly done up. The descent on the Italian side is described as wild and desolate, without the fine features of the northern side. Had they approached the pass from the south side, they would probably have declared the reverse. Campaniles, chesnut-trees, trellised vines, and pretty women heralded them into a more sunny clime, and tiled roofs, painted walls, and verandahs welcomed them at Chiavenna. We need not accompany our tourists about and among the Italian lakes; what they did, however, within the brief compass of their time it will be well for those who follow to study. We cannot imagine that our tourist

—for we believe it is no breach of faith to divulge his individuality, Mr. William Longman, of the eminent firm in Paternoster-row—will deprive the world of the benefit of his experiences; to do so would be most reprehensible as a citizen of the world, and still more strangely out of place in a publisher. It would positively argue so little discrimination in the selection of his wares, that we should hesitate ever afterwards to send in our own experiences in some *terra incognita* for acceptance.

Well, then, Lakes Como and Lugano were done on July the 3rd; Lago Maggiore on the 4th; Monte Monterone on the 5th; and the ascent of the St. Gothard Pass commenced on the 6th. Our tourist seems to have been more struck with the cold than with the beauty of the scenery. "A more wintry, and I may add dreary, but still grand scene," he says, "than that of the summit of the St. Gothard, with its cold-looking lake, it would be difficult to conceive." His spirits, however, rose again after meeting with the guide at Andermatt, with a very significant name—Aplanaalp. And they set off in his company to the Devil's Bridge, "singing, shouting, laughing, and making the old mountains ring again."

It is to be observed, that as far as we have gone yet has been a lady's tour, we now come to sundry excursions over passes, and into glens and ravines, for the most part only accessible to the pedestrian. The first day of the Alpenstocks was over the Furca to Grimsel and the beautiful Rhône glacier. They had their first tumbles, their first taste of the discomforts of the lateral and terminal *moraines*, heard the first whistle of the marmot, and got the first mark branded on their Alpenstocks by the fair maids of the *châlets*.

After a little detention by bad weather at Hof, they started on the 9th for the Lake of Lucerne, by the Susten Pass. The path for the greater part of the way is described as being as good as a garden walk, and, therefore, not very, very trying; they found the top of the pass, however, very cold, and the Stein glacier very dirty. Worse than all, the descent was poor and barren, and the path rough and bad, so, notwithstanding some amiable familiarities on the part of a flock of sheep, they arrived with their knees rather knocked about at Wasen, whence they took a carriage to Amstäg. This proved to be an unlucky move, for the driver tumbled them over at an awkward turn in the road, cutting our tourist severely about the head, and bruising his friend and the redoubtable Aplanaalp grievously. The landlord of Amstäg was, however, kind, and the maid sympathising, and the next day the *table d'hôte* of the Schweitzer Hof at Lucerne indemnified them for their mishap, although they acknowledge that their wounded and weather-beaten faces and rough dress formed a somewhat strong contrast to the smartness of the company.

The Righi is a little more used up than even Mont Blanc himself, whose majesty has been lately so grievously assailed; "the man with the horn" has become a positive bore, and we are glad to part from the crowd of Cockneys that infest its summit to ascend the Joch pass in company with our agreeable tourist. This is a really stiff ascent; the Bernese Oberland is as visible from the summit as distant hills in England on a clear frosty morning, and the descent is equally beautiful, through groves of pines, by the sides of rushing torrents, and under waterfalls issuing from the very face of the rocks and descending in rain.

After a lateral excursion made on the 16th of July to the Reichenbach falls, and the dark blue Rosenlani glacier, a pleasant drive and a row over the lake of Brienz took our tourists to Interlachen, from whence the next day they drove to Grindelwald. Thence they visited the glacier, which is becoming as cockneyfied as the Righi. It has steps ready cut, and ladders conveniently placed, to conduct visitors into all the secret places of the ice. Crossing thence the Wengern Alp on foot, they arrived at Lauterbrunnen, after being entertained on their way by a horn-blower, who drew forth the most entrancing echoes from the magnificent precipices around.

Our tourists were now getting into the heart of the Swiss Alps. Passes were becoming more difficult and dangerous, and the consciousness that they were "family men" began to press heavily upon them—so much so as to produce very unpleasant dreams. In the face of these dismal forebodings, they boldly confronted the Tschingel glacier. Mr. Trower and one of the guides fell into crevasses, but were luckily extricated, and the feeling, upon the whole, seems to have been that the excursion was not worth the trouble and danger. To this succeeded the Gemmi Pass—not very striking compared with many other passes—and from the baths of Lenkerbad, at its foot, they were enabled to take carriage to Visp, in the Upper Valais.

From this latter place our indefatigable tourists commenced the ascent of the southern Alps, starting off on foot the same afternoon up the Nicolai Thal—very narrow, almost ravine-like in its character, but throughout richly cultivated—to the little village of St. Nicolai or Niklaus, where were many evidences of an earthquake, which had nearly destroyed the village just a year previously; and on the 22nd, after a magnificent walk through a deep valley, with the snow-mountains at its termination, they reached Zermatt.

Zermatt is grandly situated, surrounded on all sides by the most lofty snow-mountains, and with the remarkable Gorner glacier descending into the valley. It was one of the central points of Mr. Alfred Wills's excursions, and that gentleman asserts, and his experience is considerable, that for a near view of glacier scenery there is probably nothing in Switzerland to compare with the panoramas from the top of the Hochthallgrat and the Gornergrat, lofty ridges which penetrate into the very heart of Monte Rosa, and from which the spectator gazes upon a range of glacier, precipice, and crag, the most gigantic and the most striking among the Alps. Our tourists devoted a first day to the Riffelburg, which may be done by mule, and where a small hotel challenges comparison with almost any inn amongst the High Alps. Here they fell in with a party of fifteen, including guides, who had just returned from an unsuccessful attempt to ascend Monte Rosa. Among the guides was the famous Ulrich Lauener, called "The Tschingel King." All of them, Mr. Longman says, had half-shut, red, ferret-looking eyes, the evident result of hours upon the snow. Upon the subject of these Alpine ascents, just now at a discount, our tourist remarks, very justly, "Often is it said that the ascent of lofty mountains does not repay the labour and fatigue: we did not mount any of the giants, but we had some fine snow-climbs, and we can bear witness to the fascination of the snow-peaks, and the longing to conquer their difficulties. Independently of any other source of pleasure, arising from the ascent of a lofty snow-mountain,

there is a feeling of victory over nature which causes great exultation." It is a feeling inherent in the breasts of many, and almost an instinct in some, and as such will always find its devotees, whatever amount of ridicule it may meet with at the hands of less adventurous dispositions.

Conducted by Tauchwald, one of the guides, our tourists attained a point on the Riffelberg whence they could see the sun set on Monte Rosa, with its gigantic brethren all around, the stupendous Matterhorn rising, like an obelisk, distinct and separate from the rest. On the 24th, after an excursion the previous day to the Gornergrat, our tourists started by the Gorner glacier for the pass of St. Theodule. On their ascent they saw the chamois for the second time. Crevasses were numerous, but they reached the broad snow-covered plateau, which constitutes the highway over the pass, without accident. At the summit of this pass they found a cabin in which they say De Saussure spent several days. We suspect this is a mistake, and that the cabin in question was the one built by the eccentric Frenchman, whose sad fate is related by A. Wills. Mr. Wills ascended the St. Theodule by an easier road than that followed by our tourists, and he describes the pass, for one of the first class (upwards of 11,000 feet above the sea), as the easiest and pleasantest he knew. It is curious that neither Mr. Wills nor Mr. Longman notice the old castle of St. Theodule, which gives its name to the pass. Mr. Longman describes the way down the Val Tournanche, at the Italian side, as through a valley of the wildest grandeur. "No scenery of the kind that we saw, either before or after, equals it for romantic grandeur. It has the Salvator Rosa character of the ascent from Lauterbrunnen, but it combines with it the furious torrents of the Via Mala and the narrow ravine-like character of parts of the St. Gothard Pass."

From the Val Tournanche our tourists took a carriage up the Val d'Aosta, well known as one of the most beautiful in the Alps, as far as Didier, whence they were obliged to foot it up Mont Cramont, the view from the summit of which we have already alluded to. Our tourists' pedestrian exploits were now directed to the Mont Blanc group. The Col de la Seigne and the Col des Fours were first encompassed to gain Contamines, from whence they had rich corn-fields, woodlands, and pastures all the way to Chamouni.

One would have thought that they had had enough of climbing Alps, but they must fain ascend to the Plateau des Aiguilles and to the "Jardin," and on their way home they crossed the Brevent, not without some difficulties, which arose from losing their way. Sleeping at the châteaux, the next day they crossed over the Tête Noire and the Col Forclaz to Martigny, arrived at which point they very naturally considered their journey as nearly at an end. From thence "all was plain sailing and no more adventure." We think we have said enough of this truly interesting journal to show not only how much can be accomplished in six weeks, but also how much may be added to life within so short a period. The passage of Time is far more impressively marked by events and impressions than by the mere lapse of hours; and when the author says "the pleasure of writing this little account has been very great, the scenes were vividly recalled to my mind, and in imagination I almost lived again in the Alps," he shows that he had condensed more impressions into six weeks than usually fall to our lot in as many months—sometimes years.

IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

BY PÊLE-MÊLE.

III.

A POPULAR periodical essayist, who takes Imagination and Fancy to be not essentially different, but the same power under different aspects, attitudes, and circumstances, illustrates his view of their relationship by what we may observe in the fire on our hearth—where the flame, after warming and completely impregnating the fuel, breaks out above it into various fantastic freaks, motions, and figures, as if, having performed its work, it were disposed to play and luxuriate a little, if not for its own delectation, for the amusement of the firesidesman. The fiery particle of inspiration, the live spark of genius, “coming into contact with a theme, a story, with the facts of history, or the abstractions of intellect, begins to assimilate them to itself, to influence them with its own heat, or to brighten them into its own light.” This, according to our essayist, is the imaginative, the transfiguring process, by which dead matter is changed into quick flame—by which, as he exemplifies his position, an old fabulous Scotch chronicle becomes the tragedy of “Macbeth”—or by which some lascivious lie, in an Italian novel, is changed into the world-famous and terribly-true story of “Othello, the Moor of Venice.” These broad effects, these deep shades, are the province of Imagination: her creative spirit, be it said without irreverence, calls things that are not as though they were; chaos is organised at the fiat of her

Energic reason and her shaping mind,

which instil life and motion and meaning into the meaningless, the stagnant, and the dead.

But after Imagination has kindled this flame, and lighted up the mass, her power sometimes wills to display itself in another direction and under novel forms. Then it is that, “like the fire on the hearth,” in the illustration just given, the “imaginative power” will, in the mere exuberance of its strength, and by a sort of

Overpayment of delight,

“throw out gushes of superfluous but beautiful flame,” those spiral sallies, and forked tongues, and freakish quodlibets, which may conveniently and comprehensively be called, Fancy. “Fancy is that crown of rays round the sun, which is seen in the valley of Chamouni, but not on the summit of Mont Blanc, where a stern and stripped stillness proclaims collected and severe power.” Or, again, the essayist likens it, in his own exercise of its rights, to the dancing spray of the waterfall, while Imagination is rather the calm, uncrested, voluminous might of the river; or, again, to those blossoms on the apple-tree, which that tree pours forth in the exuberance of its spring vigour, but which never produce fruit; or, again, to the spectre, who, after his *tread* had startled and appalled us, were to soothe and divert us by his *trip*. “Imagination is the war-horse pawing for the battle—fancy, the war-horse curvetting and neighing on the mead. Imagination is Death in his darker shape, whetting his scythe for the

sides of Satan, or grinning his ghastly smile of vengeance at the prospect of carnage. Fancy is Death, jesting at his hideous paramour, or leading her out to dance upon the bridge between earth and hell." From such notions of imagination and fancy the following conclusions are drawn: First, that true fancy is rather an excess of a power than a power itself. Secondly, that it is generally youthful, and ready to vanish away with the energy and excitement of youth. Thirdly, that it is incident to, and not inseparable from, the highest genius—abounding in Milton, Shakspeare, and Shelley—hardly to be found in Homer, Dante, or Wordsworth (his "Poems of the Fancy" notwithstanding). Fourthly, that the want of it generally arises from severity of purpose, comparative coldness of temperament, or the acquired prevalence of self-control. And lastly, that a counterfeit of it abounds, chiefly to be known by this, that its images are not representative of great or true thoughts; that they are not original; and that, therefore, their profusion rather augurs a mechanical power of memory than a native excess of imagination.*

There seems to be manifest truth in the second of these conclusions, as to the "youthful" character of Fancy, and its limitation as a vanishing quantity. Is the same thing true of Imagination? That thoughtful writer, Mr. Dallas, in his clever and original, if also crotchety, treatise called "Poetics," maintains, that the notion of Imagination being at its fullest bloom in the *youth*, both of men and of races, is not founded on facts—but has arisen in part from observing that imagination is by far the powerfulest faculty of youth, that at a more advanced age it is not relatively so much more powerful than the other faculties, and thence leaping to the conclusion that in the interval it has been weakened. "It has really been strengthened, but the other faculties have been strengthened much more, so that there is not the same disproportion as formerly."†

Returning awhile to Wordsworth. In what manner Fancy ambitiously aims at a rivalry with Imagination, and Imagination stoops to work with the materials of Fancy, might be illustrated, he says, from the compositions of all eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse; and chiefly from those of our own country. Especially he refers the reader to "those inestimable volumes," the works of Jeremy Taylor, of the impassioned parts of which scarcely a page but affords examples to the purpose. Wordsworth here contents himself, however, with placing a conceit (ascribed to Lord Chesterfield) in contrast with a passage from the *Paradise Lost*:

The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
They're the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

* "In 'Comus' we find imagination, and imagination with a high purpose; but more than in any of Milton's works do we find this imagination at play, reminding us of a man whose day's work is done, and who spends his remaining strength in some light and lawful game."—GILFILLAN: *On the Genius of John Milton*.

† "It has also arisen from finding that the most perfect kind of poetry, the *lyrical*, begins to flourish earliest, and supposing that to begin with the highest kind is a proof of the highest poetical gift. From which it would follow, that the famed Provençal minstrels, who have not left behind them a single great name, are to be placed above him who is supreme in the lower sphere of the drama."—*Poetics*. By R. S. DALLAS. (1852.)

After the transgression of Adam, Milton, with other appearances of sympathising Nature, thus marks the immediate consequence,

Sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completion of the mortal sin.

In each of these two instances, Wordsworth remarks, the associating link is the same: dew and rain, not distinguishable from the liquid substance of tears, are employed as indications of sorrow. "A flash of surprise is the effect in the former case; a flash of surprise, and nothing more; for the nature of things does not sustain the combination. In the latter, the effects from the act, of which there is this immediate consequence and visible sign, are so momentous, that the mind acknowledges the justice and reasonableness of the sympathy in nature so manifested; and the sky weeps drops of water as if with human eyes, as

Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan."

One of the teachers of Imagination, Leigh Hunt has justly observed, is Melancholy; like Melancholy, in Albert Dürer's design, she looks out among the stars, and is busied with spiritual affinities and the mysteries of the universe.

"Fancy," continues Mr. Hunt, "turns her sister's wizard instruments into toys. She takes a telescope in her hand, and puts a mimic star on her forehead, and sallies forth as an emblem of astronomy. Her tendency is to the child-like and sportive. She chases butterflies, while her sister takes flight with angels. She is the genius of fairies, of gallantries, of fashions; of whatever is quaint and light, showy and capricious, of the poetical part of wit. She adds wings and feelings to the images of wit; and delights as much to people nature with smiling ideal sympathies, as wit does to bring antipathies together, and make them strike light on absurdity. Fancy, however, is not incapable of sympathy with Imagination. She is often found in her company; always, in the case of the greatest poets; often in that of less, though with them she is the greater favourite." As instances, the critic cites Spenser, as having great imagination and fancy too, but more of the latter (Coleridge, we may remark, in passing, pronounces the great and prevailing character of Spenser's mind to be, fancy under the conditions of imagination, as an ever present but not always active power: "He has an imaginative fancy, but he has not imagination, in kind or degree, as Shakespeare and Milton have"*)—Milton, in whom both abound, though the loftier power is predominant; Chaucer, as having the strongest imagination of real life, beyond any writers but Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, and a gift of comic painting inferior to none. "Pope has hardly any imagination, but he has a great deal of fancy; Coleridge little fancy, but imagination exquisite. Shakespeare alone, of all poets that ever lived, enjoyed the regard of both in equal perfection."

Landor thinks it must have been at the suggestion of Coleridge, that Wordsworth was induced to divide his minor Poems under the separate heads of Imagination and Fancy—just as he followed Coleridge's counsel in adopting the name of "Lyrical Ballads," and was sorry for it afterwards, as well he might be (Landor remarks), since *lyre* and *ballad* belong

* "The boldest effort of his [Spenser's] powers in this way is the character of Talus."—COLERIDGE'S *Literary Remains*.

not to the same age or the same people. The author of the "Imaginary Conversations" is of opinion, that it would have puzzled Coleridge to draw a straight boundary-line between the domains of Fancy and those of Imagination, on a careful survey of these pieces of Wordsworth's; or perhaps to have given a satisfactory definition of their qualities.

"Do you believe you yourself can?" Archdeacon Hare asks. And Mr. Landor frankly replies, "I doubt it." He questions the validity of the wire-drawn distinctions which some manufacture so complacently between Imagination and Fancy. The face is not the same, he says, but the resemblance is sisterly; and, even by the oldest friends and intimates of the family, one is often taken for the other, so nearly are they alike. "Fancy is Imagination in her youth and adolescence. Fancy is always excursive; Imagination, not seldom, is sedate." It is the business, he adds, of Imagination, in her maturity, to create and animate such beings as are worthy of her plastic hand; certainly not by invisible wires to put marionettes in motion, nor to pin butterflies on blotting-paper. To Imagination belongs, he conceives, the gift of vigorous thought, elevated sentiment, just expression, development of character, power to bring man out from the secret haunts of his soul, and to place him in strong outline against the sky. "Fancy is thought to dwell among the Faeries and their congeners; and they frequently lead the weak and ductile poet far astray. He is fond of playing at *little-go* among them; and, when he grows bolder, he acts among the Witches and other such characters; but his hankering after the Faeries still continues. Their tiny rings, in which the intelligent see only the growth of funguses, are no arena for action and passion." Nor was it in these circles, Mr. Landor goes on to say, that Homer and Æschylus and Dante strove.

But Shakspeare, it is objected, sometimes entered these fairy-rings,—Shakspeare, who, with infinitely greater power, moulded his composite and consistent Man, breathing into him an immortality never to be forfeited.

Mr. Landor answers, that Shakspeare's full strength and activity were exerted on Macbeth and Othello: he trifled with Ariel and Titania; he played with Caliban: but no other would have thought of playing with him, any more than of playing with Cerberus. "Shakspeare and Milton and Chaucer have more imagination than any of those to whom the quality is peculiarly attributed. It is not inconsistent with vigour and gravity. There may be a large and effuse light without

the notes that people the sunbeams."

But the reader will probably have had enough, on the analogies and antitheses existing or supposed to exist between Imagination and Fancy; and may here be left to draw his own inference and take his own side in the wordy war, unless, indeed, he elect to be neutral, believing this to be neither a just nor a necessary war, but a strife of tongues; an empty flourish of the cracked trumpets of logomachy; a baseless, bootless, brainless fabric of what prince *Hamlet* impatiently defines to be words, words, words.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.*

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

XLII.

FAIRLIE'S FIRST MOVE—AND HOW IT PROSPERED.

FAIRLIE was a man of great nerve. He did not underrate the danger by which he was menaced, but confronted it boldly, and thus regarded, its appalling proportions seemed to diminish, and he became, to a certain extent, reassured.

How was it, it may be asked, that he had not long ago destroyed the evidence of his criminality? Why did he preserve a document, the production of which must infallibly cause his ruin? The answer is, that certain scruples of conscience had restrained him; for after all, conscience will exert an influence even over the most stubborn nature, and hardened as he was, Fairlie was not entirely dead to her stings. Moreover, he was bound by a solemn promise not to destroy it; and though ordinarily, promises, however solemnly uttered, weighed little with him, in this instance his word had been religiously kept.

How he came to make such a promise we shall now relate.

On the very day of the death of his patron, while searching amongst poor Sir Warwick's papers, he had discovered this second will; and instantly perceiving the damage it would occasion to his interests if brought forward, he was about to commit it to the flames, when an unseen witness of his proceedings arrested his hand, and by prayers and entreaties prevailed upon him to forego the criminal design. He consented; but not until he had extorted from the person who had interrupted him a vow of secrecy, and he thereupon gave his own solemn assurance that the will should not be destroyed.

But the present circumstances made him view his conduct in a totally different light, and he could not now sufficiently reprobate his folly in observing a promise, the fulfilment of which had placed him in such fearful jeopardy. But regrets were idle. The past could not be recalled. The mischief must be repaired, cost what it might.

So he sat down for a short time to deliberate.

His plan of action formed, he arose and proceeded to the.

*  *The Author of this Tale reserves the right of translation.*

library, with the intention of directing his first movement against Gage. He did not despair of counteracting Mrs. Jenyns's scheme, and entirely effacing the ill impression she had striven to produce against him in the young man's mind.

He found Gage extended at full length upon a couch, on which he had sank soon after the actress's departure. Fairlie coughed slightly to announce his presence, but it was not for some moments that Monthermer could be brought to notice him. Roused at length, the young man arose, evidently much annoyed at the intrusion. He constrained himself, however, to behave civilly to the steward, who, on his part, assumed a most conciliatory manner, and seemed earnestly desirous to please.

After a little preliminary conversation, chiefly conducted by himself, for Gage's share in it was slight enough, Fairlie signified that the motive of his visit was to ascertain from Mr. Monthermer that everything had gone on satisfactorily since his arrival at the Castle—to learn whether he had any further commands—and lastly, and principally, to consult with him about the grand fête to be given on the morrow.

Finding he had at length succeeded in awakening his hearer's attention, the steward went on:

"You may like to know what preparations I have made for the fête, sir; but, before specifying them, let me say that I have spared neither expense nor pains to please you. If the entertainment is not perfect, it will not be my fault. I have stinted nothing, as you will find. Aware, from former experience, of the magnificence of your ideas, I have endeavoured, on this occasion, to realise them, and I flatter myself with success. But you shall judge, sir—you shall judge."

Hereupon he rubbed his hands complacently, and paused to give greater effect to the announcement.

"First, then, you will have a charming concert,—such a concert as has never been heard out of the walls of the Italian Opera House. I have engaged the best singers at that house. The divine Farinelli will sing for you—yes, sir, Farinelli. He, who has refused the most tempting offers from half the nobility to visit their country-seats, has consented to come down here."

"You amaze me!" Gage exclaimed, scarcely able to believe what he heard. "Farinelli here! Why it will be the talk of the town."

"Nothing else was talked of when I left. The report soon got abroad. At first, some folks affected to doubt it, but as Farinelli himself didn't contradict the rumour, of course it was universally believed. Farinelli cost me dear—very dear—in this way: he wouldn't come without Cuzzoni, and Cuzzoni wouldn't come without Senesino, so I had to engage all three."

"All three!" Gage exclaimed, with a burst of enthusiasm.

"Why, we might perform Handel's *Ptolema*, if we had but musicians to accompany the singers!"

"You may play any opera you please, sir, for I have engaged the whole orchestra."

The measure of Gage's astonishment was now full.

"Zounds! Fairlie," he exclaimed, "your conceptions far exceed mine. What other marvels have you in store? But I am insatiate. You have done?"

"No, sir, I have not half done," the steward replied, with a bland smile. "It delights me to find I am likely to satisfy you. You shall have a ballet as well as an opera."

"A ballet, Fairlie! Bravissimo! That will be enchanting—delicious! But who have you got?—surely not *Colombe*? She is not to be enticed."

"You think so, sir?" the steward cried, with a cunning look, and tapping the other's knee. "Like the rest of her sex, *Mademoiselle Colombe* is to be prevailed upon if the proper argument be used, and I have not neglected to employ it. A string of pearls proved irresistible. The dazzling *Colombe* comes, and not alone. *Lisette*—the charming *Lisette*—accompanies her—and *Flore*, and *Léontine*, and half a dozen other bewitching creatures."

"*Colombe* and *Lisette*—*Flore* and *Léontine*!" Gage exclaimed, clapping his hands in ecstasy. "Egad, Fairlie, you have done wonders. You must have spent a mint of money?"

"Don't mention it, sir. I haven't given money a thought, I assure you. Are you content with me, sir?"

"Content! I should be an ingrate if I were not. You are the best fellow breathing, Fairlie."

"Delighted to hear you say so, sir," the steward rejoined, with a bend of acknowledgment. "My arrangements, I trust, are complete. Opera singers, musicians, ballet-dancers, all will leave town to-day in conveyances provided for them by myself, and will rest to-night at the Angel, at Bury St. Edmund's, where rooms have been engaged for the entire party. To-morrow, they come on here. Ah! sir," he added, in rather a sentimental tone, "once upon a time you used to be passionately enamoured of *Colombe*. But Mrs. Jenyns cut her out."

"Very true, Fairlie. But I don't know that I gained by the exchange."

"Poor Mrs. Jenyns!" Fairlie ejaculated. "She'll be driven to desperation when her rival appears on the scene. She heard I had engaged *Colombe* before she left town, and was so infuriated that she vowed the ballet never should take place. She will try to do me an ill turn I make no doubt, but I laugh at her malice."

The steward narrowly watched the effect of this speech, and saw that it had produced the effect he desired.

"I am glad you mentioned this to me, Fairlie," Gage said.

"It explains the motive of some misrepresentations concerning you, which Mrs. Jenyns has thought proper to make to me."

"I shall not be surprised at any calumnies she may utter against me," the steward replied, "because I know the extent of her malice. Luckily the weapons she employs, in your case, at least, seem likely to miss their mark. I am sorry she is here; not that personally I have the slightest apprehension of her, but because I am sure she will make some disturbance in order to mar your fête."

"She shan't do that, Fairlie. If she becomes troublesome, you shall give her a hint that we can dispense with her company. But don't let us think more about her."

"Right, sir—right. Let us quit her and her paltry squabbles and jealousies, and turn to the fête, which, I confess, is uppermost in my thoughts. Opera and ballet over, supper will follow, of course; and this shall be a supper worthy of the occasion—a princely banquet, comprising every imaginable luxury and delicacy—wines—fruits—flowers—all of the choicest and best. The table shall groan with silver plate, and sparkle with crystal glass. To ensure superlative excellence in the repast I have hired two French cooks, and the ices and patisserie will be prepared by the renowned Zuccherò Pistacchi. The rooms will be decorated by artists from town, and I need scarcely add, will be most brilliantly illuminated. This is my programme, sir."

"And a wonderful programme it is. You have treated me nobly, Fairlie, and have far surpassed my expectations."

"It has ever been my wish to please you," the steward said. "Ah! sir," he added, pretending to heave a sigh, "I don't like to talk of the past, but this seems a fitting opportunity to revert to it for a moment. I know I ought to have thwarted your inclinations rather than indulge them, but I could not help it. It is easy for Mrs. Jenyns, or for anybody like her, to misrepresent my motives, but I can safely assert that I have ever acted for the best. You would have your own way, and I didn't like to trouble you with lectures which I felt would be unavailing. I answered your demands for money as long as any funds remained, and then of necessity I was compelled to stop. My conduct on some occasions may appear harsh, but reflection will tell you that I only obeyed the dictates of prudence."

If Gage was not entirely convinced by this harangue, he at all events listened quietly to it, and, when the steward had done, answered thus:

"You ought, perhaps, to have drawn the rein tighter, Fairlie; but, on my soul, I don't know that it would have had any effect. I fancy I should have got the money—if not from you, from some one else."

"Exactly what I felt, sir!" Fairlie exclaimed. "I reasoned in

this way:—if I positively refuse to supply my thoughtless ward, he will get amongst those usurious rascals, the Jews, who will fleece him without mercy.”

“So you resolved to play the Jew yourself, Fairlie, and get cent. per cent. for your advances,” Gage cried, with a laugh. “Quite right! I don’t blame you. Every man should do the best he can to improve his fortunes, and my extravagances have been the source of your prosperity. Nay, nay, don’t shake your head. It is the fact.” And he added, with a sudden change of manner, “Are you not master here—and am I not ruined?”

Fairlie did not relish the proposition, but he was obliged to notice it.

“I lament, indeed, sir,” he said, shaking his head gravely, “that it should have come to such a pass with you; and heartily wish the consummation could have been averted.”

“But it could not, Fairlie,—it could not,” Gage exclaimed. “I see the error of my ways as plainly as you, or any other man can see them. I know I have been duped, cheated, robbed—not by you, Fairlie, not by you—by others. I perceived all this at the time, but I voluntarily shut my eyes to it. I went on, determined to enjoy myself. It was my ambition to be the wildest rake about town—the greatest spendthrift of the day.”

“No one can deny that you have fully achieved your object,” the steward observed.

“Not yet, Fairlie,” Gage replied, pausing and regarding him fixedly. “I have to put the finishing stroke to a career of folly.”

“What d’ye mean, sir? Do nothing rashly, I implore of you. Let me counsel you to go abroad for some years. I will provide you the means of doing so.”

“Give yourself no further concern about me, Fairlie. After tomorrow I shall not trouble my friends.”

“You alarm me, sir. Pray be more explicit.”

“What more would you have, Fairlie? Enough for you to know that I shall never cross your path again. Present enjoyment has been my aim. To purchase it, I have sacrificed the future, and must pay the penalty. I have no right to complain. I have had my day—it has been brief, but resplendent. Darkness is at hand. Men shall think of my meteor-like career, and its termination, with wonder. Never stare at me so, Fairlie. I talk strangely, but I am neither drunk nor mad. You will understand the meaning of my words hereafter. And now leave me. A moody fit, to which I have latterly been subject, is coming over me, and while it lasts, I am best alone. Leave me, I beg of you.”

Thus exhorted, the steward was obliged to withdraw, but as he loitered on the way, he heard the unhappy young man fling himself upon the couch, and groan aloud.

“If he blows out his brains, it will be a good riddance,” Fairlie muttered, with a grim smile, while closing the door.

XLIII.

FAIRLIE'S SECOND MOVE—AND HOW HE WAS CHECKMATED.

FAIRLIE did not halt in his operations. His next business was to ascertain where Mrs. Jenyns was lodged. On consulting Pudsey, he learnt that she occupied a large room, with an ante-chamber or writing-cabinet attached to it, in the south gallery, and known as the Danaë Chamber, from the circumstance of the ceiling being adorned by a fresco painting by Verrio of the mercenary daughter of Acrisius subdued by the shower of gold. Accordingly, he repaired to the south gallery at once, and, on reaching the chamber in question, caused himself to be announced by the butler, who withdrew as soon as he had discharged his office.

Mrs. Jenyns was alone in the writing-cabinet, and her reception of the unexpected visitant was by no means encouraging. She arose as he entered, and remained standing during the whole of the interview.

In nowise rebuffed by the haughtiness of her deportment, Fairlie made a profound obeisance, and then advancing towards her, said in his blandest tones, and with a studied smile,

"I am come to bid you welcome to Monthermer Castle, madam. I trust you like the house, and sincerely assure you it will delight me if you can be induced to prolong your stay within it."

"I am infinitely obliged by your politeness," she replied, in a freezing tone; "but I have no present intention of leaving. I came here on Mr. Monthermer's invitation, and as long as my company is agreeable to him I shall remain."

Fairlie made another low bow, and smiled like a person who desires graciously to correct an error.

"Mr. Monthermer, it seems, has neglected to apprise you, madam, that he ceases to be master here to-morrow night?" he said.

Mrs. Jenyns smiled in her turn, but very differently from the steward. There was a considerable spice of malice in her looks and voice as she rejoined very pointedly,

"Mr. Monthermer was certainly under the impression you mention when he came down here, but he has since been undeceived; and I rather fancy you will find, when it comes to the point, that he has no intention of tamely surrendering his property. If any one ceases to be master here to-morrow, I suspect it will be yourself, Mr. Fairlie."

Another obeisance from the steward, and another smile almost as much fraught with malice as the actress's.

"Your words sound like a threat, madam?" he quietly remarked.

Mrs. Jenyns instantly accepted the challenge, and stamped her

little foot. This time she gave full vent to her feelings of scorn and defiance.

"My words are meant to threaten, sir," she cried. "It is time you learnt that Mr. Monthermer understands his position fully, and possesses the means of setting himself right."

Fairlie managed to continue calm, though his patience was sorely tried.

"All this may be true, madam," he said, "and I will not for the moment dispute it—but it goes for nothing. Whatever means Mr. Monthermer may possess of 'setting himself right,' as you term it, he will never employ them—never!"

"And why not, sir—why not?" the actress cried, regarding him furiously, and again stamping her foot.

"Because he lacks energy for the struggle, madam," Fairlie replied.

"Don't reckon upon his weakness of character. I will supply him with resolution."

"Your efforts will be thrown away, madam. You have to do with one who never yet faced a real difficulty. He will succumb and disappoint you. I have no fears of him, as why should I have?"

"If you have no apprehension of him, you may at least recognise in me an antagonist to be dreaded."

"I should indeed tremble, if I could for a moment regard you in the light of an enemy, madam," Fairlie rejoined, in a cajoling tone. "But I can do no such thing. I am sure we shall speedily come to an amicable understanding, as it is our interest to be friends. For my own part," he added, in the softest accents he could assume, and with what he intended for an impassioned look, "I may say that I am influenced by a tenderer feeling than that of friendship."

"A truce to this adulatory stuff, Mr. Fairlie. It has no effect on me, and is out of season."

"Pardon me, madam, if the somewhat abrupt expression of my admiration has offended you; but let me show why at least we should be friends—if we cannot be bound together by stronger ties."

"If I am to tolerate your company longer, Mr. Fairlie, I must insist upon a cessation of this annoyance."

"As you please, madam. But before dismissing me, you will do well to look at both sides of the question. You have made a certain proposal to Mr. Monthermer, with which he has acquainted me."

This was a blow which Mrs. Jenyns could not parry—neither could she conceal her uneasiness.

"How!—has he had the imprudence to repeat my conversation with him?" she cried. "But no, you only say this to try me."

"I will state what I have heard, madam," he rejoined, "and you will then judge whether I am correctly informed or not. You are to produce a certain document—a will, supposed to be made by the late Warwick Monthermer, and how obtained by you I will not pause to particularise—you are to produce this will against me, blast my character, and reinstate Gage in his forfeited possessions. In requital of this important service, you demand to be made mistress—lawful mistress—of Monthermer Castle. You see, madam, I am tolerably well informed."

There was a brief pause, during which it was evident that the superior craft of the steward was fast gaining the ascendancy.

"This man is right," Mrs. Jenyns mentally ejaculated. "Gage will never prevail in an encounter with him."

Fairlie watched her narrowly, and read what was passing in her mind. He saw the advantage he had gained, and determined to improve it.

"I have nothing to say against your project, madam," he observed. "It is well conceived. But it will fail."

"That remains to be seen!" Mrs. Jenyns cried, recovering her spirit. "If Gage is but true to himself, he will triumph."

"When was he ever true to himself, madam?" Fairlie rejoined, with a sneer. "But the scheme will fail in this way. You have overreached yourself by your demands. Gage will not consent to the terms. Even in the dire extremity to which he is reduced, he shrinks from forming, what he considers, so degrading an alliance."

Fairlie was not prepared for the burst of indignation with which this speech was received. Mrs. Jenyns regarded him with ineffable scorn, and her eyes flashed fire.

"And you have the effrontery to repeat this to me, sir?" she cried, with a menacing gesture. "Even if Gage rejects my offer, I will produce that damning evidence against you, and drive you forth."

But Fairlie stood unmoved.

"No, madam, you will not," he rejoined, firmly.

"How will you prevent me?"

"By making you mistress of this mansion," he replied, suddenly resuming his adulatory tone and studied smile. "Gage cannot do this—I can—and will."

He awaited her answer, which did not come for some moments, still regarding her, all the time, with a crafty smile. At length she burst into a laugh.

"Upon my word, Fairlie," she cried, after a brief indulgence of her exhilaration, "it would be a thousand pities if we did not come together. We should be so nicely matched."

"I think so too, madam," he answered. "We are agreed, then—eh?—you take my offer?"

And he raised her hand to his lips with an air of devoted gallantry.

"Hum ! I don't know," she hesitated.

"Nay, madam, let me have an answer of some sort. I am a plain man of business, and even in an affair of this kind, like to come to the point without delay. Give me that will, and in return you shall receive my written promise of marriage."

"No, no,—not so fast, Mr. Fairlie. Flattered as I am by your proposal, I cannot assent to it immediately."

"You are trifling with me, madam !" he cried, becoming suddenly grave.

"I am bound to await Gage's decision," she rejoined. "Till he is disposed of, I cannot entertain another proposition. If he rejects my offer, I am yours."

"He has retired from the field, I tell you," Fairlie exclaimed, impatiently.

"I must be quite sure of that. To place the matter beyond a doubt, I will write to him, and by his answer I shall be guided. Nay, it is useless to urge me further. I am inflexible. And mind ! if our union is to take place, it must be to-morrow."

"So soon !" Fairlie exclaimed.

"To-morrow sees me mistress of Monthermer Castle—either as your wife, or Gage's," she rejoined.

And with a graceful curtesy, she glided into the adjoining apartment, and closed the door after her.

XLIV.

IN WHICH FAIRLIE MAKES ANOTHER FALSE MOVE.

THE steward was caught in his own trap. He thought to outwit Mrs. Jenyns, and was himself outwitted. He made sure she would give up the will in exchange for his written promise of marriage—a promise, which, it may be whispered, he never intended to fulfil,—but he found she was not to be duped by so shallow a device, and had too little reliance in his honesty.

For a few minutes he lingered within the writing-chamber, casting his eyes eagerly round it, to see if by any accident the coffer containing the precious document, which he was so anxious to secure, had been left there. He could discern nothing of it. But there was a large trunk in one corner of the room, and what so probable as that the box should be inside it ! No chance must be thrown away. Fairlie stepped quickly towards the trunk, and finding it unlocked, opened it without hesitation.

It was full of female wearing apparel—rich silk dresses—undergarments of less costly material—masquerade habiliments—high-heeled satin shoes—silken hose—ribands—lace—a mask with a

lace curtain—fans—pots of fard, rouge, and pomatum—boxes of trinkets and jewellery—and many other things—all of which Fairlie pulled out and tossed upon the floor—but no coffer!

Not a vestige of it, or of the will.

Just as he had satisfied himself that his search was fruitless, and was preparing to put back, as expeditiously as he could, the various articles scattered about, he was startled by the appearance of Mrs. Jenyns and her maid.

Fairlie sprang up, looking as red as a turkey-cock, and, stammering an excuse, would have beaten a hasty retreat, but Mrs. Jenyns stopped him.

"I will not affect ignorance of your intentions," she said; "I know perfectly well what you have been looking for, but you must think me careless indeed if you suppose I should leave an important document in an open trunk. But pray continue your search, sir," she added, pointing towards the room she had just left—"go in—you are quite welcome."

"Am I to take you at your word, madam?" Fairlie demanded, eagerly. "Do you really grant me permission to enter your room?"

"Most certainly," she rejoined. "Davies shall assist you in the investigation."

Fairlie did not hesitate a moment, but stepped into the adjoining apartment, followed by Davies,—a smart, olive-complexioned damsel, with a trim little figure, and a pair of quick black eyes, full of mirth and mischief. The lively soubrette glanced at her mistress, as much as to say she would punish him for his impertinent curiosity.

"Would you like to look into this, sir?" she cried, opening the door of a cupboard; "or into this, sir?" proceeding to another; "or into these drawers?" hurrying him to the wardrobe; "or under the bed, sir?" pulling him in that direction, and raising the valance. "Do look under the bed,—or over it—there, I'll draw aside the drapery—nothing at all you see, sir, but the crimson-satin coverlet and the laced pillow. Mount this chair, sir, and then, perhaps, you'll be able to examine the tester. Well, if you can't reach it standing on tiptoe, I don't think I or my mistress could. Ha! ha! ha!"

"What's in that portmanteau?" Fairlie cried, jumping down in a passion. "Open it quickly."

"Oh yes, sir, with pleasure. There, you see it's empty. Nay, don't go, sir, till you've examined the toilet-table. I don't think there can be anything behind those muslin folds," she added, raising the gauzy cover; "but we'll see—no,—nor behind the looking-glass, though it's large enough to serve for a screen; nor under the curtains—look, sir, look!—nor in this jewel-case," opening an écrin on the table, "except a diamond necklace and a wreath; nor in this dressing-case," opening a silver casket full of soent-bottles;

"arquebuse and can-de-luce, at your service, sir," she added, holding a couple of small flacons to his nose.

"To the devil with your scents and essences, you impudent hussy!" Fairlie cried. "Can you find me a small coffer?"

"A coffer! let me see, sir—is it covered with red leather?"

"Yes, yes. Find it for me."

"Well, if you'd told me what you wanted at first, you might have spared yourself all this trouble. A red-leather coffer, you say—with silver hinges, and a silver plate atop?"

"Yes, yes, have you such a one? Produce it."

"Sorry I can't, sir. It's not here!"

"Where is it, then?"

"Out of your reach, Mr. Fairlie," the actress rejoined, entering the room. "But, depend upon it, it will be produced at the proper moment. Did you think you were likely to make discoveries by searching a lady's room? Many a jealous husband has acted in the same way, and has only made himself supremely ridiculous."

"You are right, madam, I ought to feel ashamed of my conduct," Fairlie rejoined, now fully conscious of his embarrassing position, and trying to put the best face he could upon it.

"Yes, there's no denying it, you do look mighty foolish," Davies cried, with a provoking laugh. "Even the lightly-clad lady on the ceiling—Madam Danny—blushes for you—and I'm sure I do."

"Peace, Davies," Mrs. Jenyns interposed, signing to the attendant to leave the room. "Since you have satisfied yourself by this scrutiny, Mr. Fairlie, you can have no object in remaining here, and I will not seek to detain you longer. You must now be convinced that any stratagem you may devise will be ineffectual against me. My precautions are too well taken."

"So I find, madam," Fairlie rejoined, "and I must compliment you upon the acuteness you have displayed, even though I, myself, am a sufferer by it. Let me hope that what has just occurred will not interrupt the good understanding at which we had previously arrived. I am now, more than ever, anxious that we should be friends."

"I have already given you my answer—and to that I adhere. If circumstances should compel me to act against you, I shall regret the necessity, but——"

"We will not anticipate such an event," Fairlie interrupted. "I am well assured what will be Gage's decision."

"In that case, you have nothing to apprehend. And, as you seem so confident of a favourable result—favourable, I say, for I must own I rather incline towards your offer, though I consider myself bound to give Gage the refusal—I will tell you what I should wish to be done."

"Whatever you desire, madam, shall be performed—if within the limits of possibility."

"I will not tax your devotion by too difficult an achievement," she rejoined, with a smile. "Let a handsome collation be prepared at three o'clock in the dining-room, and invite some twenty or thirty of the guests, staying in the house, to partake of it. Sir Randal, Mr. Freke, and the others of that party, must of course be included."

"Naturally, madam. The collation shall be ready at the hour you mention, and the company bidden to it."

"You yourself must preside at the repast—and assign me a place on your right."

"Pardon me, madam, but you are aware that, for a few hours longer, I have abandoned my rights and privileges in this house to Mr. Monthermer. He may consider my assumption of the principal place as an infringement of our agreement."

"You must assume it, nevertheless. At the close of the repast, you shall announce your approaching marriage to the company, and present your intended bride to them."

Fairlie breathed hard, and seemed half suffocated in the attempt to reply.

"Ah! you hesitate!" she cried. "It will not, then, be too late to produce the will."

"I need no threat to make me act as you desire, madam," he rejoined. "The announcement shall be made."

"After that you cannot retreat."

"And then, since your object will be assured,—then, madam, you will give me the document?"

"On our return from the altar—not before."

"But you will, at least, satisfy me that you possess it?"

"Oh! rest easy on that score, sir, you shall be fully satisfied."

"Before I take my departure, let me implore of you, madam, not to keep me longer than can be helped in suspense?"

"Well, I will be compassionate. In consideration of your uneasiness—impatience, I ought to term it—I will write to Gage at once. If his reply be in the negative—or if he fails to reply within two hours, I decide in your favour."

"In two hours, then, I shall know my fate?"

"You will. And now send Bellairs to me—I can trust him."

"I am aware of it, madam. I kiss your hand." And raising her fingers ceremoniously to his lips, he withdrew.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Jenyns marched to the toilet-table to survey her beautiful features, now irradiated with triumph, in the glass. Satisfied with what she beheld, she turned round, and an expression of scorn curled her lips.

"Fool!" she exclaimed, "did he think he had a child to deal with? Did he imagine I should trust such a precious document as that out of my own custody? I have it safe enough," she added, pressing her swelling bosom. "My heart beats against it with pride, in the full assurance that I shall speedily attain my object, and become mistress of Monthermer Castle."

THE CATHEDRAL BUILDER.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

Now is my building founded—
 Firm to its crowning stone,
 To the sharp, keen spike of the lance-like spire,
 That rises swift and bright as a fire,
 Where the noisy daw in his turn may build,
 And call his nest his own.
 For scarce the loudest note of the choir
 Will reach that blue serene,
 But his home will shake with the Minster bell
 That sways the chants between :
 Yet he'll circle, and chatter, and feed, and prune,
 Not caring for abbot or queen.
 I've built my crypt for darkness,
 And an aisle the red lights pave ;
 Without the twilight cloister,
 Within the star-roofed nave :
 Here is the choir for prayer and praise,
 And the chapel for my grave.
 They tell me I've jostled Christ aside
 With *my* image and *my* tomb ;
 But may the angel blot my name
 At the dreadful day of doom,
 If I wish for praise ;—I love not praise
 From vassal, or priest, or groom.
 Yet 'tis a stately building,
 And like a crystal wall
 Rises the great west window,
 With God looking down on all.
 Who says my rival, Kloster,
 In a dream met Peter and Paul ?
 Last night I saw the angels,
 Like a flock of white-winged doves,
 Come down and bless the building,
 The altar that God loves.
 A richer pile than Solomon's
 Is this, where build the doves.
 This land is from the sin-cursed earth
 Won for a thousand years ;
 This heathen land had baptism
 Of human blood and tears ;
 Here ran the sweat-drops often down,
 But now 'tis barred from fears.
 I've cut no rhyming legend—
 The nuns walk underneath—
 No shields to blaze with quenchless fire
 In windows—why, then, 'sdeath !
 Why do they grudge me grave room
 The altar floor beneath ?
 Have I not saints by dozens
 All round the chapter-room ?—
 The Twelve, the Four, the Martyrs,
 All ranged above my tomb,
 And lines of singing angels
 Chequered with light and gloom ?

Who says this pile, well shapen,
 Is vanity throughout?
 Do not the crowned Confessors
 Guard all the porch about?
 Then as the viper lives to sting,
 Let the poor mockers flout.
 "He's only shapen stone like wax,"
 The shaven jesters say;
 "Who could not mortar shaft to shaft,
 Toiling from day to day?
 He's but a paltry artisan—
 His labour is mere play."
 Yet ~~it is~~ hard for thirty years
 To hew and chip the stone,
 To fix the rainbow in the glass,
 To build God's church a throne,
 And then for fools to grudge a man
 A grave within one's own.
 Ah! what a costly work of mine
 This prison-house of song,
 With underneath its sainted dead,
 Above the angel throng,
 And everywhere the Shecinah
 Of incense all day long.
 Vibrate with music day and night
 Ye organ-pipes of gold;
 Oh! let the tall roof shake with psalms
 And voices manifold,
 When the deep thunder of the bass
 Arises strong and bold.
 I see the seven sister towers
 That gird the centre nave,
 For centuries they'll stand to watch
 Around their builder's grave;
 Above them coloured clouds shall pass,
 And angel-banners wave.
 Here will I rest in spite of monk,
 And wait the day of doom,
 The spire's sharp crystal pinnacles
 Poised far above my tomb;
 And through the pile the night and day
 Shall serve in sun and gloom.
 This tower borne up by pillars huge
 Shall be my cenotaph:
 I know its rocky mountain sides
 At storms and lightnings laugh,
 And nightly, like a holy balm,
 Its stones the sweet dews quaff.
 On them the lightnings arrowy swift
 May splinter fierce and fast,
 Their fiery whips may lash the stones,
 And buffet every blast,
 Yet not a weed upon the tower
 Shall perish, first or last.
 Then let the mass sound long and loud,
 The psalms go echoing up,
 Theirs be the liquor and the wine,
 But mine the golden cup:
 Now I have thought the matter out,
 I can contented sup.

THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A MEDLEY.

I.

CHILDHOOD AND DEATH—"WE ARE SEVEN"—ELIA—"THE FOURFOLD ASPECT"
 —DE QUINCY: "THE AFFLICTION OF CHILDHOOD"—NEVERMORE—THE BOY
 TRUFFLADRECKH—THE SPHINX'S SECRET.

— A simple Child
 That lightly draws its breath,
 And feels its life in every limb,
 What should it know of death?

WORDSWORTH.

"We are seven," the little cottage girl persisted in telling the poet—"O master! we are seven." And the poet went home, and wrote a simple ballad,* with a deep psychological meaning. What availed the poet's logical exceptions to the child's numeration? what could she care for his objection that if two out of the seven lay in the churchyard, beneath the churchyard tree, then must the home circle comprise five only? what sense could she descry in his rule of subtraction, by which, because sister Jane was embedded under the green turf, and brother John more recently consigned to the same stilly retreat, it would appear that Jane and John were no longer of the seven, but were for ever departed, vanished, dead and gone? Death, in such a dislinning and disastrous sense, was unintelligible to the woodland child: all that she had ever known as brothers and sisters lived unto her: the two that lay together in the grave, whither she would wend her way after sunset,

When it was light and fair,
 And take her little porringer,
 And eat her supper there,—

these two she no more regarded as blotted out from her household book of life, than the two that dwelt at far-off Conway, or the other two that were at sea. She dwelt alone with her mother in the churchyard cottage, but the other six all lived unto her, without ambiguity of meaning and without distinction of degree. To try to initiate a simple child, full of life in every limb, into the chilling, blighting import of Death, was a work of supererogation at once futile and unkindly;—

'Twas throwing words away; for still
 The little maid would have her will,
 And said, "Nay, we are seven."

* Speaking to Mr. Dyce of this poem, Wordsworth said: "It is founded on fact. I met a little girl near Goderich Castle, who, though some of her brothers and sisters were dead, would talk of them in the present tense. I wrote that poem backward,—that is, I began with the last stanza."—See Editorial note in *Table-talk of Samuel Rogers*, p. 175.

Thus is the little Child one over whom Immortality broods like the Day, a Presence which is not to be put by. As the Child grows up, the idea of Death opens, expands, and perhaps haunts the fancy; but the idea is seldom grasped as a tangible reality, but rather is shudderingly eyed as a sublime abstraction. "Not childhood alone," says Elia in one of his best essays—"not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December." What Wordsworth has illustrated in the exquisite little narrative of the cottage maiden, Mrs. Browning has more directly set forth in some memorable lines:

When ye stood up in the house
 With your little childish feet,
 And in touching Life's first shows,
 First, the touch of Love, did meet,—
 Love and Nearness seeming one
 By the heart-light cast before,—
 And, of all Beloveds, none
 Standing farther than the door—
 Not a name being dear to thought,
 With its owner beyond call,—
 Not a face unless it brought
 Its own shadow to the wall,—
 When the worst recorded change
 Was of apple dropt from bough,—
 When love's sorrow seemed more strange
 Than love's treason can seem now,—
 Then the Loving took you up
 Soft, upon their elder knees,—
 Telling why the statues droop
 Underneath the churchyard trees,
 And how ye must lie beneath them,
 Through the winters long and deep,
 Till the last trump over-breathe them,
 And ye smile out of your sleep. . . .
 Oh, ye lifted up your head, and it seemed as if they said
 A tale of fairy ships
 With a swan-wing for a sail!—
 Oh, ye kissed their loving lips
 For the merry, merry tale!—
 So carelessly ye thought upon the Dead.

This joyous incredulity is early childhood's privilege. What *should* it know of death? It is as yet the hour and the power of death's antipode—life in exuberant, expansive freedom: quite soon enough will arrive the hour and the power of darkness; an inevitable "must come," "shall come," is the prerogative of Death; and verily he that shall come, *will* come, and will not tarry. But meanwhile, heaven lies about us in our infancy; paradise encloses us, unacquainted yet with the tree of knowledge, and its fruit of thought (sweet perhaps in the mouth as honey, but, once swallowed, as bitter as gall)—

Thought would destroy our Paradise :
Enough : where Ignorance is Bliss
'Tis folly to be wise—

at least before time and destiny decree, and experience won involves Paradise Lost. Till then, the tale elders tell of Death and the Grave is listened to like any other nursery tale : childhood comprehends it no more than age once comprehended a tale told of Death swallowed up in Victory, when the words of earnest witnesses were regarded as "idle tales, and they believed them not"—*εφηρησαν ενωπιον αυτων ως ληρος τα ρηματα αυτων, και ηπιστουں αυταις.*

No fear but little feet will stumble over gravestones betimes. Betimes, and at first unawares. But to the stumble succeeds a shock. And this, one of those

— natural shocks that flesh is heir to.

It is no "shock of mild surprise"—this first discovery of the world's hollowness, and of the funeral secrets hid in its hollow depths. It is the first sad revelation of a series of revelations, whose burden is lamentation and mourning and woe ; the opening chapter of an apocalypse throughout which is seen Death on the Pale Horse, riding onwards, and forwards, unrestingly, inexorably, conquering and to conquer. It is but the first-fruits of that harvest of experience, which at length inclines battered seniors to associate every change with decay, to overhear in every stroke of the clock a *memento mori*. Even as it was with Coleridge's Sir Leoline :

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.*

Matin bells have another message to infantine souls.

"L'enfant chantait," says Victor Hugo, in a touching fragment—

"L'ENFANT chantait ; la mère au lit, exténuée,
Agonisait, beau front dans l'ombre se penchant ;
LA MORT au-dessus d'elle errait dans la nuée ;
Et j'écoutais ce râle, et j'entendais ce chant.

"L'enfant avait cinq ans, et, près de la fenêtre,
Ses rires et ses jeux faisaient un charmant bruit ;
Et la mère, à côté de ce pauvre doux être
Qui chantait tout le jour, toussait toute la nuit.

"La mère alla dormir sous les dalles du cloître ;
Et le petit enfant se remit à chanter
La douleur est un fruit : Dieu ne le fait pas croître
Sur la branche trop faible encor pour le porter."

Nowhere, probably, is the initiation of childhood into the Mysteries of Death so affectingly exemplified, or with such psychological interest in every stage of the solemn discipline, as in De Quincey's autobiographic

- * These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead.
These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day.

Christabel. Part II.
2 M

sketch, "The Affliction of Childhood." He was ~~not~~ two years old when a sister, Jane, his elder by about an equal space of time, was summoned to an early death.

Death was then, of course, "scarcely intelligible" to the baby-brother. "I could not so properly be said to suffer sorrow as a sad perplexity." One of the three sisters that made up his nursery playmates was indeed buried out of his sight, and with this loss his acquaintance (if such it could be called) commenced with mortality; yet, in fact, he knew little more of mortality than that Jane had disappeared. "She had gone away; but, perhaps, she would come back. Happy interval of heaven-born ignorance! Gracious immunity of infancy from sorrow disproportioned to its strength! I was sad for Jane's absence. But still in my heart I trusted that she would come again. Summer and winter came again—crocuses and roses; why not little Jane?"

Thus easily was healed, then, he tells us, the first wound in his infant heart. Not so the second. After an interval of happy years, a Jane was followed to the grave by an Elizabeth—"dear, noble Elizabeth," as the bereft brother apostrophises her, in the winter of his days, recalling that long lapsed spring, when the dew of the morning ~~was~~ on them both, but in *her* case turned abruptly to a frost, a chilling frost. "For thou, dear, noble Elizabeth, around whose ample brow, as often as thy sweet countenance rises upon the darkness, I fancy a *tiara* of light or a gleaming *aureola* in token of thy premature intellectual grandeur;— . . . thou next, thou also wert summoned away from our nursery; and the night, which for me gathered upon that event, ran after my steps far into life; and perhaps at this day I resemble little for good or for ill that which else I should have been. Pillar of fire that didst go before me to guide and to quicken,—pillar of darkness, when thy countenance was turned away to God, that didst *too truly* reveal to my dawning fears the secret shadow of death.

"It is needless to pursue, circumstantially, the course of that sickness which carried off my leader and companion. She (according to my recollection at this moment) was just as near to nine years as I to six." Which natural precedence in authority of years and judgment, he suggests, it perhaps was, that, united to the tender humility with which she declined to assert it, had been amongst the fascinations of her presence. It was on a Sunday evening, he conjectures, that the spark of fatal fire fell upon that train of predispositions to a brain complaint which had hitherto slumbered within her. She had been permitted to drink tea at the house of a labouring man, the father of a favourite female servant. The sun had set when she returned, in the company of this servant, through meadows reeking with exhalations after a fervent day.

"From that time she sickened. In such circumstances, a child, as young as myself, feels no anxieties. Looking upon medical men as people privileged, and naturally commissioned, to make war upon pain and sickness, I never had a misgiving about the result. I grieved, indeed, that my sister should lie in bed; I grieved still more to hear her moan. But all this appeared no more to me than a night of trouble, on which the dawn would soon arise. O! moment of darkness and delirium, when the elder nurse awakened me from that delusion, and launched God's

thunderbolt at my heart in the assurance that my sister ~~must~~ die. Rightly it is said of utter, utter misery, that it 'cannot be remembered.' Itself, as a memorable thing, is swallowed up in its own chaos. Blank amazement and confusion of mind fell upon me. Deaf and blind I was, as I recoiled under the revelation. I wish not to recal the circumstances of that time, when my agony was at its height, and here, in another sense, was approaching. Enough it is to say, that all was soon over; and the morning of that day had at last arrived which looked down upon her innocent face, sleeping the sleep from which there is no awaking, and upon me sorrowing the sorrow for which there is no consolation."

The next day, the desolate child stole unseen and unsuspected into the chamber of death, to look once more upon the—dead. Gorgeous sunlight filled the room; nothing at first met his eye but one large window, wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at mid-day was showering down torrents of splendour. "The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold, or for heart to conceive, any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life." But turning round, he saw the corpse. "There lay the sweet childish figure; there the angel face; and, as people usually fancy, it was said in the house that no features had suffered any change. Had they not? The forehead, indeed—the serene and noble forehead—*that* might be the same; but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath them, the marble lips, the stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish—could these be mistaken for life?"

Long time the enthralled gazer stood there, and gazed, and wondered, and brooded, and dreamed his young soul away, far away. A footfall alarmed him: hastily he kissed the lips he should kiss no more, and slunk, like a guilty thing, with stealthy steps from the room. And thus, he says, "thus perished the vision, loveliest amongst all the shows which earth has revealed to me; thus mutilated was the parting which should have lasted for ever; tainted thus with fear was that farewell sacred to love and grief, to perfect love and to grief that could not be healed.

"O, Ahasuerus, everlasting Jew! fable or not a fable, thou when first starting on thy endless pilgrimage of woe—thou, when first flying through the gates of Jerusalem, and vainly yearning to leave the pursuing curse behind thee—couldst not more certainly in the words of Christ have read thy doom of everlasting sorrow, than I when passing for ever from my sister's room." "Some passions, as that of sexual love, are celestial by one-half of their origin, animal and earthly by the other half. These will not survive their own appropriate stage. But love, which is *altogether* holy, like that between two children, is privileged to revisit by glimpses the silence and the darkness of declining years; and, possibly, this final experience in my sister's bedroom, or some other in which her innocence was concerned, may rise again for me to illuminate the clouds of death."

And then he records how the consolations of solitude began to unfold themselves, after the grave, the coffin, the face had been sealed up for ever and ever: how there were to him fascinations as of witchcraft in the awful stillness sometimes of summer noons, when no winds were abroad,

or in the appealing silence of grey or misty afternoons : how he gazed into the woods, into the desert air, as if some comfort lay hid in *them*—and wearied the heavens with his inquest of beseeching looks—and obstinately tormented the blue depths with his scrutiny, sweeping them for ever with his eyes, and searching them for one angelic face that might, perhaps, have permission to reveal itself for a moment.

But no : not for a moment. That face had been sealed up in the coffin, in the grave, for ever and ever. That face the dreaming lonesome child should see again upon earth nevermore, nevermore. Ah, mystery of that infinite negation ! The broken heart of *Lear* burst asunder under the burden of it—

Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, *never*, NEVER !

May one turn from *Lear* and his *hysterica passio*, to a "phrase" in one of Madame de Sévigné's letters ? Three days after the death of Rochefoucauld, she writes to her daughter : "Il est enfin mercredi, ma fille, et *M. de La Rochefoucauld est toujours mort !*"

Toujours mort ! "Expression," says Fauriel, "d'une mélancholie naïve et profonde, et qui semble marquer, dans l'âme à laquelle elle échappe, l'instant où finit cette surprise accablante dont notre imagination est d'abord frappée, lorsque la mort vient de nous ravir un être nécessaire à notre bonheur, et où commence la conviction douloureuse d'une perte éternelle !"

A strange witchery there is about the *Nevermore* of that "ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven," in the American poet's wild stanzas—familiar word and unmeaning to the "ungainly fowl," but of torturing, thrilling import to the human listener—word of ill omen from ill-omened bird,

. . . its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "*Never—NEVERMORE.*"

Carlyle's young *Gneschen* describes, or hints rather, his sensations, as a child, at the death of *Andreas* : "The dark, bottomless Abyss, that lies under our feet, had yearned open ; the pale kingdoms of Death, with all their innumerable silent nations and generations stood before me ; that inexorable word, NEVER ! now first showed its meaning."

Ere long the initiated wonderer became familiar with the dread revelation. The time came when he pitched his tent, as he says, under a cypress-tree ; and the tomb became his inexpugnable fortress, ever close by the gate of which he could look upon the hostile armaments and pains and penalties of tyrannous Life placidly enough.

The man, when he becomes a man, may put away many childish things ; but the deep-feeling man can hardly, nor would if he could, put away the remembrance of his first commerce with the glooms of the grave, when he thought as a child, and understood as a child—or understood nothing, only marvelled, trembled, was appalled.

Men and women, that have been children, was there a time when "so

carelessly* ye thought upon the Dead"—as your elders spake of them, and ye wist not what they meant?

Ay; but soon ye woke up shrieking,—
 As a child that wakes at night
 From a dream of sisters speaking
 In a garden's summer light,—
 That wakes, starting up and bounding,
 In a lonely, lonely bed,
 With a wall of blackness round him,
 Stifling black about his head!—
 And the full sense of your mortal
 Rushed upon you deep and loud,
 And ye heard the thunder hurtle
 From the silence of the cloud—
 Funeral torches at your gateway
 Threw a dreadful light within:
 All things changed! you rose up straightway,
 And saluted Death and Sin.
Since,—your outward man has rallied,
 And your eye and voice grown bold—
 Yet the Sphinx of Life stands pallid
 With her saddest secret told.

* There is a passage worth quoting, on the same theme, in the *Vigilien* of the German poet, Leopold Schefer—as Englished by an anonymous translator:

"How soon and easily a little child
 Acquainted grows with father, mother, sister,
 With day and night, with sunshine and with moonlight,
 With spring and harvest, and with birth and death!
 'Thus is it in my Father's house,' thinks he,
 And never wonders at the *already done*,
 But only at the new that comes to pass—
 Easier to him seems life than A, B, C.
 So *willingly* he sees funereal trains,
 Admires the garland laid upon the coffin,
 Beholds the narrow, still, last house of man,
 Looks in the grave, and hears, without a fear,
 The dust fall down upon the coffin lid."

THE STEWARD'S BARGAIN.

I.

A NUMBER of clergy were pouring out of the town of Chelsbro, for the archdeacon had that day held a visitation in its cathedral. Some, who were not pressed for time or funds, had proceeded from the cathedral to one or other of the hotels, to take up their quarters for the night, but by far the larger portion turned their way to their country homes. We must notice one, who set off to walk. He was of middle height and slender frame, with a look, not altogether of ill health about him, but as if he had none too much superfluous strength. A walk of nine miles was before him, and the cold evening was drawing on. He glanced up at the skies, dubiously. They threatened rain, and he was not well protected from it, if it came, for he was only in his black clothes and white neckcloth. He had a great-coat at home, but it was shabby: the seams were white, and there was a piece let in at one of the elbows, and it was darned under the arms, so he had not dared to put it on that morning, when he was going to mix with his brother clergy.

And now that Chelsbro was left behind and he was on the lonely road, where he was likely to meet few, if any, observers, he drew off his black gloves, and, diving into a pocket of his coat, pulled out some bread-and-butter, wrapped in a piece of newspaper. He proceeded to eat it, with the air of a man whose appetite is dainty, or has passed. His had, for he had fasted since the morning; but he knew that to keep up his strength at all, he must eat, and, failing good food, must eat plain. But the butter was salt, and made him thirsty, and he felt giddy with his long confinement in the cold cathedral, and his limbs shrank from the walk before him.

"This will never do," he murmured, looking at his stock of money, which proved to be eighteenpence. "I wonder if I could afford a glass of ale? To do so, I must change the sixpence."

He turned, with a sigh, for sixpences, with him, were not to be changed lightly, into a public-house which stood on the road-side. The landlady came forward from the bar.

"A glass of ale, if you please, Mrs. Finch. To fortify me for my walk."

"With pleasure, sir; please step into the parlour. We have just got in some famous double stout: perhaps you would prefer a glass of that?"

The clergyman hesitated. He would have preferred the stout: it was a luxury he did not often taste: but he feared the price might be more than the ale, twopence. He could not for shame ask: the blush mantled in his pale cheek at the thought. So he said he would take ale, and the landlady fetched it, and stood by, gossiping, while he drank it.

"You have got a smart walk afore you, sir," she remarked, as he prepared to depart, "and I'm afeared it will rain. You don't look over strong to face it, not as hearty, sir, as when you was last by here, in the summer."

"I must put my best foot foremost."

"We shall be soon a going to tea, sir, if you'd wait—if I might make so bold as offer to send you a cup in here, with a bit of ham, a beauty we have got in out," resumed the kind-hearted landlady, scanning her visitor's slender form, and knowing his slender income.

"Thank you," he interrupted, "you are very kind, but I must not spare the time—I must try and get on before the rain comes. One of my parishioners is also dangerously ill, and, on his account, I must not delay. Good afternoon, Mrs. Finch: once more, thank you kindly."

He walked on, and had gained the fourth milestone when the rain began, heavily. Some trees formed a shelter by the road-side, and he halted under them, the bent, twisted trunk of one affording a sort of seat. He removed his hat and rubbed his forehead with his handkerchief. It was a wide, expansive forehead, but the hair was weaving off the temples, as it often does with those who have a weight of thought or care. The skies looked dark around, as if the rain had set in for the night, and the grey of the evening was coming on. He watched the rain gloomily enough. The prospect of soaking his new clothes, and so causing them to shrink, was not a cheering one, for it was indeed hidden in the womb of time when he might be able to provide himself with another suit. But there was a darker fear, still. Last winter, and the winter before, and for several winters previous to that, a suspicion of the rheumatism had flown about him, and Jessup the doctor had warned him, not a week ago, that a good wetting to the skin might fix it on him. He could not fail of being wet to the skin, if he walked five miles in that rain.

Just then the sound of wheels was heard, on the Chelsbro side, and the clergyman looked eagerly in the direction. Should it be any farmer in his gig, who knew him, or a parishioner, they would give him a lift.

It was neither farmer nor parishioner. It was the luxurious carriage of the Reverend Mr. Cockburn, his fellow-labourer at Chelson. He was being driven home from the visitation. He happened to be looking from the right-hand window as he passed, a stout, red-faced man, but he did not stop the carriage or offer the vacant seat at his side. "He may not have seen me," murmured the poor clergyman to himself, as he gazed wistfully after the fast wheels of the retreating chariot. "Though I did think, until to-day, that he would have invited me to go and return with him."

It sped out of sight, and he had nothing to do but watch the rain again. His thoughts reverted to the contrast in his position with that of the sick man who had driven by. Not always could he prevent their reverting to it. It was almost a case of Dives and Lazarus. The Reverend Mr. Cockburn was the rector of St. Paul's, one of the two churches at Chelson. The living was worth 1400*l.* a year, and he had a private fortune. His table was luxurious, his servants were many, he had carriages and saddle-horses, he went out every summer for three months—it was necessary for his health, he represented to the Bishop of Chelsbro, and for that of Mrs. Cockburn—but when he was at home he had no trouble with his parish, all the hard work in it being turned over to his curate. He, the Reverend Alfred Halliwell, with his delicate wife and his seven children, could find but a bare allowance of clothes and food, for St. Stephen's living, of which he was the incumbent, was worth but 150*l.* all told. He was a more eloquent man in the pulpit than the who had

driven past, was more learned in theology, had taken higher honours at the university; he was more active over the parish labours than that gentleman and his curate put together; yet he could scarcely live, whilst Mr. Cockburn—— “I am getting into this dissatisfied train of thought, again,” he meekly uttered. “Lord, keep me from it!”

There seemed to be no probability of the rain leaving off. Of course he could not remain under the trees all night, so he rose, and walked on in it. Before he reached Chelson, he was thoroughly wetted, and glad enough he was to see the lights of the town. It was dark then, and as he passed by the railings of a large house at the town's entrance, the glare of light from the windows of its reception-rooms struck upon his eyes. Fires were blazing in both: the blinds being drawn down in one, but in the other he saw the cloth laid for dinner, and the rich wine in the decanters was glittering in the fire-light. Involuntarily he halted to contemplate the picture of luxury and comfort, but at that moment the clocks rang out seven, and he hastened on. It was the residence of Mr. Cockburn.

A few minutes more brought him to the door of his own home, a newly-erected, small, red-brick house. It was not the vicarage, which he had first occupied when appointed to St. Stephen's. From that he had been obliged to remove, for it was situated in the churchyard, very low, and the damp had threatened to lay him up for life. There arose also, at times, a shocking malaria from the graves. His wife never had her health, his children were continually ailing, and at length Mr. Jessup said that if they wanted to live, they must leave the vicarage. So he took this small house near, which reduced his scanty income by two-and-twenty pounds.

He knocked at the door, and a troop of eager feet ran to it. His second and third children were girls of nine and ten: they wore soiled merino frocks and ragged pinafores. “Oh, papa!” exclaimed Emma, “how wet you are!”

He laid his hand fondly on as many heads as came within its reach, and went into the parlour. His wife was lying on the sofa, and the fire had gone out.

“Why, Mabel! no fire! I am drenched and shivering.”

She rose up, pressing her temples. “You naughty children! How could you let the fire out? Why did you not look to it? Oh, Alfred, I have had such a day with these boys! It is always the same. The moment you are gone, they turn the house out of its windows with uproar. I ceased to speak to them at last, and lay down with a pillow over my ears. My head is splitting.”

“Have you got any tea?” inquired Mr. Halliwell, too familiar with these complaints to take much notice of them.

“I'm sure I don't know whether Betty kept the teapot. Annie, go and see.”

“Papa,” cried George, the eldest, a high-spirited boy of eleven, running in, “Betty says she has got some warm dry things for you, for she guessed you would be wet. And she says you had better change them by the kitchen fire, and she'll put the young ones to bed the while.”

He went shivering into the kitchen, thankful that there was a fire somewhere, and somebody to think of him. Betty, the prop and stay of the domestic house, was a hard-featured woman between fifty and sixty,

slim and active, with untidy grey hair. She had served the vicar before his marriage, and then was discharged for a more stylish servant, but when things grew hard with them, they were glad to take on old Betty and her worth again. Younger servants liked to dress fine, and were perpetually wanting their wages, which it was not always convenient to pay: Betty never asked for hers, and, let her fare as hard as she would, never complained of the food. She had her faults—does anybody know a servant without them?—her chief one was a crabbed temper: Mrs. Halliwell called it “cross-grained.” However, Betty was never cross-grained with her master: she held him in too high reverence.

“Why, master,” she exclaimed, “if you are not dripping wet! Couldn’t you borrow no umbrella, nor coat, nor nothing? Do pray make haste and get the things off.”

“Papa,” cried a sturdy young fellow, who had sat himself down on the warm bricks before the kitchen fire, “do you know they have been to say——”

“Now, Tom, you hold your tongue,” interposed Betty, sharply. “Kiss your pa, and say good night, and I’ll take you and some of the rest to bed. Master, don’t lose no time, for I know you must be a catching cold.”

“Good night, Thomas,” he said, stooping to kiss the child. “Stay: have you said your prayers?”

“Oh, I’ll hear him his prayers,” returned Betty, in a tone that savoured somewhat of irreverence. “You get them things off, sir.”

Betty shut the door, and took Tom and three more up-stairs to bed. She was not long over it: there was no time to be long over anything, in that house. When she returned, the vicar had got on the warm clothes, and was shaking out the wet ones.

“They have let the fire out in the parlour,” she began. “I never did see such a house as this. If I don’t have my eye over everything, it goes wrong. I took in a fresh box of coal, and told ’em to be sure and keep a good fire up, for you; and missis lies down, and the others gets playing, and of course out it goes. Such a noise as there have been all day! enough to drive one crazy. Missis don’t keep ’em in order one bit, and if I goes to do it, she’s angry with me. Master, you’ll have your tea by the fire here, won’t you?”

“Is there any tea?” was the reply.

“Why, sir! and the teapot on the trivet there, a staring you in the face! I made it after they had done theirs, so it have been a stewing long enough. Did you think, sir, I had put it there empty, with nothing in it?”

He had not thought about it. His outer eyes had no doubt seen the teapot standing above the fire, but his mind was absent, and he could not have told whether it was a teapot or a saucepan, or, indeed, whether it was anything.

“I’ll see to them, master,” cried Betty, whisking the wet clothes out of his hand; “you can’t do no good with them.” She then drew a small round table close to the fire, put a cup and saucer on it, with a little bit of cold steak and some bread, and poured out the tea.

“Why, Betty, that was what went out for your dinner!” exclaimed Mrs. Halliwell, who had come into the kitchen, and sat down by her husband. “You must have eaten nothing.”

"I ate enough," crossly responded Betty, who had an angry aversion to be reminded of her own acts of kindness. "Meat don't agree with me, and I have said so twenty times; I prefers potatoes. I wish it had been more for master: he must want it, bad enough, after his walk."

"I trust you have not taken cold, Alfred," said Mrs. Halliwell, in a concerned tone. She was a young woman still, only a year or two past thirty, with a mild, unresisting expression, as if she could lie down and die under troubles, but never battle with them. "Oh—did Betty tell you Stokes's servant came down, just before you returned? He was worse, and had asked for the Sacrament."

Up started Mr. Halliwell. "I'll go at once," he said; "why did you not tell me?"

"Now, missis!" remonstrated Betty, "as if you could not have let him drink his tea in peace! I warned the children not to say anything till their pa was dry and comfortable; and they didn't, only Tom, and I stopped him. Sit still, master, and finish your morsel of meat. Old Stokes ain't a going off this minute: he ain't in such a mortal hurry as all that. You have got plenty of time."

He thought not. He was ever most anxious to fulfil his duties, especially towards the poor and sick: few clergymen had a deeper sense of their great responsibility in the sight of God. He swallowed the meat standing, gulped down the scalding tea, put on his old great-coat, and started off into the wet again.

II.

THE reader may glean that the Reverend Alfred Halliwell's life was cast in a sea of perplexity, and so I found it when I went to stay a week or two with them, about this time. I had not been to Chelson for twelve years, and had not seen his wife since their marriage. All I could do, at first, was to look at her, for I never in my life saw anybody so altered. Instead of two-and-thirty, she looked two-and-forty.

"It is the hard life I live," she said, in answer to a remark, "the constant anxiety, the worry and trouble of the children. Ah, Miss Halliwell! do you remember begging me to consider the future well, before I hastened to marry upon so small an income? You told me that the daily crosses and privations, inseparable from a home of poverty, pressed more heavily upon the wife than the husband."

"I do remember it, Mabel."

"If I had but listened to you! But mamma was most to blame. She must have known how difficult it was to exist upon such a living as Alfred's. I think they were all mad in these days."

"Who?"

"The girls of Chelson and their mothers. From the moment Alfred was appointed here, they began to hunt him down, as dogs do a hare. Mamma kept me in the background because she wanted my elder sisters to marry first: but I was led away by the popular mania, contrived meetings with the new clergyman for myself, and he chose me. Oh! that it had been any of them, instead of me! Not that I regret it, except in a pecuniary light. Alfred has been an excellent husband to me, one in ten thousand. But this wearing, hopeless poverty is enough to turn my brain."

"Mabel, I do think you might have managed a little better."

"I know I was a bad manager at first, but the best management will not stave off sickness, and it is sickness which has so pulled us down. That vicarage was such a place to live in! You saw nothing of it: you were only there in the summer months: but in winter the damp positively ran down from the walls. How the children were reared in it, I don't know, but I believe another winter in it would have done for Alfred. And the smell from the graves, when wet came on after a season of dry weather, would render me so sick that I could not eat. Once we were all down, except Alfred and Betty, and one of the boys, with an infectious fever. I cannot tell the money we owe Mr. Jessup."

"I am sorry to hear it," I exclaimed.

"It must be a great deal. He has never sent in his bill—I will say that everybody has been most considerate to us. Alfred has given him small sums off it, from time to time, as he could afford. But with so many children to clothe and feed, what can be spared out of two pounds a week?"

"You have more than that, Mabel."

"Very little, I can tell you. In the first year or two of our marriage, we got into debt, and yet I strove to be contriving and economical. But I suppose I had not the knack of it, I was so inexperienced; and we began life more as I had been accustomed to live at my mother's. People were free enough to blame us, I heard, but I declare that we had no ill intention—it seemed that the more we strove to save, the deeper into debt we got. My confinements were expensive, and they came on so rapidly, and I had the luck, at those times, of having an extravagant servant and a selfish nurse, who managed the housekeeping between them, and pretty bills came in. Then we had bought some furniture on our marriage, and that debt embarrassed us. So Alfred came to the resolution of borrowing a few hundreds——"

"The worst resolution he could have come to," I interrupted.

"Well, he did it. But we believed that at papa's death we should be able to pay off everything, and be beforehand with the world. But when poor papa did die, we found there was nothing; mamma even was left badly off. So ever since we have been struggling to pay off this borrowed money; a little one year, and a little another; besides the interest. Oh, Hester! I am weary of life. The same cares, the same pinchings from year's end to year's end. Matilda has never forgiven me for marrying Alfred, for she counted on having him herself, but she is much better off than I am. She is out as nursery governess, and gets 25*l.* a year. Girls are so eager to be married! but they would be less so if they could take a peep into the mirror of the future. Marry in haste, and repent at leisure."

The children began to come into the room. I had seen the elder ones the previous night, but the rest had gone to bed when I arrived. "What is the matter with this one?" I exclaimed, hastily, as a sickly-looking little thing limped in behind the rest.

"That is David. We fear he was thrown down, for when about two years old he grew suddenly lame, and then abscesses formed. He is never without them. But his health does not seem to suffer: he has a great appetite."

The child looked up at me, with his man face and his dreamy brown

eyes, betraying so much *mind*. He gave a faint cry as I took him on my knee.

"Do I hurt you, my little boy?"

"It always hurts me," he answered. "Not much."

"Now, children," said their mamma, "run into the kitchen. You are to have your breakfast there this morning. Sam, don't look so black: Betty's got some treacle."

"Oh!" shouted Sam, "that's famous!" And he rushed off, followed by the others. I kept David on my knee.

"Let him go with the rest, Hester. If he stops here he will be wanting the eggs. Betty is boiling three for us."

"Oh, Mabel! if he does!" I involuntarily exclaimed. "How can you begrudge an egg to this weakly child?"

She looked at me till the tears stood in her eyes. "Begrudge it! I would *sell* myself to procure proper food for my children, but if it cannot be procured, what am I to do? We got these eggs in because you were coming, and we could not put one on the table for you and go without ourselves, it would make our poverty too conspicuous. You see you are making me betray the secrets of our prison-house," she added, with a bad attempt at merriment.

"I really beg your pardon, Mabel. I spoke without reflection."

"You only spoke as others would have done, all who possess not my bitter experience. It is a shame," resumed Mrs. Halliwell, in a tone of deep indignation, "that the Church of England should pay her ministers so badly! Its glaring contrasts are enough to sicken one of religion, as pertaining to the Establishment. Who can wonder that we have so many dissenters? Look no further than this town: the one church giving its minister fourteen hundred a year, the other only one hundred and fifty. Why should they not render these more of an equality?"

"I suppose they could not, under the present system."

"Then the system should be changed. It is a crying sin, Hester, that a gentleman who has dedicated his life to the service of the Church should be paid less than a common mechanic. Alfred makes me wild, because he takes things so patiently. I know he feels them, but he never complains or murmurs, and when I break out, which I can't help doing, he goes on in his mild, stupid, uncomplaining way about *bearing* one's cross in patient silence. I can't, and I don't try to."

"Where is he?" I inquired, thinking it might be as well, just then, not to argue the point with Mrs. Alfred. "Not up yet?"

"Why, don't you know? He is at the church, reading prayers. That is the reason we are waiting breakfast. Nothing would satisfy some of the people but they must have a daily service at eight, so the two churches take it alternately, two months each, and Alfred's turn is on at present. He is worked nearly off his legs. This is a straggling parish, with many poor, and always some sick. Then there are the *schools* to attend to, and the different charity clubs and meetings, and the service on the saints' days, and, if you please, the church has now to be opened twice a week, from eleven till twelve, and Alfred has to stick himself there, in case any baptisms or churchings come in. A parcel of rubbish!"

I could not help laughing. Mrs. Alfred brought out the last sentence with such intense indignation.

"Well, I have cause to say it," she went on. "If they work Alfred

so much, they ought to pay him more. He had two pupils, who were reading with him, and their pay helped him a great deal: but when they put on all these new-fashioned duties, he was compelled to give them up. It is a shame."

Just then my brother returned, and Betty entered with the coffee-pot and the three eggs. She then came round to take up David. He was unwilling to go, and clung to me.

"Ah! that's because he has seen the eggs here," cried Mrs. Halliwell.

"I have cooked him one," interposed Betty. "I gammoned old Knight, at the shop last night, till he gave me one into the shilling's worth, so I have boiled it for him. Missis have got her number all the same, I thought, and it will do Davy no harm. Come along, Davy."

It was Alfred's day for going to the church, and he left at eleven o'clock. After that, Mrs. Halliwell came down with her things on. Little David had come to me again, and I had got him on my knee.

"I am obliged to go out on some business," she said; "I am sorry to leave you."

"Oh, I shall amuse myself very well, talking to Davy. Where are the children?"

"Their papa has set them to their lessons. Their education gets on very badly, Alfred is obliged to be out so much. If you hear them making a noise, just go and give it them, please. They are in the next room. Betty has got the young one with her."

Mrs. Halliwell departed, and I and David sat making acquaintance with each other, till Betty came into the parlour with a full box of coal. She stumbled over a stool that was in the way, and several lumps rolled on to the worn-out old carpet.

"Now then! bother the stool! Them children's always a leaving something in the way. Our eyes don't get no younger, ma'am, nor me neither."

"No, that we don't, Betty. But you seem to be as active and well as ever."

"There's no chance to be otherwise, here. Sometimes I threatens to leave it, but that's when I'm cross. How do you think master's looking, ma'am?"

"Pretty well, Betty. He was never over-strong to appearance. I think your mistress looks extremely ill."

"Missis has a deal to do, and she don't get good things enough to keep up her strength. Do you know where she's gone now?"

"No."

"She is gone out to give a music lesson. She has took to teaching the pianor."

"Teaching the piano!" I uttered.

"I don't know as I should have told," proceeded Betty, "for missis ain't fond of having it spoke of. Not that she cares, herself, but them Zinks gives themselves such airs. When they first heered of it, they came here and made such an uproar as never was. Old Mother Zink——Ma'am," broke off Betty, "I hope you will excuse me, but I can't abide that old lady. She was a pushing all her daughters at the head of master, in those old times, and she got her will and snapped him up for one of 'em, and now she comes here, a turning up her nose, and says he doesn't pervide her daughter with things suitable to her station. Well,

when things was at a low ebb with us, last autumn, missis pockets her pride, and begins to teach the pianor—which she has got a great talent for music, folks say—and Mrs. Zink and Miss Fanny Zink goes on at her as if it was a crime. But missis is wiser than to give in to them: the money's too useful. She has got six pupils, and they pays her a pound a quarter apiece, which makes four-and-twenty pound in the year. If it were not for that, ma'am, I don't think they could have kept me on, this winter. Though I steps for a'most nothing: just a pair of shoes now and then, for I can't go barefoot."

"Then your mistress does do something; Betty, to aid matters?"

"She does her share, what with one thing and another; she ain't idle. There's the making new things for the children when they gets any, and the patching of the old, which never fails, for one must turn 'em out decent to church on a Sunday, a little like gentlefolks's children, and the ironing the fine things, which is above my rough hands, and the making the pies, which is above 'em too, and the giving these music lessons, and the nursing Davy and the little one, who both cries to be took up, and I have not always got the time, besides her visits round the parish. What with it all, missis don't sit upon a bed of lavender with folded hands, and do nothing but enjoy the smell. My heart!" added Betty, in a different tone, "if here ain't Mrs. Zink!"

She opened the door, and Mrs. Zink entered with her daughter Fanny. Both were thinner, and Mrs. Zink had taken to false hair, but otherwise they were little altered.

"Mrs. Halliwell has just stepped out," I said, when they had sat down.

"Ah!" grunted Mrs. Zink, "she has turned herself into a professional. What do you think of her so disgracing her family? I never heard of such a lowering proceeding for a clergyman's wife."

"Money is so much wanted here," I said, in a tone of apology for poor Mabel.

"You need not tell me that," retorted Mrs. Zink; "you don't know it as well as I do. I should just think money is wanted."

"What a lesson this house ought to be to us, against getting married," ejaculated Miss Fanny Zink to me, heaving up her eyes and one hand. The other could not loose the umbrella.

"Yes, unless we see our future more clearly before us than Alfred and Mabel did. I don't wonder at Mrs. Halliwell's giving music lessons. She does it from a praiseworthy motive."

"I don't care about the motive," wrathfully interrupted Mrs. Zink. "She ought to know better. If it were Fanny, now, who gave a little private instruction, it might be excused. Young—that is, unmarried—ladies often do such things for the sake of pocket-money. But Mabel is a clergyman's wife, and bound to keep up her dignity. As to her husband's permitting it, I cannot find words to express my indignation. He deserves to be tarred and feathered, like they serve the missionaries in these heathen settlements."

"Here he comes," I remarked, noticing my brother's approach from the window.

"Then, Fanny, we will go," cried Mrs. Zink, rising hastily. "I don't care to come across him always, when my temper's up. One gets

no satisfaction, reproaching him, and it puts me out of sorts for the day. Let me reproach as I will, he keeps on that provoking meekness—wanting to reason, instead of quarrel. If I struck him, I expect it would be all the same. I never saw such an insensible man.”

“Oh no, Mrs. Zink, you are mistaken. Mr. Halliwell is not insensible.”

“Then he carries his ‘Christian feeling,’ as some folks call it, very far. Into affectation; and nothing less. You must come and drink tea with us one of these first afternoons, my dear.”

“Thank you. If I have time. I shall not be here long.”

Alfred came in, shivering and looking blue. “It is very cold, Hester,” he remarked, as he leaned over the fire. “And the church felt so damp to-day.”

“Had you anything to do? Any christenings or churchings?”

“No. I generally stop there the hour for nothing. The poor like to choose Sundays, it is their leisure day, and other people always give me notice.”

“How is it, Alfred, you have three full services on the Sunday now?—as I hear you have. You used to hold them only morning and evening.”

“Yes, but one cannot please everybody. A few people wanted the evening service changed to the afternoon, but most of the parishioners were against it, and the malcontents appealed to the Bishop of Chelmsford. He decided that, according to the rubric, it must be held in the afternoon, and gave me the orders accordingly. But I was unwilling to forego the evening service: I thought I ought not: it is always so fully attended, so I kept it on. In the afternoon we scarcely muster more than forty or fifty: families don’t like coming out immediately after their dinner.”

“How tired you must be when Sunday night comes!”

“Tolerably exhausted. Sometimes I feel as if I could go to bed, and never get up again.”

“Alfred, yours is a hard life.”

“Do not set me against it,” he returned; and the tone of his voice was, for the transient moment, so impassioned, that had Mrs. Zink heard it, she never hereafter would have accused him of want of feeling. “I know that it must be good for me, or it would not be inflicted; and I know that I am being borne up in it, for, of my own strength, I never could do and go through. When a repining spirit steals over me, I compare my condition with that of others less fortunate than myself: there are numbers so, even of my own calling: There is a poor curate in a rural parish, Camley, three miles off, a most deserving man. He has but seventy pounds a year, a wife, a mother, and eight young children, all to be supported out of it, and he is expected, out of this, to give away to the poor, as I have to do. I have seen him, on a week-day, with scarcely a bit of shoe to his foot. Hester, when I feel inclined to murmur, I think of him, and am thankful.”

He was preparing to leave the room to hear the children’s lessons—not that they could have been learnt, I think, from the outrageous noise which had been kept up—when Betty burst into it, nearly running against him. “Master! master!” she exclaimed, “here’s Mr. Cookburn’s footman without his hat, and all his hair a-standing on end.

He says his master's took in a fit, and Mrs. Cockburn says will you go up."

My brother hastened out, and I was again alone. At one o'clock Mabel came in.

"They are saying in the town that Mr. Cockburn is dead," she exclaimed. "How fearfully sudden!"

All doubt was over when Alfred returned. Mr. Cockburn had been found on the floor of his study in a fit of apoplexy. Remedies failed to arouse him, and in a short time he was quite gone.

"Oh, Hester!" murmured my brother, deeply affected, "I have envied him in life. But better toil on, as I do, than be surprised, thus suddenly, in my ease, and taken before my Maker, perhaps unprepared!"

III.

A FEELING arose in Chelson in favour of Alfred, that he might have the vacant living, and a petition, unknown to him, was got up, praying for it. His own parishioners said they should be grieved to lose him, but would support it for his own sake. After a few days, it came to Alfred's ears. He would not allow himself to hope, or dwell upon the change of prospect, and shook his head at the bare notion of being suddenly exalted to 1400*l.* a year. "I might grow proud," he said; "I might forget to be humble; though it would be welcome for the sake of educating my children."

Not so said Mabel. She was in high spirits, and lost herself in momentary visions of having already effected the desired change. "The rectory is such a capital house, Hester! and oh, what a blessed relief it will be from our life of labour!"

It was my brother who buried Mr. Cockburn. The curate of St. Paul's was the Reverend George Dewisson, a young man very unpopular in the parish. He was a brother of that Miss Dewisson who had formerly set her cap so strenuously at Alfred. When a suggestion was made that perhaps he, George Dewisson, might be the newly appointed rector, Chelson was up in arms. He was an austere man of uncertain temper, never cordial with anybody, and harsh to the poor, a bad reader, and it was well known he bought his sermons. St. Paul's protested it would not have him: it had had quite enough of him as curate.

"Are you acquainted with the gentleman who has the living in his gift?" I inquired of Alfred, "this Mr. Burnley."

"Mr. Burnley is only the steward," returned my brother. "The living is in the gift of the Earl of Seaford."

The Earl of Seaford! I was thunderstruck at the answer. With reference to the living, I had never heard any name mentioned but this Mr. Burnley's. Many years before, I had been brought much into contact with the Seaford family.

"I had no idea the Seafords possessed property in this part of the country," I observed to Alfred, almost doubting the information.

"The earl bought it some time ago of Lord Westnor, who ruined himself, gambling, and joined his son in cutting off the entail. I should think ill luck goes with the property, for Lord Seaford, they say, will be obliged to sell it again. His sons have all turned out wild, but Lord Sale far the most so. He has drained and nearly ruined his father."

"Is the Earl of Seaford ever here?"

"He is here now; so I heard yesterday. But he chiefly lives abroad. Too poor, now, to live in England."

I am not given to wild schemes, but a wild one came into my brain then. It was to make my way to the Earl of Seaford, recal myself to his recollection, and boldly ask him to give the living to my brother.

"Well done, Hester!" cried Alfred, the ingenuous colour flushing his pale cheeks when I spoke out my thoughts; "what next presumptuous thing will you do?"

"If the worst comes to the worst, and I get a refusal, you will only be where you are now. I can urge the wishes of Chelson as a plea for my request."

The following day found me at Hawsford, the name of the earl's seat. I had engaged a fly to take me, for it was six miles off, and I went driving up—presumptuously, as Alfred would have called it—to the grand entrance. They were some time answering the man's summons, and then I heard the door unlocked and unbarred. "Curious they should lock up the house," I thought, "if the earl is here."

"I wish to see Lord Seaford," I said to the woman, who looked like a housekeeper.

"His lordship is gone, ma'am. He left late last night."

There was a nonplus! All the expense of the fly for nothing!

"But if it is any business, ma'am, his steward, Mr. Burnley, lives in the village close by. My lord leaves most things to him."

As I was there, I thought I might as well see the steward; though I could not urge the matter upon him, as I should have done on Lord Seaford. I readily found Mr. Burnley's house—the only good house in the village, so far as I saw—and was handed into his office. It was one of two rooms opening into each other, with a separate door to each, leading into the passage of the house. It was the back room that I was shown into, and Mr. Burnley, a man of gentlemanly manners, came to me from the front one, through the intervening door, which he pushed to, but did not close.

He was very polite. Regretted his inability to comply with my request, for he respected much the merits of the Reverend Mr. Halliwell. Lord Seaford had received the petition in his favour most graciously, and would have been delighted to comply with its prayer, had the living not been promised.

"Is it really promised?" I wistfully said.

"I may say it is given," replied Mr. Burnley. "The new rector will be announced to-morrow."

Of course there was no more to be urged, and I left the room. Mr. Burnley came out also, as if to attend me to the door, but a young man whom we encountered in the passage seized him by the button-hole, seemingly in a pressing hurry, and took him back into the room. So I said "Good day," and walked on alone. At that very moment the street-door was pushed open, and I saw old Mr. Dewisson scraping his shoes on the scraper outside. He was seventy years of age, but as active as a boy, with a rosy, clear complexion, and snow-white hair. He was a lawyer and electioneering agent in Chelson, and the father of the late Mr. Cockburn's curate. I did not care that he should see me, and go back and tell Chelson I had been personally petitioning for my brother—

for my business there he would not fail to guess—so, in the impulse of the moment, I glided in at the open door of the front office, until he should have passed.

I heard him enter and wipe his feet on the door-mat, and then I heard the young man come out of the back office and leave the house. Mr. Burnley also came out of it and shook hands with Mr. Dewisson in the passage. "I have been expecting you this hour," he said.

"Better late than never," answered the old lawyer. "I had some business to attend to before I could get away. The earl left last night, I suppose."

"Yes. He is ploughing the waves to France by this time, if he could catch the morning's mail train to Dover. Walk in."

To my great horror—which seems as fresh upon me now as it felt then—the door I had just slipped in at was pulled sharply to, of course by Mr. Burnley, and the key turned in it. So I was locked in. What to do I did not know. I looked at the window, and had a momentary thought of getting out of that, but found I should have pitched upon some spikes. I believe I had a wild idea of trying the chimney, but if I did succeed in reaching the top and the roof, however was I to come down? So I had to stop where I was, trusting to chance, and to somebody's unturning the key, and sat shaking behind the door. As to going brazenly into the back office, and avowing myself to Mr. Burnley in the face of old Dewisson, I would rather have risked the spikes.

I did not hear what was said at first in the next room, and I tried not to hear the rest, but I could not avoid it; for the voices, lowered in the commencement to the confidential tone of state secrets, were gradually raised.

"How much do you say is to be kept back?" were the first words I distinctly heard, in Mr. Dewisson's voice.

"A thousand," answered Mr. Burnley.

"Which will leave my son four hundred a year. That's less than I suggested. There's nothing very fat about that."

"But there is about fourteen hundred. Under any circumstances but these, he might whistle for so rich a living. You know, Dewisson, that you have no interest to get him one of half the value. He might starve out his life upon a pittance, as poor Halliwell does. You are aware of the petition that came in?"

"Aware of it! Chelson's full of it. Thinks it's going to succeed. I say, Burnley, though, the earl's is not a bad life."

"He is sixty-six, and knows something of dissipation still. He may fill his years, threescore and ten; he will not go much beyond them. And then your son comes into the full income."

"And then George comes into the full income," slowly repeated Mr. Dewisson. "Well, it is a good day's work for both the earl and him: each gets his turn served. But, I say, Burnley—what will the neighbourhood think of George? They'll call him a miser. Holding a living of fourteen hundred a year, and living up to four of it!"

"Oh—he gives the surplus to the poor, you know."

They both laughed, and, by the sound, seemed to be rising. I shook excessively as they came along the passage. "Burnley," cried Mr. Dewisson, in passing the door, "we must meet to celebrate this; when will you come and dine?"

I did not hear the answer ; they had reached the front door then, and the sound of the voices escaped. Mr. Burnley returned, and unlocked my door as he passed, and unlatched it. I squeezed myself up to nothing, in my terror, and my heart stood still.

He did not come in : I am thankful for it yet : but went on to the back room and shut himself in. Not another moment waited I. I twisted myself into the passage, let myself noiselessly out at the front door, and rushed down the street towards the inn where the flyman was baiting his horse, as if a ghost had been after me. Mr. Dewisson and his gig were already at a distance.

Now I truly declare that this incident occurred to me, and that the conversation which I have related, I heard, word for word. But I have never opened my lips about it until now, when it can do no harm. For though the Reverend George Dewisson is still in the enjoyment of his rich living, it will never be suspected that the secret relates to him.

I had leisure to think it over as I drove back to Chelson, and it appeared to me that the bargain I had been a witness to was a sinful one. The public will judge of it as they please. Since then, a transaction has cozed out of precisely the same nature, though taking place in a different county, in which the patron-gainer was a bishop, but it was hushed up. It was bad enough for an earl, but I don't know how one, promoted to lawn sleeves and an apron, could reconcile it to his spiritual conscience.

When the fly stopped at my brother's door, Mrs. Halliwell's face, full of joyous hope, appeared above the window-blind, and the children came dancing out. Alfred looked up from his warm arm-chair when I went in. "Hester!" cried Mabel, in her hasty way, "you don't speak."

"Perhaps I had best not speak : for I have only bad news to give you."

"Let us know the worst at once," she cried. "We must know it shortly, any way."

"The earl has quitted Hawsford. He left last night for France, and the living is given away."

"Given!"

"Yes. I saw the steward."

"To whom?" asked Alfred.

"He did not say," was my answer. For not even to my brother would I breathe a hint of the dishonourable secret I had (so to say) dishonourably heard. "But not to you."

Mabel sank down on a chair, poor thing, and despair, if ever I saw it, settled itself on her face. She had buoyed up her hopes unreasonably high. "Toll! and trouble! and illness! and heartburning! and care!" she murmured. "Must it so go on with us for ever?"

Alfred's countenance had fallen, and a red spot, the symbol of raised expectancy, shone on his cheek, proving that he had hoped for success. For one moment he bowed his head on his hands ; the next, he rose and approached his wife to speak, his voice calm as usual, and his face pale again.

"It is the will of God, Mabel, that we should still bear our cross. Let us welcome it."

"If such a meek-spirited man is not enough to try the patience of Job!" impetuously responded Mrs. Halliwell.

Proceedings by Monkshead

ABOUT THE ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS.

XI.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

To the lot of few writers has it fallen to be so enthusiastically admired on the one side, and so unconditionally rejected on the other, as Mr. Carlyle has been, still is, and perhaps long will be. The dislike many feel and avow towards him is, in certain cases, as one of his sympathisers observes, honestly determined by some constitutional peculiarity, which makes it impossible to read him without extreme discomfort. Now it is his vagrancy of style; now his mysticism of tone, that offends; these stumble at his rough usage of the conventional, those at his cynical scorn, his sweeping invective, his austere and minatory accents, stern as ever his Covenanting sires made use of, against the crooked and perverse generation with which *they* had to do.

This last characteristic has especially caught the attention of continental critics, whom the name and fame of Thomas Carlyle have aroused to inquiry. The Latter-Day Pamphleteer is to them, in the capital features of his character, a *puritain écossais* revived. "Sorti de race calviniste," to quote a passage which *might* have been intended for him, "il en a conservé un certain tour austère, l'affinité pour comprendre et rendre ces naturels tenaces, ces inspirations énergiques et sombres. Les habitudes de race et d'éducation* première se marquent encore dans le talent et se retrouvent dans la parole, même lorsqu'elles ont disparu des habitudes de notre vie: on en garde la fibre et le ton."

It is not every one that can "get on" under, or "put up" with, a scolding teacher—a teacher who is eminently, if not exclusively, a scold. Now of Mr. Carlyle it has been said, and that by the late Samuel Phillips, that he keeps a school in which scolding goes on from morning till night, but certainly no teaching: if his boys move, they are lashed; if they sit still, they are lashed; they can

* "Thomas Carlyle," writes a "critical biographer," of more emphasis than discretion, "was born at Ecclefechan, Annandale. His parents were 'good farmer people,' his father an elder in the Secession Church there, and a man of strong native sense, whose words were said to 'nail a subject to the wall.' His excellent mother still [1843] lives, and we had the pleasure of meeting her lately in the company of her illustrious son; and beautiful it was to see his profound and tender regard, and her motherly and yearning reverence—to hear her fine old Covenanting accents, concerting with his transcendental tones."—Since then—among other and graver changes—our reporter has changed his key, on the theme of Carlyle, by a whole octave or two.

do nothing right—and, what is worse, they shall never have an inkling of what their cruelly-exacting pedagogue thinks right or necessary to be done.* When once he is roused to assail what he accounts a false man, or a bad system, his *acharnement* is uproarious. It is like what is told of the greatest and bitterest of French Memoir-writers: "Quand Saint-Simon s'acharne une fois à quelqu'un, il ne le lâche plus; il vous le saccage de fond en comble." His burly arm then comes down with sledge-hammer power, and does execution "with a vengeance." A performance in which Walter Savage Landor thus cheers him on:

Strike with Thor's hammer, strike agen
The skulking heads of half-formed men,
And every northern God shall smile
Upon thy well-aimed blow, Carlyle!†

Strike away, and welcome, many a reader will say, when you have got hold of a real sin or a flagrant sinner; pound him, contuse him, take the daylight and breath out of him, as fast and freely as you will or can: but don't growl and show fight at all the world and his wife; have *some* respect of persons; pray, Thomas, learn to moderate the fury of your tongue—and cease to run a muck against whatever you meet, and to be of so "contrarious" and contradictory a mood. But then, what if it be his vocation to contradict?

Et ne faut-il pas bien que monsieur contredise?
A la commune voix veut-on qu'il se réduise,
Et qu'il ne fasse pas éclater en tous lieux
L'esprit contrariant qu'il a reçu des cieux?‡

So *Célimène* ironically pleads for the misanthropist, *Alceste*. Judged by the pervading tone of his deliverances, Mr. Carlyle is commonly enough reckoned a thorough-going misanthropist too. But, according to the New Timon, "who loves men most—men call the Misanthrope."§ And that there is a genial corner, a sunshiny

* "To instruct is no part of his office; instruction is the gift of Heaven—the rod the whole and sole duty of the master. At one page—and at one only—we fondly hoped that we had escaped from the noise of this indiscriminate flagellation to receive a crumb or two of comfort in the shape of rational advice that might put us at least on the road to amendment. Vain expectation!" &c.—*PHILLIPS'S review of "Life of Sterling."*

† Last Fruit off an Old Tree.

‡ MOLIÈRE: *Le Misanthrope*. II. 5.

§

He who loathes ill, must more than half which lies
In this ill world with generous scorn despise;
Yet of the wrong he hates, the grief he shares,
His lip rebuke, his soul compassion, wears;
The Hermit's wrath bespeaks the Preacher's hope;
Who loves men most—men call the Misanthrope!

The New Timon. IV. 2.

side to Mr. Carlyle's nature, is to be gathered without need of inquiring of Pencilers by the Way, and fluent freemake friends, what manner of man he is. One significant fact they tell us, which may not be overlooked—his capacity for laughter, of a hearty and unrestrained and thoroughly enjoying sort—a fact to be commended for due consideration to all who rate him as a cynic, neither more nor less, and who must do him the justice to remember that although "he is a great observer," one who "looks quite through the deeds of men," yet is it utterly a mistake to hold that

Seldom he smiles; or smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.*

One of his own countrymen, and a quondam eulogist, describes his conversation, "often terribly direct and strong," as rendered racy by the accompaniment of the purest Annandale accent, and "coming to its climaxes, ever and anon, in long, deep, chest-shaking bursts of laughter." Another gossip, from the *New World*, fair and free, writes home to Emerson—who it seems is of the *risum tenens* type—"Carlyle is worth a thousand of you for that; he is not ashamed to laugh, when he is amused, but goes on in a cordial human fashion." No man with a laugh of that quality can be the mere good hater, the mere self-constituted Ishmael, which not a few assume, or infer, or suppose Thomas Carlyle to be.

The class of Heroes whom he sets apart for worship, is another quite sufficient cause of offence with many. Lightsome, mercurial souls, of the Greek order, are repelled by his stern preference of the antique Roman style. "For what is called mere sensibility, the influence of which is invisibly and electrically diffusive, he has but little respect; what he admires is direct energy of character."† The way in which he raises some few elect, predestined, heroic souls, to the pinnacle of worship, and levels the rest of humankind to prostrate submission, is as little conciliating to the *amour propre* of the "masses," as the tone in which Paul Louis Courier affirmed‡ that innate flunkeyism pertains to us all, that we are all valets ready made for the hero who is to command our services, and who, to valet souls, will be hero, despite the musty adage. His is but a stronger way of putting what the laureate has put pretty strongly:

* Julius Cæsar. I. 2.

† *North Brit. Rev.*

‡ Apropos of the flattering "receptions" accorded to Napoleon, at home and abroad, Paul Louis scornfully writes: "C'est instinct de nature: nous naissons valetaille. Les hommes sont vils et lâches; insolents, quelques-uns, par la bassesse de tous; . . . chacun veut être, non pas maître, mais esclave favorisé. S'il n'y avait que trois hommes au monde, ils s'organiseraient: l'un ferait la cour à l'autre, l'appellerait monseigneur, et ces deux unis forceraient le troisième à travailler pour eux, car c'est là le point." Courier's democracy was about as congenial to professed democrats, as Carlyle's radicalism is to our Universal Suffrage men.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
 Like some of the great ones gone
 For ever and ever by,
 One still strong man in a blatant land,
 Whatever they call him, what care I,
 Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
 Who can rule and dare not lie.*

But if "gentle" readers are somewhat awed by this species of Cromwellism, they are apt to pluck up their spirits again, and become amused even, when Mr. Carlyle, in the right onward dogmatism of his hero-worship, proposes as a ruler of men, a *bonâ-fide* Captain, a heaven-born Minister, such a man as—Robert Burns. See the conquering hero comes! sound the trumpet, beat the drums!

— διδο γαρ

Τον θειον ἤδη μαντιν ὦδ', ἀγουσιν, φ'
 Τάληθεσ εμπεφυκεν ἀνθρώπων μορφ.†

It was not known, Mr. Carlyle scornfully complains, to purblind men, sunk in their poor dim vulgar element—but it might have been known, he peremptorily insists, to men of insight who had any loyalty, or any royalty of their own—that Robert Burns was a born-king of men: full of valour, of intelligence and heroic nobleness; fit for far other work than to break his heart among poor mean mortals, gauging beer. But this qualified prime minister, this potential first lord of the treasury (foremost among foiled potentialities), was never summoned to take the seals of office, or to form an administration, by the voice of people or of prince. "Him no ten-pound Constituency chose, nor did any Reforming Premier." For, "the meagre Pitt, and his Dundasses, and red-tape Phantasms (growing very ghastly now to think of), did not in the least know or understand, the impious god-forgetting mortals, that Heroic Intellects, if Heaven were pleased to send such, were the one salvation for the world and for them and all of us." With submission, it may be conjectured, that if Pitt and Dundas had associated Burns with them, they might have gained a very unsatisfactory cabinet minister (albeit a tip-top boon companion), and spoiled an excellent poet. With submission to Napoleon I., too, it may be conjectured, that, had "the great Corneille" come personally within his ken, he would have thought twice before he said—and having thought thrice would never have said at all—"St Corneille avait vécu de mon temps, je l'aurais fait ministre."

The thoroughness of Mr. Carlyle's admiration for Goethe is another puzzle to the "medium" English reader. The labours which have done so much for awakening and spreading amongst us an interest in German literature, are honoured widely and well; the

* Tennyson's *Maud*.

† Sophocl. *Œdip. Tyran.*

labourer being one so intimately and intelligently versed in that fruitful study—and of whom Goethe himself exclaimed with fervour: “Ja, die Gesinnung, aus der er handelt, ist besonders schätzbar: und wie ist es ihm Ernst! und wie hat er uns Deutsche studirt! Er ist in unserer Literatur fast besser zu Hause als wir selbst.”* How familiarly he is “at home” (*zu Hause*) with the Germans, is it not written in his reviews of Werner, and Novalis, and Schiller, and Goethe, and Jean Paul, and Von Ense? One of his expositors, who goes so far as to hint a doubt whether Carlyle does not even “think in German,” and who calls him a “kind of literary monster, German above and Scottish below,” and defines the main tissue of his mind to be “homely worsted,” which he has dyed in the “strangest colours, derived from Weimar and Bayreuth”—remarks that any one unacquainted with German authors, must read him with the utmost amazement; while whoso laughs at him must be prepared to laugh at the great names on the scroll of German genius, to which he is so closely akin in “the far and foreign strain of his allusions and associations; the recondite profundity of his learning; and those bursts of eloquent mysticism which alternate with yet wilder bursts of uncontrollable mirth and fuliginous irony.” But granting some such resemblance to exist between Carlyle and certain Teutonic geniuses—Richter for example, and in particular—wherein is it perceptible between Carlyle and Goethe? In the leading elements of character, tendencies, temperament, pursuits, and style of composition, what an utter discrepancy there seems. Who so bold as to hazard a prediction, *à priori*, that Goethe would be the man of men whom Carlyle would single out for constant and pre-eminent laudation? Intelligible enough may be the selection, as Heroic Souls, of a Luther, a Cromwell, a Napoleon—to omit mention of some immediate precursors of Napoleon, whom this French Revolution

Historian's pen so much delights
To blazon—power and energy detached
From moral purpose,†

for to his judgment and predilections it would seem that whoso can best impersonate Might, even to the prejudice of Right, or can best conjugate the verb *pouvoir*, in all its moods and tenses—in a line, that

— quiconque *peut* tout, est aimable en tout temps.‡

But to make of the courtly, stage-managing, epicurean Weimar Baron, a Hero—and to demand for him, to all intents and purposes, devout Hero-worship—is as much an enigma to many who take into account (and sympathise with) Carlyle's liking for the rugged

* Goethe's *Gespräche mit Eckermann*. † Wordsworth: *The Prelude*.

‡ Corneille: “*Sertorius*.”

Powers aforesaid, as that *Tartufe* should be to *Orgon* "son tout, son héros,"* was to uninfected neighbours and friends, who had escaped the pleasure or the peril of being *en rapport* with that master mind.

The contrast is almost ludicrous between Goethe's *laissez-faire* practice, in regard of a world out of joint, and the anxious, stern, menacing accents, charged as it were with forewarnings and threatenings της μελλουσας οργης, peculiar to Goethe's chiefest British interpreter and panegyrist. But the complaint is everywhere current that, however intelligible the drift of Mr. Carlyle's warnings, it is impossible to get at the meaning of his Remedies for the Perils of the Nation. "How open he is to his own assault!" writes Margaret Fuller to Emerson: "He rails himself out of breath at the short-sighted, and yet scarce sees a step before him. There is no valuable doctrine in the book" [she is alluding to "Past and Present"] "except the Goethean, *Do to-day the nearest duty*. Many are ready for that, could they but find the way. This he does not show. His proposed measures say nothing."† Again and again disciples of his, ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of his Truth, as a positive and practical thing, vent their disappointment in a great and exceeding bitter cry.

Est aliquid quò tendis, et in quod dirigis arcum?‡

Voltaire said of La Harpe : *C'est un four qui toujours chauffe et où rien ne cuit*. Carlyle and La Harpe are not to be named in the same breath—unless the one in systole, the other in diastole; but in this unprofitable oven-heat, Carlyle and La Harpe may be called (in nigger phrase) "very much 'like, specially" Carlyle. Edmund Burke warns us, that, although it may seem paradoxical, it is, in general, undoubtedly true, that those who are habitually employed in finding and displaying faults, are unqualified for the work of reformation; because their minds are not only unfurnished with patterns of the fair and good, but by habit they come to take no delight in the contemplation of these things. "By hating vices too much, they come to love men too little. It is therefore not wonderful that they should be indisposed and unable to serve them. From hence arises the complexional disposition of some of your guides to pull everything in pieces. At this malicious game they display the whole of their *quadrumanous* activity."§ The

* Enfin il en est fou, c'est son tout, son héros;
Il l'admire à tous coups, le cite à tous propos;
Ses moindres actions lui semblent des miracles,
Et tous les mots qu'il dit sont pour lui des oracles.

Le Tartufe. I. 2.

† Memoir of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, vol. ii.

‡ Persius. Sat. III.

§ Burke's Letter to a Member of the National Assembly. (1791.)

drift of this doctrine will be thought applicable to Carlylean philosophy, by some who yet will scout the base notion of imputing malice or *quadrumanous* activity to the philosopher himself. As St. Marc Girardin observes, of Paul Louis Courier—another polemical but unpractical writer,—“Il n'avait donc, avec le peuple des écrivains factieux, qu'une seule ressemblance, et celle-là est inévitable : c'est d'être inutile. En effet, à quoi peut servir l'homme qui, au lieu de travailler en commun à guérir les institutions de son pays, si elles sont malades, à les fortifier, si elles sont faibles, les déclare incurables?”* This is the very charge brought against Mr. Carlyle by his censors in the *Times* newspaper and *Blackwood's Magazine*—those exponents of daily and monthly popular opinion. It is natural, they say,† to suppose that one who habitually deals in such wholesale denunciation, and whose avowed wish is to regenerate and reform society upon some entirely novel principle, must be a man of immense practical ability—that the exposé of shame and quackeries must surely be, in his own person, very far indeed above suspicion of resembling those whom he describes, or tries to describe, in language more or less intelligible; since, otherwise, he stands in imminent danger of being treated by the rest of the world as an impertinent and egregious impostor. Now, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, these objectors pointedly assert, is anything but a man of practical ability. They ask whether he has ever, in the course of his life, thrown out a single hint which could be useful to his own generation, or profitable to those who may come after—and defy any living soul to point to a single practical passage in his entire *opera omnia*. He can never stir, they allege, one inch beyond the merest vague generality. They tell you that if he were a doctor, and you came to him with a cut finger, he would regale you with a lecture on the heroic qualities of Avicenna, or commence proving that Abernethy was simply a Phantom-Leech, instead of whipping out his pocket-book, and applying a plaster to the wound; or that if you put him into the House of Commons, and asked him to make a speech on the Budget, he would go on maundering about Teufelsdröckh, Sauersteig, and Dryasdust, Sir Jabez Windbag, Fire-horses, Marshjütens, and vulturous Choctaws, until he was coughed down as remorselessly as ever was Sir Joshua Walmsley. He does not bring forth out of his treasures things new and old, but old alone, the re-cooked *crambe*, served up in some piquant biting sauce a little stronger than the last, however strong that may have been. He has nothing more, his inquisitors complain,‡ to tell the world than his old precepts—to be “in earnest,” to hate “shams,” and to

* St. Marc Girardin : *Essais de Littérature et de Morale*, t. 1.

† See *Blackwood*, June, 1850, on the “Latter-Day Pamphlets.”

‡ E. g. the *Times*' review of *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, and of *Life of Sterling*.

worship "heroes"—precepts ineffectual to remedy any one evil or settle any one question of the age. "The world, bad as it is, will be grateful to Mr. Carlyle if he will put his shoulder to the wheel and help it to repair a crying evil. But putting a shoulder or even a finger to the wheel is just what this writer will not do. It suits him better to make mouths at a machine temporarily imbedded in the mud, and to swear that it is dropping to pieces every time it bravely struggles to get out of the rut."* If in one point, and only one, Mr. Carlyle has a shadow of a shade of affinity with La Harpe, on the strength of what an arch-critic said of that *arbitrèr elegantiarum*, perhaps he may even be found of kin, to a like extent, by very remote generation, with Chateaubriand, on the strength of what another "tip-top" critic says of him—namely, that "*les esprits qui demandent de la suite, de la raison, un but . . . savent désormais à quoi s'en tenir sur la valeur d'un écrivain éminent, qui n'a été en politique qu'un grand polémiste, et un agent lumineux*" [query to that epithet, in the perservid Scot's instance] "de dissolution." But after all, be we never so much disappointed and disconcerted by Carlyle's deficiency in the positive element, and superabundance in the negative—(alas, it is not in practical philosophy as it is in grammar, where two negatives make an affirmative)—we should not forget that an *ex professo* reformer may do some work in reform, without being very distinct and determinate in his own propositions. The Author of "Friends in Council" mentions it as one of the reproaches that will ever be made, with much, or little, justice (generally with little justice), against any men who endeavour to reform or improve anything, that they are not ready with definite plans, but are like the Chorus in a Greek play, making general remarks about nature and human affairs, without suggesting any clear and decided course to be taken. "Sometimes this reproach is just, but very often, on the other hand, it is utterly unreasonable. Frequently the course to be taken in each individual instance is one that it would be almost impossible to decide, still more to lay down with minuteness, without a knowledge of the facts in the particular instance: whereas what is wanted is not to suggest a course of action, but a habit of thought which will modify not one or two actions only, but all actions that come within the scope of that thought."† The letter of this wise caution may not apply to Mr. Carlyle, but the spirit of it may be found profitable for something like reproof and correction—*εὐφαιμος πρὸς ἄλλους, πρὸς ἀναρρώσεις*—to those who will none of his reproof, because his propositions are not quite so air-tight and sea-worthy as could be desired. As there is a time to break down, and a time to build up,—a time to cast away stones,

* Essays from the *Times*. Second Series.

† Companions of My Solitude, chap. viii.

and a time to gather stones together,*—so there are men for the one work, and there are men for the other—for the building up, which is the nobler and rarer part, and for the casting down, which has its uses, and its abuses,—not perhaps easily separable, considering the agents who seem to be set apart for the levelling labour, and whom we must therefore take as we find them, good and bad together.

Portions there are of the Critical Miscellanies which are but slightly, if at all, exposed to the main charges brought against Mr. Carlyle by the mass of his exoteric readers. No one with an average allotment of sense and sensibility, but must find pleasure and profit in poring over the essays on Johnson, on Burns, on Sir Walter Scott—and be conscious of a strange thrall and power in the story of the Diamond Necklace, and of extraordinary graphic skill and searching philosophy in the reviews of Mirabeau and Diderot, and the leading names in German literature; however indigestible, to constitutions not hardy enough to “stomach” affronts of the kind, may be found three-fourths of “Signs of the Times,” and eleven-twelfths of “Characteristics.” But the dates of the various items which make up the great whole of the “Miscellanies,” range over a considerable space of time, during which the essayist’s principles and practice of composition were—his detractors will not let us say progressive, nor his followers, retrograde; perhaps both will sanction the phrase—undergoing a change. In the matter of style, how obviously the lapse of years was telling upon him, all could see with the utmost ease; not a few with the utmost concern.

To the would-be well-disposed [*necnon nobis inter alios*] towards Mr. Carlyle’s peculiarities of diction, it may be convenient to recal a remark by Montesquieu—not at all palatable then or now to the more correct, chastened, and classic among Montesquieu’s compatriots: “Un homme qui écrit bien, n’écrit pas comme on écrit, mais comme il écrit; et c’est souvent en parlant mal qu’il parle bien.” In the celebrated essay on Richter, Mr. Carlyle has dwelt on Jean Paul’s vagaries in the matter of style—on his invention of hundreds of new words, his production of sentences of the most heterogeneous, lumbering, interminable kind, the whole forming a tissue of metaphors, apostrophes, &c., interlaced with epigrammatic breaks, vehement bursts, or sardonic turns, quips, and puns. Much of this is applicable to the critic’s own style. Now, of Jean Paul’s he asks—having allowed it to be a very singular manner of writing, in fact, a wild complicated Arabesque—“but then does it not represent his real manner of thinking and existing?” What would be affectation in a correct conventionalist, what would be a systematic sham in an every-day man of letters, may it not be

* Ecclesiastes, iii. 3, 5.

genuine in a Richter, may it not be a true thing and no sham in a Carlyle? The latter argues, that the great law of culture is, Let each become all that he is capable of being; that there is no uniform of excellence in physical or spiritual nature, all genuine things being what they ought to be—the reindeer being good and beautiful after his kind, and the elephant the same after his—a truth to be observed in judging also of literature. “Every man,” says Lessing, “has his own style, like his own nose.” In enforcing which nasological illustration, Mr. Carlyle adds, that no nose can be justly amputated by the public, if only it *be* a real nose, and no wooden one, put on for deception’s sake and mere show. But he owns that Richter must lose of our esteem in proportion to his divergence from the practice in composition of Sophocles, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Goethe, who innovated so slightly on existing forms in this respect. In all this he but furnishes us with evidence for and against himself, to be balanced and summed up according to our several tastes and tendencies, the most contrarious and inter-necine of possible conflicting forces.

It is a question whether, after all, Mr. Carlyle’s style has told more for or against him. If it has exasperated multitudes, and warned them off from intercourse beyond the threshold of so “strange-spoken a gentleman,” it has been the bait to lure others on, who have felt an irresistible something in its nondescript form, too singular and too significant even in the most wilful neologisms of its Babylonish dialect, not to rivet their attention on the inquiry whereunto all this may grow. “On sent partout sous sa plume les jets d’une nature forte et bouillante, et comme les éclats d’une voix qui ne demande qu’à gronder et à tonner.” One of his imitators calls his style, in corrupt Carlylese, “fuliginous-flaming, prose-poetic, mock-heroic-earnest, Germanic-Scotch, colloquial-chaotic, satiric-serious, luminous-obscure.” M. Philarète Chasles describes him as writing “ses ouvrages dans une langue bizarre, qui n’est ni l’anglais ni l’allemand véritable, mais qui, toute saxonne par le fonds, emprunte au dictionnaire anglais ses formes grammaticales, à la syntaxe allemande ses procédés de composition, de formation, d’analogie, enfin à l’habitude germanique ce mysticisme novateur dans les mots et dans les choses.” M. Chasles is modestly of opinion, that the originality which results from this *archaïsme composite* is not invariably *de bon aloi*. “Carlyle a des adjectifs de cinquante toises et des composés qui ne finissent jamais.” Like Richter, it is added, whom he takes for his model, like Novalis, whom he admires, he indulges himself in the most alarming metaphors and the most heterogeneous imagery. But M. Chasles does see a deep meaning concealed beneath these “disguises of an affected style,” and complains rather of obscurity and irregularity in the matter and substance, than in the manner and outward

form of this *grand esprit, vraiment original*.* Not quite so tenderly is the Carlylese tongue handled by that smart squib-factor, the *sai-disant* spasmodic Percy Jones:

Never in your life, sir, did you hear
Such hideous jargon! The distracting screech
Of waggon-wheels engrossed was music to it;
And as for meaning—wiser heads than mine
Could find no trace of it. 'Twas a tirade
About fire-horses, jötuns, windbags, owls,
Choctaws and horsehair, shams and funkayism,
Unwisdoms, Tithes, and Unveracities.†

The presumed author of these lines has elsewhere sweepingly declared of Mr. Carlyle's style, that it can be defended on no principle whatever—affirming of Richter, by the way, that *he* was in reality a first-rate master of language and of verbal music, who, although in some of his works he thought fit to adopt a quaint and abrupt manner of writing, in others exhibited not only great power, but a harmony which is perhaps the rarest accomplishment of the rhetorical artist:‡ “But in Mr. Carlyle's sentences and periods, there is no touch or sound of harmony. They are harsh, cramped, and often ungrammatical;§ totally devoid of all pretension to ease, delicacy, or grace.” If there be no touch or sound of harmony in Mr. Carlyle's periods, then again and again and again have our ears deceived us, and that could only have been a ringing in them, and symptomatic of some infirmity *ab intra*, which we, credulous and deluded, had supposed to be an actual concord of sweet sounds *ab extra*. Surely there must be some specific difference in the organic structure of their ears, or else *αὐτὰ ἐχούτες οὐκ ἀκούοντες*, who can read the early, intermediate, and latter works of Carlyle, and find in them no touch or sound of harmony—works in all of which we fancy we can discover, in varying frequency and finish, musical intervals

Not harsh nor grating, but of ample power
To chasten and subdue—

* *Etudes sur la Littérature et les Mœurs de l'Angleterre au XIX^e Siècle.*

† Firmilian; or, the Student of Badajoz.

‡ “His ‘Meditation on a Field of Battle,’ for example, is as perfect a strain of music as the best composition of Beethoven.”

§ The progressive counts in this indictment serve to remind us of a somewhat parallel charge, preferred by Tom Moore against the style of John Galt, whom the sprightly satirist twits with having been, *prima*,

“—school'd, with a rabble of words at command,
Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance;”

but, *secundo*,

“He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,
And set all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.”

MOORE'S *Poetical Works*, p. 532.

cynical and crabbed discords, which, it must be owned, too often compose the burden of the strain, being relieved now and then, with moving effect, by cadences of the "still, sad music of humanity." While castigating him, as with a cat-o'-nine-tails, for a multitude of transgressions, the *Times* itself allowed, that "in the midst of his wild mysticism there are often passages of genuine depth and beauty," and that, although the Carlylesque style is fatiguing when employed on common-place subjects, it is "always full of picturesqueness and full of power;" while, in the heat of its onslaught on the *Life of Sterling*, the same "Thunderer," if not the same hand that forged and launched the former bolt, made a point of stating, that "nothing, we are bound to say, can surpass the exquisite manner of the narrative portion of this book."

One of the salient points in this style is a cherished habit, to many readers a most offensive and wearisome habit, of reiteration. The Countess d'Ossoli, describing the author's mode of conversation, says, "He sings rather than talks"—and goes on to tell how he pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroic, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up, near the beginning, some singular epithet, which serves as a *refrain* when his song is full, or with which, "as with a knitting-needle, he catches up the stitches, if he has chanced, now and then, to let fall a row." His writings belong to the same type. The refrain is always more or less in request. This, to certain antipathetic tastes, is as tedious as ever to jaded schoolmaster was the thousand-and-first repetition of *Tityre tu patula*, or *Beatus ille*, or (horror of horrors!) *For d'anapet- βασιλος προσφης*—

Nam quæcumque sedens modo legerat, hæc eadem stans
Perferet, atque eadem cantabit versibus iidem.
Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.*

But it is a true saying, that Carlyle's reiterations startle us like informations. And this is much. For it is also a true saying, that to genius pertains the prerogative of reviving truisms, and making them burn in our breasts. Nay, just because truths are truisms, they have sometimes ceased to be truths—living truths, practically recognised truths: the truism is too familiar an acquaintance to be any longer treated with *consideration*; and that Teacher is a Teacher who enforces the old claim by new arguments, and educes the wisdom of the wise saw by modern instances. An age, just as a man that has grown dull of hearing, must have the necessary intelligence dinned into its ears until the pith of it is verily caught, comprehended, and turned to account. And, as the satirist maintains,

A reasonable reason,
If good, is none the worse for repetition;
If bad, the best way's certainly to tease on

* Juvenal. S. VII.

And amplify: you lose much by concision,
Whereas insisting in or out of season
Convinces all men, even a politician; *
Or—what is just the same—it wearies out.
So the end's gained, what signifies the route ?*

The distaste for Carlylisms, rife in so large and natural a measure, has been vastly sped in its growth and intensity by the author's mimic satellites, who spaniel him at heels, and, incompetent to imitate what is inimitable in his manner, gravely caricature and soberly travestie and seriously burlesque what is very easily affected in his mannerisms. What is perhaps an extravagance in him, becomes an extravaganza in them. He has had as much occasion as any man to note how *decipit exemplar vitis imitabile*, and to address his attendant mob of gentlemen who write with ease, with Horatian contempt,

O imitatores, servum pecus ; ut mihi sæpe
Bilem, sæpe jocum vestri movere tumultus ! †

Happily, this particular rage of imitation is on the wane: at one time there was overmuch reason to apply what was recently said of a foreign writer of eminence, by one who could tolerate *his* mannerisms, but not those of his *umbræ*: “Mais après lui, à côté de lui, que deviendra cette mode croissante ? Tant que le maître est là, je suis tranquille, et, tant que je le lis, je suis charmé ; mais je crains les disciples.” Southey's rule is, that in so far as any style is peculiar, the peculiarity is a fault ; and he gives as proof, the easiness with which that style is imitated, or caught up: the peculiarity being pardonable in the original on account of its originality, and because originality is usually connected with power. † Until the fashion comes round to imitate Southey's own style (no such easy matter), the aforesaid mob of gentlemen will concur in pronouncing Southey's rule a hopeless craze,

———beyond
Participation and beyond relief.

* Byron.

† Horat. Epistol. I. xix.

‡ Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, vol. v.

PROFESSOR DUMMKOPF'S ADVENTURE AT THE BAL MABILLE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

AMONGST the numerous strangers attracted to Paris during the summer *fêtes* of 1855, not the least distinguished—in his own estimation—was Professor Albrecht Dummkopf, of Vienna.

He was a gentleman of vast erudition, to whom all the knowledge that is stored in books had been fully revealed. He flattered himself also that he knew something of the world, and others must have entertained the same opinion, as he would scarcely have been sent to Paris as the special correspondent of the *Wiener Schwatzen-Zeitung*, a weekly journal which, as its name implies, offers to an inquisitive public a faithful record of the everlasting gossip of that imperial city.

Is it necessary to describe the personal appearance of Herr Dummkopf?

Under the circumstances, perhaps, yes ; though we have all of us met with German professors, who are as like each other as pumpkins or periwinkles.

Our Professor, then, was short, stout-bodied, large-headed, light-haired, broad-faced, and blue-spectacled.

These are not the attributes of a Hylas, a Ganymede, or an Adonis ; but, nevertheless, Herr Dummkopf privately compared himself with all three, and the comparison was not unsatisfactory. In one respect, indeed, he felt his own immeasurable superiority : he waltzed better—so, at least, he thought—than any man in Vienna ; and as waltzing was an accomplishment not known to Paganism, he clearly had the advantage there.

Thus mentally and corporeally endowed, Professor Dummkopf went, in his forty-fifth year—for the first time—to the French capital.

He had studied the map of Paris on his journey, and as a German never forgets Fatherland, he decided upon taking up his abode in the Rue d'Ulm, which, as all the world knows, is situated in the Faubourg St. Jacques, the cheapest, if not exactly the most fashionable, quarter of the town. He had somehow imbibed the notion that the street was named out of compliment to his nation, having forgotten the trifling circumstance of General Mack's capitulation ; but this was a mistake for which Professor Dummkopf may easily be pardoned, the event not being surrounded by the halo of remote antiquity.

It might perhaps have been well for him had this been his only mistake during his stay in Paris.

As soon as he was settled in the Rue d'Ulm, Professor Dummkopf opened the portfolio which contained his letters of introduction. They were addressed to some of the most scientific notabilities in Paris, but the one on which he most relied was entrusted to him by the learned Dr. Muddelwitz, of the Kaiserliche Bibliothek, at Vienna, to his *compère* in

philology, Monsieur Hippolyte Frisquet, who, although a member of the Institute, was also *un homme d'esprit*.

Bear-leading is not at any time the pursuit which a lively Frenchman most delights in, nor is the task rendered more agreeable when a heavy German, who thinks himself mercurial, is at the other end of the chain; nevertheless, Monsieur Hippolyte Frisquet performed his *devoir* with a far greater amount of self-abnegation than could by any possibility have been expected from him.

You will say it is no great hardship to dine at Philippe's and pass the evening at the Variétés, and—as far as a good dinner and a well-acted play minister to personal enjoyment—you are perfectly right; but what you choose for yourself and are driven into, as it were, on account of another, are two very different things, and when Monsieur Hippolyte Frisquet had taken his Viennese friend the round of the principal *cafés* and *théâtres*, he began to tire of the occupation.

But the maw of a German, whether he feeds or reads, is insatiable; and if he be inoculated by a passion for lighter pleasures, it is more difficult to turn him aside than to drive a hog out of a tulip-bed. Accordingly, Professor Dummkopf was not satisfied. The life he now led was new to him, and he liked it. Moreover, he wished to widen the borders of his experience, and shine in the columns of the *Schwaben-Zeitung*, as the Teuton *par excellence* who had penetrated the closest mysteries of Parisian life.

To do this, it is necessary, in some degree, to overstep the line which separates pleasure from propriety; but even when we have scruples, "divine philosophy" has power to reconcile us to the act. Professor Dummkopf's scruples were of the slightest: sooth to say, he had none whatever, or—to be plainer than truth—he felt a strong desire to do something that was actually wrong. It was not to the extent of forgery, housebreaking, homicide, or such other evil-doing as brings down upon the performer the penalties of the law—so much as that could hardly be expected, all at once, from a German Professor, however intoxicated with the dangerous fascinations of the French capital; no, Professor Dummkopf's meditated aberration only went the length of compassing the *Bal Mabille*.

But ardently as he longed to thread that enchanted maze, on which his thoughts had been centred ever since his arrival in Paris, he had not courage to make the attempt by himself, and his lack of boldness served him instead of wisdom. There are thousands who get credit for being virtuous when they are simply cowards, and the virtue of Professor Dummkopf owed much of its *éclat* to a well-developed bump of cautiousness. Still he felt, if he were bent on accomplishing his object, he must take some decided step; and his only resource between hesitation and desire was, to ask Monsieur Hippolyte Frisquet to take him there.

From ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred the reply to such a proposition would have been—"Ah! vous désirez voir Mabille. Eh bien, allons-y ce soir!" and if the hundredth person who did not say so was Monsieur Hippolyte Frisquet, some better reason than shocked morality must be assigned for his unwillingness to accompany Professor Albrecht to "that pleasant place of all festivity." Perhaps Monsieur Hippolyte Frisquet had *souvenirs* which he wished to leave undisturbed—

perhaps he feared temptation—perhaps he was *blasé*—perhaps, and this is the most likely supposition, he shrank from the idea of making his appearance at *Mabille* as the *chaperon* of a raw, transcendental German, quite capable of looking upon a Lorette from an æsthetical *Standpunkt*, than which nothing in a Frenchman's eyes can be more ridiculous.

At all events, he made up his mind not to go there with him, but he did not meet his request with a direct refusal. On the contrary, he said, after a brief pause, during which his eye fell upon a card that was lying on the chimney-piece, and suddenly suggested an idea, that if the professor could make it convenient to wait three days, he should be very happy to accompany him.

Herr Dummkopf was quite satisfied with this assurance, and suffered the allotted period to go by without further taxing the complaisance of Monsieur Frisquet. I am, however, obliged to admit that in doing so he consulted his own inclinations more than those of his friend, it being his private intention to make a sensation at *Mabille* such as never had been made before.

Thoroughly to qualify himself for admission to the brilliant *salon* of the Lorettes, he immediately went to the library of Messrs. Firmin Didot Frères, in the Rue Jacob, and bought a copy of that very valuable and most polite manual, the "*Etudes de Philologie comparée sur l'Argot*," and by dint of hard study made himself master of a few of the choicest *morceaux* of French slang, with which he resolved to garnish his conversation at *Mabille*.

II.

THE night of the ball arrived. It was not a very pleasant one for venturing abroad, as the rain fell heavily; but this, Monsieur Frisquet assured his friend, would make no difference to the gay world that constantly assembled at *Mabille*. Indeed, he was of opinion that the place would, on that account, be more than usually thronged.

For reasons of his own, Monsieur Frisquet preferred giving a dinner to Herr Albrecht in his own apartment in the Rue de Seine, to taking him to one of his accustomed haunts; an arrangement to which the German made no objection, quantity not quality being the principal point with him. So the restaurateur at the Cadran Bleu, close at hand, sent in a variety of *plats*, and these, with two or three bottles of Beaune, of which Professor Dummkopf drank the lion's share, made out a very satisfactory repast.

But Monsieur Frisquet did not limit himself that evening to the simple exercise of a bachelor's hospitality. He appeared to have entered heart and soul into the Professor's mania for dissipation, and gave him the benefit of his own experience, at the same time setting forth precept by example.

"Ah, mon cher," he said, when the Professor begged him to describe exactly what *Mabille* was, "these places are managed very differently in Paris from the Tanzsäle at Vienna, the "Gas-lights" on the Jungfernstieg at Hamburg, the Cellars at Rotterdam, or the London Casinos, with all of which, I make no doubt, you are perfectly familiar."

Herr Albrecht *had* footed it (of course) at the Goldene Pirne, in the

Landstrasse of his native city, and cut no contemptible figure at the Sunday *réunions* at Hietzen; but of the other places he knew nothing.

"You surprise me," returned Monsieur Frisquet. "However, it does not matter. What we do *here* is the question."

"Ja! gewiss!" ejaculated the German, with an affirmative nod.

"Well, then, I must tell you that as the fairer part of the *assemblage* are in the habit of dressing in the most expensive manner, they expect that the gentlemen will appear also *en grande tenue*; indeed, they exact so much, and no one in *demi-toilette* would have the slightest chance of success. I question almost whether he would even be admitted."

"So!" exclaimed Professor Dummkopf, opening wondering eyes—blue without the spectacles. "Then I shall wear my University costume, *meine Academische Kleidung*."

"That, I think," replied Monsieur Frisquet, "is hardly necessary. You shall reserve it for the next *séance* of the *Institut*, where I hope to present you as a corresponding member. It will be sufficient for *Mabille* if you make your appearance as you would *en société*—at any other ball, in fact; only if you are *décoré*, I should suggest your wearing the ribbon of your Order."

"Ach, mein Gott! Bin Ich nicht ein Decorirter,—ein Ausgeschmückter? Yes, so wear I the ehregebohrnlicher, merkwürdigster,—honour-born, most memorable—Ritterschafts-orden des goldenes Krugs,—knightly Order of the Golden Beer-Can,—which upon me by the Kaiser Ferdinand der Tropf—the Emperor Ferdinand the Idiot—was bestowed! Ach,—wirklich,—Ja!"

Monsieur Frisquet was a philologist and accustomed to hard language, so he took in good part the Professor's jaw-breaking expletives, and advised him by all means to adorn his person with the Golden Beer-Can, the wearer of which could not, he said, fail to be admired.

It was in compliance with this suggestion that Professor Dummkopf arrayed himself like Jupiter in all his glory when he went to visit Semele. Monsieur Frisquet had done the same, the cross of the Legion dangling from his button-hole.

But there was more information to be given besides that which related to apparel, and Monsieur Frisquet entered into some detail concerning the appearance of *Mabille*.

"You must not expect," he said, "to see a mere *guingette*; that kind of thing went out with the last republic. Since the re-establishment of the Empire, everything in Paris is Imperial. It is not only at Court that ceremony is revived: you meet with it at every turn; and, to tell you the truth, it is difficult to say where the genuine article most abounds, whether dressed in green and gold at the Tuileries, or *habillé en bourgeois chez les dames de la Halle*. We are a nation, not of *parvenus* exactly, but of *nouveaux riches*,—people who have somehow or other tumbled into a large fortune,—and are doing the best we can to spend it. A short life and a merry one is our motto. Not knowing exactly the length of our lease, we burn the candle at both ends; and—for the present—we have plenty of light. But this is the philosophical view of the subject, which I need not trouble you with."

"Aber was philosophisch ist," said the Professor, "das würde Ich gern zuhören—(what is philosophical to that I would gladly listen)."

"Without doubt," replied Monsieur Frisquet, "but we will waive it just now. To return to the point from which I started. The magnificence of *Mabille* will astonish you; but then it is no wonder, for the sums of money lavished upon it would make any place look fine. Expect, then, to see vast suites of apartments, pictures, statues, flowers, ornaments of all kinds, liveried servants, exquisite refreshments, brilliant costumes, everything, in short, that can charm away the senses."

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed Herr Dummkopf, quite in a glow; "but who pays for all this?"

"Oh, that is managed by—by—general subscription. Under the present régime we have discovered a new pleasure,—a great thing to accomplish, believe me,—that of paying for the amusements of other people,—the less we know of them the more we are delighted to empty our pockets."

"Then, the Fremde—that is, the foreigner,—if I rightly understand you," said the German, "pays nothing at all at these entertainments?"

"Not a sou," returned Monsieur Frisquet.

"War fur eine prächtige Gewohnheit! What for a noble custom! Ah, that knew I not; so would I then to Paris sooner have come! Not till to-night would I for the *Bal Mabille* have waited."

"Ah, but," said Monsieur Frisquet, smiling, "it is only when introduced as a stranger that you enjoy this immunity. Go by yourself, and your purse will soon be emptied."

"Gott bewahr,—God forbid! I am thankful for your introduction. Und die Gesellschaft—the company to be met there—are they of a good quality?"

"The very first in Paris. You will meet no better anywhere. It stands to reason, because every one now is esteemed for his money."

"Und das ist viel,—that is much," said the German, who, by dint of hearing of wealth, began more and more to reverence it. "With so excellent a state of affairs, never more will France herself revolutionise."

"Never," said Monsieur Frisquet, drily. "We are so happy! What can we desire more? We have no trouble, no care, no thought; all our wishes are anticipated. Yes, my friend, France is a perfect Utopia."

"And at what hour shall it be desirable to go?" asked Professor Dummkopf, whose yearning for *Mabille* grew stronger with every fresh glass of Beanne.

"Why," replied Monsieur Frisquet, looking at his watch, "I think we may as well be moving—this being Friday night, there is always the greatest crowd."

"So for a happy evening!" said Professor Dummkopf, emptying the bottle. "Let us take time by the forelock:

Doch der den Augenblick ergreift
Das ist der rechte Mann."

Which words of Faust being interpreted, signify something very like "The right man in the right place."

Whether Professor Dummkopf deserved that title, or not, remains to be seen.

III.

MONSIEUR HIPPOLYTE had not, apparently, overrated the attractions of the *Bal Mabille*, for the throng of carriages, as he and his wondering companion drew near the scene of festivity, was so great, that it took some time before they could be set down.

"Aber Frankreich ist ganz und gar eine Militärische Nation!" exclaimed the German Professor, as he passed between files of sentries, and observed an officer's party drawn up in the court-yard.

"Oh, yes, we are indeed very military," returned Monsieur Hippolyte; "perhaps one of these days we may renew the *noblesse de l'épée*. *En attendant*, we make the most here of the *Garde Nationale*."

And, without mystifying the reader as well as Herr Dummkopf, they entered the *Hôtel de Ville*, for one of the grand balls at which place Monsieur Hippolyte, as it happened, had received tickets of invitation.

It required first-rate Austrian stolidity to swallow the figment of this being *Mabille*, but Monsieur Hippolyte had not miscalculated his man: in the innocence of his heart the Professor accepted it for gospel. Pity, with so much innocence, that he should have wished to go to so wicked a place of entertainment!

For the first half hour Herr Dummkopf's mind was in a state of utter bewilderment. He could do nothing but stare, and gasp, and occasionally ejaculate "*Wunderschön!*" that admirably devised word for the expression of German astonishment; but by degrees his amazement sufficiently subsided to enable him to taste the pleasures by which he was surrounded.

That the Professor was a highly susceptible individual, need hardly be said: he would have belied his country had it been otherwise.

Accordingly, he was smitten with every pretty face he saw, and there were many pretty ones—almost as many as he would have found at the real *Mabille*. But the lightest butterfly must settle somewhere at last, and Herr Dummkopf finally made his choice.

"You mean to dance, I suppose?" said Monsieur Hippolyte, who had been slyly watching him for some time, and saw that he was labouring with a purpose.

"Ja wohl!" was the Professor's reply, his blue spectacles steadily *braquées* in the direction where stood a large, handsome woman, very magnificently dressed. "Ja wohl! Wenn dürfte Ich diese glänzende Frau um zu walzen bitten!"

"Which lady do you mean?"

"With the golden fan and the pearls in her so-black hair!"

Monsieur Hippolyte smiled.

The lady was a Madame Balfourier, the wife of a great financial celebrity, a leading personage in the *Direction* of the *Crédit Mobilier*, a man of yesterday, very proud of his new position, but scarcely so proud of it as his better-half. Monsieur Hippolyte was not personally acquainted with either, but knew enough of their reputation to dislike them both. He cast a glance round to see if there were any one of whose services he could avail himself, and spied, close at his elbow, a secretary in one of the government offices, who, he knew, was intimate with the financier.

"Mon cher Petit," he said, in a tone too low for Dummkopf to overhear him, "have the goodness to perform a kind office for a friend of mine, an Austrian, noble on both sides, who is dying to be introduced to Madame Balfourier."

"With pleasure," replied the secretary. "Make me acquainted with him."

"This gentleman," whispered Monsieur Hippolyte to the Professor, "knows the lady yonder better than I; you understand me. There is a formality in these things at the outset, but you will soon be on velvet in that quarter."

The first introduction was speedily followed by the second, and the Professor made his best bow to Madame Balfourier.

As a concomitant to her own newly-fledged dignity, the lady took delight in the dignity of others. A noble foreigner was certain to be well received by her, and she eyed the Golden Beer-Can, as it glittered on the Professor's breast, with evident signs of satisfaction. Her smile, therefore, was exceedingly gracious, and if Herr Dummkopf put a wrong interpretation upon it, so much the worse for both.

"Soon shall she find," he said to himself, "no novice has she to deal with." Then speaking aloud, and throwing as much of a rollicking air into his features as they were capable of assuming, he made his first essay in slang.

"*Le laigre est flamante* (the party is a gay one)," he said.

Madame Balfourier, who (unlike Catherine de' Medici) knew nothing of *argot*, gave him credit for mixing German with his French, and, catching at his meaning, replied:

"N'est-ce pas que c'est charmant?"

"Good," thought he; "she understands me. I shall get on." So he continued:

"C'est un fameux *Rapin* le *Poivreux* d'ici (he must be a rich fellow who pays for all this)."

Madame Balfourier was at fault.

"Plait-il?" she asked.

Herr Dummkopf was afraid of having used a wrong phrase. He accordingly translated his speech.

"Yes," observed the lady with a toss of the head, as if she knew somebody who was much richer, "the *Préfet* is tolerably well off."

"Ah," said the German, "I know whom you mean. *Le Dabot*. He is the *Pilier du Creux* (the master of the house)! So! C'est un *grinche* de la *haute pègre* (he's a swell of the first water)."

Herr Dummkopf received no answer this time. Madame Balfourier understood some of the words he used, but not the application of any. Perhaps they were terms employed in diplomacy, and not to appear ignorant, she bent her head and smiled. The Professor already felt sure of conquest.

"Veux-tu *gambiller* (wilt thou dance)?" he asked.

"Comment, monsieur!" returned Madame Balfourier, half offended at the *tutoiement*.

Herr Dummkopf, always afraid of having made a mistake, substituted a more intelligible phrase. The lady, reflecting that what she objected to might be the common mode of speech in Germany, relaxed from her

dignity and smiled assent. To dance with a foreign *décoré*, who might be a minister, for she had not very distinctly heard his name, was an opportunity too good to be lost—so she gave him her hand, he passed one of his round her waist, and the next moment they were whirling round the room with a rapidity that would have done honour to the *Tanz-Saal* of the *Goldene Pirne* itself.

Now and then, of course, they paused, for the most inveterate waltzers must take breath, and at each pause Professor Dummkopf improved the occasion—that is to say, he made fierce love to his partner, in *Argot*.

The wife of a man whose day is divided between the *comptoir de la Banque* and the *coulisses de la Bourse*, and whose thoughts are wholly given to speculation, is not so perpetually the object of her husband's attentions as to make those of all other persons perfectly distasteful to her, and Madame Balfourier neither checked the Professor's temerity by haughty frowns, nor chilled his ardour by a cold silence. On the contrary, if the truth must be told, she gave him quite as much encouragement as sufficed for keeping up the delusion with which he was inoculated. She guessed his meaning when, happily applying his recently-acquired knowledge, he called her the handsomest *Floume* (woman) in the world, and was not the less inclined to believe it true because Monsieur Balfourier had never made the same observation; and when he praised her *Quinquets* (eyes), her *Aile* (arm), her *Arpion* (foot), and, coming almost to the end of his vocabulary, vowed that all others were *mouchiques* (ugly) in comparison, she did not reject what his manner told her were compliments, though it would have puzzled her sorely to say what points about her were, more than the rest, the objects of his admiration. This, however, was a difficulty soon got over, and never having been made love to before by a German, she accepted the homage without too closely criticising the form of worship.

Professor Dummkopf was, for his own part, in the seventh heaven of delight. At one bound, as it were, he had placed himself on a footing with all the desperate *roués* by whom he was surrounded. Oh, his nation, he inwardly exclaimed, were a wonderful people, able to achieve anything they attempted, and he, perhaps,—nay, there could be no doubt of it—was the most wonderful fellow they had ever sent abroad! How he should astonish the editor of the *Schwatzen-Zeitung* when he wrote to tell him and all the *beau monde* of Vienna that he had already solved the vast enigma of Paris life, plucked out the heart of its great mystery, and laid bare to public view all that had previously been sealed to the comprehension of his countrymen. He had, however, forgotten one thing that was necessary for becoming master of the situation. In plunging into this vortex of deadly dissipation, he had not provided himself with the means of securing his retreat from it. Like a gay, heartless libertine as he (poor devil) was, he had played with fire without thinking that he might be burnt. In his wild, reckless way (the dreadful German—quite another Faust—even a Mephisto!), he had carried the finest *Lorette* in Paris by a *coup de main*, but unluckily, and to the extreme discredit of his heartlessness, his daring, and the *savoir faire* on which he prided himself, he had really and truly fallen in love with Madame Balfourier. This might, indeed, have happened had she even been what he supposed her, or had he been wiser than some of the wisest among us, who do these things daily; but that to such a condition the learned, the one-sided, the uni-

versal-minded Professor should in a moment be brought, is a matter for more than surprise to those who consider of what transcendent materials most Professors—and German ones especially—are made. Yet, there was the fact. Albrecht Dummkopf was the slave of Madame Balfourier, and the more he waltzed the greater became his enslavement. It grew upon him, too, when he seated himself beside her after the dance was over, and there is no saying what proposition he might not have made but for the approach of a grey-whiskered, elderly man, very much be-chained, who, coming up to the lady, saluted her in terms which showed that their acquaintance was of the most familiar kind. He stared hard at the Professor, who, being spectacled, returned his stare with interest, and they might have remained staring at each other till the crack of doom if the lady, who had to some extent been taken by surprise—"caught," as it were, "in the manner,"—had not made a virtue of necessity by introducing the gentlemen to each other. As Madame Balfourier smiled when she said "My husband," Professor Dummkopf set the smile down to the wrong account, and concluded at once that neither civil nor sacred ties allied the parties, and that the term she employed merely meant the personage known in a certain circle as "le Monsieur," the length of whose purse always carried the day against all others. This thought, however, only vexed him the more, his own purse being but slenderly lined, and with a very stiff bow he met his new acquaintance. Monsieur Balfourier was one of those persons who never bow at all, and whose nearest approach to politeness is a grunt. He exercised this faculty on the present occasion, measuring the Professor with a discontented look, and then turning to his wife, bluntly asked her *who he was*, in a voice quite loud enough to be heard by the object of his inquiry. The colour rose in the Professor's broad cheeks as the lady whispered something in reply, which was received with another grunt, plainly showing that Herr Dummkopf had not risen in the estimation of the Financier. Rich men know each other at once, and in the absence of the masonic sign, Monsieur Balfourier felt satisfied the Professor was poor—and behaved accordingly. The position of the latter began to be very uncomfortable, particularly as the lady appeared under considerable restraint, replying only in monosyllables to the observations he made, while "le Monsieur" never spoke at all. He therefore rose, and with a glance at the fair one, which would have been inexpressibly tender had not the blue goggles intercepted it, made his obeisance and withdrew in search of Monsieur Frisquet. It was not long before he found him, and, although raging with jealousy, he was too proud of his previous success not to be eager to communicate it. The congratulations maliciously offered by Monsieur Frisquet were received by Professor Dummkopf as due to one whose *bonnes fortunes* were proverbial, but, at the same time, he was above asking his friend how he would advise him to proceed to bring the adventure to a happy issue, by supplanting the intrusive and arrogant "Monsieur."

"As you owe him no thanks for courtesies," said Monsieur Hippolyte, "I should show him none in return. Ignore his existence altogether: call upon *her* to-morrow, plead your excuse in his absence, make her a handsome present, and then—*vogue la galère!* But, come, you have not yet seen half the splendours of *Mabille*."

He took the unresisting Professor by the arm as he spoke, and led him through fresh suites of rooms, each rivalling the other in richness of deco-

ration, all filled with the gayest company. And not the gayest only, but, as it seemed, the most distinguished. Professor Dummkopf could hardly trust his astonished ears when he heard the names of most of the celebrities of the day—and not of one sex alone.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, "can that be Queen Christine?—would she come to *Mabille*?"

"I answer for no one," replied Monsieur Frisquet, "*chacun à son goût*.—But, a word in your ear: why should she not call herself Queen Christine,—or Queen Pédaque, if she prefers it?"

"Ah! so comprehend I now!" returned the German. "It is what these ladies call themselves? Vortrefflich! Excellent! Yes,—ha! ha! But the men," he continued, "they *are* the persons they assume to be—nicht wahr?"

"Oh yes, it is that which makes *Mabille* so much the fashion. All the Ministers of State, the Marshals of France, even the Archbishop of Paris, I believe, may be found in these saloons."

"Das ist wunderbar! So could not such a thing be in Vienna! Mein Gott, what for a pleasure-throned city! Ach, lieber Gott—there is she again with her 'Monsieur.' To the supper-table has she gone. Let us also so good an example follow."

Monsieur Hippolyte made no objection to this arrangement, and vacant seats were soon found which happened to be nearly opposite where Monsieur and Madame Balfourier had placed themselves. For a man violently in love, Professor Dummkopf displayed powers of appetite that were extraordinary; but then it must be remembered that in Germany the tender passion never interferes with what may be called the tough one. "Eat, drink, and love," is the German's motto as well as that of Sardanapalus, and, ever as he ate, Professor Dummkopf swallowed bumpers of champagne, with a "Lebe-hoch" at each *rasade* to the bright eyes of his portly enslaver. This particular attention to Madame Balfourier, though it might have been observed by the lady herself, was unnoticed by others—first, because the Professor, on whom the wine was beginning to tell, spoke too thickly to be understood, and next, because the noise at the supper-table was too great to allow any one to hear him if his speech had been ever so plain. Let any sworn interpreter read the next three lines, and then declare their meaning: they exhibit a favourable specimen of the Professor's latest manner:

"*Mathildschen*"—this he thought was her name, prettily abbreviated—"Du *Dielken* meines *Battant*—geliebte *Farandene*—voll ist mein *Glanz*—je *grenouille* à toi—pas *graviolé*—nicht *matto*—bin kein *Wittstock*—sais bien *rouscailler bigorne*—mein' *balle d'amour*, *cric-crac*,—*nergischer*."

Not to disguise the fact any longer, Herr Dummkopf was by this time as tipsy as any German Professor need wish to be, and, but that he accepted his condition blandly, as if it did him good, his friend Hippolyte would have had considerable difficulty in getting him away from the table. The departure of Madame Balfourier contributed, however, to this end, and in the desire to follow her, Professor Dummkopf rose. But she had disappeared in the crowd before he could reach the door, and, suffering himself to be persuaded by Monsieur Hippolyte, the latter conveyed him to his lodgings, ejaculating, till his head was on his pillow, "*Mathildschen*" and "*Mabille*."

IV.

PROFESSOR DUMMKOPF was not sure, when he woke, next morning, which was most out of order, his head, his stomach, or his heart—the champagne, the truffled quails, and Madame Balfourier being still at war within him. But, as generally happens when we have been dissipating, a sense of something that must be done, however difficult to do, engrossed him more than either headache, sickness, or love. As soon as he opened his eyes, he recollected the ball and all the incidents connected with it, but it also came no less vividly to his recollection that in going to the ball, as well as to all the other amusements which he had enjoyed in Paris, he was not quite a free agent. When he left Vienna, it was under an engagement to send to the *Schwarzen-Zeitung* an account of everything he saw, and not a line had he written yet! The florins, more than half of them gone, had been duly counted out, but his pen was still unstained by ink. The more incapable he felt of performing the work expected of him, the stronger seemed the necessity for immediately setting about it. To this feeling of mental incapacity, combined with his bodily ailments, it is therefore, in all probability, owing, that the extreme lucidity of style for which he was renowned—in Vienna—is not apparent in the following letter (faithfully translated as far as it goes), which, after infinite pains, many interjections, and numerous glasses of cold water—beer not being attainable—he managed to concoct :

“Paris, July 20th, 1856.

“This great city, objectively to consider, and so its nakedness with perfect isolation from all other world-pictures, faithfully and with true mind and heart to present, the clearest eye-view demands. The long-secularly-struggling and ever-liberty-seeking French people, but now, under a purple-mantled dynasty, reposed race, a favourable aspect for philosophic inquiry offer. So their innermost life, yet comprehending the outer, with æsthetical-material union shown, falls it happily to my task to describe.”

(“*Ach, mein Kopf, mein Kopf!*”)

“Art, literature, science, politics, social habits, each many-times subdivided—from these stand-points onward-glancing—here subjectively are embraced. First-to-the-eye-appealing in the much-populated, man-created vastness rise the palace-formed structures of the past equally with the present age, nobly embellished.”

(“*Ach, mein Bauch, mein Bauch!*”)

“Here see we galleries, museums, hotels, and princely edifices of a grandeur never before equalled; here see we wide-diverging streets of arrow-straightness, for themselves a now-life-revealing-passage forcing; here see we pleasure-haunts, rose-scented, star-brilliant, heaven-peopled.”

(“*Ach, mein Herz, mein Herz, Mathilde, ach!*”)

At this point Professor Dummkopf groaned so heavily that the portress of his hotel came running up from her lodge fearing that he had committed suicide. Unfortunately for the readers of his letter, this was not the case. She found him sentimentally gazing at the sky, or—to use her own phrase—“*cherchant midi à quatorze heures*,” and left him as she found him, undamaged, save by the few not very complimentary remarks

which she made at his expense for having frightened her. This visit had, however, one good effect : it brought Professor Dummkopf a little nearer to earth, and made the rest of his letter rather more intelligible.

"Here" (he went on), "in this great valley of Paris, of Europe the future cradle, in this marvellous cauldron where boils ever the history of the world, made I a rejoicing home. The high-intelligenced Bibliothekar, Herr Muddelwitz, supplying me with letters of introduction to the world-famous philologist Hippolytus Frisquetius, under his light-giving guidance I, at once, a course of inquiry began. The city of Paris, whose circumference is 23,755 mètres, and whose area contains 34,596,000 square mètres, in the midst of a vast plain, through which the river Seine takes its course, and which comprises that series of geological formations to which the capital has given its name, stands proudly. The Paris basin, which has the great chalk formation for its lowest stratum, the following geological beds in an ascending order comprises——"

Here followed six closely-written pages on geology, botany, population, ministerial institutions, municipal laws, police, prisons, and local statistics, edifying in the highest degree, and held, most likely, by Professor Dummkopf—and writers who resemble him—to be very agreeable reading; but as that gentleman's notions of what is light and lively may not be shared by the British public, the whole of these six pages are omitted. They seem to have weighed upon the Professor like a kind of nightmare, having thrown off which he proceeded in a pleasanter strain :

"In the gold-glittering, mirror-shining, wall-pictured, hundred-tabled *restaurants*, all that for pleasure-sustenance man desires, so can it be obtained, though at an unheard-of-in-Vienna price. Neither last the dinners long enough. A twice or three times-desired-portion must not be asked : for that, indeed, enough is not prepared, and too quickly devour the French the *plats* that in rapid succession arrive. Much of the *pièce de résistance* is spoken, but rarely is it seen, unless to a capon with whole limbs such an honour be allowed. In one German *Butterbrot* is of *Kalbsbraten* more solid meat than in the whole of a Paris *menu* for which twenty francs are now paid. Uncertain also is it of what the dishes are composed—a horse-category being often more than suspected."

The Professor, in recording this reminiscence, appears to have had what the Americans call "a difficulty," his handwriting for several pages being quite illegible, as if he had struggled violently with some deeply-stirring emotion : too potent, indeed, to permit him to resume the subject. His next theme is the Drama of France, which he seems to have considered in the same light as her cookery, not substantial enough to please his palate. Quantity, however, makes up for quality, as he acknowledges to have been present at fifty-six different representations at the sixteen regular theatres of Paris, which having been accomplished within three weeks, affords sufficient evidence of Professor Dummkopf's pertinacity. Passing over his criticisms on the actors, where, in the course of four pages more, the words "Humanismus," "Einigkeit," "Daseyn," and "Unwesen" occur severally some fifty times, we come to the immediate subject of his letter to the Editor of the *Schwatzen-Zeitung*, the *Bal Mabille* of the previous evening :

"Ach, Himmel!" he burst forth, "here then is it that, at the last, Paris is truly seen. In this splendour-with-luxury-combining focus,

woman-beauty in fullest radiance, amidst light and sound harmonies decked also in richest attire, supremely reigns. A heart to have and keep, it is the opposite of possible : at once to some fair one must a surrender be made. Rivalry in this arena the widest field possesses. No state-dignity is there, no age-gravity, no youth-freshness, but here by love-passion is jostled. With my own eyes saw I a chief magistrate and a Phryne, self-called a queen, together dance. At the feet of these sirens cast themselves all the plutocrats, the war-celebrities, the law-expounding magistrates, without a sentiment of restraint. At the *Bal Mabilie* everything to him who rank or wealth has is permitted ; a new society, usurping the right of all others, has it created. Never could I this have believed, but for what I beheld and was assured of."

Here followed half a dozen pages of rhapsody dedicated to "Mathilde," under which name he designated Madame Balfourier ; but before he had adequately conveyed the image of that lady to the mind of his correspondent, for he was still in the midst of a lover's raptures, the letter broke off, and the intention of sending it to the post that day was deferred, the desire to see the author of his torment again superseding all other considerations. But for this circumstance I should not have had it in my power to reproduce what was meant for the Vienna gossips.

V.

WHEN a man is very much in love he seeks no counsel of his friends.

Professor Dummkopf had written off his headache, though the process threatened headache to others ; his supper sat more lightly on—for *convenience* we will say—his conscience, that moral faculty being always more or less influenced by digestion ; but the last and worst of his ailments, his passion for Madame Balfourier, remained in full force, or it might be truer to say grew, as love ever does, by what it fed on.

Although in his letter he had expatiated on womankind in general—the womankind of his fancied *Bal Mabilie*,—it was of Madame Balfourier he all the while was thinking. At last (as the intelligent reader will have inferred) he could bear the thought no longer, but throwing down his pen and leaving his letter unfinished (owing to which circumstance it accidentally came into my possession), seized his hat and stick, and forgetting in his frenzy to remove the key from his door, rushed down stairs into the street, heedless of the voice of Madame Caron, the portress, who called after him as he passed, and was speedily lost to her view.

I have said that a lover never seeks advice, and, I might have added, is the last to take it when offered. Professor Dummkopf, however, did not expose himself to the risk of being advised. The only person who might have acted as his Mentor just then—redeeming thus the trick he had played on him the night before—was Monsieur Hippolyte Frisquet, but the way that led to his lodgings he instinctively avoided. He had turned into the Rue Saint Jacques, and, following its course, crossed the Petit Pont, and brought up on the Quai du Marché Neuf, close to the Morgue. The sight of this receptacle for the bodies of despairing lovers might have suggested dark thoughts to Professor Dummkopf had he been a Frenchman. As it happened, the building suggested nothing : his

Fate lay in another direction, and he turned to meet it. Following his nose—it is an ungraceful expression, but really I have no better at the Professor's service at this moment—he pursued his route westward along the Quai des Orfèvres, traversed the Pont Neuf without bestowing a glance on the sign-boards of the dog-embellishers, or philosophising thereupon, hastened onward past the Louvre, till he came to the gates of the Tuileries, and then, lover-like, plunged—not into the Seine, but into the Gardens, where, exhausted by the pace at which he had walked, he took the first chair that offered, and gave himself up to meditation.

When you have paid a *sou* for the privilege, you may meditate as long as you please in the walks of the Tuileries, but until that process is gone through, no one is left in those agreeable haunts in the undisturbed possession of his thoughts. Travellers in Eastern regions tell us that if a wounded animal sinks in the desert and dies, and though but a moment before not the slightest speck was visible in the cloudless sky, the sign of death is a signal for the immediate descent of the unseen vulture to prey on the fallen corpse. I should be sorry to take away the characters of the old ladies who let out the chairs in the Tuileries by comparing them to vultures, but certain it is that no sooner has a "party" made himself comfortable on one of their seats, than straightway they are down upon him, without its being possible for any one to indicate the quarter from whence they sprang. It is of no use to say you have no change: the business of the lives of these old women is to give change; they can do it to any amount—in copper.

It may readily be supposed, therefore, that Professor Dummkopf was not left to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy at his leisure. Scarce had he breathed to himself, with half-shut eyes,

Ihr naht euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten!

—scarce had he conjured up the memory of the "wavering forms" of the *Bal Mabille*—though, by-the-by, solidity was the characteristic of Madame Balfourier's figure—than forth, with foul wings, issued the Harpy to scare him from the delicious banquet he anticipated.

"Un sou, monsieur!" said the old woman, extending her long, lean hand, garnished with veritable claws.

Professor Dummkopf, ignorant of the custom of the Tuileries, mistook her for a beggar, and growled out that he had nothing to give.

The *loueuse*, indignant at his mistake, retorted sharply: "*Suis pas mendiante, monsieur! Payez vot' chaise.*"

There is a compulsive quality in the word "pay" which usually puts all other ideas to flight, and Professor Dummkopf actually comprehended the nature of his position. He put his hand into his pocket, but to no purpose, for in the hurry in which he came out that afternoon, he had left his purse behind him, and he said so.

"Levez-vous donc, monsieur!" said the old woman, making a grab at the chair as if to pull it from under him, though that, indeed, would have been difficult, for he was heavy.

He rose, however, at her command, looking vacantly about him, while the *loueuse* turned the chair up on end and stood guard over it, grumbling all the time:

"Faut avoir les yeux au bout des doigts pour gagner sa vie par le

temps qui court. C'est pitoyable de voir des gens bien mis se conduire de la sorte." Like the dying gladiator, Professor Dummkopf "heard her, but he heeded not." He had a reason for his indifference like that of his Dacian countryman; for while his gaze wandered to and fro amongst those who were promenading on the Terrasse des Feuillans, his astonished eye recognised the features of Madame Balfourier as she came sailing along, "ornate and gay" as Samson's Dalilah.

A woman always knows when she is being looked at, whether the admirer be far off or near, and the sweep of her glance quickly took in the *gueule béante* of Professor Dummkopf, on whom she bestowed a very encouraging smile. It restored the confidence by which he had been inspired when he first addressed her at the Hôtel de Ville, and he hastened to accost her.

She spoke, of course, of the ball, and hoped that he, as a stranger, had found it agreeable. The Professor was in a high-flown vein, and declared it heavenly; he intended henceforward—as long as he remained in Paris—to go there every night.

Madame Balfourier stared very much, as she had done at one or two of his remarks the night before.

Professor Dummkopf, whose *forte* it was to make mistakes, interpreted her look as a reproach.

"But not without *you*," he said, in accents of ineffable tenderness.

"Merci!" replied the lady, laughing. "If that is to be the condition, I am afraid you will never go there again!"

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, "would you so cruel be as to keep away? In such a case certainly not at *Mabille* should I appear!"

"What in the world does the man mean?" thought Madame Balfourier. A comment, however, seemed necessary, and not knowing what else to say, she replied, "A la bonne heure:" a phrase which may mean anything the speaker pleases.

"That then to you would not signify!" he returned, in a tone of pique. But his passion was stronger than his resentment, and he added: "If I see you not at the ball where else am I to be so happy?"

"Oh," she replied, "I go a great deal into society. People in our position are seen everywhere. We shall meet, no doubt, at the house of some of our mutual acquaintance, unless previously you do me the honour to call at my own."

"Ah, that would I rather do," said the Professor, eagerly. "Tell to me where."

"Our hotel," said the lady, with a careless air, as if it were known as a matter of course to all the world—"our hotel is in the Rue de Provence."

"And when are you at home?"

"I receive every Thursday evening. It is the day on which Monsieur Balfourier——"

"Is away from home?" interrupted the Professor.

"*Au contraire*; on that day he always entertains his colleagues, and after dinner my *salons* are open to my friends."

"Ah, that is a crowd which I wish not to join. To be alone with you is all my desire. Tell me," continued the Professor, without noticing the effect his words produced—"tell me when is then absent this detestable

Balfourier? Does he never to *Mabille* with others? Always is he with you, der Schein!"

A vague suspicion had once or twice floated in Madame Balfourier's mind that the Professor was not altogether right in the head, and his sudden violence now confirmed it. She quickened her pace to reach her carriage, which was waiting close by the grille at the end of the terrace, and made no answer to his last inquiry.

"Why speak you not?" he said, pressing on beside her. "Not so rich as that Balfourier perhaps I may be, but fifty times am I more capable of loving. Come with me to Vienna! I make you my mistress."

"Ouvrez, ouvrez, vite, vite!" exclaimed Madame Balfourier, addressing her own servant, and now within three paces of the carriage.

There was a projecting angle in the garden wall which prevented any one on the terrace from seeing beyond it. It so happened that Monsieur Balfourier was at that moment approaching in the opposite direction, having appointed to join his wife at a certain hour.

Professor Dummkopf saw nothing, thought of nothing, but the object of his flame; in the ardour of his passion he had seized Madame Balfourier's hand, and the great man of the *Crédit Mobilier*, as he drew near, waxed furious at the sight.

"Qu'est-ce que ça veut dire?" he exclaimed. "Lâchez la main à ma femme! Ah! c'est vous qui étiez au bal hier au soir?"

"Oui, Balfourier," replied Professor Dummkopf, with assurance,—
"oui, nous nous sommes rencontrés à *Mabille*."

"*Mabille*! Comment donc! Vous appelez l'*Hôtel de Ville* par ce nom-là? Misérable!"

At these words, Balfourier raised a heavy cane which he carried, and laid the unhappy Professor sprawling in a heap of mud. When Herr Dummkopf raised his head the carriage had driven off.

"Je te conseille, mon ami, de filer ton câble par le bout," said a man in a blouse, who had witnessed the scene; "vu que le balai peut bien te mener à la cuisine; il n'est pas trop loin d'ici."

As one who awakes from a dream, it flashed across the muddled brain of Professor Dummkopf that he had somehow or other got into a scrape from which he had not wit enough to extricate himself. He followed the advice of the man in the blouse, and rose from the mud, if not a wiser, at all events a dirtier man.

What afterwards became of him remains a mystery to this hour.

CAPEFIGUE ON GREAT FINANCIAL OPERATIONS.*

It would be difficult to imagine a more striking contrast than that which is presented to us by the financial condition of England—so perfect in all its parts, so complete as a whole, in confidence and credit unbroken—and the financial condition of France in the time of the Republic—a systematic confiscation of property, assignats, and bankruptcy in the consolidated funds. M. Capefigue, the well-known legitimist, has written what he calls the “chronicle” of the “fermiers généraux” of the eighteenth century; and as he has permitted himself, in the spirit that guides him in philosophy, in history, and in political economy alike, to doubt the infallibility and the sovereignty of the idols of the day, so has he been assailed with a proportionate intensity of passionate criticism.

“There have been many crowns,” he writes, “broken in this world, many sceptres reduced to dust; but woe to him who does not bow his head before the aged diadem of the school of the eighteenth century.

“If a man has sufficient independence to doubt the genius or even the virtue of the philosophers and economists—if a man dares to speak of the mischief that they have done to French society and to established power, the demoralisation and the disorganisation which they have brought about—if the principle of authority is set up and defended as the one strong and only power—if a man has the courage to signalise the vast and secret conspiracy which, in philosophy, letters, education, and even in the academies, has for object to weaken government, religion, and the principle of obedience, the first duty of a people—if it is boldly declared that the system of equilibrium and of the balance of power is a worn-out utopianism, that aristocracy is a necessary force, and that the old society had its grandeur, state, magnificence, and its happiness from the domestic hearth and the corporations up to the legend—what tempests are not aroused among those leading intellects—those ‘grands esprits’ who are ever pushing nations on in the career of scepticism, disputation, negation of power, and civil war.”

Notwithstanding the turmoil conjured up, M. de Capefigue courageously persists in the task which he has imposed upon himself as a duty; he comforts himself with thinking that sooner or later it will be with the eighteenth century as it has been with the sixteenth. “Who,” he asks, “would, in the present day, speak of reform and of the ‘Ligue’ as they were spoken of only twenty years ago? We shall all go by, with our books and our vanity as authors, with our pretensions to genius and to immortality; and those who flatter the people, with sweat on their brow, smiles on their lips, and shudders (*frissons*) in their hearts, will pass by like us.

“Philosophers, economists, flatterers, buffoons, and grimacers to the sovereign people—for the sovereign multitude has its courtiers and its

* *Histoire des Grandes Opérations Financières, Banques, Bourses, Emprunts, Compagnies Industrielles, etc., Banquiers, Fournisseurs, Acquéreurs des Biens Nationaux, Emprunts, Système Financier de Pitt et Castlereagh.* Par M. Capefigue.

flatterers"—he emphatically adds, "will all be forgotten, as were those Calvinistic pamphleteers who, refugees in Holland, ventured from thence to assail the glory of Louis XIV."

The discussion of the financial history of France in the time of the Republic, M. Capefigue justly says, is in itself an immense and difficult subject.

The French Revolution has (he writes) become, with the greater number, an arch-saint, to be worshipped even amidst the disorder of ideas and of facts that it has brought about; the date of 1789 has become—there is no denying it—a sacred symbol with all of us. The author falls in with the rest in adopting this general conviction: who would dare to struggle against such a torrent? But he ventures to propound to intelligences sufficiently developed to appreciate such questions: Is not society, as it at present exists, at war with the results of the principles established at that epoch of renovation—the weakening of domestic ties, the abolition of the right of seniority and of substitutions, the division of property, absolute equality, no aristocracy, and in politics free inquiry, government by assemblies, &c.? Is it quite certain that the scarcity of means of subsistence, the *pêle-mêle* of the population, the materialism of minds, the resistance to power by insurrection and rebellion, and that sterile fatality, which is ever on its onward progress, like the locomotive that drags after it the new generation, have not their origin in the ideas of 1789?

It is not the object of a work which accepts and narrates events that are accomplished to present matters under so serious an aspect; many names will be mentioned, but it will not be said that respect for propriety has been forgotten; it will be seen if the author, as has been urged against him, is a mere Mammon worshipper. He may have depicted with a pen of predilection the gentlemanly financiers of the eighteenth century: he admires their luxury, the exquisite taste displayed in their dress, in their hotels, and in their furniture; but he has not the same admiration for the coarse and vulgar contractors of the time of the Republic—those speculators with the national wealth—upstarts of times of trouble—who only knew how to heap up to destroy.

There is certainly a vast amount of ingratitude in literary men in writing against the old state of things. What do they live upon in their romances and at the theatre? What art is most imitated, what style is most copied, and what costume is most parodied? The people of Paris, even to the present day, hurry away on their days of festival to the purlieus of some of those jewels of the seventeenth and of the eighteenth century; Versailles, Saint Cloud, Marly, Lucienne, Trianon, Asnières. The aspect of these places, full of grace, relieves the eye from the monotony of piles of stones, all alike, whether they are barracks, prisons, hotels, or palaces! It is surely as allowable to any one to prefer Boucher and Watteau to Vien and David, and the graceful marchionesses of the galleries of Versailles to the pseudo-Romans of the Directory, as it is to prefer the salons of M. de la Popelinière to the clubs of the Cordeliers or of the Jacobins.

If it would only for a moment identify itself with these ideas, a serious criticism would understand why the author persists in these opinions and upholds respect for the past—a respect which entails neither popularity nor power. The Revolution, sovereign mistress of modern society, can it not even permit to an isolated individual to preserve in his writing-desk a few of the relics and jewels of the reigns of Louis XV. and of Louis XIV.?

What do you dread, conquerors of the new world, with your arms strong and bare? I write these lines the anniversary of the day when your cannon thundered against the Tuileries: you tumbled down royalty, and with it the old society of the eighteenth century. What effect, then, in the present day, can justice to times that are gone by, and truths outspoken in regard to the spoliation and violences of the Revolution, have upon your victory?

Public credit, M. Capefigue justly expounds, establishes such a relation-

ship between states, that it cannot be broken in one country without affecting others. It was only England that, by a phenomenon of its greatness and a privilege of its political power, was enabled to turn the very disasters of the Revolution and a war of twenty-one years' duration to the development of its credit, its commerce, and its prosperity. This privilege M. Capefigue attributes to the confidence which the English people had in themselves, and to the "power of its aristocratic government." This is so far true with regard to England, that no lover of his country can do otherwise than contemplate with the most painful feelings those sad occurrences, so frequent of late, where the credit of men of high standing—often public men—if not so, men of repute in the moral and philanthropic world, as well as in the sphere of commerce or finance—has been cast to the winds or shattered into dust. Society itself is but an aggregate of individuals; and if the facility of great transactions and consequent prosperity of this country depends in any way upon the credit of individuals, it is impossible not to foresee that the whole fabric is in danger when its individual supports give way from beneath. Still the amount of danger is only proportionate to the number of symptoms of breaking up, and these have been hitherto so few and so rare, and they have been so justly stigmatised by public indignation, that they come more in the form of a cloud and a thunder-clap over the otherwise bright and serene atmosphere of our public and national credit, than that of a prolonged evil. England, with its unflinching good sense, soon sets itself to work to rectify abuses which have their origin in an erroneous system, rather than in any serious public demoralisation. It feels that if the directors of banks, railway companies, and other financial operations cannot be induced to look sufficiently sharply after their accounts for the sake of the investors and shareholders, they must be made to do so for their own sakes, by increasing their responsibilities; and there is little doubt but that something of the kind will be done before another session of parliament shall have closed its labours.

But in that which relates to the comparative financial position of England and France, there are other causes in operation to effect a difference besides the existence of confidence and of aristocratic power. The Englishman is at once enterprising, patient, and firm in his financial operations. He can afford to speculate, to carry out his speculation in a distant part of the world, or to invest in an undertaking that he knows cannot bring in returns for a number of years, and he abides resolutely the tedious interval of space or the equally trying lapse of time. He can even face embarrassments, commercial crises, or monetary disasters without dismay. Such moral and financial courage is very rare in France. Investments in remote countries, or in speculations that require the lapse of long periods of time to bring to maturity, are not in favour with our mercantile neighbours. They prefer, as a mass, to take refuge in the frivolous and febrile excitement of daily stock-jobbing—of all means of making money that which confers the least benefit upon the state or upon the public at large. The genuine merchant, banker, or financier, is the exception, not the rule.

To return, however, to past times, M. Capefigue declares that the financial proceedings of the two Constituent Assemblies of 1789—1792 were marked alike by ignorance and by weakness. The most violent and

corrupt man of the time, Mirabeau, had upset all the financial combinations of the political banker, the empiric of the Genevese school, M. Necker. The Constituent Assembly rejected all men of experience—all the financiers of the old *régime*, and embodied a Committee of Financiers, composed of economists, philanthropists, and chemists. This committee abolished indirect taxation, and looked for resources to a property tax—"most injurious," says our legitimist political economist, "because the more taxes property pays, the dearer will produce be; and whatsoever is saved from indirect taxation, is more than lost in the dearth of articles of consumption." It is questionable if we do not see this view of the case practically demonstrated in our own country at the present moment. The same committee taxed luxuries, whilst our legitimist argues that the workman is the first to suffer by a tax which restrains labour. It also sought for resources from "patriotic gifts," one of the comedies of the epoch, when women offered earrings, men rusty old arms, priests their sacerdotal vestments, and a few rustics some thick *sous*. Add to these resources those derived from the recasting of the current coin, the spoliation of the churches, corporations, and of emigrants. All the bells in the country were sacrificed, and yet even then the Constituent Assembly did not venture to reduce the *sous* to the minimum of metallic matter that it contains in the present day.

But the greatest of all the Republican resources were the assignats—the bank-notes of the Constituent Assemblies; and the result of their issue proved what has always been a fundamental fact in all financial matters where credit is demanded, and, therefore, essential in a paper circulation, that the credit of a state does not depend more upon the material guarantees that are offered to the lender, than upon the loyalty and the morality of the borrower.

What manifestly annoys M. de Capefigue, as much even as the confiscation of church property itself, is that by abolishing religious restrictions, Paris was, at the same time, overrun with Swiss bankers, "men who possessed none of the graces, the artistic prodigalities of the farmers-general, the financiers under Louis XV. and Louis XVI., noble protectors of intelligence, of luxury, and of the excesses (*ivresses*) of civilisation. The banker of Geneva, of Neuchâtel, or of Bâle, was strictly honourable, but with dry, stiff, harsh manners, and an immeasurable frigidity of heart and intellect." As to the Jews, they settled down at the same epoch upon the confiscated goods that were in the market, like crows upon their prey. The *Temple* became their *Ghetto*.

By the end of the year 1793 the issue of assignats amounted to the immense sum of four thousand millions of francs. Their value had decreased in the following proportion. They had been issued in April, 1789, as worth 100 francs. In December of the same year they fetched 96 francs; in 1790, 95 to 94; in 1791, 94 to 71; in 1792, 72 to 70; in 1793, 51 to 22; in 1794, 40 to 20. Yet the assignat was a legal tender, and could not be refused under penalty of death! We have seen, some thirty years ago, a room papered with these monuments of national bankruptcy. But as no pains or penalties could create a value where there was neither faith nor credit, the Committee of Public Safety was obliged to have recourse, on the 15th of May, 1793, to what was called an *emprunt forcé*, or a forced loan, a financial operation in the

fashion of an Oriental avamiah. The financiers, Fabre d'Eglantine, Redern, Saint Simon, Frey, Chabot, and others, took advantage of this new decree to force the sale of the hotels and lands of the old aristocracy for a handful of worthless paper, while the people were engaged in the wholesale destruction of the old castles of the middle ages, cutting down the forests, and exterminating the game.

"What would not be given," exclaims De Capefigue, "in the present day, to get back again those tapestries *de haute et basse lisse*; those cabinets, encrusted with ivory, of the time of Louis XIII.; those splendid *boules* (budds) of the time of Louis XIV.; those *riens charmants* of the time of Louis XV. and of Louis XVI., which are now imitated with so much pains, and grieved for with such real sorrow!"

In the midst of these spoliation and devastations, it was one of the boasts of the Revolution that it had for ever banished stock-jobbing. M. Capefigue undertakes to show that this was an egregious error, and that the vice was not the less hideous because it was carried on under the *Carmagnole* instead of the gold-embroidered dress of the farmers-general. Indeed, he places no less a personage than the Abbé Talleyrand, at that time Bishop of Autun, at the head of the revolutionary stock-jobbers. His friend, the Abbé d'Espagnac, who afterwards perished on the scaffold, aided and abetted him. Basire was another, and he also was so successful, that whilst Talleyrand was founding a commercial establishment in the United States, he was executed as a cheat, a stock-jobber, and a forger, so that his moneys should pass over to the Revolutionary Tribunal. This was, indeed, the fate of almost all the members of the Danton party. The Austrian brothers Freyre, at whose hotel, in the Place Vendôme, the Montagnards supped almost every evening; Chabot, an ex-Capuchin monk, who had wedded a sister of the Freyres before an antique altar decorated with garlands and little cupids; Fabre, the editor of the Republican Almanack, who had added D'Eglantine to his name, to commemorate his successes in poetry and at the theatre, for he had been once a comedian; Danton, Lacroix, Camille Desmoulins—all went—a hecatomb of the most corrupt even of the Revolution—men who had never but one idea, that of enriching themselves and of realising the most vulgar enjoyments.

Chairmette, son of a shoemaker of Nevers, who preached the perfection of Reason deified, who advocated the distribution of France into so many cottages, and the conversion of Paris into potato-gardens, was also a successful stock-jobber, and he perished in consequence on the scaffold, by the side of Anachasis Clootz, the dissipated stock-jobbing baron, who, with an income of 200,000 francs, advocated the system of universal equality. "The French Revolution," De Capefigue remarks, "must have upheld very odious corruptions since it pursued them to the scaffold!—it created its men of wealth, its aristocracy, prouder and harder of heart than the nobility of the old *régime*!"

Capefigue estimates the value of the properties acquired to the nation by the verdicts of the Revolutionary Tribunal at more than 200 millions. Among those who were the largest purchasers of those properties were Claude Henri Comte de Saint Simon, founder of a school of materialism, the disgrace of its age; and Charles Sigismond de Redern. The two purchased, for seventeen millions of money, landed property in the de-

partments, the Hôtel des Fermes, and even the church of Notre-Dame—the embodiment in stone of the history and traditions of Paris. At the same time that churches were converted into magazines, and the turreted castles of the middle ages became so many granaries and hay-lofts, old monasteries, as Clairvaux and Cîteaux, model farms, which in the middle ages had fertilised whole provinces, were converted into prisons or manufactories; the workmen laid there with the sweat of their brows the foundation of that new feudalism, which fifty years afterwards received the title of “Industry!”

The old *régime* had had its farmers-general; the Revolution had its contractors—men whom the love of money induced to speculate in face of the scaffold erected by the Revolutionary Tribunal. Among the first of these were the Abbé d’Espagnac and M. de Calonne, both of whom undertook to supply the army with provisions, clothes, horses, and other necessities. The first paid for his boldness on the scaffold before he was forty years of age, and the second did not escape without his tribulations—persecution, imprisonment, and confiscation.

Almost all the great contractors to the Republic were, indeed, subjected to persecution, imprisonment, or confiscation, even if they did not forfeit their lives to that jealousy of success which is a passion with the democracy. Armand Seguin, a distinguished chemist, who got the concession for the supply of leather, was an example; Perregeaux, a Swiss banker, who exported corn at a period of scarcity from his own country to France, was another. The position of a contractor under the so-called Committee of Public Safety, was the most unenviable that can be imagined; if he did not enter into negotiations, he was accused of indifference; if he did, and succeeded, he was persecuted and robbed; if he failed, he was executed. But even this was not all: when the public treasury could not pay its debts to a contractor it adopted the same summary plan of liquidating them. This was notoriously evidenced in the case of M. Perrin, a large contractor in cloth, and to whom the treasury being in debt 600,000 francs, they paid it by putting him in the pillory, and sentencing him to twelve years of the *galères*—a sentence which was only avoided by the aged gentleman dying of a broken heart.

Another class of men, with whom the principle that every rich man was an aristocrat was turned to practical account, were the paymasters. Under the pretence that the wants of the army necessitated desperate means, a regular system of exaction and pillage was organised, to which Lafayette, Luckner, and Rochambeau—“faux esprits, mais vrais gentilshommes”—are mentioned as honourable exceptions. Out of this system sprang up two hybrid classes of functionaries—the national commissary and paymaster in one, and the paymaster and contractor in another. The one confiscated almost everything he could lay his hands upon, the other sent in what amount and what description of supplies he chose, and paid himself! Under the first, the churches of Malines and Gand were robbed of all their valuable plate and works of art, “in order to restore to the edifices their primitive character of unadorned virtue;” the others received vast domains and magnificent hotels by way of giving to the treasury an easy means of payment where there were no funds. It was one system of robbery and speculation throughout; the contractor robbed, and government (if deserving of so honourable a name) connived at his speculations so long as he could be paid by the robbery and spoliation of others.

Ouvrard, one of the most remarkable men of the day, by his combined prudence and ability rose into financial power actually amid the greatest excesses of the Reign of Terror. The well-known Perrier did the same. Shut up in a small room with a few handfuls of assignats and a bag of silver, he bought up properties as they were successively confiscated, beginning with the old Couvent des Feuillants, upon the ruins of which have since risen up the Rue de la Paix and part of that of de Rivoli!

These are instances of individual financial successes or failures. That which is called democracy being very often the mere feeling of jealousy among those who have not, against those who have; all the successful financiers of the Revolution, from being violent terrorists, grew moderate with success, and became ultimately the aristocratic champions of order in their magnificent hotels. But there were also the political, or public financiers, among whom Cambon is a great, or a notorious name; yet his whole system may be resolved into assignats and confiscation, and his eloquence exhausted itself in such phrases as the conversion of the statues of tyrants into the current coin of the realm.

The social condition of Paris was naturally an index of the universal demoralisation that reigned in France. The upstart rich did not relish the pleasures of home, and the soldiers of the Republic had never tasted them. Out-of-door life succeeded to the hotels and saloons of the monarchy. Theatres multiplied in every direction. Balls, assemblies, restaurants, and especially gambling-houses, abounded. There was the Colysée, Vauxhall, Elysée de la République, Thelusson, and Frascati, where people danced or played after dinner, served up by the old *maitres d'hôtel*, or cooks of the farmers-general and grands seigneurs of the old régime. The first Frères Provençaux were cooks to the Archbishop of Aix, and Robert had been attached to the household of the Prince of Condé. Bailly came from M. de la Popelinière, and Richaud Frères had been in the kitchen of the Prince of Rohan-Soubise. As to the gambling-houses, they were not only frequented, but in some instances even kept by ladies, sometimes of noble birth—witness the Salon de Madame de Sainte Amande—and these ladies were, in most instances, backed by the supplies—called *douceurs* in the language of the Directory—of the wealthy financiers of the day. The conversation at these public orgies was of the gods of Olympus, of Venus and her girdle, of the temples of Mars and Bellona, “opened to the warriors.” The public festivals were in imitation of those of Greece and Rome.

It is surprising that this state of things should have continued under the Directory, when the system of terrorism of Danton, Robespierre, and Cambon no longer existed, and a few old lawyers, ridiculously dressed up with swords of gilt pasteboard and comical caps, were enthroned at the Luxembourg; but France was thoroughly exhausted, and glad to repose itself under any form of government that left it for a moment without a confiscation or a decapitation.

Such, then, is a picture of the nature and quality of what M. de Capefigue is pleased to call the *Grandes Opérations Financières* of the Revolution, but which were, for the most part, as much deserving to be classed under such a category as highway robberies or financial operations, after the system of the garotte would be.

NAPLES.

ALTHOUGH so many hundred travellers have recorded their *impressions de voyage* in Italy, the amount of knowledge we possess of the inner life of the people is marvellously small, when compared with the flood of light thrown on the picturesque scenery of Naples and Capri, and the excavations of Pompeii and Heroulaneum. But of no portion of Italy do we possess such little sterling information as about Naples, and being of those who find a great pleasure in studying the people in preference to the country they inhabit, we hail with much pleasure the appearance of a new work on this interesting subject, which possesses more than the passing interest attaching to it as one of the political questions of the day.*

We will pass over the author's description of the first entrance to Naples, as being familiar to us from the thousand-and-one travellers who have always made it a point to praise the Bay of Naples while carefully forming an antithesis by abusing the Douaniers. Nor will we stop to take a glance at the lazzaroni, those most faithful servants of his Catholic and Bourbonic Majesty, who are at any moment prepared to cut the throats of all the heretics, on the stipulation that they may be allowed to plunder their houses after completing the laudable task. Have they not had consecrated medals recently distributed to them? which may be regarded in the light of plenary absolution bestowed on them for any future impropriety—"not to put too fine an edge on it," as the Gentleman in *Bleak House* is so fond of saying. But the following pleasing extract will serve, better than pages of description, to show what genusy these are:

Not the least busy of the motley crowd are the pickpockets, a class which abounds in Naples, and with which few men venture to interfere, especially since an assassination which occurred in the Toledo a few years ago.

Two strangers, Americans, it was said, having almost daily suffered the loss of a pocket-handkerchief during their residence in Naples, resolved to bring the thieves to justice. They agreed, in order to effect this object, that one of them should walk along the street of the Toledo with his handkerchief partly hanging from his pocket; whilst the other, a few paces behind, followed him to keep watch. Only a short time elapsed, ere a thief commenced his operations; but scarcely had he secured the prize, ere the second gentleman rushed forward, and seized him by the collar. The next instant a knife was plunged in the body of the American by another of the gang, who, with the prisoner, readily effected his escape, whilst the stranger fell dead to the ground.

The descriptions of the streets of Naples are well worth reading; and to those unacquainted with that city, will present a very lively picture of the mode of life of the Neapolitans out of doors. Unfortunately, every page has a lurid gleam cast over it of crime, generally self-willed and unnecessary, and which even the proverbial heat of southern blood cannot justify. As an apology, if any can be offered, we must look more deeply into the matter, and the inevitable result of the inquiry will be that the crimes of the population are attributable to the despotism of the government. No respectable insurance office but would demand a high

* Naples; Political, Social, and Religious. By Lord B T. C. Newby. 1856.

premium on Neapolitans, for they are subjected to the most odious tyranny, secular and clerical, and no man can say that his life belongs to any one save his majesty, by divine right, king. As in all despotic states, the crassest ignorance is fostered among the people, and the man who can read and write is *de facto* an enemy of the king, and must be treated accordingly. If he dare to print his thoughts, a prison stares him in the face, and he may esteem himself fortunate if he escape with twenty years' imprisonment in chains. But the greatest crime of all is political independence: in the blessed kingdom of Naples you may murder, you may rob, you may defraud the widow and the orphan, you may commit crimes unnumbered, even parricide, by denouncing your father to the police as a liberal, if he keeps you too long out of your estate—you may do all this, and more too, as long as you keep the police on amicable terms by judicious bribery; but, if you dare breathe, or even frame, a thought about constitutional government, no power on earth will save you. Your fate is sealed; the royal tiger thirsts for blood, and he will be gorged, even if your last life-drop is sucked out of you in the process. With an army of monks and spies at his command, the king can lay his paw on any one who offends him; and even if there be no crime to allege, series of hired witnesses can be produced, who will swear anything, to do right in the sight of the Lord's anointed.

The influence of religion is another strong element by which the Neapolitan is enthralled. For him, the Virgin Mary is merely substituted for the Venus of the Romans. The same sensualism prevails as at the period when Parthenope maintained its bad pre-eminence for debauch and licentiousness. Their religion is but a combination of modern and ancient superstitions. As our author justly observes, "Not even a Roman Catholic from a northern nation, unless intimately acquainted with the females of the middle classes here, can form any idea of the utter prostration of their intellect before the authority of their priests, and of the abjectness and absurdity of their belief. They practise charms, with implicit faith in their efficacy, the heathen custom of votive offerings, the adoration of images, and the use of counter-charms and amulets; little strips of silk or coloured paper, with an appeal to the holy Virgin printed on them; bits of ebony and ivory, engraved with the mark of the cross, or a sacred name, are frequently given by fair hands to protect a stranger from the dangers of walking through the city by night."

The natural consideration resulting from the perusal of this passage will be, is this state of mental cecity the result of despotism, or is tyranny the only possible form of government for such bigots, who rank on the same level as the most benighted devotees of Fetichism? It is a difficult question to decide, but it appears to us that, given a certain amount of political liberty, mental liberation from the religious thrall might possibly follow in an equal ratio. At all events, the question is an interesting one, and decidedly worth trying.

Our author gives some curious details of a mode of practical joking practised a few years back, which almost rivals the Spurgeon atrocity. This consisted in setting light to ladies' dresses as they walked along the Chiaja, by which one lady was destroyed. We presume this must be regarded as a mere outlet of that buoyant temper which Mr. M'Farlane praised so much as existing among the lazzaroni. But the character our author gives of them from personal observation differs very greatly from

the flattering notion popularly entertained of these interesting and intensely loyal savages of the south. Their ideas of justice are as false and warped as their notions of religion. They pity the murderer but not his victim, and give the criminal their admiration in proportion as he excels in cunning and audacity. There is nothing they despise so much as the laws and social order, and revenge they regard as a necessity. Surely a despotic throne should be supported on bayonets held by such ruffians as these. What exquisite satisfaction the Queen of Naples must feel when she distributes gifts among them, while they swing their greasy caps and rend the air with venal shouts for the health of their dearest friend and most uncompromising supporter. We can remember reading of another Queen of Naples, a sister of Marie Antoinette, who said, after the Neapolitan insurrection, that every one in Naples above the rank of a common lawyer must die, and kept her word by murdering forty thousand persons, and allowing two hundred palaces to be sacked ! This certainly took place in our hot youth, when George the Third was king, but the present gracious queen seems fully determined to follow her predecessor's example, and institute a Neapolitan Vespers. If our memory serve us right, Caroline was not canonised ; but then the government was not so strong as it is at present, and we should not feel surprised if, after the slaughter of all the best and noblest of Naples, the present queen, when her span of life may be cut short by the unrelenting shears of Atropos, may oust San Gennaro, and become the patron saint of the lazzaroni.

Another method the government employs to keep the lazzaroni in good order is by allowing the lotto, in which the possessor of twopence-halfpenny can invest as he will, and try his fortune.

Among other agreeable institutions from which the kingdom of the Two Sicilies is now suffering, not the least is the predominance of the Jesuit influence. These gentry are all in all at present, and create considerable *odium*, not merely *theologicum*, among their less fortunate brethren. Of course, the only talent to be found in the clergy falls to the lot of the Jesuits, and hence education, such as it is, is entirely in their hands, and youthful minds are warped to their views, and become worthy disciples of Loyola. Hence the state is doubly hedged against any chance of insurrection, for it has as its most devoted partisans the very highest and the very lowest class of society, who both join in squeezing to the uttermost degree the unhappy middle class, who, consequently, find it far more profitable to stick to their "prunes and figs," than run any risk of losing their heads by an abortive attempt at revolution. But, bad as the Jesuits are, owing to the pernicious influence they exercise, they are as angels compared to the other orders of clergy, who are guilty of excesses of which the following quotation will serve as an average sample :

In a village in the province of Lecco, in the very base of the foot of Italy, and consequently far removed from the capital, more than twenty years ago, a young man so won the good graces of a monk that he undertook to instruct him in reading and writing, and made many promises of aiding him in his future progress through life. Time passed on, and as a step towards his advancement, he persuaded him it was absolutely necessary for him to marry ; and finally, to secure his happiness, presented him to a pretty girl, whom he advised him to make his wife. Well pleased with the maiden, the youth agreed to all his friend advised, and accepted his services to arrange the match. To ensure him the means of maintaining a family, the monk then offered to lend him twenty piastres

to set his wife up in a little shop in the village; and as he had taught him to write his name, he required him, just by way of an exercise, to put his signature to a receipt for the amount of the loan. The poor fellow, with blind confidence, did all that was required of him by so kind a friend. He wrote his name, he married the maiden, and he opened a shop. A fortnight passed, and he observed that the monk's visits were very frequent at his house; suspicions of an unpleasant nature were excited in the young man's mind, and a dispute was the consequence between him and his patron. Two days afterwards he was arrested by the command of the monk, and hurried away from his young wife, and the country where he was born, under a guard to Naples, for his debt of twenty piastres. I have been assured that it is a fact, that he remained for twenty years shut up in the horrible prison of the Vicaria, which, a modern writer observes, appears constructed for the purpose of torturing as well as confining the wretched beings whose luckless destiny brings them within its walls. According to the established law, a creditor is obliged to maintain his debtor; and thirty carlines, or about ten shillings a month, did the monk continue to pay for twenty years for the support of his captive victim, whilst the wife, released from the jealousy of her husband, prospered under his protection. At length the guardian of the gaols, whose duty it is to call over the names of the prisoners at stated times, astonished to find the name of this unfortunate being was ever on the list, inquired of him the cause of his captivity. When he learnt that his debt was of so small an amount, yet one which he was utterly unable to pay, he promised to state his case to the king. Unless the money was paid, nothing but the royal command could restore him to liberty. Happily this merciful interference prevailed, and the captive was at length released. But old in heart and broken in spirit, he had no desire to return again to his native country, or to reclaim the wife by whom he had been so fatally abused. His youth had been consumed within the walls of a dungeon, and he had almost forgotten the attachments of his early years. Moreover, he feared the persecution of his unrelenting enemy. He therefore proceeded to the city of Beneventum, which forming part of the papal territory, although surrounded by the kingdom of Naples, is a sanctuary for the debtors of that country, who are free from foreign arrest within its walls. There he now lives, and earns an honest livelihood. It is said that the monk has received a reprimand, or some slight punishment; but of that there is no certainty.

We should like to be able to quote the whole of the chapter relating to Neapolitan women, and betraying evident traces of a feminine hand, but that being obviously unfair to both author and publisher of what is destined to be a popular book, we must refer our readers to the work itself. We will only say here that the same influences are perceptible in private as in public life; the priest and the spy are still at work, and play the part of the serpent in the domestic paradise. The result may be easily imagined: the wife becomes slatternly, the husband careless of his home, and the usual result is infidelity, generally without any regard to the decencies of society. And what else can be expected when a girl of thirteen becomes a wife, without education or knowledge of her future duties? The natural consequence is neglect, and the union is rarely happy after the birth of the first child.

In fact, the character of the Neapolitan women may be summed up in a very few words: rich, they are the slaves of luxury, idleness, pride, and passion; poor, they are the victims of sloth, dirt, and misery. Of course, there are some bright exceptions, and women may be found in Naples rivalling our countrywomen in purity of manners and domestic attachment, even under the grossest provocation. But it may be assumed that, so long as the present system of government is continued, society will remain such as it is; and these isolated instances of virtue will be regarded

by the frivolous as impertinent, by the philosopher as astounding, and by the worldly-minded as utterly uncalled for and absurd to a degree.

As a general rule, the Neapolitan nobility are excessively poor, and stint themselves and their families without scruple, that they may indulge their inordinate propensity for gambling. Many of the princes and dukes live by letting lodgings to English cotton-spinners; a piano can be hired even from a duchess for a consideration; and one of the royal princes condescends to permit wine to be sold at his gate. But we fancy that this feature is not peculiar to the Neapolitan royal family, for the Grand Duke of Baden is very glad to sell you a bottle of his Eberstein Blut any time you think proper to hire a droschki on the promenade of Baden and drive out to his château. But this is a very venial fault, and, in fact, should be commended, for, after all, it is better to live on honest trade, when you have not sufficient money to support your rank, than go to a confiding country and ask them to allow you a few unencumbered thousands, wrung from the hard-earned savings of the labourer. Come, the Neapolitan reigning family is not so utterly bad: this is the most meritorious feature we have yet found.

The King of Naples (we won't call him Bomba, for that name is quite honeycombed by constant use, and after his recent speeches to his troops the name of Bomba-tes is better suited for him) sets up, forsooth, for a patron of the fine arts, and encourages rising talent by purchasing pictures, and giving one-third of their value for them. Of course, it is a highly dangerous thing to play with the lion by refusing the liberal offer; and in the only instance where an artist dared to object, he was very properly punished for his audacity by being ordered out of the country. Crowned heads appear to have a prescriptive right of being connoisseurs, and establishing their own prices; we fancy we could refer to something of the same nature happening to an obscure painter of the name of Etty in a far more liberal country. He was not banished, but "if the constitutional form of government had not been still on its trial," we would not have given much for his chance.

But lazzaroni, priests, aristocrats, and lawyers would be of little avail in keeping King Ferdinand on his throne, without the disinterested services of the Swiss Guard. These fellows are, we are happy to say for the sake of Switzerland, no longer exclusively Swiss; for they are now an *omnium gatherum* of all the ragamuffins of Europe, equalling, if they do not surpass, in ruffianism, the notorious foreign legion of Louis Philippe. They are the prætorian guard of Naples, without the good qualities of their prototype; they are ready at any moment to kill, plunder—especially the latter—at the behest of their sovereign. We cannot do better than describe them as organised lazzaroni. But even amongst these a few honest men may be found, aristocrats of Switzerland, who cannot endure the republican rule at home. Of course, these are few in number, but their presence may produce some beneficial effect in the long run, for conscientious royalists are far from following the King of Naples to the extremity which he desires. But the majority, amounting to nearly ten thousand men, are among the veriest scum which the earth can produce, of the true Dalgetty breed, who will fight well as long as they are paid well. The rest of the army regard the Swiss with intense disgust, and are rather lukewarm in their aristocratic propensities; but, given an in-

surrection, and we have no doubt they would be as glad to come in for their share of plunder as the others, and sink all private feelings of animosity in their common welfare for the public service.

We have not space to quote from our author's extremely interesting account of the various revolutions which have occurred in Naples since the reign of King Ferdinand, and the valuable supplementary information he furnishes with reference to the Gladstone charges. The only point we can find room to touch on is the present crisis in Naples. It is indubitable that, by all the laws of humanity, the Allies are perfectly justified in interfering; and the only question is, in what way that interference can be most justifiably exercised. Assistance from within we cannot expect, for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, regard being had to its size, is one of the most powerful in Europe; and, from without, the prospect is equally unsatisfactory. There are many points demanding the serious consideration of England and France prior to any active interference in the internal affairs of Naples, and ere these are arranged, we doubt whether the fleets will enter the Bay of Naples. The question is one environed with difficulties; and it may be regretted, owing to the present unsatisfactory result, that we interfered at all. The sullen opposition we have met with from the continental powers has had a most pernicious effect on our influence abroad, and we must soon make up our minds whether we will energetically insist on our interference being treated with respect, or, by allowing ourselves to become an object of derision, confess that the *argumentum ad hominem* has been too strong for us.

THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A MEDLEY.

II.

DEATH: WHAT IS IT?—IN MILTON, CHAUCER, &c.—BYRON'S CAIN—EDENHURST ELLIOTT—VICTOR HUGO—HARTLEY COLERIDGE—CHRISTOPHER NORTH—DEATH EVERYWHERE—DEATH IMMINENT—BISHOP HALL—MONTAIGNE—MME. DES HOULIÈRES—QUARLES AND GEORGE HERBERT—DEATH AN INWARD TENDENCY IN MAN—P. J. BAILEY.

How populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is shadow.

YOUNG.

WHO or what is this mysterious Stranger, that comes like a Shadow and so departs, but leaving another shadow behind him? Who or what, this awful figure of Pale Death, this *Pallida Mors*, visiting with impartial steps now the king's palace and now the peasant's cot, "*æquo pulsans pede pauperum tabernas, regumque turres*?" What art thou, dread

visitant, who destroyest the hope of man ; who prevailest for ever against him, and he passeth ; who changeth his countenance, and sendest him away ?

Great is the problem of Life. But the problem of Death is greater, and makes more intricate, more insoluble, that of Life. Men guess or speculate and dogmatise on both. Poets rede the riddle in one way ; philosophers and physiologists prefer their private interpretation, each in his own way, and after his own habit of thought. Some cut the knot ; some complicate it anew. Says *Philaster* in the play,

Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.

Bellarion, the seeming page, replies :

Yes, I do know, my lord :
'Tis less than to be born ; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy ;
A thing we all pursue. I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

A Gallery of Death, it has been said, would be a singular and varied one—meaning a collection of the different forms and visages under which both the poetic and popular imaginations have represented him. It would include—to quote him who suggests the notion—such figures as the “Death of the Grecian mythology, a fair youth with an inverted torch in his hand—the Death of the Revelation, seated on his white steed, his ‘tail streaming like a cataract in the wind’—the Death Angel of Arabia—Milton’s gigantic monster, for a hideous monster and miscreation he is, animated with a mere appetital fury, and no more poetical than would be an impersonation of the vulgar principle of hunger—and Burns’s daring caricature of his country’s common notion of the Destroyer. The Death of Blair is a mere cannibal, even less ideal than Milton’s.” The writer allows that death, that “mighty abstraction,” as Hazlitt calls him, is not easily painted ; and says that perhaps Chaucer’s picture of him, as an old man meeting the three brothers who, in their madness, have gone forth to seek and to kill Death, and who sends them on errands which end in the death of all three (“they hear no more of him, but it is Death they have encountered”), is the most powerful of all. “No painter yet has existed who could adequately represent Death, in *this* notion of him, as the Evening Breath of God passing across the universe, telling the flowers to wither, and men to die, in the same piercing whisper, not destroying, but merely hushing man to transient silence ; speaking like the Saviour on the Lake of Galilee, to the throbbing pulses and rolling waves of the sea of life, and immediately *there is a great calm.*”

The Mystery of Death is to every individual struggler beneath its burden, a thing as oppressive now as when first it dawned on poor humanity :—we speak, of course, without reference to the Revelation that brought life and immortality to light. The poet—true, a sceptical poet—of our nineteenth century expressed no merely individual musings, when he introduced this passage into his conference between the Tempter and the tempted, Lucifer and Cain :

Lucifer. Dar'st thou look on Death?

Cain. He has not yet

Been seen.

Lucifer. But must be undergone.

Cain. My father
Says he is something dreadful, and my mother
Weeps when he's named; and Abel lifts his eyes
To heaven, and Zillah casts hers to the earth,
And sighs a prayer; and Adah looks on me,
And speaks not.

Lucifer. And thou?

Cain. Thoughts unspeakable

Crowd in my breast to burning, when I hear
Of this almighty Death, who is, it seems,
Inevitable . . .

. . . Although I know not what it is,
Yet it seems horrible. I have look'd out
In the vast desolate night in search of him;
And when I saw gigantic shadows in
The umbrage of the walls of Eden, chequer'd
By the far-flashing of the cherubs' swords,
I watch'd for what I thought his coming; for
With fear rose longing in my heart to know
What 'twas which shook us all—but nothing came.
And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off
Our native and forbidden Paradise,
Up to the lights above us, in the azure,
Which are so beautiful: shall they, too, die?

Lucifer. Perhaps—but long outlive both thine and thee.

Cain. I'm glad of that; I would not have them die,
They are so lovely. *What is death?* I fear,
I feel, it is a dreadful thing; but *what*,
I cannot compass.

The thoughts of men may widen with the process of the suns, but the thought, the thoughtful question, of men still is, now as then, fearfully and feelingly now as then, *What is Death?*

But, revelation apart, there is no voice, nor any that answereth.

The obstinate questionings, the blank misgivings, of afflicted man, find utterance in the hour of desolation in such accents as that of Ebenezer Elliott:

Oh, Mystery of Mysteries,
That tookest my poor boy from me!
What art thou, Death? all-dreaded Death!
If weakness can o'ercome thee?
We hear thee not! we see thee not,
E'en when thy arrows wound us;
But viewless, printless, echoless,
Thy steps are ever round us.
Though more than life a mystery,
Art thou, the undeceiver,
Amid thy trembling worshippers
Thou seest no true believer.

To each his own point of view, according as time, and temperaments, and creeds and circumstances differ. Hear we now the question, the ever recurring question, *What is Death?* answered by a living French poet, in some verses dated, *jour des Morts*, 1854:

CE QUE C'EST QUE LA MORT.

Ne dites pas, *mourir* ; dites, naître. Croyez.
 On voit ce que je vois et ce que vous voyez ;
 On marche, on court, on rêve, on souffre, on penche, on tombe,
 On monte. Quelle est donc cette aube ? C'est la tombe.
 Où suis-je ? Dans la mort. Viens ! Un vent inconnu
 Vous jette au seuil des cieus. On tremble ; on se voit nu,
 Impur, hideux, noué des mille nœuds funèbres
 De ses torts, de ses maux honteux, de ses ténèbres ;
 Et soudain on entend quelqu'un dans l'infini
 Qui chante, et par quelqu'un on sent qu'on est béni,
 Sans voir la main d'où tombe à notre âme méchante
 L'amour, et sans savoir quelle est la voix qui chante.
 On arrive homme, deuil, glaçon, neige ; on se sent
 Fondre et vivre ; et, d'extase et d'azur s'empressant,
 Tout notre être frémit de la défaite étrange
 Du monstre qui devient dans la lumière un ange.

There is no stint of responses that are no answers. But meanwhile the great question still rolls on, gathering rather than losing in force and volume as it rolls.

At times the response comes as though in the form of a rebuke—and asking in return why should our hearts be cast down within us, and why disquieted in vain ? We are bid to thank God that we cannot know what Death is, since its meaning as regards man is a sheer nonentity, a mere negation. Thus Hartley Coleridge :

Dead ? What is that ? A word to joy unknown,
 Which love abhors and faith will never own.
 A word whose meaning sense could never find,
 That has no truth in matter, nor in mind.

Not long before his own death, in the last series of papers he contributed to his own Magazine, Professor Wilson enforced, by metaphysical reasoning, the like view. We seem indeed to ourselves to know what Death is, he said ; but this is from confounding the Thing and its Effects. For we see effects : at first the stoppage of certain sensible actions—afterwards, the dissolution of certain sensible parts. But *what* it is that has happened—*wherefore* the blood no longer flows—the limbs no longer move—that we do not see. We do not see it with our eyes—we do not discern it by any inference of our understanding. It is a *fact* that seems to lie shrouded for ever from our faculties in awful and impenetrable mystery.

Upon the elusive Essence and *self* of Death, he goes on to say, no curious searching of ours has laid, or, it may be well assumed, will ever lay hold. "When the organs of sense no longer minister to Perception, or the organs of motion to any change of posture—when the blood stopped in its flow thickens and grows cold—and the fair and stately form, the glory of the Almighty's Hand, the burning shrine of a Spirit that lately rejoiced in feeling, in thought, and in power, lies like a garment done with and thrown away—'a kneaded clod'—ready to lose feature and substance—and to yield back its atoms to the dominion of the blind elements from which they were gathered and composed—*What is death ?*" And what grounds, he demands, have we for inferring that an event manifested to us as a phenomenon of the Body, which alone we

touch, and hear, and see, has or has not reached into the Mind, which is for us Now just as it always was, a Thing utterly removed and exempt from the cognizance and apprehension of our bodily senses? The Mind, or Spirit,—he adds,—the unknown Substance, in which Feeling, and Thought, and Will, and the Spring of Life were,—was united to this corporeal frame; and, being united to it, animated it, poured through it sensibility and motion, glowing and creative life—crimsoned the lips and cheeks—flashed in the eye—and murmured music from the tongue;—*now*, the two, Body and Soul, are *disunited*, and we behold one-half the consequence—the Thing of dust relapses to the dust;—we dare to divine the other half of the consequence—the quickening Spark, the sentient Intelligence, the Being gifted with Life, the Image of the Maker, in Man, has reascended, has returned thither whence it came, into the Hand of God.

“If, not knowing what death is, we are not entitled to argue, from the nature of death, that this change must put an end to Ourselves, and those essential powers in our mind which we are conscious of exerting—just as little can we argue from the nature of these powers, and from their manner of subsisting in us, that they are liable to be affected and impaired, or destroyed by death. For what do we know of these powers, and of the conditions on which we hold them, and of the mind in which they dwell? Just as much as we do of the great change, Death itself—that is to say—*NOTHING*.”

But while metaphysicians reason upon the Essence, mankind mourns over the Effect. What the mighty stranger is, we know not; what he does, we know all, and bitter is the knowledge. Death may be Nowhere in metaphysics; he is Everywhere in a world made subject to him for a season. As good old Bishop Hall expresses it, one great conqueror finds him in a slate, another in a fly; one in the kernel of a grape, another in the prick of a thorn; one in the taste of a herb, another in the smell of a flower; one in a bit of meat, another in a mouthful of air; one in the very sight of a danger, another in the conceit of what might have been. “Nothing in all our life is too little to hide death under it: there need no cords, nor knives, nor swords, nor pieces. We have made ourselves as many ways to death, as there are helps of living.”

John Calvin describes the body as a receptacle, nay, the nurse, of a thousand diseases, so that a man cannot move without carrying along with him many forms of destruction. “His life is in a manner interwoven with death.” To Bishop Hall’s catalogue of instances, to prove death imminent, in so many sundry times and divers manners, a quaint pendant might be annexed from Montaigne, who reminds us—each instance being a new *memento mori*,—how one King of France (Henry II.) was killed at a tilting, and another (Lewis VII.?) by the jostle of a hog; how Æschylus, being threatened with the fall of a house, got nothing by going into the fields to avoid that danger, for there he was knocked on the head by a tortoise falling from an eagle’s talons,—and how Anacreon was choked with a grapestone. “An Emperor was killed with the scratch of a comb, in combing his head; Æmilius Lepidius with a stumble at his own threshold; Aufidius, with a jostle, against the door, as he entered the council-chamber. The poor Judge Bibius, in the eight days’ reprieve

he had given a criminal, was himself caught hold of, his own reprieve of life being expired. And Caius Julius, the physician, while anointing the eyes of a patient, had death close his own." Seneca's seeming paradox, that *nemo altero fragilior est, nemo in crastinum sui certior*, is virtually identified in Montaigne's thesis, that hazards and dangers do in truth little or nothing hasten our end; for if we consider, he says, how many more remain and hang over our heads beside the misfortune that immediately threatens us, we shall find that the sound and the sick, those that are abroad at sea, and those that sit by the fire—those that are in the wars and those who sit idle at home—are the one as near it as the other. Hence his moral that we should always (as near as we can)—the parenthesis is *like* Michael Montaigne—be booted and spurred, and ready to go, and, above all things, take care at that time to have no business with any but one's self.

There is a *memento mori*, to the same effect, though perhaps in another (the minor) key, in the verses of a fair countrywoman of Montaigne's—a woman whose life and writings, whatever they may seem on the face of them, will repay *some* study, at least to *some* students—the "fair and pensive" Madame des Houlières:

Que l'homme connoît peu la mort qu'il appréhende,
Quand il dit qu'elle le surprend !
Elle naît avec lui, sans cesse lui demande
Un tribut dont en vain son orgueil se défend.
Il commence à mourir longtemps avant qu'il meure :
Il périt en détail imperceptiblement ;
Le nom de Mort qu'on donne à notre dernière heure
N'en est que l'accomplissement.

A parallel to the last line but two, on the imperceptible decay of man piecemeal, has been suggested from the *belles stances* of Racan, on "Retirement" (*La Retraite*):

L'âge insensiblement nous conduit à la mort ;

but Racan's is only a sentimental common-place, and quite *d'un autre accent* from that of Madame des Houlières.

Our own old writers offer large store on subjects like this. The seventeenth century literature of England teems with verses conceived in the same spirit, if not executed after the same pattern, as the *Mors Tua*, so called, of Francis Quarles—Quarles of the "Emblems"—called by Milton's nephew "the darling of our plebeian judgments :"

Can he be fair that withers at a blast ?
Can he be strong that airy breath can cast ?
Can he be wise that knows not how to live ?
Can he be rich, that nothing hath to give ?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan ?
So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last ;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death ;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live ;
So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid ;

So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow :
Why bragg'st thou, then, thou worm of five feet long ?
Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young.

The *Mortification* of Holy George Herbert is in the same key with these lines of his puritan contemporary (Quarles and he were born within a year of each other ; so far, and in the essence of religious feeling, were they

Like :—but oh, how different

in opinions and feeling ecclesiastical !) : the clothes taken from a chest of sweets to swaddle infants are, by the author and practical impersonation of The Country Parson, likened to “little winding-sheets ;” the first going of boys to bed, is but the stepping into their voluntary graves ; the call for music of “frank and free” youth, suggests the summons of the knell ; and “when man grows staid and wise,” continues Herbert,

Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes ;
That dumb enclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak
Marking his grave, and thawing every year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would speak ;
A chair or litter shows the bier,
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Montaigne represents Nature as saying to man : “Your death is a part of the order of the universe, 'tis a part of the life of the world. Shall I change, to please you, so admirable a system ? 'Tis the condition of your creation ; death is a part of you, and whilst you endeavour to evade it, you avoid yourselves. Every day that you purloin from live, you life at the expense of life itself : the perpetual work of your whole life is but to lay the foundation of death ; you are in death whilst you live—dying all the while you live ; and death handles the dying more rudely, and more sensibly, and more essentially than the dead.”

Nascentes morimur ; finisque ab origine pendet.

Or, as Seneca boldly expresses the idea, that the very hour which gave us life, advanced us one hour towards our death,

Prima, quæ vitam dedit, hora carpsit.

That death is, in fact, an “inward tendency” in these mortal frames of ours, which, in this, as in other respects, are fearfully and wonderfully made, is strikingly intimated in Bailey's “Festus,” in a passage that paraphrases Young's truism of all men thinking all men mortal but themselves—

Men look on death as lightning, always far
Off, or in heaven. They know not it is in
Themselves, a strong and inward tendency.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA THE MAGICIAN.*

Of the tortoise pace at which truth travels, the history of the remarkable scholar and philosopher known to the world in general as Cornelius Agrippa "the Magician," furnishes a very striking example. A volume, written in his youth on "Magic"—a word which, if interpreted as it was intended by the author, meant really "the whole knowledge of nature, the perfection of all true philosophy"—has been calumniously and ignorantly perverted from its true purpose, and made the means of seriously injuring, if it could not wholly destroy, the reputation of one of the most scientific and learned men of his time, by degrading him to the level of a mere hireling conjurer. What priestly enmity invented, modern prejudice, or want of knowledge, has perpetuated, for even in a work published during the present year ("Knight's English Cyclopædia") we find Cornelius Agrippa described as "a quack," who "allowed himself to be regarded as an alchemist, an astrologer, and even as a practitioner of magical arts," and of whom it is sneeringly said: "Not satisfied with this extensive range, *he thought proper to set up likewise* for a great theologian, as well as to indulge himself with occasional excursions into other departments of literature and science." From these disparaging terms, who, unacquainted with Agrippa's actual labours, would gather their real scope or infer the issue of his multifarious studies? It was reserved for Mr. Morley, in his admirably-written "Life," to rescue the fair fame of the philosopher from the aspersions by which it has been blighted, and to show to the world what this "quack" and "pretender" really was. To use Mr. Morley's own words, after a masterly summary of Cornelius Agrippa's book upon "The Uncertainty and Vanity of Sciences and Arts:" "Agrippa had tried nearly every art that he found wanting: a Courtier in Austria, a Soldier in Italy, a Theologian at Dôle, a Lawyer at Metz, a Physician in Switzerland, an experimenter in optics and mechanics, a deeper searcher than perhaps any man of his age into the philosophy of the ancients; student of the Cabala, sworn possessor of the secrets of the alchemists" (the real value of whose labours he rightly appreciated), "master of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, and among modern tongues, not of his own German only, but also of the French, Italian, Spanish, and English. He was not a reviler from without, but a satirist from within, of the uncertainties and vanities of the imperfect art and science of his day." Of the man thus universally accomplished it has been Mr. Morley's object to show how he really lived, and what he really wrote. This end Mr. Morley has accomplished in a biography of no inferior interest to those by which he has already made himself distinguished, the Life of Cornelius Agrippa forming a worthy and appropriate pendant to those of Jerome Cardan and Bernard Palissy.

Although divested of the character of a magician, in the sense in

* The Life of Henry Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, Doctor and Knight, commonly known as a Magician. By Henry Morley, Author of "Palissy the Potter," "Jerome Cardan," &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

which it was understood in the middle ages, the career of Cornelius Agrippa was—at least, in the earlier part of his life—sufficiently romantic. A scholar by inclination—though sprung from a noble house whose inheritance was the sword—he became a soldier against his will, and in that capacity experienced more than the ordinary vicissitudes of a soldier's life during the period of his service. It is not so much a disinclination for the profession of arms which is here implied, as that an eagerness for abstruse study was Agrippa's predilection; for the first and most remarkable exploit in which he was engaged was embraced by him in a spirit full as martial as that which inspired the deeds of the most adventurous of his time. At twenty years of age (A.D. 1506) Agrippa, then the secretary to the Emperor Maximilian, was sent to Paris on a diplomatic errand, the purport of which is not stated, where he became "the centre of a knot of students, members with him of a secret association of theosophists, and bent upon a wild and daring enterprise that was" (says Mr. Morley) "in several respects very characteristic of the age of the schemers, and of the age of the world in which they lived to scheme."

Into the details of this adventure (which was for some time on the anvil), and the singular accidents which arose out of it, we cannot follow Mr. Morley's striking and spirited narrative; but to those who wish to read a story full of romantic interest, we strongly commend the third chapter of his work, where the issue of the plot is developed. Enough for us, in briefly tracing the leading features of Agrippa's life, if we speak of the enterprise as unfortunate—a word which has a marked significance in nearly all that relates to the career of the man "who began his life by mastering nearly the whole circle of the sciences and arts as far as books described it, and who ended by declaring the Uncertainty and Vanity of Arts and Sciences," and who, in his own person, showed how little of worldly success is to be reckoned on by the merely meritorious possessor of knowledge.

From Spain, with a singular old man, named Antonius Xanthus, for his companion, Agrippa made his way to Italy, and proceeded thence to Avignon, where his stay, however, was not long, being beckoned on to Lyons, not only by ties of friendship, but by the attractions of those studies in which the young soldier-philosopher had initiated his associates in Paris. Young as he was—not more than three-and-twenty—his reputation as a scholar, of notable acquirements, had already been bruited far and near, and some of the most learned of the age were his friends and correspondents. Amongst these was Symphorianus Champier, or Campegius, a celebrated theologian, who, with others, advised Agrippa to take up his residence at Dôle, in Burgundy, there to make his first public appearance as a scholar, by expounding in a series of orations Reuchlin's book on the *Mirific Word*. Margaret of Austria, the daughter of his master the Emperor Maximilian, was at that time (A.D. 1509) ruler in Burgundy, and being well known for her patronage of letters and her bounty towards learned men, Agrippa had an additional motive for this change of abode.

To earn Margaret's good-will and help upon the royal road to fortune was one main object of Cornelius, when he announced at Dôle that he proposed to expound Reuchlin's book, on the *Mirific Word*, in orations, to which, inasmuch as they were to be delivered in honour of the most serene Princess Margaret, the whole public would have gratuitous admission.

In the exposition of this theme, embracing the whole doctrine of the Jewish Cabala, Agrippa succeeded well with his public, but not at all as related to the advancement which he sought from royal patronage; for, as Mr. Morley observes, "Mainly upon what was said and written by Cornelius Agrippa in this twenty-third year of his age has been founded the defamation by which, when he lived, his spirit was tormented and the hope of his existence miserably frustrated—by which, now that he is dead, his character comes down to us defiled. This victim, at least, has not escaped the vengeance of the monks, and his crime was that he studied vigorously in his salad days those curiosities of learning into which, at the same time, popes, bishops, and philosophers, mature of years, inquired with equal faith and almost equal relish, but less energy or courage." From the public, then, and the University of Dôle, Agrippa received admiration and reward—the latter conferring upon him the degree of doctor in divinity, with a stipend—while from the Franciscan monk, Catilinet, came the opprobrium which ruined him with Margaret of Austria, and branded his name in the estimation of posterity. The evil which Catilinet wrought was not, however, immediate in its effects. His lectures on the Mirific Word being ended, Agrippa addressed himself to a new field of study, and took for his subject "The Nobility of the Female Sex and the Superiority of Woman over Man"—a theme devised expressly to earn the good-will of the fair Regent of Burgundy. It is a treatise replete with learning and ingenious argument, the substance of which Mr. Morley gives as clearly and carefully as he summarises all the other more important works of Agrippa, in the order of their production. But twenty years went by before this treatise was published and presented to the princess—twenty years, the central space of life, after which little remained for either thought or action—and the only influence it seemed to have was the more immediately inciting its author to submit to the gentle yoke of one of the fairest of the sex whom he held in such high esteem, for, in the year 1509, Mr. Morley tells us, "when all was honour for him in the present, all hope in the future, Cornelius von Nettesheim married Jane Louisa Tyssie, of Geneva, a maiden equal to him in rank, remarkable for beauty, and yet more remarkable for her aspirations and her worth."

The marriage of Agrippa was no interruption to his studies. On the contrary: for in the same year he wrote that work which, as Mr. Morley remarks, "set a stamp upon his subsequent career," compiling into a system all the lore he had been gathering from the first commencement of his studies. This work consisted of the "Three Books of Occult Philosophy," otherwise known as the Treatise on Magic. In the analysis which Mr. Morley gives of this remarkable production we have another example of the value of his method, nothing being omitted from his description that can leave the reader at a loss to comprehend the true spirit and purpose of the original, and in proof of our assertion we need only say that nearly a hundred pages, most attractive in quality, are devoted to the analysis to which we refer. Having elaborately set forth the contents of these "Three Books of Occult Philosophy," Mr. Morley says, and justly says: "They alone constitute him a conjurer; upon them alone is based the popular impression fastened to his name—upon them, and upon calumnies invented by the priests." Briefly he charac-

terises the Occult Philosophy as marking the ignorance, not of the man, but of the age in which he wrote, and of which he had compassed the false knowledge. "All," he says, "is put to a wise use; the science halts over the earth, but the philosophy flies heavenward. Of the three books, it may be said, generally, that the first is Platonic, the second Pythagorean, the third Cabalistical, but that the three philosophies are modified and fused into one system, under the influence of a devout study of the Gospel." Pending the interval of Catilinet's attack, all prospered with Agrippa. He had been "elected regent of the University of Dôle—was flattered and praised by learned men, reverend, right reverend, and noble, and was blessed with the sympathy of a young wife, good, clever, and beautiful." He never again was in so enviable a position. John of Trittenheim, otherwise Trithemius, the abbot of St. James's monastery at Wurtzburg, was at this time his particular friend and counsellor, and it was to him Agrippa sent the manuscript of his Occult Philosophy, submitting it to his examination, and asking for his opinion. That opinion was in the highest degree favourable, and it was accompanied by the advice not to allow the excellent strength of his intellect to become dull through want of striving, but always to spend his toil on better and better things, that he might demonstrate, by the divinest illustration, the light of true wisdom, even to the ignorant. The abbot also speaks this parable: "Hay to the ox and sugar to a parrot: rightly interpret this, lest you, as some others have been, be trampled down by oxen." Alas, for its application! It had been anticipated. "Cornelius," says Mr. Morley, "was already under foot when the warning reached him. Catilinet had made his rush. The Quadragesimal Discourses" (in which the Cabalism of Agrippa was denounced) "were delivered, and the youth was down." The blow was struck at Ghent, and all Agrippa's hopes from the expected patronage of Margaret of Austria were crushed by it. The treatise on the Pre-eminence of Woman was put aside, and nothing remained but the barren honours he had won at Dôle.

For the time, then, Agrippa bade farewell to philosophy, and intimated to his old master the emperor that he was ready once more to perform such work as might be allotted him, and to serve Maximilian's cause in the effort to secure the neutrality of England in a dispute with the Holy See, Agrippa was joined (A.D. 1510) to the embassy which was sent to London. The time he spent in this country, where he was the guest of Dean Colet, must, in many respects, have been very agreeable to him. Very useful, also, was his intercourse with the excellent Dean of St. Paul's, who, sympathising with the high aspirations of Agrippa, "did what he could to direct and purify them in accordance with his own sense of all that was great and good, by setting the young man to work on the Epistles of St. Paul." Proof that Agrippa studied them to some purpose is shown in the use he made of the apostle's language and arguments in the expostulation which he now addressed to Catilinet, but, as Mr. Morley says, it was "excellent preaching to a rock." It moved the monk no more than would have succeeded the attempt to "preach tame a howling wilderness."

The next phase in Agrippa's career was the resumption of arms. Maximilian sent him to the Italian wars. It was *contre cœur*, for his heart was ever with "divine philosophy," but he says of himself, at this

period: "I was for several years, by the emperor's command, and by my calling, a soldier. I followed the camp of the emperor: in many conflicts gave no sluggish help: before my face went death, and I followed the minister of death, my right hand soaked in blood, my left dividing spoil: my belly was filled with the prey, and the way of my feet was over corpses of the slain." But it was not all warfare; he was summoned to the Council of Pisa—a distinction which set him still more in opposition to the Head of the Church than the alleged tendency of his writings had caused him to be considered,—but he reaped only a barren honour from his office of theologian to the council, which broke up without effecting anything. The war continued, with various changes and important defections. Agrippa changed masters—the Marquis of Montferrat for the Emperor—was taken prisoner at the defence of Pavia, recovered his liberty, became reconciled to the Head of the Church, under a new pontificate, realised the long-formed hope of obtaining a professorship in the city which had witnessed his capture, was created "Doctor Utriusque Juris" of the University of Pavia, and almost simultaneously earned knighthood on the battle-field. This was his position (A.D. 1515) in the twenty-ninth year of his age.

But the happiness which Agrippa enjoyed at Pavia was short-lived. "In a few months" (from the time spoken of) "the fire was quenched upon the little hearth at Pavia, and he who had been at so much pains to kindle it went forth a beggar, with no prospect of advancement in the world." This woeful change in his affairs resulted from the conquest of the Milanese by Francis I., and the signing of the Concordat with Pope Leo X., which threw Agrippa as well out of civil as of military employment.

At thirty years of age, then, Agrippa had to begin the world again. A recommendation to the Duke of Savoy by the Marquis of Montferrat brought him no advantage, and after another year of fruitless expectation he accepted the post of advocate and orator of the free city of Metz (A.D. 1518). Of the kind of work done there, "we have a trace," says Mr. Morley, "in the orations that survive, clear, brief, and closely keeping to the point in hand." But he was still occupied with theology and medicine,—the Nature of Original Sin occupying his leisure hours for writing, and his skill as a physician being appealed to in a demand for prescriptions against the plague. Engaged in these varied occupations, his days at first went tranquilly by, but peace and quietness were never to be of long continuance in the way of life which he was doomed to tread. He soon became involved in a double warfare with the monks,—one of them, Claudius Salini, the prior of the Dominican monastery at Metz, with whom he entered into a bitter controversy on the Monogamy of Saint Anne,—the other Nicolas Savin, the chief inquisitor; the cause of quarrel with the latter being the brutal persecution of a poor woman accused of witchcraft by the Dominican, and manfully defended by Agrippa. He confused the prior, and was victorious over the inquisitor, but the monks of Metz became his implacable foes, and hunted him from the town. "Preached against in the churches and avoided in the streets, out of the narrow circle of his household friends regarded with suspicion, the vocation of Cornelius was gone at Metz: it was not there that he could find a quiet home. Directly after he had assured the success of

all his pleading against the inquisitor, he accepted the consequences of the course he had pursued, and asked permission of the deacons to resign his office and be gone. Leave was granted readily, and, after brief preparation, with his fortunes for the third time wrecked, Cornelius Agrippa, towards the close of January, 1520, journeyed with wife and son, through wintry weather, to his mother at Cologne." The principal domestic event which occurred while he was at Cologne was the death of his wife, whom he returned to Mets to bury, and then quitted that inhospitable town for ever. He chose Geneva for his asylum, and interested himself while there in church reform and questions of theology, the discussion of the Sacrament of Marriage, in which he developed views adverse to the opinions of the age, serving as the prelude to a second happy union. This event occurred in 1522, and of his second wife, aged only nineteen, Agrippa wrote to his friend Brennon, as "a maid of noble birth and great beauty, who so adapts herself to my ways that you could not tell that they had not been in the first instance her own, or know whether either one of us excels the other in a readiness of love and homage." Soon after this marriage, "salary and honourable consideration being offered to Cornelius, as its physician, by the mountain town of Friburg, that offer was accepted, and an end was made of the expectations which the Duke of Savoy had excited." His removal to Friburg took place in 1523, and, slight as were the pecuniary advantages of his post, he might have been happy in his new abode if he had resolved to remain there. But it was his fate through life to be tempted and deceived by royal patronage. He was offered in France the honourable post of physician to Louisa of Savoy, the mother of Francis I., and regent of the kingdom during his captivity in Spain, and in 1524—in an evil hour for himself—he quitted his true friends at Friburg, and embarked on the perilous sea of court favour. On that sea he was wrecked once more: labour and sorrow were all he reaped for services which were never requited, not even in a pecuniary sense. Amongst the many sad passages of Agrippa's career one of the saddest is recorded in his three years' sojourn at Lyons, a court physician rich in promises, in actual condition poor even to extremest penury, and the end of all, suspicion, dislike, enmity, and persecution. Little wonder, then, that he was stimulated to satirise the world that surrounded him in his book upon the "Vanity of Sciences and Arts," which he wrote at this period. For a complete *aperçu* of that work, as well as for many a mournful page in Agrippa's life of disappointment, we must refer to Mr. Morley's volumes, what else we have to record being of necessity brief. Too happy in being allowed to relinquish his privilege to starve in the service of Louisa of Savoy, he centred his hope once more, at the age of forty-one, on the princess whose favour he had vainly sought in his youth. He was led to this by a cordial invitation to Antwerp, which he received from an eminent man in that city, Father Aurelius, of Aquapendente, whom Agrippa had known in Italy, and who was now desirous of his closest friendship. Other friends, also, made cordial offers of assistance from the same place, and nothing remained for Agrippa but to get there. This proved no easy matter; for, though he succeeded at last in obtaining a formal license to quit the service of the inhospitable Louisa of Savoy, —who sought to degrade him into a mere astrologer,—nearly a year

went by, consuming his scanty means, before he could obtain a safe-conduct between Paris and the Netherlands, his principal opponent in the matter being the thick-headed Duke of Vendôme, who, "when he saw or heard Agrippa's name, fell into sudden wrath, and tore the paper across, saying he would never sign anything in favour of a fortune-teller." It was, consequently, not until the close of the year 1528—and then his object was effected by stratagem—that Agrippa was enabled to surround himself with his wife and family at Mechlin.

Mr. Morley gives a pleasant sketch of Agrippa's domestic life, soon, however, to be sadly interrupted. During a brief absence at Mechlin, his wife, who had been ailing for some time, fell sick of the plague, and Agrippa only returned to her bedside to witness her death. A most painfully-interesting account of this bereavement is contained in a letter written by Agrippa to Forbot, one of his wife's kinsmen. Yet at this moment of supreme suffering his worldly affairs offered him a better chance of prosperity than had ever occurred before. Henry VIII. of England invited him, with great offers, which he would not accept; it was sought to attach him to the court of the Emperor Charles V.; the Marquis of Montferrat entreated him to come to Italy with all his household; and Margaret of Austria offered honourable conditions of service, with emoluments less tempting. "Which I shall choose," Agrippa wrote, "I know not. I would rather live free than go into service. It becomes me, however, to consult not my own pleasure, but the well-being of my children."

With the honours of Imperial Historiographer on his head—but with the salary attached to it withheld as usual—Agrippa now began the publication of the works which had hitherto existed only in manuscript. While engaged upon them, Margaret of Austria died (A.D. 1530), but he still prosecuted his undertaking, and the first issue of the *Occult Philosophy* took place in February, 1531. From the "Address to the Reader," which was prefixed to this first edition, we take a few lines. He does not doubt, he says, that a great number of persons will be attracted to his book by the rarity of the subject, of whom many will read carelessly and misunderstand, many will cry out against it even before they have quite read the title, call him a wizard, a demoniac, a superstitious man, and a magician. He advises those who cannot overcome the hatred of a name to leave his work unread, and asks people of more equanimity to read with discretion, throwing aside what they do not like as matter not commended to them, but narrated only. "I confess," he says, "that there are many vain things and curious prodigies taught for the sake of ostentation in books of magic; *cast them aside as emptiness, but do not refuse to know their causes.*" And yet, the man who wrote thus was branded with contempt and ridicule, and his "life's life, lied away!" This publication was what Mr. Morley calls "The beginning of the End." How his salary remained unpaid—how his means diminished—how he was harassed by his creditors—how his character was attacked—how he was thrown into prison—how released from thence—in what manner he married for the third time, most fatally—and how, when divorced from a faithless woman, "there only remained for him to wander out alone into a hostile world and die," we leave Mr. Morley to tell, in the honest, eloquent, calm, and impartial words which characterise one of the best biographies it has ever been our fortune to read.

THE KANSAS QUESTION.

THE election of Buchanan to the American Presidency has been accomplished, to the deep regret of all sincere well-wishers for the prosperity of the United States. Hopes had been entertained that the deep-dyed disgrace of slavery would at last be extirpated, and that all right-thinking men would join heart and soul to liberate their country from a festering wound which renders it the by-word of nations. Unfortunately, the means to which the partisans of slavery had recourse have proved effectual, and the triumph of right over might has been carried through. Buchanan, *per se*, is not so dangerous, for he has ever been all things to all men: a blind follower of the popular movement, and an indefatigable place-hunter. But it is the party represented by him which is so dangerous, composed of the wildest spirits of the Union, who recognise no law but their own, and are sworn to defend the peculiar institution, from combined feelings of interest and sensuality. If these men can maintain their power, Buchanan will become their obedient vassal, only differing in colour from their other slaves. Nor do we see how such a state of things can be avoided; for the Southerners have the one merit of being united, while the North is distracted by party feeling and religious animosity.

But while the North is wailing and lamenting over the unhappy result of the election, what must be the condition of those unfortunate beings who, relying on the law of their country, emigrated to Kansas, and were expelled by the Missouri ruffians, aided by the United States army? They have already undergone many severe trials of climate and war, but what fate can they now anticipate, when the army is placed under the authority of a man who is bound to carry out the most insolent demands of the slaveholding party? Unless the nation interfere, they will be delivered like lambs to the slaughter, and furnish another proof—if such were needed—of the powerlessness of those laws which the Americans boastfully regard as the finest code in the universe.

We have now lying on our table two books, which have recently appeared in America,* on this most interesting topic. It is a curious sign of the times that both were written by ladies. While their husbands were defending their homesteads with the rifle, their wives were engaged in the equally honourable task of portraying the wrongs they suffered, and appealing to the nation of which they were members to come forward and defend them from the oppressors. But before we proceed to examine these two books, it may be advisable to say a few words on the Kansas question itself.

By an act of congress, approved March 6, 1820, all that territory lying north of 36 deg. 30 min., ceded by France to the United States under the name of Louisiana, was freed from slavery and involuntary servitude. But the slaveholders were not satisfied with this state of things, and had recourse to their usual mode of bribing and menacing. By the compromise of 1850 the Fugitive Slave Bill was passed, and strong hopes were enter-

* Six Months in Kansas. By a Lady.

Kansas: its Interior and Exterior Life. By Mrs. Robinson.

tained that they could get hold of Kansas as well. On the 25th of May, 1854, they succeeded in passing the Nebraska and Kansas Bill, which gave them the opportunity they demanded. Southerners argued that this new compromise would restore peace, but the result has been very different. The crime against Kansas, consummated in congress, has been acted over again in frauds on the ballot-box at Kansas, and has been the occasion of robbery, murder, and civil war.

In Western Missouri all the requisite steps were taken to ensure the success of the slave states. In 1854 secret societies, called Friends' Societies, &c., were founded, whose members were sworn, at the peril of their lives, to make Kansas a slave state. The most violent threats were uttered publicly against the abolitionists, and everything proved that the contest must soon approach. In the mean while, the North had not been idle. An association was formed, avowedly to assist emigrants in moving to the West; but, in reality, the object was to cast in such a number of voters that Kansas must remain free. The first election took place, and the polling-huts were thronged with borderers, who voted illegally, for they did not reside in the territory. Mr. W. Phillips, a lawyer, dared to protest against the election, and was ordered to leave. On his refusal to do so, he was carried to Weston, in Missouri, where, after being tarred and feathered, and one side of his head shaved, he was marched about the streets, and finally sold by auction to a negro.

On the 13th of March, 1855, just about the period when these events were occurring, the first Kansas party of the season left Boston under the charge of Dr. Robinson, whose wife has favoured us with her reminiscences. Dr. Robinson's name will be remembered by our readers as having been before them for some time as one of the most prominent leaders of the abolitionist party. The following description of the beautiful scenery of Kansas will serve as a fitting introduction to a residence there:

Our road lay over the high and rolling prairie, and never was fairer picture hung out between heaven and earth to feast the eyes of Nature's lovers. The sky was cloudless, and blue as ocean. The air was fragrant with the perfume of apple, plum, and grape-blossoms, which grew in clumps by the wayside, wherever we passed through small groves. Emerging from these, some new phase of scenery would cause new expressions of delight. Sometimes we would seem to be on the very height of the land, prairies stretching in all directions, noble forests marking the line of the rivers and creeks, while the mounds far away in the distance formed a complete amphitheatre. At another time we would be passing rapidly into what seemed to be the cultivated grounds of some private mansion, over a smooth lawn, where the tall oaks and walnuts were grouped in admirable arrangement, and with such artistic beauty in many places that it was difficult to realise that art had nothing here, but nature all. At one or two places we passed ledges, where, upon the highest points, the stones were laid up as regularly in walls as if laid by stonemasons. There were deep ravines also to be crossed, which tested the strength of one's nerves somewhat. These are skirted with graceful trees, while the water in their pebbly beds is limpid and clear. Just beyond one of these, with the green branches interwoven above us to shut out the sunbeams, we rested, and dined as best we might on crackers and apples, which an acquaintance gave us, who was baiting his horse at the same spot, while ours nibbled his grass with a most satisfactory look at the base of a tree. A large emigrant waggon had broken down near us, and their exertions to right matters for the rest of the journey, as well as their gipsy-like appearance in camp, added not a little to the interest of the half-hour.

But Mrs. Robinson was soon destined to find that her paradise was not internally so fair as it appeared at the first blush. The frenzied passions of man ran full riot here, and before long the infant colony was afflicted with a severe attack of cholera. On the celebration of the 4th of July (rather a mockery, it seems to us, in the state Kansas was then in), Dr. Robinson made a speech, which wonderfully aroused the ire of the pro-slavery men, who swore they would hang him. An extract from the *Leavenworth Herald* is an average sample. "Dr. Robinson is sole agent for the underground railway, leading out of Western Missouri, and for the transportation of 'fugitive' niggers. His office is in Lawrence, K. T. Give him a call."

Governor Reeder, whose free-state views were displeasing to the president, was deposed, and General Shannon, from Ohio, put in his place. He soon proved himself the tool of the Missouri borderers, and the firm ally of the celebrated Sheriff Jones, who had distinguished himself by burning down the houses of some free-state settlers in the most wanton manner at Leecompton. Murders began to be the order of the day, and the people of Lawrence were obliged to form themselves into a defence committee. The pro-slavery party retaliated by calling out the militia to join in a general attack on Lawrence. About this time, too, the "Lone Star," a flag of ominous import, made its first appearance in Kansas. But here we will quit Mrs. Robinson for a while, to take some notes from the other lady's book, which, though less devoted to the political aspect of the question, contains some highly interesting details of the internal life of the territory.

The description our lady gives of the cabin which she reached in November, 1855, and which her son had built in readiness for her arrival, proves that, if our huts in the Crimea were grumbled at, we ought first to have visited the Far West, when we should have considered we were lodged luxuriously in comparison to American squatters. "The cabin was fifteen feet square and eleven feet high, giving room for quite a loft. The windows were cotton cloth, and the door was made of a frame, with a cross piece, covered with the same material, having quite an extensive wooden latch, fastened to the cross piece with a wooden pin, and lifted from the outside by a twisted string." The cabin was made by driving posts into the ground four feet apart, and nailing clapboards outside. These are split out with an axe, after the blocks have been sawn the proper length. The oak is a hard and crooked wood, and the boards, as a natural consequence, would not lie close, but were strongly suggestive of draughts. There were six boards stretched across the middle of the room, and along the walls benches, on which the inmates would sleep.

The first severe trials to which our emigrants were exposed were sharp attacks of ague, which laid them low in turn, although the lady of the party held out to the last, and spent her days in attending on her more unfortunate neighbours, who were down with fever or the chills. At the same time great apprehensions were entertained of the Missouriian invasion, for they had sworn to destroy the Yankee town, and had set a price on the heads of the most honoured citizens. Our author writes home, for instance: "How strange it will seem to you to hear that I have loaded pistols and a bowie-knife upon my table at night, three of Sharp's

rifles, loaded, standing in the room, and two or three men in the cabin besides my son, except when it is their turn to keep guard through the little town. All the week every preparation has been made for our defence, and everybody is worn out with want of sleep." It must be borne in mind that the majority of the emigrants were persons of high education and family, and must naturally have felt such a condition of things severely; but the "sangre azul" remained true to itself, and they never flinched in the hour of danger or of severest trial.

The Missourians began to grow wanton in their cruelty, and shot an unoffending and unarmed citizen through the back, while on his road home to see his family. This caused an intense agitation in Lawrence, and a deputation was sent out to invite Governor Shannon into the town, for a conference by which some check could be put to these horrors. It must have been a strange contrast at the hotel, where the governor was received—in one room the clattering of arms, frowning brows, and fierce language; in the next, the poor, weak widow, weeping unconsciously over the body of her murdered husband. General Shannon confirmed the military appointments made, and, not feeling very comfortable in Lawrence, soon sought refuge again with his border allies.

All further operations were, however, stopped by the intense cold which set in after Christmas, and formed a fitting prelude for the horrors of the coming year. In a warm cabin, water froze before midnight; and the only way in which the pro-slavery men could annoy the free-state men was by proceeding to arrest obnoxious individuals. In this agreeable occupation Sheriff Jones, however, now and then caught a Tartar, as will be seen from the following quotation:

Sheriff Jones has had quite a novel finale to an arrest. The wife of the arrested man should have been born on the other side of the Atlantic, and would have made a fitting mate to some modern Robin Hood. In the first place, she hid the Sheriff's dragoon coat, which in itself was very valuable as well as a necessary appendage this cold weather. After her husband was placed in the carriage for removal, she drew a loaded pistol from her person, pointed it at Sheriff Jones, and declared she would fire if he did not release her husband. As there seemed no possible doubt of her sincerity, and as the gentleman could not avenge himself upon a woman, he released the man—expressing the opinion, that he should rather face an army of men than one furious woman. More recently, that same woman went into a yard of horses kept to let, and demanded one, over which she had some real or imaginary right, presenting at the same time her pistol at the ostler. The shock to his sensibility was so great, that he suffered her to mount the horse and ride off without molestation. This reminds me of another "strong-minded woman." When at the peace party, the Doctor called my attention to a woman, sitting very straight in a chair, quite near an illuminated window, by the light of which she was reading a newspaper. Her eyes were very black; her face not only determined, but somewhat brazen. The Doctor amused himself, as well as me, by detailing some of her freaks during our troubles. In one instance, when her cabin was visited by the enemies, she passed herself off as a Missourian, and, through the statement of her defenceless position, gained from them two rifles! On another occasion, when going home from Lawrence, the distance from which is about six milés, she rode her own horse and led that of her husband, who, being one of the soldiers, could not return with her. After riding about half-way home, she saw a man hastening after her; and, when within speaking distance, he demanded the extra horse. She replied, "Take it if you can," and put her pony into a fast trot. Stimulated both by the ride and her nearer approach to

her home, she, when at a good distance, reined in her horse and laughed at him for not taking what he wished. The pursuer got very angry; he was drunk before; he drew his pistol but had not steadiness of nerve to hold it, and it slipped from him to the ground. Fearing, half drunk as he was, to dismount, he started on to secure the horse, uttering oath after oath. My lady's spirit was now up, she did not fear a drunken man on horseback, so she made a wide circuit, bringing herself back to where the pistol lay; it was but the work of a moment for her to jump to the ground, secure the prize, spring upon the horse, and gallop home.

In the mean while, forts were thrown up round the town in preparation for the coming fight: while without, the Missourians were plundering and murdering any unfortunate traveller who fell into their hands, and stopping all merchandise, under the excuse of searching for arms. At length, worn out with troubles, anxiety, and sickness, our courageous authoress was compelled to return to Boston, where she is still residing, in the hope of being yet able to return to Kansas, as a free territory. Sincerely do we hope that her wishes may be fulfilled, although, according to the strict letter of the law, the compromise of 1854 will remain valid, until it is recalled by congress. Nebraska for the North, Kansas for the South—such was the measure carried by Frank Pierce's government, and though utterly unjust, as carried in defiance of previous laws, still the President, in calling on the United States troops to take part in the affair, and put down the disturbance, only acted in the right. But when we find him deliberately endorsing the acts of the border ruffians, and oppressing unoffending citizens, because their views on the slavery question were adverse to his own, no words are sufficiently strong to express our disapproval of such a breach of good faith and attempted dragooning. Hence, therefore, the people of Kansas are entitled to the fullest sympathy of their countrymen, and it is even a doubtful point whether they would not be justified in repulsing force by force when the popularly-elected President so manifestly favours one party at the expense of the other. By the present election matters can only become more complicated, and it is difficult to see any outlet which will not entail a dissolution of the Union, for the Southerners are determined to carry their point, and will never yield to any pressure, save utter defeat in the field. We will now return to Mrs. Robinson's book, and see the events which occurred in Lawrence, by the help of the United States army, and the noble use to which it was put by Franklin Pierce.

On the 17th April the commissioners arrived from Washington to inquire into the alleged grievances of Kansas. The Missouri men began to grow frightened as to the result, and, fortunately for them, Sheriff Jones was wounded most opportunely. Hereupon General Whitfield declared that it was not safe to remain in Lawrence, and recommended the commissioners to return to Washington, for their labours were at an end, as none of the witnesses would appear before them. In the mean while, arrests were actively going on in the presence of the United States troops.

The house of Mr. Speer has been repeatedly searched for him. Sam Salters went again with some dragoons, a few days since, and entreated them that they would do the despicable work for him. They refused to do so, as it was beyond the province of their duties. So, striking around with a hammer, which he picked up, to show his valour, he at last declared "he would go in," and,

opening the door, was greeted by a dash of hot water in his face. Mrs. Speer then said: "I have respect for the United States troops. You can search the house; but, as for this Missourian, he shall not come in." The troops enjoyed this unceremonious salutation given by this lady to this brave official.

To show the education enjoyed by the executive department of the territory, we may quote the following pass, given by the above-named gentleman: "Let this man pas for i no him to bee a law and abiding man,—Samuel Salters." At this time the Missourians began playing the tactics of their opponents, by causing a number of men to immigrate, who were bound by an oath to remain in the territory to vote, and to hold themselves in readiness to fight while they did remain. The lure held out was the payment of their expenses for twelve months, and their settlement upon claims which were already selected for them. It seems probable, however, that as the pro-slavery men threatened that when the free-state men were driven out they would take their houses and claims, this might be the promised selection. Travelling was growing very unsafe, bands of these ruffians being encamped all over the country, who stopped every stranger to inquire "Whether he was right on the goose?" or, "Whether he was an abolitionist?" If the reply was unsatisfactory the victim was frequently shot; if satisfactory, he was allowed to depart, after giving up all the money in his possession, and having his luggage thoroughly ransacked. Another favourite mode of terrifying the free-state men was by tying ropes round their necks and jerking them up from the ground. This operation was performed two or three times, till the victim, worn out with pain, was only too glad to promise that he would leave the country at once.

At length the fiat went forth that the poor little western town should be attacked by the noble army of the United States, with the Marshal, T. B. Donaldson, as their heroic leader. The people of Lawrence determined that they would give no provocation by which the peace might be broken. On the 21st of May the troops marched in, and the arrests were carried into effect. Sheriff Jones then ordered General Pomeroy to give up the cannon and the Sharp's rifles which were in the town, by authority of the first district court of the United States. The committee agreed to resign their one brass six-pounder, but the rifles, as private property, were retained. General Atchison then formed his men into a hollow square, and delivered a characteristic address, in which the following are the most salient passages: "We have entered that — town, and taught the — abolitionists a Southern lesson, which they will remember until the day they die. And now, bhoys, we will go in again, with our highly honourable Jones, and test the strength of that — Free-state Hotel, and teach the Emigrant Aid Company that Kansas shall be ours. Bhoys, ladies should, and I hope will, be respected by every gentleman. But when a woman takes upon herself the garb of a soldier, by carrying a Sharp's rifle, then she is no longer worthy of respect. Trample her under foot as you would a snake. Come on, bhoys! Now do your duty to yourselves and your Southern friends. Your duty I know you will do. If one man or woman dare to stand before you, blow them to — with a chunk of cold lead." Now this general is rather a favourable specimen of the law and order party, so it may be easily inferred what his followers must have been.

Sheriff Jones had warrants to destroy the Free-state Hotel and the offices of the *Herald of Freedom* and *Free State*, both which papers had caused great offence to the pro-slavery men by denying the legality of the territorial authorities, and by commanding forcible resistance. Colonel Eldridge, proprietor of the hotel, had an hour and a half given to him to remove his family and effects. Of course, he could only bring his family into safety, while a part of the furniture was thrown out of the window by the rabble—mirrors and marble-top tables being thrown into the street. The house had been furnished at an expense of 10,000 dollars, and the cellar was stored with provisions, advantage having been taken of the high water in the Kansas to bring up several month's supply. The *Free State* office was first destroyed, the press being thrown into the river. The chases of the *Herald of Freedom* office were also thrown into the Kansas, and the press broken. Sheriff Jones told off two companies to carry out this laudable object.

Four guns were then drawn up at about one hundred yards from the hotel, and the ball-practice commenced. Thirty-two rounds were fired without the slightest effect, and then some kegs of powder were carried into the cellar: "for law and order" were not blind, and the continued display of plunder gained by others of the mob excited their covetousness, and a more summary way of removing the nuisance was desired." The result, however, not being satisfactory, Colonel Titus was ordered to fire the building. By making fires in each of the large rooms, the hotel was destroyed, nearly the entire wall falling in. After this, Sheriff Jones dismissed his forces, their work being done, and they relieved their lighter hours by plundering private houses.

About seven o'clock, the covered waggon, brought up to remove the plunder, began moving off, and by nine, the legally organised militia had completed their task. Many thousand dollars' worth of property had been destroyed. People had been robbed of their all, Lawrence was destroyed, and President Pierce had attained the glory. Justly may Mrs. Robinson say, "Crown his brows with asphodel and wormwood, ye American people, for he has wrought for your fellow-countrymen bitterness and woe!"

With the outrage at Lawrence the reign of terror commenced in Kansas, and Dr. Robinson considered it his duty to proceed to Washington, and lay all the facts before the senate. Accompanied by his wife, he went on board the steamer at Kansas city, but had only reached Lexington when the boat was boarded, and himself arrested as guilty of flying from an indictment. Fearing outrage at the hands of the infuriated mob, they were compelled to yield and return to land. Governor Robinson was led about the country for some time, but was at last brought to Leecompton, where he was placed in a tent with the other prisoners—making seven persons crowded into one tent. In the mean while, orders had arrived from Washington to disband another illegally constituted militia, and the people were promised protection from the United States troops. Both parties obeyed, but the Missourians sacked a town or two in their homeward progress—the dragoons not interfering in the slightest. This was certainly a hard measure; when the free-state men showed a disposition to protect themselves, they were not allowed to do it; yet

murders and robberies were repeated every day in the early part of June. Among the instances of brutality we may quote the following :

A young man, by the name of Hill, was going to Missouri for provisions, and, as night came, he asked two men on the road where he could find water for his horses. They said they would show him, if he would go with them. When he had accompanied them to the ravine, where they said he would find water, they searched him, took his money, and threatened to kill him. He told them he had a mother, and young brothers and sisters, dependent on him ; that, day after day, as she looked out for his coming, and night only brought a renewal of the sad suspense as to his fate, in sorrow she would go to the grave ; but there was no pity in their hearts, no mercy. They tied the young man's arms behind him, and, bending his feet backwards, tied them also to his arms, then put a stick an inch and a half wide into his mouth, forcing it open, and tied the string behind his head. Then, more barbarous than the New Zealanders, they cut places in his hat, tied that also over his face, and laid him face downward on the stones. They went away, leaving him to die. After a time they came back ; and, as one placed his pistol directly over his eye, he feeling the pressure through his hat, the other said : " Don't shoot him ; he will not go any further on his journey to-night." They left again, probably to report at the camp another victim to the vile tools of slavery propagandism. When the young man found himself alone, and thought they would not return, he commenced making an effort to extricate himself from his painful position. By working his boot upon the sharp stones, he found the rope loose enough for him to draw his foot out. His feet were thus left at liberty, while one boot was swinging on his back. By working his hat between his knees, he was able to pull it off his face. Thus, with the strip of board still lacerating his mouth, and hands fastened with strong cords behind him, he set out to find some house in the darkness of the night.

The news that armed bodies were congregating in the North, to come to the assistance of their oppressed brethren, had a very quieting effect on the border ruffians, and Colonel Sumner was enabled to break up the Vigilance Committee at Leavensworth, and drive out a number of the ruffians. The next step was the dispersion of the legislatures of the territory, who were threatened with violence from the military if they did not obey the proclamation. They followed the command in a most dignified manner, sadly annoying the abolitionist party, who were anxiously on the look-out for another pretext for civil war. The free-state men, however, were not yet entirely put down ; they made an attack on Colonel Titus's house at Lecompton, and took him and seventeen others prisoners ; some of the type which had belonged to the *Herald of Freedom*, had been fished out of the river and cast into slugs for the attack. At the first fire the gunner said, " This is the second edition of the *Herald of Freedom*." The pro-slavery men retorted in their own characteristic manner. A man of the name of Hope was scalped and murdered close to Leavensworth by one of Atchison's ruffians, who had made a bet of six dollars against a pair of boots that in less than two hours he would have an abolitionist's scalp. He returned to Lawrence, received the boots, and exhibited the scalp as a proof of his prowess.

For several weeks mob-law reigned in Lecompton, and at last one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants were forced to take passage in the *Polar Star* for St. Louis. Men and women and children were driven ruthlessly from their homes. Men of property were obliged to leave it at the mercy of the mob, and in some instances had not even the means to pay their passage. The goods of some of the merchants, together

with ten thousand dollars' worth in the warehouses, for traders in Lawrence, were confiscated by the ruffians. In reading of such scenes, we can hardly believe that they can have taken place in the Model Republic, for they are more worthy of Walker. To imagine that the regular army was sent in to permit the carrying out of such atrocities casts a deep slur on the government, but one still deeper on the American people, who allow such things to be done in their own country by a president whom themselves elected.

Four months was Dr. Robinson kept prisoner, until he was released on bail of five thousand dollars. They returned in triumph to Lawrence, under the protection of General Lane, and from that place the narrative we have been examining is dated, although written while Mrs. Robinson was residing with her husband under canvas in the United States camp at Lecompton. We can entertain no doubt of its authenticity, for every incident has been confirmed by the accounts we have received from Kansas; and it may be, therefore, regarded as a faithful narrative of one of the most extraordinary occurrences which modern history has to describe.

Still, amid much that is mournful, there is one cheering aspect which we ought to regard: that wondrous reverence for the laws which Americans have inherited with their British blood. No amount of provocation would induce the Legislative Assembly to commit any act of injustice or illegality which might compromise their cause; they suffered nobly for their fellow-citizens, and patriotically declined the proffered assistance by which they might have driven the United States army from their territory, sooner than infringe on the laws of their country. And when at length forced to take up arms in self-defence, the people of Kansas only used them under the grossest provocation, and sought no revenge on the pro-slavery men for the heartless manner in which they had treated them. And this praiseworthy conduct will, we apprehend, eventually lead to the success of the free-state men, for the Southerners have utterly ruined their cause by the violence they have employed against unoffending citizens. In no country is any act of tyranny so sharply criticised as in the United States; and the whole policy of the slaveholding states being based on violence and brutal insult, has led to a most dangerous state of things, under which no presidential compromise was possible. The North is now aware that no terms can be offered to the South, for the only result is insult and savage triumph. Up to the present the South has only been strong through the weakness of the North, and we sincerely trust that the time has at length arrived when it will say—So far, but no farther!

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.*

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

XLV.

HOW GAGE'S EYES WERE AT LAST OPENED.

OF late, as we have mentioned, Gage had been gradually sinking into a state of lethargy and gloom, from which nothing but some strong stimulant, such as had just been administered by Fairlie, could rouse him—and this but temporarily. While listening to the steward's glowing description of the approaching fête, his breast had kindled for the moment with something of its former fire; but the excitement speedily died away, and left him gloomier and more depressed than before. A miserable state of mind—resembling the reaction from a powerful dose of opium. Inertness and despondency prevented him from discerning the right way out of his difficulties, and though he endured all the agonies of remorse, he could not bring himself to a sense of repentance. If any better promptings arose within his breast, he checked them by the despairing ejaculation, "It is too late!" Life seemed a blank. The past was irretrievable—the future without hope.


But it must not be supposed that Clare's last warning words were wholly without effect upon the unhappy young man. They constantly rang in his ears; while her looks—her earnestly-imploing looks—ever haunted him. But an insurmountable barrier seemed placed between him and all prospect of future happiness. His energies were gone. Why continue a struggle in which he was sure to be worsted? Better end it at once.

So he yielded to the dark suggestions of despair, and shut his heart to the gentle pleadings of hope.

He had not entirely shaken off his moody fit, and was still alone in the library, stretched upon a couch, when Bellairs made his appearance. The valet brought him a letter, intimating that it was from Mrs. Jenyns. Without changing his position, Gage desired him to put it down.

"Pardon me, sir," the valet observed, "Mrs. Jenyns requested me to bring an answer. She will blame me if I return without one."

"You are in her confidence, I presume, Bellairs?" Gage demanded.

*  *The Author of this Tale reserves the right of translation.*

The valet smiled, and nodded an affirmative.

"Will not a verbal response, conveyed by such a trusty emissary, suffice?"

"I will charge myself with any response you choose to send, sir—verbal or otherwise," Bellairs replied. "But I venture to think, that your wisest course will be to write."

"You are an impertinent puppy," Gage cried, springing to his feet. "Well, since you insist upon it, I *will* write an answer. But I must first read the letter, though I can pretty well guess its contents."

So saying, he broke the seal of the missive, and ran his eye over the few lines it contained.

"As I supposed," he exclaimed. "She requires my immediate decision. But why so pressing?"

"Does not the note explain, sir?" the valet inquired.

"If it did, rascal, should I ask the question? Perhaps you can inform me?"

"I am not at liberty to speak, but you may be quite sure, sir, Mrs. Jenyns has a reason—a strong reason—for her urgency. On this account I recommend you to close with her offer."

"Sdeath! have you the presumption to offer me advice, sirrah? The whole thing is a trick. Mr. Fairlie has explained it to me."

"Why, sir, Mr. Fairlie——"

"Peace! I won't hear a word against him!"

"Oh, very well, sir," the valet cried, in a huff. "I shall say no more. But you'll find it out in time."

"Don't interrupt me," Gage cried, sitting down at the table.

And snatching up a pen, he wrote as follows:

"You have often found me an easy dupe, madam, but this time you will fail in your design. Believing as I do that the story you have told me of the discovery of the will is pure invention, you cannot be surprised that I decline to bring a false charge against an honourable man. But were it otherwise—were your statement as well founded as I have reason to suppose it incorrect—I should equally reject your proposition. My fallen fortunes shall never be repaired by unworthy means; nor will I sully the name I bear by a degrading union. You have my answer."

Having signed this letter, and sealed it, he handed it to Bellairs.

"You reject the offer, I presume, sir?" the valet remarked.

"Peremptorily," Gage replied.

"Sorry to hear it, sir. You are playing into your adversary's hands. Mrs. Jenyns will now go over to Mr. Fairlie."

"If she does, she will meet worse reception from him than from me."

"No, sir," Bellairs replied, with a cunning smile. "He *will* agree to her terms."

"Why, zounds! rascal," Gage cried, in the utmost astonishment, "you don't mean to insinuate that Fairlie will marry her?"

"If I take back this letter the affair is settled. Mrs. Jenyns means to be mistress of the Castle, and, possessing the power of achieving her object, makes you the first offer. You hesitate, and Mr. Fairlie steps in. He sees the necessity of decision, and accepts her conditions at once. But Mrs. Jenyns will not throw you over without a word, and, before concluding the arrangement, requires your answer. You send it—and the door is closed!"

"You are lying, rascal," Gage cried, in angry astonishment. "I cannot credit such dissimulation—such perfidy!"

"You won't be kept long in doubt about the matter, sir, I can promise you. But it is not too late to frustrate Mr. Fairlie's designs. Write another letter to Mrs. Jenyns—or rather go to her at once. Agree to everything she may propose, and the game is yours. Surely you won't hesitate now? This is no time for silly scruples."

"I have no hesitation, Bellairs," Gage rejoined, in a tone of decision, for which the valet was wholly unprepared. "I might possibly triumph over Fairlie by the course you propose, but I will never engage in such a disgraceful conflict. Hear my determination, and repeat it if you will, word for word, to her who sent you. Not to win back all I have lost—not to avenge myself on Fairlie for his deceptions and treachery—would I wed Mrs. Jenyns! Take back my answer, without another word."

Struck dumb with astonishment, the valet bowed, and withdrew.

The intelligence he had just received operated like a galvanic shock upon Monthermer, and at once roused him from his lethargy. After pacing to and fro for some time—now swayed by one furious impulse, now by another,—he quitted the library, and proceeded towards his own room, astounding every person he encountered by his fierce looks and agitated demeanour. No one ventured to address him, except Mr. Pudsey, who threw himself in his way, and got pushed aside, and consigned to the Prince of Darkness for his pains.

On reaching his own chamber, Gage spent some minutes in sombre reflection. He then took a brace of pistols from a case, loaded them, and ascertained that they were perfectly ready for use. This done, he attired himself in a riding-dress, fastened on his sword, thrust the pistols into his girdle, and arming himself with a heavy hunting-whip, sallied forth. At the door he once more encountered the officious Pudsey, who probably was employed to watch his proceedings, and who now—to disarm suspicion, no doubt—appeared with a silver chocolate jug and its accompaniments on a tray. These Gage upset in his hasty exit, and without bestowing a word or a look upon the discomfited butler, strode down the long gallery with a firm step and haughty

port, glancing inquiringly at the portraits of his ancestors as he passed on. The entrance-hall was thronged by a large party of his dissolute guests, who were jesting and talking loudly, but they were all so struck by his altered manner and deportment, that they involuntarily ceased laughing, and stared at him in surprise. Coldly saluting them, he went on without a word.

In the court leading to the stables, which he next traversed, a knot of young men were assembled, the most conspicuous among the group being Sir Randal and Beau Freke. These personages were all listening with evident amusement to some piquant piece of information, which Brice Bunbury was detailing with great unction, and Gage fancied that he himself formed the theme of discourse, and became confirmed in the notion by Brice making a gesture of silence to the others as he approached. It was with no friendly feelings that Gage drew near the group. Since the revolution which had just taken place in his sentiments and character, he regarded the persons composing it as amongst his worst enemies, and he had no desire to conceal his opinions. Eyeing the assemblage with a fierce and menacing look, he seemed as if singling out some one on whom to discharge his wrath. The bolt fell upon Brice's head.

"Out of my way, sir!" Monthermer cried, pushing him fiercely aside as he stepped forward to salute him.

The others looked amazed at the occurrence, and Brice, thinking himself sure of support, cried out, "Am I to understand that the affront you have put upon me was intentional, Monthermer?"

"Understand it as you please, and take that in addition to clear your comprehension," Gage exclaimed, bringing the horsewhip heavily upon his shoulders, and causing him to beat a hasty retreat, yelling with pain. It was impossible to avoid laughing at his ridiculous grimaces and outcries, and, meeting with no sympathy from his friends, Brice cried, "Is this all the return I get for the amusement I have just afforded you?" Whereupon, the laughter was redoubled.

This incident served to allay the wrath of the two principal personages in the assemblage, who had been highly offended by Gage's deportment towards them, and Sir Randal, with more good-nature than might have been expected from him, observed, "If what we have just heard from Brice respecting Mrs. Jenyns and Fairlie be true, it is natural you should be out of temper, Monthermer. So I am content to excuse your rudeness."

"I have no wish to quarrel with you, Gage," Beau Freke subjoined. "When your anger has passed by, you will, I am sure, be ready to apologise."

"Never!" Monthermer replied. "I will never apologise, either to you or to Sir Randal."

And with a scornful and defiant look he turned on his heel and departed.

"I never saw Monthermer exhibit so much spirit before," Sir Randal remarked, as soon as Gage was gone. "On my soul, he bore himself so proudly that I could not help admiring him."

"I don't admire him at all," Brice observed, still rubbing his shoulders. "You may do as you please, gentlemen, but I don't intend to put up with the insult he has offered me."

"Bravo, Brice!" Sir Randal ejaculated. "What will you do?—horsewhip him in return, eh?"

"Wait till he comes back, and you shall see," the other rejoined.

Meantime, Gage had arrived at the stables, and mounting Hotspur, he galloped off into the park. The groom was still wondering at the young Squire's strange, stern looks, when Mr. Pudsey hurriedly entered the stables.

"You must see where Mr. Monthermer goes to, Nat Clancy, and what he does!" he cried. "Mount one of the horses, and be off at once."

"Why, I do fancy fro' his looks, that he be goin' to make away wi' himself," Nat replied.

"If he should make any such attempt, it's not your business to interfere, Nat—mind that. Things have gone so badly with him that he'll be well out of the way. But don't lose another moment. Be off with you!"

Thus exhorted, Nat took the first horse he came near out of the stall, sprang on his back, and rode off in the direction Monthermer had taken.

Gage could now give utterance to the emotions pent up within his breast. In-doors he had felt half stifled. The veil seemed rent from his eyes, and he saw clearly how he had been duped by Fairlie. He laughed savagely as he meditated revenge—a revenge commensurate with his wrongs. This accomplished, he had done with a world which he had ever found full of perfidy and the basest ingratitude. His pride was now fully awakened, and his former weakness seemed inexplicable to him. Ere long, he came to the edge of a large sheet of water, and, dismounting, tied his horse to a tree, and sat down at the foot of an oak growing near the bank of the miniature lake. The prospect was enchanting, but in his present perturbed state of mind, he was utterly insensible to the beauties of nature. The picturesque and sylvan scene surrounding him—the mossy bank, sloping down gently to the water's edge—the shining lake, reflecting the adjacent groves—to none of these did he pay attention. If he looked at the lake at all, it was with the frenzied wish that its waters were flowing above his head. How long he remained absorbed in this painful reverie he himself could hardly tell, but he was aroused by the neighing of his steed, and starting to his feet at the sound, he perceived that Hotspur's attention had been attracted to another horseman, who

was rapidly approaching, and who, as he drew near, displayed the features of Arthur Poynings. In another instant, Arthur was off his horse, and marching towards Gage. Even that brief interval allowed him time to note the remarkable change that had taken place in Monthermer, and he could not but feel impressed by the haughtiness with which the latter regarded him. As he drew near, Gage waved him off with a menacing look.

"Pass on your way, Arthur Poynings," he cried, "and trouble me not. I warn you that I am dangerous, and if you utter aught offensive to me, I will not answer for the consequences. I would not have your blood upon my head—but I am in no humour to brook provocation. Be warned, therefore, and pass on."

"Gage," replied Arthur, looking at him fixedly, "I have sad news for you, but ere I disclose it, let all unkindness between us be at an end. Your hand."

But Monthermer evinced no disposition to accept this offer. He shook his head, and in a stern voice, slightly touched with melancholy, said, "Arthur Poynings, we never can be friends again. You have dishonoured me without giving me the means of reparation. Begone! I say. I am a broken and desperate man, maddened by the sense of wrong, and if you tarry near me I may do you a mischief."

"Gage, I will not leave you——"

"You will not," Monthermer furiously interrupted, "then stand on your defence, for, by Heaven! one of us shall not quit this spot alive."

"Strike, if you will," Arthur rejoined, firmly. "Nothing shall induce me to fight with you."

"You hold me unworthy of your sword?"

"Not so—I do not deem you so now, whatever I may have done heretofore. Put up your sword, and let us talk calmly—rationally."

"Rationally!" Gage echoed, with a bitter laugh. "Have I not told you I am driven to the very verge of frenzy by the wrongs and injuries I have endured, and you bid me talk calmly—rationally! As well preach patience to the winds."

"At least, tell me what has happened?"

"Why, I have made a discovery which I ought to have made long ago, since it has been apparent to every one except myself. I have detected Fairlie's perfidy and knavery—I know how my credulity has been imposed upon—how I have been plundered by him and others—how I have been cozened and cajoled."

"Your eyes are opened, then?"

"Fully. But not till too late. I have lost all—all, Arthur. My father's estates are gone from me—my father's house is gone from me—its master will be a villain—its mistress, Margaret Jenyns."

"You speak in riddles. What has Mrs. Jenyns to do with the Castle?"

"She will rule it—as Fairlie's wife."

"You must be in error now. Even *he* would recoil from such a union."

"Mrs. Jenyns has him in her power, and he has no alternative but compliance. He will marry her, I tell you—that is, if his course of villany be not cut off beforehand—as it may be. But enough of this. You said just now you have sad news for me. Fear not to tell it. I am proof against all further calamity."

"Be not too sure of that," Arthur replied. And he added, in a tone of profound grief, "Clare is dead!"

The shock caused by this intelligence was terrible. Gage uttered a piercing cry, and put his hand to his heart, as if a sword had passed through it.

"Dead!—Clare dead!" he exclaimed, in thrilling accents. "I thought my heart was steeled, but you have found a way to move it. "Oh! this is sad news indeed! But it is well she is gone. At least, she has died in ignorance of her father's dishonour."

"She died, praying for him and you," Arthur rejoined. "Calm yourself, if possible, and listen to me. I have much to say concerning her."

"Not now—not now," Gage cried, with a look of unutterable anguish. "My cup of affliction is full to overflowing. Farewell, Arthur—farewell, for ever! The race of Monthermer will be soon extinct!"

And motioning off young Poynings with an imperious gesture, he hurried to his horse, sprang into the saddle, and dashed off at a furious pace.

"I must not lose sight of him," Arthur said, mounting his own steed, and following in the direction the other had taken.

XLVI.

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

IT behoved Arthur to follow quickly, if he would prevent the impending catastrophe. He endeavoured not to lose sight of Gage, but this was all that could be accomplished, for the unhappy young man had started off at such a terrific pace that to overtake him appeared out of the question. Already he was far away from Arthur, whose shouts to him to stop he utterly disregarded, and being much better mounted than his pursuer, the distance between them, in spite of all the latter's whipping and spurring, was speedily increased. They had proceeded in this manner for about a mile, dashing straight across the park, and leaving the Castle on the left, when another person joined in the pursuit. This was Mark Rougham. He was on

horseback; mounted on one of Sir Hugh Poyning's hunters—a remarkably powerful animal, almost equal in speed to Hotspur; and hearing Arthur's outcries, and seeing Gage tearing away at such a break-neck pace, he essayed to stop him. Mark, it subsequently appeared, had been scouring the park in every direction in search of Monthermer, whom he desired to see, when he thus unexpectedly chanced upon him. His aim being to check Gage's progress, he made a desperate but ineffectual attempt to accomplish the object. Waiting till the furious horseman drew near, he dashed at him, hoping to catch his bridle. The manœuvre was well enough executed, but it failed. Hotspur's impetus was so tremendous that he upset both Mark and his horse, and left them rolling on the ground. This occurrence did not cause the frantic young man to relax his speed for a moment. He seemed altogether unconscious of it, and went on furiously as ever. By the time Arthur came up, Mark and his steed had both regained their legs; and though the former was somewhat shaken by the fall, he was quickly in the saddle again, and joining in the pursuit.

"I know whither he is bound," Mark cried, as he rode by Arthur's side—"it is for the Beacon Hill. I'm sure of it, for he bade me meet him there a day or so hence at early dawn. I now understand for what purpose—it was to find his lifeless corpse. But distraction, it seems, has made him resolve to anticipate his fatal purpose."

"After him,—quick!" Arthur exclaimed. "You are better mounted than I am, and may succeed in saving him."

"I'll do my best," Mark rejoined, "but I doubt if I shall be able to catch him. Heaven grant he mayn't break his neck on the road! It seems like enough, from the mad way in which he rides."

Mark now urged his horse to its utmost speed, but though he left Arthur behind, it soon became clear that unless some accident occurred he had no chance whatever of coming up with Gage. However, he held on, vociferating lustily, till he grew hoarse with the exertion.

And now Gage had reached the boundaries of the park. Hotspur cleared the lofty palings at a bound, and jumped with equal ease over the fence on the opposite side of the lane skirting the park. The infuriated rider next shaped his course over the fields—never swerving to the right or left—never debarred by any apparent obstacle—but going straight on in the direction Mark had declared he would take. Many desperate leaps, from which, under other circumstances, he would have shrunk aghast, were now taken by the distracted horseman. He seemed to court peril—at all events, he did not shun it. That he escaped without injury was marvellous; and Mark, who witnessed his astonishing performances, could sometimes scarcely draw breath from terror. At last, he viewed these feats with less apprehension, for he became

convinced that it was not Gage's destiny to break his neck. The stiffest hedge—the broadest dyke stayed him not. On—on he went. The pursuers now lost ground. Mark declined the worst risks so freely encountered by the foremost horseman; and if Arthur did not exhibit equal prudence, his steed had not Hotspur's untiring vigour, and began to flag. Nevertheless, both he and Mark held on. At last the open country was gained, and Gage could be perceived by his pursuers nearly a mile ahead, stretching out at the same pace as ever towards the Beacon Hill, which now rose majestically before them. They were once more together, for Mark had drawn in the rein to allow Arthur to join him, and they proceeded side by side. As the ground was perfectly clear in that part except an occasional tree, or small shed, Gage was not lost to view for a moment. They saw him reach the foot of the hill, and in a few minutes afterwards beheld him on its summit. Here he paused; but he did not dismount; and the figures of horse and rider relieved against the clear sky seemed dilated to gigantic proportions.

"He is takin' a last look at his forfeited estates," Mark exclaimed. "I am certain of it from his gestures. I make no doubt his eyes are strained towards the Castle, for his face is turned in that direction, as you may easily discern, sir."

"I have no doubt you are right, Mark," Arthur rejoined. "Would we were near him now! I tremble at the thoughts of what may next ensue."

"In my opinion, he doesn't mean to do the deed there, sir," Mark said. "When he has ta'en leave of a' he held dear on earth, he'll come down the hill, or I'm much mistaken, and go to the place where his father perished—for there, it's my belief, he designs to end his days. I come to this conclusion fro' what he let fall when I last met him—nearly a week ago—on that spot."

Arthur was forcibly struck by the remark, and acknowledged its justice.

"We will proceed thither at once, Mark," he cried. "If your notion be correct, and I think it will prove so, we may yet be enabled to save him."

"Heaven grant we may be enabled to do so!" Mark exclaimed. "But let us tie our horses to this tree, and conceal ourselves near the spot. If he should perceive us, he will never approach it."

Arthur signified his approval of the plan, and their horses were secured in the manner proposed. A small brook flowed through the valley, and they proceeded rapidly along its edge till they came to a pollard willow. Here it was, as we have stated in a former chapter, that the accident happened that had deprived Squire Warwick of life. A grey stone marked the precise spot. The banks of the stream were somewhat steep here, and fringed with a little brushwood, enabling them easily to conceal themselves behind it, and yet be close at hand, in case Gage came thither.

Here we will leave them, and scale the hill. As Mark surmised, Gage had gone to take a last look at his forfeited possessions. With what a pang did he survey the expansive prospect—noting all its beauties, and lingering upon them as if loth to quit the view. The last object he regarded was the Castle, and having gazed upon it till his eyes grew dim, he turned to descend the hill. He had done with this world as he deemed, and endeavoured to address himself to the contemplation of the next. The effort was vain. His brain was too bewildered to present any other than frightful images. His heart was full of darkness, despair, and doubt. He hoped to obtain repose, and tried to pray for it, but no prayer would rise to his lips.

But he shrank not from his fell purpose. Before he reached the foot of the hill a terrible calmness had succeeded to his previous distraction. He dismounted, flung his arms around Hotspur's neck, laid his head for a moment upon the animal's shoulder, as if parting with a dear friend, and left him. The horse followed him for a few paces, and then, at a gesture from his master, stood still, and uttered a plaintive, whinnying noise. A few steps more brought Gage to the grey stone. Arrived at his destination, he took out his pistols, examined them for an instant, and then kneeling down, laid the weapons on the ground close beside him. Up to this moment he had been unable to pray, but now suddenly, and as if some benign influence had interposed to save him from guilt, words of supplication rose spontaneously to his lips. He did not pray in vain. A gracious dew seemed to descend upon him and soften his heart. His father's image seemed to arise before him, enjoining him to abandon his unholy purpose; and when it was gone, Clare's image succeeded, and with gentlest looks implored him to renounce it. He stretched out his hands, and cried out with a loud voice, unconscious that his exclamations were heard, "Yes, I will live!—live a new life!—and strive to expiate past faults. This I swear before Heaven!"

As the vow was uttered, he sprang to his feet, and beheld Arthur Poynings and Mark Rougham standing beside him. They had cautiously approached, ready to lay hands upon him in case of need, but happily their interposition was not required.

"I have heard your vow, Monthermer," Arthur cried, "and I rejoice that it has been uttered. From this moment, rest assured, you will date a new and happier career."

"It may be so," Gage rejoined. "Indeed, I feel it will be so!"

"The prophecy! the prophecy!" Mark exclaimed. "It will be fulfilled to the letter. Bethink you how it runs—

Hard by the hill whereon the Beacon stands
One proud Monthermer shall lose house and lands.

That alludes to your father clearly enough, for here he lost all his possessions. But what comes next?—

On the same spot—if but the way be plain—
Another of the line shall both regain.

That must refer to your honour. You have now chosen the right way, and are certain to regain your own."

"Yes, yes, your trials are over, Gage," Arthur said, encouragingly, "and better days are in store for you. You must come with me to Reedham, where my father will rejoice to see you. I have much to say to you—much to explain. To-morrow we will go to the Castle, and take decisive steps against Fairlie."

"Why tarry till to-morrow?" Gage exclaimed. "Let us go thither at once."

"I am bound by a solemn promise to poor Clare to wait till to-morrow at noon," Arthur cried. "Then I will act as you please."

"In that case I must go alone," Gage rejoined. "I will not rest till I have taxed him with his ingratitude and villany."

"Your honour shall not go unattended on that errand!" Mark cried. "I am with you!"

"I will go too," Arthur said, "but I cannot adduce the proofs I possess of Fairlie's delinquency until the time I have stated."

"To horse, then, at once!" Gage cried. And snatching up his pistols, and thrusting them into his belt, he called to Hotspur, who had never stirred from the spot where he had been left. The faithful steed instantly trotted towards him, and Gage sprang on his back. The others went in search of their horses, and as soon as they had mounted, all three rode off towards the Castle.

XLVII.

THE LAST EFFORT.

FROM the hiding-place with which the reader is already acquainted, Fairlie had witnessed the delivery of Mrs. Jenyns's note, and had overheard all that subsequently passed between Bellairs and Monthermer; so that he was immediately acquainted with the determination of the latter. From the same spot he had also watched Gage's fierce and perturbed deportment when left alone, and comprehended the violence of the storm raging in his breast. Once he saw him stand still, with features white and distorted with passion, but on which a formidable energy was now imprinted, and heard him mutter his own name, coupled with a threat that made the blood grow chill in his veins, and the flesh creep on his bones. Though by no means destitute of courage, Fairlie had a due regard to self-preservation, and did not think it necessary to expose himself to the first ebullition of the young man's wrath. Accordingly, on quitting his place of concealment, instead

of repairing to his own chamber, where it was likely Gage might seek him, he took refuge in Pudsey's private room; and in this secure asylum he remained till informed by the butler that Monthermer had ridden forth into the park, in such a distracted state of mind as rendered it highly probable he would lay violent hands upon himself. Gage had been cautiously followed, Pudsey went on to say, by Nat Clancy, and had been seen by Nat to tie his horse to a tree near the lake.

"And it is to be hoped he will drown himself," the butler continued, "for otherwise we shall find him confoundedly in the way. But to turn to another matter for a moment, sir. I was about to ask you whether, under present circumstances, it will be necessary to go on with the preparations for the fête to-morrow?"

"Certainly not, Pudsey. An entire stop must be put to them. Never was such a gull as Monthermer. He will swallow anything. I told him I had engaged Farinelli, Cuzzoni, Senesino, and a whole host of opera dancers and musicians for the fête, and he was fool enough to believe me—ha! ha! But, as I was saying, all orders relative to the entertainment must be countermanded, and backword sent to everybody invited. And hark ye, Pudsey, take care that a handsome collation is prepared in the dining-room at three o'clock to-day."

"I have already given orders about it," the butler replied. "You may confide the arrangement entirely to me. Covers for thirty guests, eh, sir?"

"For thirty—not more, Pudsey. I don't desire to have so many, but Mrs. Jenyns insists upon it, and her whims must be complied with. I shall be glad when the affair is over. Between ourselves, Pudsey, this marriage is a great annoyance to me. But it must be endured."

"Well, sir, I suppose it must," the butler replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"Ah! if you will only bring me word that Clancy has been right in his anticipations, and that this hairbrained young man lies a fathom deep in the lake, I shall get my head out of this cursed noose, into which I am compelled to slip it."

"Better the noose matrimonial than the other, which is your due," the butler thought; but he kept the remark to himself, and merely observed, "You shall have instant intelligence if anything happens."

The coast being now clear, Fairlie proceeded to his own room, where he found a note from Mrs. Jenyns lying on the table, but as he knew what it contained, and loathed the sight of it, he tore it in pieces, and trampled on the fragments. This did not prevent him, however—though he abominated the task—from writing a brief, cautiously-worded reply, in which he professed

unbounded delight at the decision she had arrived at, adding that all should be ready at the hour appointed. Never, perhaps, was an assertion in such a case wider of the truth. The more he reflected upon it, the greater became his aversion to the alliance he was about to form. But there was no escape from it, unless he could, by some device, obtain possession of the will; or Gage released him from further apprehension on this score. The latter contingency seemed the more probable—but time wore on, and still no tidings came of him. At last, suspense became quite intolerable, and Clancy was despatched to the lake, and on his return brought word that both horse and rider had disappeared. Fairlie was now thrown into a greater uncertainty than ever; but the hour of meeting his proposed bride was at hand, and he must prepare for it. Chassemouche, therefore, was summoned, and he had to undergo the annoyance of the Frenchman's chatter as his peruke was arranged, and his toilet carefully completed—some extra attention to it appearing necessary on the present occasion. The perruquier was just about to depart, when he suddenly recollected that he had a letter for Monsieur. It had been given him by one of the women, who had charged him to deliver it to Monsieur instantly—but his memory was so treacherous. Diving into his capacious apron-pocket as he spoke, he placed the letter in Fairlie's hands, bowed, and departed. Fairlie looked at it in dismay. It seemed the harbinger of ill tidings, and he scarcely dared to open it. When, at last, he mustered courage to do so, and had glanced at its contents, his eyes grew misty, and he staggered as if stricken a heavy blow.

"What! is she here?" he groaned. "I wanted only this to complete my perplexity. And to be made aware of her proximity at a critical juncture like the present—when I have need of all my firmness. But I have yet, perhaps, to learn the worst. Let me see." And clearing his vision, he was at length able to read as follows:

"I am here, father, in the Ivy Tower. I have come to perform an act of justice—and to die. I shall never leave the chamber I now occupy, except for the grave.

"I promised to keep your secret, and I have faithfully observed my promise—though in so doing I have made myself an accessory to your crime. That secret has been fatal to me. It has embittered all my joys, blighted my youth, consumed me like a hidden fire, and shortened my days. But I deserve my punishment, and must not repine.

"I have seen how unjustly you have acted towards Gage—how you have encouraged his weaknesses and follies for your own ends—how you have placed temptation in his path—how you have

kept away his true friends, and surrounded him by vicious associates, who were your accomplices in his undoing—thus justifying by your conduct the fears entertained of you by your patron when he altered his will, and declined to commit his son to your charge.

“I have loved Gage—loved him with an intensity of affection which could not, I think, have been surpassed. I love him still, with equal faith and fervour, now that my heart has nearly ceased to beat. I would have sacrificed my life for him. Judge, then, of my feelings, when I saw him driven headlong to ruin—and by you!—by you, father, who ought to have made every effort to arrest his downward progress. I once, as you know, indulged the dream that I might be united to him, and I fancied that in this way the wrong done by you and by myself would have been set right. Unhappy delusion! Perhaps, but for the false step I took, this great happiness might have been accorded me. But it was denied. I have sinned, and must bow my head in resignation. Yet has the weight of my affliction been too heavy for me. For truly it is written—‘a wounded spirit who can bear?’

“I have made many efforts—all fruitless, as you know—to move your heart, father. This is my last appeal. May it not be made in vain!

“You will remember, on the unfortunate day when I stayed your hand from the commission of crime, when you enforced silence upon me—and I gave a promise—a rash promise, of which I did not foresee the fatal consequences—I told you that an hour might arrive when I should consider myself absolved from my oath. That hour would be the latest of my existence. It has arrived, father. The expiring taper merely flickers in the socket, and ere this reaches you I shall be no more.

“But my secret will survive!—yes, it will survive, and rise up in judgment against you, if you continue obdurate, and refuse tardy justice to Gage.

“Now mark me, father. I speak as one from the grave, and nothing can be urged in reply. I have made a full confession in writing of your criminality, and my own participation in it; and this confession I have signed and had attested, though the witnesses, while recognising it as a dying declaration, are, as yet, unaware of its nature. The packet containing this document will be confided to a faithful friend, who has watched by me in my time of trial and suffering, and who will receive my latest breath. It will be brought forward if its production be necessary to the ends of justice.

“I may be adding to my iniquity by consenting that this fatal secret should be buried in the grave with me, but I trust I shall be pardoned for the motive, which is commiseration for you.

I cannot injure you, to whom I am bound by the ties of nature and affection, and I would hide your shame, if possible, from the gaze of the world—not proclaim it. Would that my tears could have washed out the stain!—would that my prayers could have moved your heart! May they move you now, and cause you to act uprightly! Then, father, there will be no accusation against you from your child.

“I have seen Gage this morning; and, in our brief and painful interview, I learnt, to my infinite distress, that you had received back the money which, at my instance, you advanced in payment of his debts. You have thus defeated my plans for his advantage, and acted in direct opposition to my wishes. Furthermore, you assented to a scheme so insanely extravagant, that you ought to have checked it rather than have promoted it: a scheme which could have but one result, and that you foresaw. By your sanction—yes, yours, father!—he was to have a week’s command of his own house and his own household—a week’s riot—and then the finishing-stroke was to be given to his prodigal career. You knew how it would end. You knew you were luring him to self-destruction,—that he had no hopes, no prospects, no plans beyond the brief term you allotted him—that his next step must be into the dark, dread abyss of despair—and yet you eagerly closed with his offer.

“I have seen him, I say, and have learnt the terrible truth from his own lips. He does not disguise it; but if he had sought to do so his looks would have betrayed him. If he executes his desperate purpose—and he *will* execute it if not prevented—his death will lie at your door.

“But this must not be. He must be saved; and I must, perforce, exercise the means I possess for ensuring his preservation. Gage’s life and your condemnation have been weighed in the balance, and the former has prevailed. It could not be otherwise. Filial duty shrinks before the decrees of inexorable justice. Gage must be saved, I repeat. To accomplish his preservation he must be lifted from his present state of despair. He must be extricated from the toils in which he is involved. His fortune must be restored to him—his whole fortune—nothing less. This must be your business, father. It is a hard task; but you have done wrong—grievous wrong—and are bound to make complete atonement.

“And observe!—there must be no delay. You must set about the work at once, and without hesitation. To-morrow must not pass by without seeing my injunctions strictly fulfilled. Gage must be reinstated in his possessions. The mode of doing so I leave to you; but I allow no choice between this course, and disgrace. At noon to-morrow, measures will be taken against you—measures you will find it impossible to resist, and which will cover you with

shame and confusion. It is my prayer and hope that such a calamity may be averted.

"Alas! alas! that secret has killed me, father. It has preyed upon me incessantly, gnawing into my very heart, like a relentless worm. But it is quiet now, and I hope to depart in peace.

"'In peace'—O, may you comprehend the full meaning of that blessed word, father. May you be warned in time! Reflect that you may be summoned suddenly to your account—in the midst of your prosperity, and while planning schemes for the future—but with no preparation for eternity. In the hour of death prophetic powers are sometimes granted, and I have fearful forebodings. O, be warned, father!

"Ever since that unhappy day, when you bound me with those guilty fetters, our affectionate relations have been disturbed, and latterly I have incurred your displeasure for various causes, but chiefly because I felt compelled to refuse obedience to some of your mandates. In bidding you an everlasting farewell, I implore your forgiveness for any want of filial duty I may have exhibited, and, above all, for a step which may seem incompatible with the affection I profess and feel for you. Forgive me, father, as fully and as freely as I forgive you the grief and anxieties you have caused me. We shall meet no more on earth, but I trust we may meet hereafter. Farewell, for ever!

"Your unhappy and ill-fated daughter,

"CLARE."

Cold damps gathered on Fairlie's brow as he read this letter. More than once he was obliged to pause, for the characters faded from his view. When he came to the end, an icy chillness fell upon him, and he shook as if seized by an ague-fit. He felt that a power not to be resisted was at work to baffle his designs. She was gone—his child!—the only object he loved on earth—and all his toil was thrown away. Often before, apprehensions caused by her evidently declining health had crossed him, but he had forcibly dismissed them—hoping against hope. The frightful reality came upon him with a suddenness that increased the severity of the shock. He would have given all his ill-gotten gains at that moment to recal her to life. Clare had been more than a daughter to him—she had been a monitress—a guardian angel—if he had but listened to her counsels.

But what was to be done? Must he obey the mandates of her letter? Must he make reparation? Must he surrender all to Gage, and cover himself with infamy? Impossible! Yet if he refused, steps to enforce justice would infallibly be taken against him on the morrow. No matter!—he would brave them. And then, again, the fiend he served whispered in his breast that when the morrow arrived Gage would have ceased to be an obstacle in

his path. Yes! yes!—he was determined to go on. As to the marriage with Mrs. Jenyns, it was a make-believe—a mockery—and should never take place. Let him but once have possession of the will, and he would face any charge that could be brought against him.

While such reflections were passing through his mind, and he was striving to reassure himself, Pudsey hastily entered, to inform him that the guests were assembled in the dining-room. Mrs. Jenyns was there too, and some surprise was manifested at his, Mr. Fairlie's, absence. It was expedient, therefore, that he should come down at once. The words were scarcely out of the butler's mouth, when he was struck by Fairlie's haggard looks, and thinking he must be ill, he went up to him, and anxiously inquired what was the matter.

"I have had bad news," Fairlie replied, in a feeble tone. "I have just learnt that my daughter is dead."

"Bless me!" the butler ejaculated, "that is bad news, indeed!—most unfortunate that it should arrive at such a moment. I must make your excuses to the party down stairs, I suppose?"

"No; I will go through with the affair in the best way I can," Fairlie replied. "Give me a glass of water." And after swallowing a few drops, he added, "I am better now. Lend me your arm, Pudsey. I will go down at once."

"I admire your resolution, sir," Pudsey remarked, as he supported the tottering steward; "you have need of firm nerves."

"Ay, in truth have I, Pudsey," the other replied; "but I won't flinch. Come what will, I am prepared."

"And our arrangement, sir—pardon me for alluding to it at this moment—money down, and a pension—that is quite understood?"

"Quite."

XLVIII.

THE DENUNCIATION.

BEFORE they reached the dining-room, Fairlie had recovered his usual firm step and erect deportment, and though traces of the fearful struggle he had recently undergone were discernible in his countenance, these might be attributed to passing indisposition. As the butler had stated, the guests were all assembled, and Fairlie's appearance, which had been impatiently awaited, was hailed with satisfaction. Mrs. Jenyns was attired with extreme elegance, and looked so exceedingly captivating that Fairlie might have been almost excused if he had been really enthralled by her fascinations. So far, however, from this being the case, he regarded her with an aversion which he found it difficult to conceal. Essaying to look enchanted, though he only imperfectly succeeded, he excused himself

in the best way he could for being behind time, and his apologies being gracefully accepted by the actress, he led her towards the table, and placing her on his right hand, prayed the rest of the guests to be seated. Beau Freke sat next to Mrs. Jenyns, and Sir Randal, on the steward's invitation, took a chair on his left. The repast was admirable in all respects, and the guests did justice to it—with the exception of Fairlie himself, who ate nothing. But if he could not eat—and he felt, indeed, as if the slightest morsel of bread would choke him—he drank several glasses of wine—and as he was habitually temperate, the effect of this unwonted excess was speedily manifest in his excited demeanour and speech. But his exhilaration was wild, and his laughter strange and dissonant, his jests odd and out of season, and his very compliments sarcastic.

Independently of any other circumstance, the sight of him in his new position was matter of amusement and curiosity to the guests, but they all admitted that he discharged his functions as host very creditably. The repast was unnecessarily prolonged—for there was a superabundance of good things—and when it was brought to a close, Sir Randal rose to propose a toast—the health of the new lord of the Castle. It was of course received with vociferous acclamations, in the midst of which Fairlie got up to make his acknowledgments. In the best terms he could command, he expressed his high satisfaction at seeing so many distinguished guests around him, thanked them for the honour they did him, and added, that his appearance in the character of host was somewhat premature, as he had consented to relinquish his rights to Mr. Monthermer for a week—one day of which period was yet unexpired—but he had not foreseen what might happen in the interim, and circumstances had compelled him to abridge the term. They would understand why he had been obliged to rob Mr. Monthermer of his last day, and would hold him excused for acting with apparent want of courtesy to his young friend, when he presented to them a lady, who very shortly—within a few hours, indeed—would be his bride. This announcement was received with loud shouts, and as Fairlie took the actress's hand to raise her, the plaudits were redoubled, and continued for some minutes. Mrs. Jenyns's breast swelled with triumph, and never in the proudest moments of her mimic career, when she had received the rapturous homage of a crowded house, had she felt so much elated. As to Fairlie, he too exulted, and for the moment forgot his troubles and perils. This was the first time he had been recognised as lord of the Castle. It was a moment to which he had long looked forward; and though it brought him not the transports he had anticipated, and was marred by the presence of Mrs. Jenyns, still it was a moment of triumph, and he listened with greedy satisfaction to the compliments and congratulations

poured in his ear. After the outburst of enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, he again addressed the company.

"You came here, gentlemen," he said, "as Mr. Monthermer's guests. Henceforth, you are mine. To-morrow was to have been the extent of your stay at the Castle, but I hope you will remain with me another week, during which these festivities shall be continued."

Another round of applause.

"To-morrow it will be my turn to receive you, gentlemen," Mrs. Jenyns said; "and I promise you good entertainment."

"What! is the wedding to take place so soon?" Beau Freke cried. "I faith, I'm heartily glad of it. You are a fortunate man, Fairlie, and quite right not to postpone your happiness."

"Mr. Fairlie had his own reasons for expediting the marriage," Mrs. Jenyns observed, significantly, "and recognising the force of them, I assented. Was it not so?" she added, appealing to him.

Fairlie merely nodded in reply.

"Well, I must say that Monthermer, by his strange conduct, has deprived himself of all sympathy," Brice Bunbury remarked; "I noticed a change in his manner yesterday, but to-day he seems to have taken leave of his senses altogether. I should not be surprised if he put an end to himself—and perhaps the best thing he could do."

This unfeeling remark was received as a lively sally, and was especially agreeable to Fairlie.

"Poor Gage! I am very sorry for him," Fairlie observed; "but really there is nothing to be done. As my ward, I found him utterly unmanageable; and since he got out of my control, you know what his career has been."

"Well, at all events, Fairlie, you have profited by his folly," Beau Freke observed. "If he had been more careful, you would not be now sitting in his chair."

"Certainly not," Fairlie replied, wincing at the remark. "His improvidence has been a source of gain to me, most unquestionably—but better I should profit than a stranger."

"Far better!" Brice Bunbury cried. "For my part I am delighted to find that eminent deserts like yours have been adequately rewarded. But now that you have assumed the rule and governance of the Castle, Fairlie, allow me to offer one suggestion. Have that portrait removed."

And as he spoke he pointed to a full-length portrait of Warwick de Monthermer suspended over the chimney-piece.

"The old squire," Brice continued, "doesn't seem to look upon any of us with a very friendly eye, and he evidently regards you as an intruder."

Fairlie endeavoured to laugh at this speech, but he succeeded indifferently. Hitherto he had avoided looking at the portrait,

but now, in spite of himself, his gaze was drawn towards it, and he became deadly pale.

"You are right, Mr. Bunbury," he exclaimed. "That picture is out of place. The dynasty is changed. No Monthermer governs here now, nor shall ever govern here again."

"Ay, ay," Brice shouted, laughing uproariously. "The Monthermers are gone—never to return. Live Fairlie! Live Fairlie!"

"Fairlie for ever!" echoed the other guests.

"A bumper to Fairlie, and his lovely bride that is to be," Sir Randal exclaimed.

And the toast was drunk with fresh enthusiasm.

"I will mark my assumption of rule of the Castle by the removal of that obnoxious picture," Fairlie cried, unable to brook the annoyance of its gaze. "Take it down!"

"Yes, down with it!" Brice Bunbury echoed. "Down with the Monthermers! We have had enough of them. The dynasty has changed—ha! ha!"

"Do you not hear, rascals?" Fairlie cried to the servants. "Take down that picture, I say?"

Three or four of them flew to obey the mandate, when at this moment an interruption occurred. Pudsey, who had been absent from the room, suddenly entered, and with alarm very visibly painted on his countenance, approached Fairlie and whispered in his ear, "He is come back, sir."

"He! whom do you mean? Mr. Monthermer?"

"Yes, sir—he's coming straight to this room. Be on your guard, sir. He means mischief—I'm sure of it, from his looks."

"Don't let him in, Pudsey," Fairlie rejoined, in alarm. "Shut the door—bolt it—some violence will be done."

But ere the order could be obeyed, the door was thrown open, and Monthermer stood before him. His countenance was ashy pale, his looks stern and menacing, and his deportment singularly majestic. All rose at his entrance, and every eye was fixed inquiringly upon him and his companions—for he was not unattended. Behind him stood Arthur Poynings, looking almost as fierce and formidable as Monthermer himself, and close by Arthur loomed the stalwart figure of Mark Rougham.

Alarmed as she was, and uncertain as to what might ensue, Mrs. Jenyns could not help being greatly struck by Gage's appearance, and thought she had never seen him look so strikingly handsome before.

Monthermer was about to address Fairlie, when perceiving that the servants were about to remove his father's portrait, he cried, in accents that enforced obedience to the command,

"Let no one dare to disturb that picture."

"But I *will* have it taken down—I am master here," Fairlie exclaimed, trembling partly with rage, partly with apprehension.

"Master!" Gage cried, "Do you venture to style yourself master of this house in my hearing? Do you dare to usurp my place? Quit that chair instantly, villain, or, by Heaven, this moment is your last!"

And, as he spoke, he drew a pistol and levelled it at Fairlie's head.

Fairlie looked round, hoping some one would interfere, but as no one stirred, he hastily quitted the chair, and got behind the actress, placing her between him and the deadly weapon.

With a look of profound contempt, Monthermer replaced the pistol in his belt.

"Why do you shrink back thus?" Mrs. Jenyns cried to Fairlie. "Confront him! I have no fear of him—why should you be afraid?"

And she pushed him forward.

"I am glad you have put up your pistol, sir," Fairlie said, abjectly, and cowering like a beaten hound before the other. "If you have anything to say to me, I shall be happy to hear you—not now—but at a more convenient opportunity."

"The present opportunity will serve for all I have to say to you," Monthermer rejoined, with ineffable scorn; "and let those who hear me mark my words, though your character is sufficiently well known to most of them. I denounce you as a knave and villain. Not only have you been guilty of foul ingratitude to your benefactor, my father, who raised you from the menial position to which you originally belonged, and took you into his confidence—a confidence which you shamefully betrayed—but you have committed a fraudulent act in suppressing his last will, and substituting one of earlier date, which answered your purposes better, inasmuch as, by constituting you my guardian, it placed me in your power."

"It is false!" Fairlie cried, roused by these charges—"I deny it."

"You usurped this trust, I say," Gage continued, "and you put in execution a scheme you had contrived to possess yourself of my property. And you succeeded. But think not you will be suffered to enjoy your spoils. They will be wrested from you."

"These charges are unfounded. I deny them all, and defy you to bring proofs of your slanderous accusations. Where is the will you talk of?—where the evidence of my dishonest dealing?"

"Where is it?" Gage repeated. "Ask Mrs. Jenyns. Ask your intended bride. She can produce the will, if she likes. She first offered it to me, upon terms which I refused, but which you accepted."

"You have no warrant for what you assert?" the actress cried.

"No warrant, say you, madam?" Gage rejoined. "I have your own letter, written this morning, making me the offer. If I had been as unscrupulous and debased as Fairlie, you would not now

stand by his side. But the wiles and artifices you have so often successfully practised upon me failed you at last."

"I am glad I have come in for a share of the attack," Mrs. Jenyns cried, "for I can defend myself. I can be at no loss to divine whence these calumnies have originated, when I see before me Mr. Arthur Poyninga. It is not the first time he has dared to slander me behind my back. If I had been a man, I would have brought him to account; as it is, I can only tell him that he has been guilty of deliberate falsehood."

"And if Mr. Arthur Poynings utters any more calumnies against you, madam," Sir Randal remarked, "leave your redress to me."

"A sharper is a fitting defender of a lady who is in the habit of playing with loaded dice," Arthur rejoined; "and I have no doubt Sir Randal de Meschines, amongst his other accomplishments, can play the part of bully. But I have other uses for my sword. I only fight with gentlemen."

And wholly disregarding the furious looks and gestures of the incensed baronet, he turned to Fairlie, and said, "Since you refuse to listen to Mr. Monthermer, I give you notice that measures will be taken against you to-morrow, which will compel the surrender of your wrongfully-acquired possessions. Other proof of your delinquency exists, besides the will unlawfully detained by Mrs. Jenyns, and will be produced against you!"

"Ah! what means he?" Mrs. Jenyns mentally ejaculated. "Can other proof really exist?"

"Why not bring it forward now?" Fairlie demanded.

"Because I have promised one who is no more to give you that time of grace," Arthur answered. "You will understand what I mean!"

Mrs. Jenyns looked inquisitively at Fairlie, and was not without misgivings on noticing his troubled looks.

"You have asked for evidence of your dishonest dealings," Gage said to Fairlie. "I can bring fifty witnesses against you. All the household can testify to your knavery. But I will point out one who can fully expose you."

"Who is it? Let me see him?" Fairlie cried.

"He stands beside you," Gage replied, pointing to Pudsey.

"I, sir?" the butler stammered, utterly confounded. "I know nothing against Mr. Fairlie—nothing whatever. I believe him to be one of the most upright men breathing."

"Do you hear that, sir?" Fairlie cried, eagerly. "Your own witness turns against you."

"He will be glad to purchase his own safety by speaking the truth," Gage rejoined. "But if he hesitates, others will be brought forward."

"I defy you and all your witnesses!" Fairlie cried. "My actions will bear the strictest scrutiny. So far from shrinking from investigation, I court it."

At this juncture, Beau Freke stepped forward.

"An end must be put to this scene," he said. "A worthy man like Mr. Fairlie ought not to be questioned thus. You have always hitherto placed the greatest confidence in him, Monthermer—why accuse him now?"

Gage did not deign to answer the question, but looked sternly at the speaker. In no wise abashed, however, Beau Freke proceeded:

"Is there no way of arranging the matter, Monthermer? If you consider yourself aggrieved, I am sure Mr. Fairlie will listen to reason. But do not use intemperate language—do not bring charges which cannot be sustained. Withdraw the accusation you have brought against him, and perhaps a compromise may be effected."

Fairlie eagerly grasped at the chance offered him—hoping that his powers of cajolery, which had been so often successful before, might yet avail him.

"You judge me rightly, Mr. Freke," he said. "I bear Mr. Monthermer no animosity, and am willing to overlook the insults he has heaped upon me. I have always felt the greatest regard for him—always desired to serve him. If he will adopt a different tone, the dispute may possibly be accommodated."

"You cannot say more," Beau Freke remarked. "Allow me to act as mediator, Monthermer?"

"I decline your services, sir," Gage rejoined, scornfully. "Look to yourself—you will have enough to do to clear your own character. You are implicated in Fairlie's nefarious transactions."

"Sdeath, sir!" Beau Freke cried, furiously. "Do you dare to asperse me?"

"An accusation is not a calumny," Gage rejoined, gravely. "What I assert I will substantiate. I charge you and your confederate, Sir Randal, with combining together to plunder me at play—with cheating me—ay, *cheating*, sir, I will not mince the word—out of large sums, and sharing the profits with Fairlie, who was a partner in the infamous plot."

"A lie!—a monstrous lie!" Beau Freke, ejaculated. "I will compel you to retract it at the point of the sword."

"Let him rave on—let him discharge his venom," Sir Randal said. "We have both an account to settle with him."

"True," Gage rejoined; "and you shall both pay me—but not in the way you suppose. I shall fight with other weapons than the sword. You are the principal cheats—but there are others who have defrauded me in a less degree."

"You do not point at me, I hope, sir?" Brice Bunbury said, advancing a step or two forward.

"You are beneath my notice," Gage cried; "a pander—a parasite—a hanger-on—a poor gaming-house rook—the tool and

instrument of others; the cheats I aim at are of higher mark—and one of them has dishonoured a noble name.”

“Your allusion to me is not to be mistaken, sir,” Lord Melton exclaimed. “Dare you insinuate that I have cheated you?”

“You cheated in the horses you sold me; you cheated me again at Newmarket, and in every other transaction I have had with you,” Gage rejoined. “But you are one and all a pack of rapacious knaves and cozeners, of harpies and blood-suckers.”

“Shall we stand quietly by, and hear ourselves abused thus?” Brice Bunbury cried, turning to the other guests behind him.

“No—no!” several voices responded.

“As long as he confined himself to Fairlie, it was all very well,” shouted a half-drunken squire; “but when he attacks us, and calls us harpies and blood-suckers, we’ll let him know who and what we are. Harpies and blood-suckers! nothing but blood can wash out such opprobrious epithets.”

“Do your worst,” Gage rejoined, maintaining his firm attitude, while Arthur and Mark Rougham drew nearer to support him, “I shall not budge an inch!”

“Hold! hold!” Mrs. Jenyns interposed. “Let me say a word to Mr. Monthermer. Perhaps I may be able to quell this tumult.”

“What dy’e mean, madam? Would you betray me?” Fairlie whispered.

But utterly heedless of him, Mrs. Jenyns advanced towards Gage, and said, in a low tone, “Are you still willing to come to terms with me? I can make you master here with a word.”

“I *am* master here, madam, without your aid,” he replied, repulsing her from him. “I have done with you for ever!”

“You have failed with him, you see,” Fairlie cried, grasping her arm fiercely. “Mr. Monthermer,” he continued, “you will consult your own safety by instant departure—not merely from this room, but from the house. If you tarry here longer, I will not answer for the consequences.”

“He shall not depart in this way. His insolence must not go unpunished,” Beau Freke cried. And a roar of voices seconded the cry.

“Upon him! down with him!” they exclaimed.

“Back!” Gage cried. “I have done. I have denounced you as a villain, Fairlie, and unmasked your confederates. I go. But I shall return to-morrow as master of this house, and drive you and this vile crew from it.”

And as the words were uttered, he stepped backwards towards the door, keeping his eye fixed on those who were most eager to assail him. His departure was facilitated by Mark Rougham, who took his place as he retreated; allowing Arthur to go out at the same time.

"Knock down that fellow," Fairlie cried, pointing to Mark, who still maintained his stand at the door.

But Mark was not to be disposed of so easily. He kept his assailants at bay for some moments with a knotty blackthorn stick, which he had picked up in his passage through the hall, and when at length he was overpowered by numbers and forced to give way, Gage and Arthur had disappeared.

By this time the whole household was alarmed, and came pouring into the entrance-hall, together with several other guests, who had not been bidden to the collation. It was speedily ascertained that Gage and Arthur had gone out at the back of the house, and taken the direction of the stables.

"Why have you not stopped them?" Fairlie demanded of the domestics, who could only reply that they had no authority to do so—and it seemed from their manner that they had no great inclination, either. Accompanied by a dozen of the most exasperated of the guests, Fairlie then set off towards the stables, breathing vengeance. But they were disappointed of their prey, and only arrived in time to see the two young men mount their steeds and gallop off.

The only capture made was poor Mark Rougham. On his return from the stables, Fairlie ordered him to be conveyed to the strong-room, and locked up within it, till further orders.

As may be supposed, these occurrences threw the house into the greatest confusion, and occasioned a vast deal of talk amongst both guests and servants. Amongst the latter, with two or three exceptions, the feeling was strongly in favour of Gage. All the company who had partaken of the collation, so strangely interrupted, returned to the dining-room, and sat down to a fresh supply of claret, brought by Pudsey, but Mrs. Jenyns withdrew to her own room, on the plea that her nerves had been a good deal shaken, and as soon as he had seen the wine placed on the table, Fairlie also retired, begging Sir Randal to do the honours for him. As soon as he was gone, his affairs began to be freely discussed, and it soon became evident that the majority thought rather badly of his case, and were of opinion that Gage, since he was determined manfully to oppose him, would have the best of it. Several of the party seemed so certain of this result, that they announced their intention of leaving the Castle that night—unluckily, as regarded the execution of their design, they drank so much that they could not even leave the room. Brice Bunbury stuck to the wine as usual, but Sir Randal and Beau Freke were not amongst the late sitters. Indeed, they only remained long enough to ascertain the sentiments of the party, and having satisfied themselves on this score, they left with Lord Melton.

As the trio stood together in the entrance-hall, Lord Melton said to the others,

"Well, gentlemen, what are your plans? I have no special fancy for witnessing the scene to-morrow, and shall be off at once."

"Your lordship is quite right to beat a retreat if you deem it the more prudent course," Sir Randal replied, "but, for my part, I have no sort of apprehension, and shall remain."

"And I shall stay, too," Beau Freke said. "Fairlie is not beaten yet, and I don't think he will be, so I mean to stand by him. Besides, our departure might be attributed to cowardice, and as neither of us have incurred such an imputation as yet, we won't run the risk now."

After an exchange of adieux they separated, Sir Randal and Beau Freke slowly ascending the great staircase, while Lord Melton summoned his servant, and ordered him to prepare his carriage without delay.

XLIX.

NIGHT AT THE CASTLE.

ON that evening a snug party was assembled in the butler's private room, consisting of those whom Pudsey generally delighted to honour. After supper, and a single bowl of punch, during the consumption of which they discussed the events of the day, and speculated as to the probable occurrences of the morrow, a table was formed at the request of Messrs. Trickett and Tibbits, and our card-loving butler sat down with them to piquet, hoping to repair his losses on previous nights. But he was somewhat disappointed in his expectations. The run of luck was constantly against him, and he found himself no match for his clever opponents. Long ago they had stripped him of all his money—but what matter? His debts of honour could be booked, his opponents said—they would trust him to any amount. And besides, he would probably win back all he had lost before they separated. No such thing, however. He became seized, as Gage had often been in days happily gone by, with the delirium of gambling, and went on doubling his stakes, in the hope of retrieving himself—but it is needless to say, the hope was vain. The two rooks were determined to fleece him—for it might possibly, they argued, be their last opportunity of doing so. Bellairs and Chasse-mouche were also losers—but not to an equal extent with Pudsey. The first-named valet bore his ill-luck with great equanimity; but the Frenchman, on being informed that he had lost a hundred pounds, threw himself into a transport of rage, plucked off his wig, trampled it under foot, and committed a hundred other extravagances, which, however, only excited the merriment of the beholders. So infatuated was Pudsey that he would have continued to play all night; and no doubt his antagonists, who had it all their own way,

would have been well pleased to humour him, but Bellairs broke up the party by announcing his intention of retiring to roost.

"It's just twelve o'clock," he said, "and we shall have a busy day to-morrow. I feel confoundedly sleepy."

"Twelve o'clock!" Pudsey exclaimed. "Oddsbodikins! you don't say so? I didn't think it had struck ten."

"Because you are such a gambler dat you take no account of time," Chassemouche remarked. "Ma foi! it would have been better for you if you had left off an hour ago."

"Hold your tongue, sir," the butler rejoined, sulkily. "If the cards have been against me, I know how to bear my losses like a gentleman."

"To keep all clear, before we separate," Tibbits observed, taking out his tablets, "I will make a note of the results of the night's play. It stands thus: Mr. Pudsey has been unlucky, certainly—but we shall always be ready to give him his revenge—and we have to put him down at 600*l.*, or with the sum lost the night before, and still unpaid, 750*l.* We shall let you off more easily, Mr. Bellairs, and debit you with 200*l.* As to you, Mounseer Shassy, your loss is a mere trifle—only 100*l.*"

"Diantre! you call a hundred pounds a mere trifle!" Chassemouche exclaimed. "It may be so to you, who can win nearly a thousand at a sitting; but to me the loss is ruin. Parbleu! it's more than a year's wages."

"Poh, poh! it's a mere trifle, I repeat," Tibbits rejoined. "You must learn to bear a reverse tranquilly. Take pattern by Mr. Pudsey, who has lost just seven times as much as you, and yet never utters a murmur."

"Mais, mille diables! Mr. Pudsey has a privy purse to dip into, which I have not. My cash-box is empty."

"Pshaw! you will find some expedient to fill it," Tibbits returned. "A clever fellow like you, Mounseer Shassy, who knows how to take advantage of an opportunity, is never long without funds. We are not uneasy about you, are we, Trickett?"

"Not in the least," his confederate replied, with affected bonhomie. Trickett then turned to the butler, and said: "You will excuse my mentioning it, Mr. Pudsey, but as our stay here is rather uncertain—and as we none of us know exactly how things may turn out to-morrow—perhaps, under these circumstances, you will make it convenient to pay us the 750*l.* in the morning."

"You are rather sharp upon me, methinks, gentlemen," the butler rejoined. "However, you shan't go away empty-handed. I will either pay you or give you my note for the amount."

"We should vastly prefer cash, Mr. Pudsey, if all the same to you," Tibbits remarked. "We want the money—don't we, Trickett?" winking at the other.

"We have the greatest need of it," Trickett replied.

"Have no fear," Pudsey observed. "Between ourselves, I have concluded my arrangement with Fairlie."

"Bravo!" Trickett exclaimed. "But I hope you made him come down. Nothing like time present in affairs of this sort."

"I'm quite aware of it," Pudsey rejoined, uneasily. "And I mean to make him book up to-morrow morning."

"You will need to do so, since you have to book up yourself, you know," Tibbits remarked, drily. "I thought you had been a man of more prudence, Pudsey. Hush-money should be paid on the nail. That's the rule. Things have taken a strange turn here to-day, and may take a still stranger turn to-morrow. Fairlie mayn't be able to pay you—or he mayn't think it worth while to bribe you—there's no saying."

"You alarm me," Pudsey ejaculated. "Do you apprehend, then, that the chances are in Mr. Monthermer's favour?"

"No, I don't say that, exactly. But suppose it should go against Fairlie—where are you?"

"Ay, truly—where should I be?" Pudsey said. "In that view of the case, I'd better side with Mr. Monthermer."

"Side with whomsoever will pay best, Pudsey; that's my maxim," Trickett remarked.

"And a deuced good maxim it is," the butler responded. "I'll see Fairlie before I go to bed."

"Why, it's half-past twelve," Trickett observed, looking at his watch. "You won't venture to disturb him at so late an hour?"

"Won't I!" the butler exclaimed. "He *must* see me. I'm a privileged person—you understand, eh?" And he laughed at his own pleasantry.

"Oh yes, I understand," Trickett replied. "See him, by all means—if you can. You'll then ascertain how the wind blows, and can trim your sails accordingly."

"I know which way to trim mine," Bellairs said. "I shall go over to my old master—that's the best card to play now."

"I'm with you," Chasse-mouche cried. "I'm a partisan of Monthermer."

"Aha! traitors in the camp, I perceive," Trickett remarked. "But don't be in too great a hurry to turn your coats, gentlemen. Monthermer has right on his side, but he's not yet sure of the day—though story-books will tell you that right always wins. And now, good night, gentlemen—light slumbers and pleasant dreams attend you! You won't forget the hundred to-morrow, Shassy?"

"Peste! you destroy my chance of repose by mentioning it," the Frenchman rejoined. "Pleasant dreams, i'faith! I shall have a grand cauchemar."

Hereupon the company separated, and Pudsey was left alone.

After a few minutes' consideration, he determined to act up to his boast. Though it was late, Fairlie might not, perhaps,

have retired to rest, as he frequently sat up after midnight—and even if he had retired, he would make bold to rouse him. Accordingly, he set out, and mounting the back staircase, soon reached the great gallery upon which it opened, through a small private door, scarcely to be distinguished from the adjoining oak panels. All was profoundly quiet, and the butler made little noise as he moved along with stealthy steps. Arrived at the door of Fairlie's chamber, he put his ear to the keyhole to listen, and not distinguishing any sound, tapped softly. No answer. He tapped again, rather more forcibly. Still, no answer; and then partly opening the door, he peeped in. The chamber was vacant, and glancing towards the bed, he perceived it was unoccupied. Perhaps Fairlie might be in the dressing-room?—but no, the door communicating between the two rooms was open, and the smaller chamber was empty. Where could he be gone? For a moment, the idea flashed across the butler that the person he sought had fled; but he instantly dismissed the supposition. Fairlie's absence, however, was strange and unaccountable. Should he await his return? But if he did, might not Fairlie be indignant at his intrusion, and refuse to hear what he had to say. He would run this hazard. So he entered the dressing-room. On casting his eyes around, he perceived that the table was covered with bundles of old bills, and after examining some of them, he found they consisted of accounts relating to Gage—accounts which, it instantly flashed upon him, would furnish most important evidence of the steward's nefarious transactions. But there was still further evidence in Fairlie's private ledger, which he discovered in removing the bills. How this book—and how these bills came to be left so insecurely, he could not comprehend. But they seemed destined to fall into his hands, and to offer him the certainty of enriching himself. He did not hesitate a moment. He put such of the bundles as he judged most important under his arm, and had just taken up the ledger, when the door opened, and Fairlie came in.

A spectre could not have scared the rascally butler more than the figure he now beheld, and he instantly let fall the things he had appropriated. Apart from his alarm at being detected in his knavery, Fairlie's ghastly looks were calculated to appal him. The steward seemed more dead than alive—haggard, hollow-eyed, broken down—Pudsey had not thought so great a change possible in so short a time. But little space was allowed the butler for reflection, for on seeing him Fairlie seemed suddenly endowed with preternatural vigour. Uttering a sharp, angry cry—almost a scream—he sprang like a wild cat upon Pudsey, and seizing him by the throat, clutched him with such force, that he forced him upon his knees.

“Would you rob me, villain?” he shrieked. “Give up all you have taken, instantly, or I will strangle you.”

Pudsey's throat was so tightly compressed that he was utterly unable to speak. All he could do was to point to the ledger and bundles upon the floor, intimating that he had abandoned his spoil. Fairlie at length relinquished his grasp, and bade him begone.

Pudsey tottered towards the door, and when he reached it he stopped, and fixing a malicious and vindictive look upon Fairlie, cried, "You have half killed me. But you will repent your violence to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!" Fairlie echoed, glancing at him disdainfully. "Who knows what may happen to-morrow?"

"Ay, who knows?" Pudsey echoed. "But I know who will be master here, and who will have the property, unless my mouth be stopped—and only a thousand pounds can stop it. I must have that sum in the morning, and I *will* have it—or——"

"Begone!" Fairlie rejoined, imperiously. "Do not come hither again on any pretence whatever till noon to-morrow. I have much to do, and shall want repose."

"And if I consent to hold my tongue I shall be requited, eh?—I shall have my reward?"

"You shall have it in full," Fairlie rejoined, with a stern significance not altogether to the butler's liking; but there was something in the other's manner that awed him, and he now yielded to the imperious gesture that enjoined him to depart. On emerging into the great gallery he lingered for a short time, and would have tarried longer, but he fancied he perceived through the gloom a huge and mysterious-looking figure advance towards him, and seized with superstitious terror, he hurried to the back staircase, descended it with quick footsteps, and made the best of his way to his own room.

The huge, mysterious figure was no other than honest Mark Roughton. But in order to explain how he chanced to be there, we must go back to an earlier period of the night.

On leaving his guests, Fairlie had proceeded to his own room, where he sat down and pondered over the events of the day. He had matter enough, as we know, for serious reflection. The magnificent pile he had reared with so much care wanted stability, and seemed tumbling about his ears. The riches he had accumulated vanished at his touch. Fortune had played him false, and had beguiled him with a semblance of success, only to make his fall the greater. No sooner had he proclaimed himself master of Monthermer Castle and its domains than his title was contested, and he was compelled—ignominiously compelled—to abandon his seat. And what would be the result of the measures taken against him on the morrow? Could he stand his ground? In his first sanguine view of the situation he thought so; but reflection shook his confidence, and he grew more and more disheartened. He

was surrounded by a set of greedy hirelings, who would not scruple to betray him. Then again the unexpected resolution which Gage had displayed, coupled with the justice of his cause, these struck terror into his soul, and forced upon him the conviction that he should be worsted. And what if his delinquencies should be proved—and he should be cast forth with shame? He trembled at the thought, and hid his face in his hands.

He was roused by hearing some one sobbing near him, and raising his eyes, he beheld Lettice Rougham. The poor girl looked the very picture of distress, and was so profoundly afflicted that it was some minutes before she could command her utterance. At last, she spoke in a voice almost broken by emotion:

"The letter you have received, sir, would prepare you for the sad tidings I have to communicate; for, according to my poor lady's desire, it was not to be delivered until after her death. Oh, sir, hers was a peaceful end—a joyful end!—and it is happy for her that she is removed from a life of trouble, and gone to a better world. She fully forgave you, sir, and prayed for you in terms that must have softened your heart if you had heard her. It was her wish that you should see her when all was over. And I'm sure it will do you good to behold her angelic features. Will you come with me?"

"Not now—not now. I am not equal to it," Fairlie groaned. "Later on, perhaps,—later on."

"As you will, sir," Lettice replied; "but, oh! do not fail to come; and at any hour, for we shall watch by her throughout the night."

"Who is with her?" Fairlie inquired.

"Miss Poynings," Lettice replied. "My poor lady died in her arms."

Fairlie turned away his head, and Lettice departed.

For some time, Fairlie was utterly crushed. At last he shook off his emotion, and arose with a fierce and defiant countenance. He would never yield, be the consequences of resistance what they might! He defied them all—Gage, Arthur, Sir Hugh—all! He strode to and fro within the room, becoming each minute more and more excited. The blood mounted to his brain, and almost obscured his reason. He uttered wild and impious ejaculations, accompanied by strange, discordant laughter. Suddenly he staggered, as if a crushing blow had been dealt him—uttered a single cry—and putting his hands out to save himself—fell prostrate on the floor.

No one came to his aid, for no one knew what had befallen him, and it was long before he recovered. With great difficulty he regained his feet, for his limbs at first refused their office, and for some time continued benumbed and stiff. After a while, he managed to crawl towards a glass, and he could not

repress a cry on perceiving the fearful change that had taken place in his aspect. He then bethought him of the warning he had received from his daughter, and how prophetically she had spoken, when she said that he might be summoned suddenly to his account, and no preparation made. Perhaps he had been spared for a short space at her intercession, in order to enable him to make this preparation, and it behoved him not to neglect the opportunity. Certainly, it was a wonder he had not died. Another such shock would infallibly kill him; and the final blow he felt equally sure would not long be delayed. A total revulsion had now taken place in his feelings, and he was just as eager to repair the wrongs he had committed, as he had lately been to uphold them. If Gage had been present, he would have confessed all to him, and implored his pardon. At all events, he could make ample reparation on the morrow. But what if another and severer attack should occur in the interim, and deprive him of his faculties, or perhaps of life itself? No, justice must be done, and without delay.

With this design, he unlocked a chest, and took from it certain bundles of bills of which he knew the importance, together with his private ledger, placing them on the table to be ready for delivery to Gage—or where they might be found by him in case his own dreadful presentiments should be verified.

He next wrote a letter, wherein he confessed all the wrongs he had done; and intimating that he desired to make the best atonement in his power, surrendered the whole of the Monthermer property to Gage. This document signed, he enclosed it in a sheet of paper, sealed the packet, and directed it to Gage. A great weight seemed taken from his breast, and death, whose near approach he had hitherto viewed with indescribable alarm, had now lost much of its terror. But he had another document to prepare—his will—and he set about it at once. It was brief, and speedily completed. But it must be executed in the presence of witnesses, and in order to find these he must go below. Accordingly, he placed both the documents he had prepared in his breast, and went forth. As he proceeded along the grand gallery, he perceived two female figures approaching him, one of whom bore a light, and instantly recognised in them Mrs. Jenyns and her attendant, Davies. He would have avoided them, if possible, but on seeing him the actress quickened her steps, and was almost instantly close beside him.

"I was coming to you, Mr. Fairlie," she cried. "I have something of importance to say to you."

"Another time, madam," he rejoined, coldly. "I have business on hand now."

"Ah! but another time won't do," she cried. "I must have an answer at once."

"An answer to what question?" he returned.

"Stand aside, Davies." And as the attendant retired, Mrs. Jenyns added, "Circumstances may prevent our marriage to-morrow. Are you willing to buy this precious document from me to-night?"

"Squire Warwick's will!" Fairlie exclaimed, starting. And then crushing the thought which the temptress had roused, he added, "No, madam. It is useless to me now. I care not for it."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "you have formed some new plans, and fancy yourself secure. You think to juggle and cheat me, as you have juggled and cheated Gage, but you will find yourself mistaken. If I had married you, I would have made you the scoff of the county."

"It is well that I have escaped your snares, then."

"You have escaped this fate, but you have not escaped me, and you shall not do so. If I can have nothing else, I will have revenge. This is no idle menace, as you will find. Reflect upon it—sleep upon it, if you can. To-morrow morning I shall require an answer." And she hurried off with her attendant, while Fairlie slowly followed, and descended the great staircase.

On reaching the entrance-hall, he found some of the guests assembled there, with bed-candles in hand, talking together before they retired to rest, and he begged three of them to do him the favour to accompany him to the library, and witness the execution of his will. They laughed at the request, but readily complied, and the will was duly signed and attested.

Fairlie thanked them for the service, bade them good night, and the three gentlemen went away, wondering why he should be so urgent about his will, though they admitted to each other that there might be some necessity for the step, since he looked exceedingly ill.

Fairlie's next business was to liberate Mark Rougham. Procuring a key from a man-servant named Blackford, who slept on the ground-floor, and whose chamber he visited for the purpose, he unlocked the door of the strong-room, and discovered Mark reclining against the wall, in a corner, fast asleep. Fairlie envied him the soundness of his slumbers, but he interrupted them, shaking him with some force, and at last succeeded in awakening him. Mark rubbed his eyes, and seemed not a little surprised when he found who had disturbed him, but his wonder increased when he heard what Fairlie had to say to him, and fancied he must still be dreaming. However, he became convinced at last that he was wide awake, and, springing to his feet, declared he was ready to do whatever he was directed.

"I am glad you have made up your mind to act rightly, sir, and make amends," he said; "it will be a comfort to you on your death-bed. Now gi' me your orders, and I'll obey 'em."

"First of all you must have something to eat," Fairlie said, "for you will have to stand guard at my bedroom door during the whole of the night, and will need support."

"Well, I shan't object to a mouthful of meat and a glass of ale, seein' as how I've had no supper," Mark rejoined; "but I want no more sleep, for I've had plenty of that to last me till to-morrow night."

Fairlie then led him to the servants'-hall, in the midst of which stood a long table, covered with the remains of a plentiful supper. The room was quite deserted—all the servants having long since retired to rest. Mark did not require pressing to commence an attack upon a cold round of beef, and Fairlie, having filled a large jug of ale from a cask which stood in an adjoining cupboard, set it before him, and telling him when he had concluded his meal to come up to the long gallery, he left him.

Fairlie then went back to Blackford's chamber, and told him that he must rise at early dawn, and unfurl the great banner emblazoned with the Monthermer arms from the flagstaff.

"Why, that banner hasn't been displayed since the young squire—I beg your pardon for naming him—came of age," Blackford replied. "It will bring all the tenantry to the Castle. They'll look upon it as a signal."

"Never heed that," Fairlie rejoined. "Do as I bid you."

"Rest easy, sir; I won't fail. I'll call Tom Loes at peep of day. He knows where the banner is kept—and we'll hoist it."

Fairlie then withdrew, and returned to his own room. On entering it, he discovered the butler, as we have already related.

Fairlie had not sought his chamber to rest within it. More remained to be done, and he now only awaited the appearance of Mark Roughton to set forth on a sad errand. While hardened in guilt, and impenitent, he had not dared to look upon the inanimate features of his daughter. He had sent away Lettice without even promising to fulfil her dying mistress's wish. Now he felt that it was a sacred and solemn duty to fulfil it.

Presently, he heard Mark's footsteps in the gallery, and came out to him. Bidding him station himself at the door, and not allow any one to enter his room during his absence, he again descended to the lower part of the house, quitted it by the glass door opening from the library upon the lawn, and shaped his course towards the Ivy Tower.

L.

ATONEMENT.

HE stood before the tower. A feeble light glimmered from a narrow loophole. The light was burning in *her* room. He passed through the arched entrance, ascended the spiral staircase, and paused to draw breath. Another step would place him in the presence of the dead. But his approach had been heard; the door was opened by Lettice Rougham, and he rushed into the room.

He saw only one object—a marble figure stretched upon the couch—and, uttering a cry of anguish and despair, he sprang towards it, flung himself upon his knees, and taking her hand, pressed his lips to the clay-cold fingers—passionately imploring forgiveness.

After a while he became calmer. He arose, and with bowed head regarded his child. Yes, there she lay—she who had once honoured him—had loved him always, and whose latest breath had exhaled in prayer for him. There she lay!—placidly beautiful—an angelic smile on her lips—her dark hair unloosed, and wandering over her neck and bosom, and contrasting with the marble whiteness of her skin.

There she lay!—his only child—his only relative—the pride of his heart—cut off in the morning of life, in her bloom and beauty—destroyed by him—by her father! For had not she herself told him that the dread secret he had imposed upon her had killed her? *His* crime had weighed her down, and brought her to that bed of death! Madness was in the thought.

But, look again!—ay, he *must* look again, for he could not withdraw his gaze. The sight fascinated him. There she lay!—the virtuous, the irreproachable daughter of a wretched, guilty sire, whose greatest misfortune had been that she was *his* child—whose only fault was that she had obeyed *his* sinful injunctions! Yes, there she lay!—gone!—lost to him for ever!

Forgiveness! oh, forgiveness!

Again he knelt down by the couch, and clasped the icy hand. His groans and remorseful ejaculations made those who listened shake with terror.

But his grief was too violent to last long. Quitting his kneeling posture he looked round, and for the first time became aware that Lettice had a female companion. He could scarcely distinguish her, for she had withdrawn to the further corner of the room; but he knew who it must be. Who but Lucy Poynings could be there at such an hour—at such a season?

Slowly approaching Lucy, he said, in a voice of profound emo-

tion, which was not without effect upon the hearer, notwithstanding the repugnance she felt towards him,

"I thank you, Miss Poynings, from the bottom of my heart, for the devoted attention you have shown to my lost child. You have been more than a sister to her, and have supplied that affection which she had a right to expect from me—but which (alas!) she never experienced. You knew her well, and appreciated her noble qualities. Though unworthy of it, I was not ignorant of the inestimable value of the treasure entrusted to my charge—but I blindly cast it away in the search after earthly dross. But having witnessed my anguish, you will understand the depth of my remorse."

Here he paused for a moment, and then continued with a solemnity so profoundly impressive, as to leave no doubt of his sincerity.

"Hear me, both of you," he cried, "and mark well my words! I ask no pity from you, for I deserve none; but do not turn away till you have heard me out. I am a wretched, miserable man, condemned of Heaven and my fellows. I have been guilty of the basest and blackest ingratitude to my benefactor, and have committed many offences, but that which lies heaviest on my soul is my daughter's death. I have raised no hand against her, but I feel, not the less, that I have brought her to an untimely grave. Can guilt be greater than mine? Can I hope for pardon?"

"Yes, if you make atonement for the wrongs you have committed, pardon will not be denied you," Lucy rejoined. "It was your daughter's last hope that you might be brought to a state of penitence."

"I am penitent—truly penitent," Fairlie cried, "and I will make all the atonement in my power. Herein," he continued, taking the sealed packet from his breast, "I have confessed the wrongs I have done to Gage Monthermer, and have given back all the property I have unjustly acquired from him. So far I have obeyed my daughter's dying injunctions. The packet will be found by Gage to-morrow. But this is not all; and I again pray of you to attend to me, for what I have next to say concerns you both."

"Concerns us!" Lucy exclaimed, in surprise. "In what way?"

"You shall hear. I have other property, which I may rightfully call my own, inasmuch as it was gained by honest means before the death of my benefactor, Warwick Monthermer. This property is not inconsiderable, and would have contented me, had my wishes been moderate. But let that pass. I am alone in the world—without relative or friend. My daughter has been taken from me. But I desire to fulfil her wishes, and to make such disposition of my property as may be in entire accordance with them.

I shall therefore leave it to those who loved her, whom she loved, and who merited her love. I address myself first to you, Lucy Poynings, as her best and dearest friend. Nay, hear me out. It is not my voice, but the voice of my poor child, that now addresses you. I have left the whole of this property to you—subject to certain charges, which I will specify anon. Take it as a gift from Clare. Happily, you do not need wealth; but it will constitute a marriage portion, and if hereafter—when his reformation has been proved—you should (fortunately for him) bestow your hand upon Gage, the bequest will have accomplished its object.”

“Oh, sir! speak not thus!” Lucy exclaimed.

“Such I know was my daughter’s wish,” Fairlie pursued. “And now as to the charges I mentioned. They are but two in number. The first is a marriage portion to this maiden—my daughter’s attached and faithful attendant, Lettice Rougham. The few hundreds left her will but inadequately repay her services. The remaining bequest is of a sum of money sufficient to purchase Cowbridge Farm, of which I unjustly dispossessed Lettice’s father, Mark Rougham, and which I now leave to that worthy man. Except these charges,” he added to Lucy, “all the rest is yours.”

“I will not question what you have thought fit to do, because this is not a fitting moment for such discussion,” Lucy rejoined; “but you speak of your will as if it were to take effect immediately. You may live for years.”

“Lucy Poynings,” Fairlie said, with increased solemnity, “many hours will not elapse ere I shall join my daughter. I have received a warning not to be mistaken. The sun will not arise and find me among the living. But Heaven be praised! I have made my preparations. I have done what lies in me to expiate my offences.”

He then moved slowly towards the bed, and looking down tenderly upon his child, said, in a low tone, “Art thou content with me, my daughter? Have I obeyed thy wishes in all things? Speak to me! oh, speak to me!” he ejaculated, yielding to the passionate impulse, and clasping the inanimate form in his arms.

“I answer for her,” Lucy said. “She is content with you. Regard well her features—and see if they smile not approval.”

“They do—they do,” Fairlie rejoined. “They speak forgiveness. Leave me alone with her for a short space, I implore of you. I would pray by her side.”

Thus exhorted, Lucy and her companion withdrew, and proceeded to an upper chamber in the tower. Both were moved to tears, and Lettice sobbed audibly.

When they were gone, Fairlie knelt by the bedside, and prayed fervently. While thus engaged, he fell into a sort of trance, during which he imagined that his daughter appeared to him, with looks of celestial beauty, and a smile beaming of Paradise,

telling him he was forgiven. He was still in this state of ecstasy when Lucy and her companion came down again. On hearing them enter the chamber he arose.

"I have seen her!" he cried. "She has promised me pardon."

Lucy said nothing in contradiction, for she feared his reason was disturbed.

"And now I have done," he continued. "I commit her dear remains to your charge. You will see the last rites performed. I shall return to my own room, which I shall never quit again till I am taken from it. She has assured me I shall speedily join her. And now mark my last words. The documents I have mentioned—the confession and the will—will be found near me, when Gage comes to-morrow morning to the Castle. Farewell!"

And once more bending down before his daughter, and pressing his lips to her hand, he quitted the chamber.

Strength seemed to have been granted him for the effort he had made—and for this effort only—for it was with the utmost difficulty he regained the Castle, and on reaching the foot of the great staircase he fell with a groan. Luckily, Mark Rougham heard him, from the long gallery where he was stationed, and hastily descending, carried him up the staircase. By his own desire Mark helped him to his dressing-room, where he sank quite exhausted into a chair.

"You will be better for some restorative," Mark said, greatly alarmed at his appearance, for he really believed him to be dying.

"No—no—I want nothing. Leave me," Fairlie said, feebly.

"But I can't find i' my heart to leave you i' this state," Mark rejoined.

"Go, I beg of you—nay, I insist," Fairlie said. "Keep watch as I have directed in the gallery, and do not let any one enter my room till Mr. Monthermer's arrival to-morrow. He will find all ready for him."

"He won't find you alive, I'm thinkin'," Mark muttered, as he reluctantly withdrew.

Left alone, Fairlie mustered all his remaining strength for a final effort. He locked the doors of his bed-chamber and dressing-room—took out the two packets he had prepared—laid them on the table, and extinguished the light.

Darkness and the voice of prayer. Presently the voice was hushed, and there was a deep sigh. Then profound silence reigned amidst the gloom.

Proceedings by Monks'hood

ABOUT THE ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS.

XII.—CARDINAL WISEMAN.

THE three large volumes upon which, or by right of which, Cardinal Wiseman takes his stand among our Essayists and Reviewers, show him to be an "approved good master" of subjects highly miscellaneous and diversified. One absorbing purpose he may have, which he never loses sight of, never sacrifices for secondary objects, never neglects for secular ends—by which unity of purpose, and thoroughness of endeavours, and singleness of aim, he has made himself what he now is, for all Christendom, and his church what it now is, in these realms. But if the main plot, the trunk line of his life is thus determinately "confined," he is noway "cribb'd" or "cabin'd" in his resort to episodes and by-ways. If he is one and indivisible as the Church's devoted servant, he is comparatively all things to all men, in his Essay-writing and Reviewing capacity, that by all means he may win some, in this direction or in that. He does not harp on one string, or restrict himself to one key. He forgets not the sacred philosophy which enforces line upon line, and precept upon precept; but he carries out the spirit in the very letter of that philosophy, by doing so "here a little and there a little"—line upon line, with intervals, for effect—precept upon precept, with variations, for relief. He is the polemical divine, and something else. He is the aggressive Cardinal, and something more. His Essays and Reviews embrace other topics besides questions of ecclesiastical discipline and doctrine—besides the controversies of the day as regards the church militant here on earth. Lay readers of a general class may skip, as it like them, paper after paper on Ecclesiastical Organisation and the Authority of the Holy See, essay after essay on Catholic Versions of Scripture and the Minor Rites and Offices of the Church; they may leave uncut, if they will, scores of printed sheets devoted to the Anglican System, the Hampden Controversy, the High Church Theory of Dogmatical Authority, and the Anglican Claims of Apostolical Succession: this they may do, and yet leave themselves a goodly remnant of miscellaneous reading, in the residuary essays, in which, comparatively (never perhaps quite absolutely) speaking, there is no such polemical root of bitterness springing up, to trouble them, and, whereas they came hungry to be filled with good things, in effect (so bitter are such roots on some men's grounds, and in some men's dressing) to send them empty away. Two volumes out of the Cardinal's three may be largely, almost exclusively concerned with controversial questions, controversially discussed; but there

are breaks by the way, and many an interspace of *ad populum* composition between the *ad clerum* "conciones;" while the third volume ranges over an ample extent of varied matter—history, antiquities, and art. For instance, the career and character of Boniface VIII., stigmatised by Dante as

Lo principe dei nuovi farisei,

nay, anathematised by the indignant Ghibelline, and given over to the wicked one—

Il gran prete a cui mal prenda—

and who has scarcely ever found a good word, even among modern apologists by profession of his own Church, but in whose cause Dr. Wiseman steps forward with the will, if not the power, to be "good at need," and whom he represents "in a new light," to use his own words, as a pontiff who began his reign with most glorious promise, and closed it amidst sad calamities; who devoted, through it all, the energies of a great mind, cultivated by profound learning, and matured by long experience in the most delicate ecclesiastical affairs, to the attainment of a truly noble end; and who, throughout his long career, displayed many great virtues, and could plead in extenuation of his faults, the convulsed state of public affairs, the rudeness of his times, and the faithless, violent character of many among those with whom he had to deal. Again; the story of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary—familiarised to modern France by the Comte de Montalembert's enthusiastic *Histoire*, and to England by Mr. Charles Kingsley's graphic verses: the life of a woman who exhibited the "purest perfection of Catholic virtue in every extreme of life, in the princess and the beggar; and all within the short duration, from birth to death, of twenty-four years;" who leaves her admirers at a loss whether to admire most the infantine simplicity of her nature, or the regal magnificence of her charity; who, as a wife, devoted with unbounded affection to one who as religiously returned her love, wore the diadem and the embroidered robe simply because his station required it, and it made her pleasing in his eyes—instantly putting on a widow's unadorned apparel, when he was from home, and wearing it till his return; who, as one rich in this world's goods, seemed to outspend the most reckless spendthrift in the profusion of her outlay, where the poor and needy were concerned; and who, in her last days, was reduced to straits severer than the neediest of her pensioners had known—being thrust out, a youthful widow, from the ducal castle, an infant in her arms, and three children besides following the outcast, in the depth of winter: "yet every door of Eisenach was shut against her;*

* "Following the advice of evil counsellors, her brothers-in-law seized on the supreme command, in detriment of the right of Louis's children, and ordered his widow to depart with them at a moment's warning, and without any preparation, from the castle. At the same time, severe penalties were proclaimed in the city against any one who should harbour her."—*Essays*, III. 245.

of the thousands who had been relieved* by her bounty, not one was found sufficiently generous to brave the inhuman decree pronounced by her relations. She at length took refuge in the shed of a public inn, appropriated to the swine, and supported herself by spinning, while her heart was engaged in prayer, and her soul daily purified from every terrene affection"—thus brought into strange contact, as a sufferer, with what our poet makes her describe, in her time of wealth, when, returning from one of her missions of almsgiving, she tells her handmaid how

——— the gaunt-haunched swine
Growled at their christened playmates o'er the scraps—

shocking item in the sum-total of what she had seen with sad eyes, and heard with dazed ears, during that morning's visitation of abodes where

Shrill mothers cursed; wan children wailed; sharp coughs
Rang through the crazy chambers; hungry eyes
Glared dumb reproach, and old perplexity,
Too stale for words.†

The Cardinal makes the most of this spectacle of one, a duchess to-day and an outcast to-morrow, a rich princess in the morning and a beggar before night, which, he remarks, seems scarcely within the reach of historical possibility, even in our days of revolutionary dethronements.

Then, again, comes a congenial review of Lord Lindsay's History of Christian Art—pronounced, after due or undue exceptions taken, the most elaborate, the most intelligent, and the most complete work on the subject, which English literature contains; and we have a long essay on Spanish and English National Art,—the former of which is commended by his Eminence as being, more eminently than any other, the daughter of Religion; because, unlike the Italian or Flemish schools, she never turned her back upon her mother, nor called down her censures on herself; but to the end remained her child and handmaid, working faithfully for her, and on her own principles: for "there never has been in Spain a profane, or to speak more tenderly, a *classical* school of art; a school of nudities; that is, of mythologies, of heathenism, and of the vices."

* "She founded hospitals where she could serve the sick with her own royal hands; she refused food and alms to none that came to ask them; and she daily trod the rugged path from the castle to the city, to seek out such as were too feeble to ascend it. She stripped herself of her jewels, and again and again she cleared out her wardrobe, till she had no dress befitting her rank, or in which to meet visitors of her own condition. To understand, or even to justify this charitable prodigality, it must be observed that her virtuous husband allowed her full liberty to dispose of what she pleased in this manner, and never murmured when he saw her apparently squandering her own and his possessions."—*Essays*, III. 242-3.

† Kingsley: "The Saint's Tragedy."

Spain is a cherished theme with the Cardinal; and seldom is he more fervid as an advocate, or more forcible as a rhetorician, than when upholding the fair name and fame of "that noble country" against the popular "notion," as shallow (he maintains) as it is generally current, that the religion of Spain all consists in outward show; that the poor are beguiled by magnificent ceremonials in splendid churches, at altars blazing with the wealth of the Indies; that their senses are enslaved, while their reason is unconvinced, and their heart insincere; that crowds of enormously rich, cunning priests, and indolent monks and friars, are leagued together with a despotic government, helped by a cruel inquisition, to keep the people in perpetual delusion, and error, and thralldom. "Perhaps early and vague impressions," writes Dr. Wiseman, in one of those *personal* allusions which are scattered over his pages, "mingled with the recollections of childhood, which nothing had been able to efface, may have brought it home to our conviction, that faith and deep religious and moral feelings were there solidly implanted; and this consciousness may have repelled from our minds the insinuations and charges which we so often heard against the religion of Spain." He warms as he brings later observation to the support of early impressions, in favour of the land he loves and defends so well: he appeals to whatever has met his own eye, as giving the lie to the traveller's or apostate's tales concerning clergy or people; and with a manifest glow of sympathy he refers to the lives and manners of the "exiled religious" of Spain—to its banished clergy whom he has seen in the towns of France, penniless and starving, yet living in small communities, reciting devoutly the Divine Office in choir, and leading quiet, inoffensive lives; ready for any good work, and exemplary in the discharge of every duty. Great is his admiration of Spain's past, great his faith and hope in her future.—Then for Italy we have a lively and amusing treatise on Italian Gesticulation—curiously illustrative, in its way, of the minute analogies between ancient and modern Italy, and the resemblance of character, habits, and feelings, between their inhabitants;—an account of the Early Italian Academies, the design of which is to deny all ground whatever for imputing to Rome any aversion to the prosecution of natural studies, much less any apprehensions of their results,—and especially to refute the charge of hostility to the pursuit of science, ascribed to certain individual popes;—an ample notice of Italian Guides and Tourists, replete with practical hints, and easy gossip, and æsthetic memoranda, and quizzical hits at Mr. Brockedon and Mrs. Mariana Starke;—and a survey of Religion in Italy, which takes occasion to pit that "profound Christian philosopher," the German Görres—one of the very ablest of Rome's latter-day champions—against poor Mr. Rae Wilson, a gentleman equally (however diversely) baited by Thomas Hood and by Cardinal Wiseman, and singled out by the latter as

a capital type of that numerous class of travellers in Italy, who learn their topography from their book of poets; their local knowledge from Quadri, Vasi, or other published *ciceroni*; their acquaintance with the morals and manners of the people, from their dealings with couriers and innkeepers; and their anecdotes and history, from their Italian masters. The Cardinal is trenchant, too, in his strictures upon "Superficial Travelling," as exemplified in the writings of Mr. Charles Dickens and Mrs. Trollope. He can be very sarcastic when he pleases, and it does please him pretty often—naturally enough, the scope and extent of his articles considered—in the course of these, first and last, seventeen hundred and fifty pages.

In this characteristic turn for sarcasm, the Cardinal appears to find his chief occasion for indulgence when discussing the claims and character of the Church of England. Protestantism, indeed, in all its length and breadth, its ramifications and subdivisions, is the constant object of his consistent hostility, whatever form that hostility may take, whether vehement denunciation, or logical pressure, or bantering ridicule. Now he has a fling at the man, a noble one, suppose, for example, who having been notorious, through years, for open and scandalous vice, and addicted to shameless immoralities before the world, begins, when he is growing grey, to go about the neighbourhood in his phaeton, leaving Bibles at every cottage, and giving tracts to every village dame,—“and fits up the family pew, and becomes president of the county auxiliary Bible Society, and presides at May meetings in the season; the scarlet of his youthful sins becomes at once white as his locks of snow; and no one, any more than himself, thinks of sorrow and tears, as having been necessary to make him—a saint.” Now the reviewer enjoys his jest at those “biblicals, missionary societies, and other brokers in religious stock,” who hailed the separation of the Spanish dependencies from the mother country, as producing a new and favourable market for their wares: “Bales of bibles, and chests of tracts, were poured in with every fresh supply of Birmingham hardware or Manchester prints; and every commercial envoy had a *vis-à-vis* on his voyage in the shape of a religious agent. Toleration—that is, the free importation of all the brawling sects that tear one another to pieces in England—was confidently anticipated, and a country just cleared of monasteries could not but be considered in prime condition for a crop of presbyterian or bible reading.” He loves to contrast in every variety of ways and means, the minor distinctions as well as the salient points, of the Romish and Protestant systems,—in such a manner as to put the latter in the most soulless, lifeless, and meaningless of possible aspects. As where he explains the rationale of the Church altar—in *his* Church, a table ever spread, because the Church is not merely a teaching but a feasting-place, not a lecture-room but

a banqueting-hall; whereas "in an establishment-church, though the piscina may have been restored, and two new oak carved chairs may be beside the communion-table, *this* is but as a piece of furniture covered up when the family is from home." Or where even—for the Cardinal goes in all directions for his illustrations—he girds at the names bestowed at baptism on our home population, or rather at the selection of those names without reference to ecclesiastical namesakes, and for no "holier reason" than that an uncle or an aunt, or the parents have first borne them: "And even here you may perhaps detect lurking the baneful symptoms of dissent, in the very names of the young Ebenezers and Ichabods, whose biblical fathers"—the Cardinal is very fond of that word biblical, and wary of never dignifying it with a capital B—"would prefer the twang of a Hebrew appellation, to the softest sounds in the Church's calendar." But go on, he bids us, and if the sexton or schoolmaster can happen to tell to whom the parish church is dedicated, seek among the people for some information respecting that saint, or for some ideas or feelings regarding him: the result will be, we are promised—and we suppose it may be accepted as a truism as well as a taunt—that though we may find some traditions yet alive about Robin Hood, in the neighbourhood of Needwood, and may pick up many stories about Dick Turpin in Yorkshire, we shall find the people in St. Oswald's parish, or St. Giles's, or St. Ives's, just as interested, or as informed, about these holy persons, as they are about the Hindoo mythology.* So again the contrast suggested between a fast-day of the Catholic type, and one "of the Establishment's appointment," of which latter the following fancy sketch (not that it is *all* fancy) is drawn, when churchmen meet in hall—the nearest approach to the monastic refectory—for example, in one of our universities: "Beneath the well-carved, lofty roof-

* May we point a moral from Wiseman by quoting from a tale by Scott? The reader may here be—or if not, may bear to be—reminded of a passage connected with the pic-nic visit to the ruins of St. Ruth's Priory, in Sir Walter's novel: "'What is the reason,' at length Miss Wardour asked the Antiquary, 'why tradition has preserved to us such meagre accounts of the inmates of these stately edifices, raised with such expense of labour and taste, and whose owners were in their times personages of such awful power and importance?' The meekest tower of a freebooting baron, or squire, who lived by his lance and broadsword, is consecrated by its appropriate legend, and the shepherd will tell you with accuracy the names and feats of its inhabitants; but ask a countryman concerning these beautiful and extensive remains—these towers, these arches, and buttresses, and shafted windows, reared at such cost, three words fill up his answer—"They were made by the monks lang syne."

"The question was somewhat puzzling—Sir Arthur looked upward, as if hoping to be inspired with an answer—Oldbuck shoved back his wig—the clergyman was of opinion that his parishioners were too deeply impressed with the true presbyterian doctrine to preserve any records concerning the papistical cumberers of the land, offshoots as they were of the great overshadowing tree of iniquity, whose roots are in the bowels of the seven hills of abomination," &c.—*The Antiquary*, ch. xvii.

tree, beside the emblazoned oriel, amidst the portraits of the great and rich men, who have sanctified the hall before then, around tables well furnished—we will say no more—sit the ministers of a dispensation, which if it be of invisible and spiritual goods, neglects not the ponderable and the perceptible. Perhaps after the duties of the house are over, one of them will wipe his mouth, and proceed to evening lecture in the pulpit, there to assure his hearers that, among the superstitions of popery is that of embracing a life of poverty and abjection, voluntarily suffering privations, subjecting the body by austerity: all which comes of not studying the Scriptures; as neither the example of our Lord, nor the writings of Paul, give the least warrant for such unnatural conduct. And he will instance, as proof, the grovelling Francia, who quite lost sight of his Saviour, by going on the path of poverty.”

Everywhere the Cardinal seeks or finds occasion, takes or makes opportunity, to set off what he accounts the genial warmth and bright sunshine of Rome, against the coldness, dryness, and matter-of-fact dulness of poor well-abused Protestantism. Thus, if his Anglican neighbours, he exclaims, “can trace a manifestation of some divine agency in the preservation among them of some portions of the old liturgy, and can see in their prayer-book a proof of ecclesiastical life, for their establishment, what must the Catholic think of *his* Church; the services of which, compared with theirs, are as a golden tabernacle, richly jewelled and enamelled, wrought out in all the delicacy of the finest chiseling, and designed on the grandest scale,—in all the exquisiteness of pure old feeling,—placed beside the flat tablets of the Creed and Decalogue, in dead blue and pale gold, over a mahogany communion-table?” Thus, too, the field of evangelical exegesis is claimed as belonging “exclusively to Catholics,” who alone, it is affirmed, can properly occupy it: “After all the boasted researches of the moderns, what has been done? What are the commentaries of Kuinoel, Rosenmüller, Campbell, or Bloomfield? Sapless, heartless, devotionless, merely critical or philological notes, which help one not a step to taste and relish the sweetness of the divine narrative, or to learn its true lessons.” Dr. Wiseman illustrates this position in several sufficiently ingenious and, *nobis saltem judicibus*, fantastical and far-fetched particulars—for instance, in his exposition of the parable of the Good Samaritan, where he so pities Protestant incapacity to reach the meaning of the oil—or where, in another place, he upbraids Protestant blindness in failing to see papal supremacy in our Saviour’s selection of Peter’s boat: “But wherefore *Peter’s* boat? . . . It is impossible to misunderstand the meaning of the allegory performed, not merely spoken.” We have not, however, forgotten what an old-fashioned Protestant, Master Hugh Latimer to wit, had to say on this very subject some three centuries ago: “Here Peter was made a great man, say the papists, and all his successors after him. And this is

derived of these few words, 'Launch into the deep.' And their argument is this: he spake to Peter only, and he spake to him in the singular number: *ergo*, he gave him such a pre-eminence above the rest. A goodly argument! I ween it be a syllogismus, *in quem terra, pontus*. I will make a like argument. Our Saviour Christ said to Judas, when he was about to betray him, *Quod facis fac citius*, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Now when he spake to Peter, there were none of his disciples by but James and John; but when he spoke to Judas, they were all present. Well, he said unto him, *Quod facis fac citius*, 'Speed thy business that thou hast in thy head, do it.' He gave him here a secret monition, that he knew what he intended, if Judas had had grace to have taken it, and repented. He spake in the singular number to him; *ergo*, he gave him some pre-eminence. Belike he made him a Cardinal; and it might full well be, for they have followed Judas ever since. Here is as good a ground for the College of Cardinals, as the other is for the supremacy of the bishop of Rome."* One of that college, albeit three hundred years after homely Hugh's *reductio ad absurdum* "argument," may without much astonishment on our part re-assert the time-honoured inference touching Peter's boat, and ignore this profane parallel touching the apostolical genesis of the sacred college.

Elsewhere, again, Dr. Wiseman contrasts the cathedrals of his own Church with "the only splendid temple in this country wherein the Catholic religion has never been exercised, and where alone it has left no vestige of its truths and practices." There is truth enough, and to spare, we own, in much of his satire on our "cathedral of St. Paul's"—on the entrance fee to begin with, and the general aspect and atmosphere of the place to end with. Parodying the great architect's epitaph, we may even say to the Cardinal, *à propos* of St. Paul's, *Si argumentum quaris, circumspice*. With our leave, however, or without, he *does* find an argument against us there, as he looks around him. "No altar, no chapel, no emblem of any holy thought is visible; no point towards which men turn, as strongly concentrating the divine presence; no emblem of a peculiar dedication; not a worshipper or a reverential spectator; not one who, as he crosses the threshold, prepares his soul, as if approaching God, in prayer. There he sees men, with their heads covered as if in the public street, walking to and fro, looking at the edifice only as an architectural wonder, cut off by a stockade from the great nave, because so little respect is paid to it, that, if open, it would be profaned without scruple; while the jibe and the joke, or the state of the funds, or the scandal of the day, alone divide, with their well-taxed curiosity, the conversation of the various groups." And supposing the place to be visited by a heathen stranger, Dr. Wiseman wants to know whether his first

* Bp. Latimer's Sixth Sermon, preached before King Edward the Sixth. (Parker Society's edition, pp. 210-11.)

question would not be, Does it belong to *any* religion? is it a place of worship at all? Might not the organ suggest to him that it is a hall for festive meetings—and the mouldy banners that wave above him, lead him to imagine it was the curia, or senate-house of the city? And then if he looked among the tombs and costly monuments around him, for some intimation of what god is here worshipped, and what virtues are taught—he would see emblems indeed in sufficient number, not the cross, the dove, the olive-branch, as on ancient tombs, but the drum and the trumpet, the boarding-pike and the cannon. Who are they, asks our censor, whose attitudes and actions are deemed the fit ornaments for this religious temple? Heroes, if you choose, benefactors to their country, but surely not the illustrators of religion. “Of one it is said, that he died as a Roman would have wished him, after having grappled with his enemy’s ship, and rendered the destruction of one or both secure; the epitaph of another is expressed in the words of his commander’s despatch; that of a third, in the vote of the House of Commons; not a word of a single Christian virtue, of a thought for God, of a hope of heaven; not a hint that one professed or believed in any religion.” Would not the supposed heathen visitor, Dr. Wiseman then demands, rejoice to have found a temple, where the courage of the three hundred Fabii, or the self-devotion of the Decii, or the virtue of the Scipios, were so plainly taught, and held up to the practical admiration and imitation of men? And vastly would his delight increase, we are shrewdly reminded, on his more closely inspecting the emblems under which these virtues, or their circumstances, are expressed. “Sea and river gods, with their oozy crowns, and outpouring vases; the Ganges, with his fish and calabash; the Thames, with the *genii* of his confluent streams; and the Nile, with his idol the sphynx; *Victory*, winged and girt up as of old, placing earthly laurels on the brows of the falling; *Fame*, with its ancient trumpet, blasting forth their worldly merits; *Clio*, the offspring of Apollo, recording their history; and, besides these, new creations of gods and goddesses, *Rebellion* and *Fraud*, *Valour* and *Sensibility*; *Britannia*, the very copy of his own worshipped *Roma*; and some of these, too, with an unseemly lack of drapery, more becoming an ancient than a modern temple.” The “antique Roman’s” ultimate impression being, after such a sight-seeing visit to St. Paul’s, that this assemblage of ancient deities, as the only symbols to instruct his eye, were “confirmation strong” either that his own old-world religion, its emblems and its morality, had never been supplanted, or that they had lately been restored. Such is the Cardinal’s estimate of our great metropolitan cathedral.

Among the innumerable questions of contest and contention which occur between him and his adversaries—among the many peculiarities, incidental or otherwise, of that Protestantism against which ’tis his function to protest—strange it were if nowhere he

discovered an abuse, a weak point, a scandal, or a folly, in the exposure of which, with its seamy side out, he may do—not only the Church but—the State some service. He raps our fingers smartly sometimes. The tingling that follows may do good, and help the circulation. For our part, we thank him, and so—we take it—would Dr. Arnold, and so would Mrs. Jameson—for such passages as that, for example, in which he defends the crucifixes and images seen on the wayside in Italy, even at the expense of certain English characteristics which he puts in *base* relief beside them: “In England, too, there is no lack of images and representations of men upon the wayside; there are the King’s head, and the Queen’s, the Turk’s, and the Saracen’s, set up at convenient distances beside the road, to invite the poor peasant to rites more unholy than a prayer to saints; which, as they pass, they do not merely, what you* think so wrong, ‘pull off their hats,’ but they draw from their purse their wife and children’s maintenance; whereby they are invited, not to such abominations as ‘crossing themselves, or genuflecting,’ but to go in and join Bacchanalian orgies, where their time, and morals, and health, are all wasted away. But woe to this happy land, if ever, instead of these pictures and images by the wayside, shall be seen those of Christ crucified, or of the angel announcing His incarnation to His Virgin Mother; such a change would be frightfully superstitious. Woe to its people, if ever they shall be seen reminded of good and holy thoughts by their emblems on the road, and heard to whisper a prayer as they pass an oratory by the way, rather than pay homage to the symbols of immorality and debauch.” That we quote excerpts of this tendency, is not because we go the whole length with Dr. Wiseman—for *tendimus in Latium* is no motto of ours—but just because of what there is of true, and good, and profitable, in their tendency. So again, notwithstanding what may be alleged *per contra*, whether in Irish romances or newspapers, we like the bearing of his remarks on the piety of the poor Irish for their dead, evidenced in the long and silent train that will for miles follow the bier, and join in carrying it, despite of modern churchyard and cemetery tempting on the way, to the ruins of some abbey-church, or the green mound on the site of an old chapel—the respectful demeanour of every passer-by—the simplicity of the tombstone inscription—the care for a full office, and a “month’s mind,” and an anniversary on the part of the survivors, &c.,—contrasted in its way with our doings on such an occasion in England, where “the funeral arrangements are left to the barbarism of an undertaker, who generally feels about the dead as a salesman does about a beast, valuing him by what he can make of him; whose sole notions of propriety consist in the frippery and trappings of mourning-coach and hearse, in plumes and scarfs, and idle pomp, and hollow parade, never more disgusting than then; and whose idea of Catholic peculiarities extends not beyond the hideous pewter

* Addressed to the late Mr. Poynder.

crucifix or the portentous mitre, like a pair of shears, that he displays in his window." A good many good Protestants there are, too, who will approve in scope if not in absolute detail the Cardinal's strictures on the "Sabbatarian" theory, the upholders of which, inconsistently enough, after protesting in every possible way against tradition and Church authority, accept without a murmur the change of the Jewish Sabbath into the Christian Sunday,—the only voucher for such change being in fact tradition, and the only foundation ecclesiastical authority; and who, when they have thus admitted, perhaps, the greatest stretch of this power and of that testimony that exists, begin to forget that any change has been made, and apply to the new day of rest all the burdens and restrictions of the old. There is pungent force in the parallel Dr. Wiseman institutes between the two views of Sabbath observance discussed in our Saviour's days, and discussed now: there can be no doubt, he intimates, which party corresponds to each of the earlier disputants. He questions the objection that zeal for the Sabbath was carried by the Jews to an excess far beyond what the most infatuated Sabbatarians now-a-days would require. He is not so sure of that. We need not, he is of opinion, go back to the days of wild puritanical fanaticism, for instances of extreme rigour on this subject. "We need not travel to old Banbury for the well-known enforcement on feline propensities of Sabbath observance, by making a solemn example of the cat that presumed to mouse on the Sunday. But we recollect not many years ago a case of death from starvation at a large town in the West of England, because the society from which relief was sought, rigidly refused to grant it on the Lord's day. Still more recently a well-known instance was publicly quoted, of a lady of high rank, who in vain implored conveyance by railway in Scotland, to pay the last offices of affection to a dying relation, though empty mail-trains passed to and fro." And very sarcastically smart his Eminence is on the proposition, repeatedly made and not thinly supported either, to suppress all Sunday cooking in public bakeries, where alone the poor could have a warm meal prepared, on their only day of rest; while "no Sir Andrew," he continues, "ever dreamt of shutting off the steam of the boiler, or putting a break on the smoke-jack, of aristocratic kitchens." And there is something hypocritically profane, he goes on to say, "in the spectacle described as taking place on a Sunday at fashionable Scotch kirks, of some twenty carriages at the door, with their human appurtenances, waiting for devout listeners to a discourse against Sunday travelling! Nor have we ever heard that the eloquent Boanerges ever whispered a *word* of reproof to the gentle folks, for their zeal to lay the burthens of the law only on the already overburthened shoulders of the poor. Depend upon it, he never called them 'hypocrites,' though that is in Scripture."

Those who are ever on the watch for a spice of personality, and glad of the faintest *souçon* of personal allusion, in the writings of

a polemic like Cardinal Wiseman, will perhaps discover something of the sort in this last extract, as of possible, or probable, or positive reference to the "eloquent Boanerges" of a "fashionable Scotch kirk," who apparently is never happier than when trying to induce the Cardinal to meet him in single combat—now proposing the Hanover-square Rooms as a fit and proper place, and now the columns of the *Times*. But Dr. Cumming somehow never gets beyond Mr. Bowyer, and seeks in vain to stir up into *vis-à-vis* antagonism the Cardinal himself. And small blame to his Eminence for his dignified self-restraint; for, sooth to say, whatever may be the comparative strength of their respective causes, Dr. Wiseman is something more than a popular preacher, and may justly be excused, even by eager Protestants, for ignoring or passing over *sub silentio* the ever-recurring challenges and provocations of "yours faithfully, John Cumming." Not but what the Cardinal himself is, by popular report, a popular preacher; which we can very well imagine, from the highly ornate and flowery style* in which many

* Take an example or two of the Cardinal's manner in this respect. Speaking of the ancient liturgies of the Church, he says: "Everything is heartfelt, soul-deep: the sob of contrition, the *De profundis* of the spirit, comes from the innermost caverns of a hollow, sorrow-worn breast; the song of thanksgiving, its *Te Deum*, springs blithe and light from quivering lips, as if to carol among heavenly choirs. . . . There is a fragrance, a true incense, in these ancient prayers, which seems to rise from the lips, and to wind upwards in *soft, balmy clouds*, upon which angels may recline, and thence look down upon us, as we utter them." The italics are our addition, and perhaps superfluous quite. But the passage is almost of the kind which certain writers, addicted to that kind, are apt to italicise for themselves.

Here is an *éloge*, again, of the "good church-bell."

"Of all musical instruments, it is by far the grandest. Solemn or deep, or shrill or clear, or still better with both combined in a choral peal, it is the only instrument whose music can travel on the winds, can heave its noble swells upon the breeze, and can out-bellow the storm. It alone speaks to heaven as to earth, and scatters abroad its sounds, till in the distance they seem to come but by fragments and broken notes. Every other instrument creeps on earth, or sends its sounds skimming over its surface; but this pours it out from above, like the shower or the light, or whatever comes from the higher regions to benefit those below. Indeed it seems to call out from the middle space which heavenly messengers would occupy, to make proclamation to man; condescending to an inferior sphere, but not wholly deigning to soil themselves with earth: high enough to command, low enough to be understood. The Levite trumpet had something startling and military in it, that spoke of alarms and human passions: every other vocal instrument belongs to the world (excepting, perhaps, the noble organ, too huge and too delicately constructed for out of doors), and associates itself with profane amusement; but the solemn old bell has refused to lend itself to any such purpose, and as it swings to and fro, receiving its impulses from the temple of God below, talks of nothing but sacred things, and now reproves the laggard, and now cheers the sorrowful, and now chides the over-mirthful." What about the factory bell, however, or Big Ben, and other secular congeners? But let that pass.

Another example. "There are quatrains, nay lines, in the poems of St. Francis of Assisium, that express the ardour of a loving heart beyond what any modern, elaborate prayer has done. And why? simply because they speak as one does who loves. Our modern prayers have no wings; they creep with

of these essays are written. Often, indeed, we could desire something more terse, vigorous, and masculine in their composition—with a less evident straining after effect, a less profuse outlay in figurative expressions—and less altogether of that lax, diffuse, “milky way” of writing which has caused the essays of a contemporary critic to be characterised as “boiled sermons.” For scholarship, dialectical skill, variegated literary talent, and picturesque eloquence, Dr. Wiseman’s is the most distinguished name, by general consent perhaps, of which his Church may at present boast in this kingdom; but two names at least there are, to our thinking, among its Anglican converts, which would rank higher, if they had their deserts, the one probably in both robust originality of mind and power of style—the other certainly in chasteness and beauty of literary composition—two names, of which the Church of England was justly proud while she retained them, and of which the Church of Rome may be justly proud now that she has won them—the acute, keen-sighted, deep-searching, bold-thinking John Henry Newman, and the pure-minded, reverential, much-loving and much-beloved Henry Manning.

us on our own low sphere; they bear us not up to the empyreal, whither we wish prayer to raise us: we feel not among angels and saints as we pronounce them. And if they soar not with us, neither do they always warm us here below. They are as green wood placed upon the altar; not like the perfumed cedar of the olden forms, which set it in a blaze, and rose gloriously upwards.”

This description, too, of St. Francis and his fellow-anchoriges, in the low, dark, damp refectory of their rude rocky home, listening to the Gospel story while they are dining on “a few herbs from the impracticable garden, seasoned poorly, with bread of the coarsest, and drink of the sourest,” may seem to severer tastes more in keeping with the popular preacher’s pulpit, than with the pages of a quarterly Review: “One alone is not engaged as the rest. He is seated apart, and reads to them that eat. Let us listen to his words, which seem to rivet the attention of all, and give a dainty relish to their daily food. Is it from the ‘Romaunt of the Rose’ that he is reading? Is he reciting scraps of minstrelsy, that tell of chivalrous deeds, or of some high-born dame on her ambling palfrey, escorted by a gallant knight? Something of the sort, forsooth; but sweeter, oh! by far! From the Book of books he is reading, how, in cold winter, a gentle maiden rode from Nazareth to Bethlehem upon an ass, attended by a poor carpenter; and at her journey’s end, lodged in a stable. At this simple tale, behold, he who presides puts away his frugal platter, and rises from his hard seat, trembling with emotion, his eyes glistening with tears, his hands clasped convulsively. What has caused this sudden outburst of grief? Why, he seems to himself a base poltroon, a dainty, delicate fellow, lodged gloriously, clothed luxuriously, fed sumptuously, the very rich glutton of the Gospel, when he compares himself with her, who, delicate and pure as the lily bending over the snow-drop, adores the heavenly Infant who has come, in that hour, to share her cold and poverty.”

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